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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
America, Belated Feudalism in. II., <i>Henry G. Chapman</i>	41	French Literature, English as against, <i>Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr.</i>	289
Architect, The True Education of an, <i>Russell Sturgis</i>	246	Gentleman, The Evolution of the, <i>S. M. Crothers</i>	709
Arthurian Epos, A New Translation of the Australian Democracy, The, <i>E. L. Godkin</i>	278	George's, Henry, Political Economy	852
Bacchylides and his Native Isle, <i>J. Irving Manatt</i>	322	German Dramatists, Three Contemporary, <i>J. Firman Coar</i>	71
Battle of the Strong, The, <i>Gilbert Parker</i>	29,	Ghetto Wedding, A, <i>Abraham Cahan</i>	265
	168, 350, 546, 654, 786	Government, The Present Scope of, <i>Eugene Wambaugh</i>	120
Belated Feudalism in America. II., <i>Henry G. Chapman</i>	41	Government by Commercialism, The Capture of, <i>John Jay Chapman</i>	145
Björnson and Ibsen, Personal Impressions of, <i>William Henry Schofield</i>	567	Greater New York, Political Inauguration of the, <i>Edward M. Shepard</i>	104
Boston, The Municipal Service of, <i>Francis C. Lowell</i>	311	Great Explorers of the Southern Heavens, <i>T. J. J. See</i>	679
Brief Survey of Recent Historical Work, A	274	Great God Ram, The, <i>Willimina L. Armstrong</i>	430
Caleb West, <i>F. Hopkinson Smith</i>	51, 200,	Greek Tragedy? Shall we still Read, <i>Thomas Dwight Goodell</i>	474
Capture of Government by Commercialism, The, <i>John Jay Chapman</i>	145	Growth and Expression of Public Opinion, The, <i>E. L. Godkin</i>	1
Company Manners, <i>Florence Converse</i>	130	Her Last Appearance, <i>Ellen Olney Kirk</i>	623
Cromwell, A New Estimate of, <i>James Ford Rhodes</i>	842	High School Extension, <i>D. S. Sanford</i>	780
Danger from Experimental Psychology, The, <i>Hugo Münsterberg</i>	159	Historical Work, A Brief Survey of Recent	274
Decade of Federal Railway Regulation, A, <i>Henry C. Adams</i>	433	Holiday Evening, The, <i>Harriet Lewis Bradley</i>	488
Democracy, The Australian, <i>E. L. Godkin</i>	322	Ibsen, Personal Impressions of Björnson and, <i>William Henry Schofield</i>	567
Dramatists, Three Contemporary German, <i>J. Firman Coar</i>	71	International Isolation of the United States, <i>Richard Olney</i>	577
Dreyfus and Zola Trials, The, <i>John T. Morse, Jr.</i>	589	Japan, The Social and Domestic Life of, <i>K. Mitsuaki</i>	336
Education, A New Programme in, <i>C. Hanford Henderson</i>	760	Laboratory, The Teacher and the: A Reply, <i>Hugo Münsterberg</i>	824
Education of an Architect, The True, <i>Russell Sturgis</i>	246	Labor Unions and the Negro, The, <i>John Stephens Durham</i>	222
End of All Living, The, <i>Alice Brown</i>	829	Library, The Romance of a Famous, <i>Herbert Putnam</i>	533
England's Economic and Political Crisis, <i>N. Larned</i>	298	Literary Paris Twenty Years Ago, <i>Thomas Wentworth Higginson</i>	81
English, On the Teaching of, <i>Mark H. Liddell</i>	465	Literature, English as against French, <i>Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr.</i>	289
English as against French Literature, <i>Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr.</i>	289	Masquerade, The, <i>Penrhyn Lee</i>	255
English Literature and the Vernacular, <i>Mark H. Liddell</i>	614	Montanians, The, <i>Rollin Lynde Hartt</i>	737
Evolution of Satellites, The, <i>G. H. Darwin</i>	444	"Moral" Melodrama to Order	139
Evolution of the Gentleman, The, <i>S. M. Crothers</i>	709	Municipal Service of Boston, The, <i>Francis C. Lowell</i>	311
Experimental Psychology, The Danger from, <i>Hugo Münsterberg</i>	159	Naval Conflicts, The Uncertain Factors in, <i>Ira Nelson Hollis</i>	728
Federal Railway Regulation, A Decade of, <i>Henry C. Adams</i>	433	Ned Stirling his Story, <i>William R. Lighton</i>	812
Feudalism in America, Belated. II., <i>Henry G. Chapman</i>	41	Negro, The Labor Unions and the, <i>John Stephens Durham</i>	222
First Performance in Shakespeare's Time, A, <i>Herbert Wescott Fisher</i>	379	New Estimate of Cromwell, A, <i>James Ford Rhodes</i>	842
Florida Farm, A, <i>F. Whitmore</i>	498	New Programme in Education, A, <i>C. Hanford Henderson</i>	760
Forest Reservations of the West, The Wild Parks and, <i>John Muir</i>	15	New Translation of the Arthurian Epos, A	278
French, A Stud	845	New York, Political Inauguration of the Greater, <i>Edward M. Shepard</i>	104
		Nook in the Alleghanies, A, <i>Bradford Torrey</i>	456, 644
		No Quarter, <i>Francis Willing Wharton</i>	702

Normal Schools and the Training of Teachers, <i>Frederic Burk</i>	769	Shakespeare's Time, A First Performance in, <i>Herbert Wescott Fisher</i>	379
On the Outskirts of Public Life, <i>Thomas Wentworth Higginson</i>	188	Shall we still Read Greek Tragedy? <i>Thomas Dwight Goodell</i>	474
On the Teaching of English, <i>Mark H. Liddell</i>	465	Social and Domestic Life of Japan, The, <i>K. Mitsukuri</i>	336
Our Two Most Honored Poets	136	Study of the French, A	845
Paris Twenty Years Ago, Literary, <i>Thomas Wentworth Higginson</i>	81	Successful Bachelor, A, <i>Leon H. Vincent</i>	805
Park, The Yellowstone National, <i>John Muir</i>	509	Teacher and the Laboratory, The: A Reply, <i>Hugo Münsterberg</i>	824
Parks and Forest Reserves, West, The Wild, <i>John Muir</i>	15	Teachers, Normal Schools and the Training of, <i>Frederic Burk</i>	769
Penelope's Progress, <i>Katharine Mayes Wiggins</i>	90, 232, 366	Teaching of English, On the, <i>Mark H. Liddell</i>	465
Personal Impressions of Björnson and Ibsen, <i>William Henry Schofield</i>	567	Thirst in the Desert, <i>W. J. McGee</i>	483
Poets, Our Two Most Honored	136	Three Contemporary German Dramatists, <i>J. Firman Coar</i>	71
Political Inauguration of the Greater New York, <i>Edward M. Shepard</i>	104	To the Delight of the Mandarin, <i>Madeline Yale Wynne</i>	423
Present Scope of Government, The, <i>Eugene Wambaugh</i>	120	Translation of the Arthurian Epos, A New True Education of an Architect, The, <i>Russell Sturgis</i>	278
Psychology, The Danger from Experimental, <i>Hugo Münsterberg</i>	159	Uncertain Factors in Naval Conflicts, The, <i>Ira Nelson Hollis</i>	246
Psychology and the Real Life, <i>Hugo Münsterberg</i>	602	United States, International Isolation of the, <i>Richard Olney</i>	728
Public Life, On the Outskirts of, <i>Thomas Wentworth Higginson</i>	188	War with Spain, and After, The	577
Public Opinion, The Growth and Expression of, <i>E. L. Godkin</i>	1	Washington Reminiscences, <i>Ainsworth R. Spofford</i>	721
Railway Regulation, A Decade of Federal, <i>Henry C. Adams</i>	433	Western Real Estate Booms, and After, <i>Henry J. Fletcher</i>	668, 749
Recent Historical Work, A Brief Survey of	274	Wild Parks and Forest Reservations of the West, The, <i>John Muir</i>	689
Romance of a Famous Library, The, <i>Herbert Putnam</i>	538	William Marsdal's Awakening, <i>Harry Stillwell Edwards</i>	15
Satellites, The Evolution of, <i>G. H. Darwin</i>	444	Yellowstone National Park, The, <i>John Muir</i>	523
Schools and the Training of Teachers, Normal, <i>Frederic Burk</i>	769	Zola Trials, The Dreyfus and, <i>John T. Morse, Jr.</i>	509
			589

POETRY.

After a Sunset of Great Splendor, <i>William A. Dunn</i>	28	Greatness, <i>Florence Earle Coates</i>	231
After Rain, <i>Stephen Phillips</i>	699	In Dove Cottage Garden, <i>P. H. Savage</i>	186
Beds of Fleur-de-Lys, The, <i>Charlotte Perkins Stetson</i>	167	In the North, <i>Francis Sherman</i>	473
Captive, The, <i>William Prescott Foster</i>	837	Love in the Winds, <i>Richard Hovey</i>	464
Cleopatra's Mummy, To, <i>Martha Gilbert Dickinson</i>	365	Peace of God, The, <i>Stuart Sterne</i>	839
Dove Cottage Garden, In, <i>P. H. Savage</i>	186	Pity, <i>Josephine Preston Peabody</i>	412
Echo, <i>John B. Tabb</i>	432	Round the Far Rocks, <i>Annie Fields</i>	70
Gillespie, <i>Henry Newbolt</i>	696	Song of the Wandering Dust, <i>Anna Hempstead Branch</i>	697
Good Friday Night, <i>William Vaughn Moody</i>	700	To Cleopatra's Mummy, <i>Martha Gilbert Dickinson</i>	365
		Venetian in Bergamo, 1588, The, <i>William Roscoe Thayer</i>	840

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Can a Clergyman be "a Good Fellow"?	575	Experiment in Time, An	717
Carlyle, A Reminiscence of	284	Qualities of American Conversation, The	286
Changed Fashion of the Proposal in Fiction, The	719	Reminiscence of Carlyle, A	284
Club of Old Stories, The	854	R. Kipling: Comparative Psychologist	858
Detective Stories	573	Story on the Color-Line, A	859
		Why Virgil did not write the <i>Æneid</i>	574

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Aldrich, Thomas Bailey: Works, <i>Riverside Edition</i>	136	Newell, William Wells: King Arthur and the Table Round	278
Bodley, John Edward Courtenay: France Caine, Hall: The Christian	845	Stedman, Edmund Clarence: Poems now First Collected	138
George, Henry: The Science of Political Economy	140		
	852		

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THE GROWTH AND EXPRESSION OF PUBLIC OPINION.

PUBLIC opinion, like democracy itself, is a new power which has come into the world since the Middle Ages. In fact, it is safe to say that before the French Revolution nothing of the kind was known or dreamt of in Europe. There was a certain truth in Louis XIV.'s statement, which now sounds so droll, that he was himself the state. Public opinion was *his* opinion. In England, it may be said with equal safety, there was nothing that could be called public opinion, in the modern sense, before the passage of the Reform Bill. It began to form itself slowly after 1816. Sir Robert Peel was forced to remark in a letter to Croker in March, 1820:—

“Do you not think that the tone of England, of that great compound of folly, weakness, prejudice, wrong feeling, right feeling, obstinacy, or newspaper paragraphs, which is called public opinion, is more liberal—to use an odious but intelligible phrase—than the policy of the government? Do not you think that there is a feeling becoming daily more general and more confirmed—that is independent of the pressure of taxation, or any immediate cause—in favor of some undefined change in the mode of governing the country? It seems to me a curious crisis, when public opinion never had such influence in public measures, and yet never was so dissatisfied with the share which it possessed. It is growing too large for the channels that it has been accustomed to run through. God knows it is very dif-

ficult to widen them equally in proportion to the size and force of the current which they have to convey, but the engineers that made them never dreamed of various streams that are now struggling for vent.”

In short, Peel perceived the growth of the force, and he recognized it as a new force. In America public opinion can hardly be said to have existed before the Revolution. The opinions of leading men, of clergymen and large landholders, were very powerful, and settled most of the affairs of state, but the opinion of the majority did not count for much, and the majority, in truth, did not think that it should. In other words, public opinion had not been created. It was the excitement of the Revolutionary War which brought it into existence, and made it seem omnipotent. It is obvious, however, that there are two kinds of public opinion. One kind is the popular belief in the fitness or rightness of something, which Mr. Balfour calls “climate,” a belief that certain lines of conduct should be followed, or a certain opinion held, by good citizens, or right thinking persons. Such a belief does not impose any duty on anybody beyond outward conformity to the received standards. The kind I am now talking of is the public opinion, or consensus of opinion, among large bodies of persons, which acts as a political force, imposing on those in authority certain enactments, or certain lines of policy. The first of these does not change, and is not seriously modified in much

less than fifty years. The second is being incessantly modified by the events of the day.

All the writers on politics are agreed as to the influence which this latter public opinion ought to have on government. They all acknowledge that in modern constitutional states it ought to be omnipotent. It is in deciding from what source it should come that the democrats and the aristocrats part company. According to the aristocratic school, it should emanate only from persons possessing a moderate amount of property, on the assumption that the possession of property argues some degree of intelligence and interest in public affairs. According to the democratic school, it should emanate from the majority of the adult males, on the assumption that it is only in this way that legislators can be made to consult the greatest good of the greatest number, and that, in the long run, the majority of adult males are pretty sure to be right about public questions. President Lincoln came near defining this theory when he said, "You can fool part of the people all the time, and all the people part of the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time." This probably meant that under the democratic system public opinion forms slowly, and has to be clarified by prolonged discussion, but it is sure to prove correct eventually.

What appears most to concern us in the tendencies of democratic government is not so much the quality of public opinion, as the way in which it exercises its power over the conduct of affairs. I was struck recently by a remark in a private letter, that "public opinion is as sound as ever, but that the politicians" — that is, the men in control of affairs — "pay just as little attention to it as ever." There is an assumption here that we can get at public opinion in some other way than through elections; that is, that we may know what the public thinks on any particular question, without paying atten-

tion to what men in power, who seek to obey the popular will, do or say as a condition of their political existence. Is this true of any democratic country? Is it true, in particular, of the United States of America?

There are only two ways in which public opinion upon political questions finds expression, or is thought to find it. One is the vote at elections, the other is journalism. But public opinion declares itself through elections only at intervals of greater or less length: in England, once in five or six years; in America, once in two years, or at most in four; in France, once in four years. It is only at these periods that public opinion must be sought; at others, it is consulted at the will of the minister or sovereign, and he rarely consults it when he can help it if he thinks that its decision will be against him, and that the result will be a loss of power. The imperfection of elections, however, as a means of making public opinion known, is very obvious. It is seldom, indeed, that a definite issue is submitted to the public, like the Swiss referendum, and that the voters are asked to say yes or no, in answer to a particular question. As a rule, it is the general policy of the party in power, on all sorts of subjects, which appears to determine the action of the voters. The bulk of them, on both sides, vote for their own party in any event, no matter what course it has pursued, on the principle that if what it has done in a particular case is not right, it is as nearly right as circumstances will permit. The remnant, or "independents," who turn the scale to one side or the other, have half a dozen reasons for their course, or, in other words, express by their vote their opinions on half a dozen subjects, besides the one on which the verdict of the majority is sought. During the last thirty years, for instance, in the United States, it would have been almost useless to consult the voters on any subject except the tariff. No matter what question might

have been put to them, it would almost surely have been answered with reference mainly to the effect of the answer on the tariff. All other matters would have been passed over. In like manner, it has probably been impossible in England, for ten or twelve years, to get a real expression of opinion on any subject except Irish home rule. To the inquiry what people thought about the Armenian massacres, or education, or liquor regulation, the voters were pretty sure to answer, "We are opposed to Irish home rule." Accordingly, after every election there are disputes as to what it means. The defeated party seldom acknowledges that its defeat has been due to the matters on which the other side claims a victory. The great triumph of the Conservatives in 1894 was ascribed by them to home rule, but by the Liberals to local option and clerical hostility to the common schools. Similarly, the Republican defeat in America in 1890 was due, according to one party, to the excesses of the McKinley tariff, and, according to the other, to gross deceptions practiced on the voters as to its probable effect on prices.

What are called "electioneering devices" or "tricks" are largely based on this uncertainty. That is, they are meant to influence the voters by some sort of matter irrelevant to the main issue. This is called "drawing a red herring across the scent." A good example of it is to be found in the practice, which has prevailed during nearly the whole tariff agitation, of citing the rage, or disgust, or misery of foreigners due to our legislation, as a reason for persisting in it, — as if any legislation which produced this effect on foreigners must be good. But, obviously, there might be much legislation which would excite the hostility of foreigners, and be at the same time injurious to this country. In voting on the tariff, a large number of voters — the Irish for instance — might be, and doubtless were, influenced in favor of high du-

ties by the fact that, to a large extent, they would exclude British goods, and thus they appeared to be approving a protective policy in general. Nobody believes that in Germany the increasing Socialist vote represents Socialist ideas — properly so called. It expresses discontent generally with the existing régime. In Ireland, too, the vote at a general election does not express simply an opinion on the question which has dissolved Parliament. Rather, it expresses general hostility to English rule. In Italy elections mostly turn on the question of the temporal power of the Pope. In fact, wherever we look at the modes of obtaining expressions of public opinion, we find that elections are not often reliable as to particular measures, except through the referendum. In all democratic countries, it is the practice of the bulk of the voters to indicate by their votes rather their confidence in, or distrust of, the party in power, than their opinions on any particular measure. It is the few who turn the scale who are really influenced by the main question before the voters. The rest follow their party prepossessions, or rely on the party managers to turn the majority, if they secure it, to proper account.

In England some reliance is placed on what are called "bye elections," — or elections caused by vacancies occurring between two general elections, — as indications of the trend of public opinion touching the acts or policy of the ministry. But these elections very seldom show more than slight diminution or slight increase of preceding majorities, and the result, as an instruction, is very often made uncertain by local causes, such as the greater or less popularity of one of the candidates. They may, and generally do, reveal the growing or declining popularity of the party in power in the constituency in which they occur, but rarely can be held to express the opinion of the majority on any particular matter. There are several ways of

accounting for any changes which have occurred in the total vote, all equally plausible. In America town or county elections serve somewhat the same purpose. They are watched, not so much with reference to their influence on local affairs, as with reference to the light they throw on the feelings of the voters toward the administration for the time being. It is taken for granted that no local wants or incidents will prevent the bulk of the voters from casting their ballots as members of federal parties.

It is, probably, this disposition to vote on the general course of the administration, rather than on any particular proposal, which causes what it is now the fashion to call the "swinging of the pendulum," — that is, the tendency both in England and in America to vote in a different way at alternate elections, or never to give any party more than one term in power. If public attention were apt to be concentrated on one measure, this could hardly occur so frequently. It doubtless indicates, not positive condemnation of any particular thing, so much as disapproval or weariness of certain marked features of the government policy. The voters get tired both of praise and of blame of particular men, and so resolve to try others; or they get tired of a particular policy, and long for something new. It is a little difficult to fix on the exact cause of such changes, but it seems pretty certain that they cannot be considered definite expressions of opinion on specific subjects. And then, owing to the electoral divisions through which every country chooses legislators, a far greater change may often be made in the legislature than the vote in the separate constituencies warrants. For instance, a President may readily be chosen in the United States by a minority of the popular vote; and in England, an enormous majority in the House of Commons may rest on a very small aggregate majority of the electors. There never was a more striking illustration of the difficulty of

getting at popular opinion than the defeat of the Disraeli ministry in 1880. It was the confident belief of all the more instructed portion of the community — the gentry, the clergy, and the professional class — that, rightly or wrongly, public opinion was on the side of the ministry, and approved what was called its "imperial policy," — the provocation given to Afghanistan, and the interference in the Russo-Turkish War on the side of Turkey. One heard, it was said, nothing else in the clubs, the trains, the hotels, and the colleges. But the result showed that these indications were of little value, that the judgment of the classes most occupied in observing political tendencies was at fault, and that the bulk of the constituencies had apparently taken quite a different view of the whole matter.

A striking example of the same thing was afforded in the State of New York in 1892. The leaders of the Democratic party at that time were men of more than usual astuteness and political experience. It was of the last importance to them to learn the popular judgment on the more recent acts of the party, particularly on the mode in which it had secured control of the state Senate. Up to the day of election they seem to have had the utmost confidence in an overwhelming popular verdict in their favor. The result, however, was their overwhelming defeat. They apparently had but a very slight knowledge of the trend of public opinion. In truth, it may be said that the great political revolutions wrought by elections, both in England and in America, have been unexpected by the bulk of observers, either wholly or as to their extent. No change at all was looked for, or it was not expected to be so great a change.

Why this should be so, why in a democratic society people should find so much difficulty in discovering beforehand what the sovereign power is thinking, and what it is going to do, is not so difficult to explain as it seems. We must first bear in mind that the democratic societies

prodigiously increased in size almost at the moment at which they acquired control of the State. There was no previous opportunity for examining their tastes, prejudices, weaknesses, or tendencies. Most of the descriptions of democracies within the present century, as I have already pointed out, have been only guesses, or deductions from the history of those of antiquity. Nearly every modern writer on this subject has fallen into mistakes about democratic tendencies, merely through a *priori* reasoning. Certain things had happened in the ancient democracies, and were sure to happen again in the modern democracies, much as the conditions had changed. Singularly enough, the one absolutely new difficulty, the difficulty of consulting a modern democracy, has hardly been noticed. This difficulty has produced the boss, who is a sufficiently simple phenomenon. But how, without the boss, to get at what the people are thinking, has not been found out, though it is of great importance. We have not yet hit on the best plan of getting at "public opinion." Elections, as we have seen, are the medium through which this force manifests itself in action, but they do not furnish the reason of this action, the considerations which led to it, or all the consequences it is expected to produce. Moreover, at best they tell us only what half the people are thinking; for no party nowadays wins an electoral victory by much over half the voters. So that we are driven back, for purposes of observation, on the newspaper press.

Our confidence in this is based on the theory, not so much that the newspapers make public opinion, as that the opinions they utter are those of which their readers approve. But this ground is being made less tenable every year by the fact that more and more newspapers rely on advertising, rather than on subscriptions, for their support and profits, and agreement with their readers is thus less and less important to them. The old threat

of "stopping my paper," if a subscriber came across unpalatable views in the editorial columns, is therefore not so formidable as it used to be, and is less resorted to. The advertiser, rather than the subscriber, is now the newspaper bogie. He is the person before whom the publisher cowers and whom he tries to please, and the advertiser is very indifferent about the opinions of a newspaper. What interests him is the amount or quality of its circulation. What he wants to know is, how many persons see it, not how many persons agree with it. The consequence is that the newspapers of largest circulation, published in the great centres of population where most votes are cast, are less and less organs of opinion, especially in America. In fact, in some cases the advertisers use their influence — which is great, and which the increasing competition between newspapers makes all the greater — to prevent the expression in newspapers of what is probably the prevailing local view of men or events. There are not many newspapers which can afford to defy a large advertiser.

Nothing is more striking in the reading public to-day, in our democracy, than the increasing incapacity for continuous attention. The power of attention is one that, just like muscular power, needs cultivation or training. The ability to listen to a long argument or exposition, or to read it, involves not only strength but habit in the muscles of the eye and the nerves of the ear. In familiar language, one has to be used to it, to do it easily.

There seems to be a great deal of reason for believing that this habit is becoming much rarer. Publishers complain more and more of the refusal of nearly every modern community to read books, except novels, which keep the attention alive by amusing incidents and rapid changes of situation. Argumentative works can rarely count on a large circulation. This may doubtless be ascribed in part to the multiplicity of the objects of attention in modern times, to the

opportunities of simple amusement, to the large area of the world which is brought under each man's observation by the telegraph, and to the general rapidity of communication. But this large area is brought under observation through the newspaper; and that the newspaper's mode of presenting facts does seriously affect the way in which people perform the process called "making up their minds," especially about public questions, can hardly be denied. The nearest approach we can make to what people are thinking about any matter of public interest is undoubtedly by "reading the papers." It may not be a sure way, but there is no other. It is true, often lamentably true, that the only idea most foreigners and observers get of a nation's modes of thought and standards of duty and excellence, and in short of its manners and morals, comes through reading its periodicals. To the outsider the newspaper press is the nation talking about itself. Nations are known to other nations mainly through their press. They used to be known more by their public men; but the class of public men who represent a country is becoming every day smaller, and public men speak less than formerly; with us they can scarcely be said to speak at all. Our present system of nomination and the loss of the habit of debating in the legislature have almost put an end to oratory, except during exciting canvasses. Elsewhere than in England, the names of the leading men are hardly known to foreigners; their utterances, not at all. If I want to learn the drift of opinion in any country, on any topic, the best thing I can do, therefore, is to read the papers; and I must read a large number.

In America more than in any other country, the collection of "news" has become a business within half a century, and it has been greatly promoted by the improvements in the printing-press. Before this period, "news" was generally news of great events, — that is, of events

of more than local importance; so that if a man were asked, "What news?" he would try, in his answer, to mention something of world-wide significance. But as soon as the collection of it became a business, submitted to the ordinary laws of competition, the number of things that were called "news" naturally increased. Each newspaper endeavored to outdo its rivals by the greater number of facts it brought to the public notice, and it was not very long before "news" became everything whatever, no matter how unimportant, which the reader had not previously heard of. The sense of proportion about news was rapidly destroyed. Everything, however trifling, was considered worth printing, and the newspaper finally became, what it is now, a collection of the gossip not only of the whole world, but of its own locality. Now, gossip, when analyzed, consists simply of a collection of actual facts, mostly of little moment, and also of surmises about things, of equally little moment. But business requires that as much importance as possible shall be given to them by the manner of producing each item, or what is called "typographical display." Consequently they are presented with separate and conspicuous headings, and there is no necessary connection between them. They follow one another, column after column, without any order, either of subject or of chronology.

The diligent newspaper reader, therefore, gets accustomed to passing rapidly from one to another of a series of incidents, small and great, requiring simply the transfer, from one trifle to another, of a sort of lazy, uninterested attention, which often becomes sub-conscious; that is, a man reads with hardly any knowledge or recollection of what he is reading. Not only does the attention become habituated to frequent breaches in its continuity, but it grows accustomed to short paragraphs, as one does to passers-by in the street. A man sees and observes them, but does not remember

what he sees and observes for more than a minute or two. That this should have its effect on the editorial writing is what naturally might be expected. If the editorial article is long, the reader, used to the short paragraphs, is apt to shrink from the labor of perusing it; if it is brief, he pays little more attention to it than he pays to the paragraphs. When, therefore, any newspaper turns to serious discussion in its columns, it is difficult, and one may say increasingly difficult, to get a hearing. It has to contend both against the intellectual habit of its readers, which makes prolonged attention hard, and against *a priori* doubts of its honesty and competency. People question whether it is talking in good faith, or has some sinister object in view, knowing that in one city of the Union, at least, it is impossible to get published any criticism on the larger advertisers, however nefarious their doings; knowing also that in another city there have been rapid changes of journalistic views, made for party purposes or through simple changes of ownership.

The result is that the effect of newspaper editorial writing on opinion is small, so far as one can judge. Still, it would be undeniably large enough to possess immense power if the press acted unanimously as a body. If all the papers, or a great majority of them, said the same thing on any question of the day, or told the same story about any matter in dispute, they would undoubtedly possess great influence. But they are much divided, partly by political affiliations, and partly, perhaps mainly, by business rivalry. For business purposes, each is apt to think it necessary to differ in some degree from its nearest rivals, whether of the same party or not, in its view of any question, or at all events not to support a rival's view, or totally to ignore something to which it is attaching great importance. The result is that the press rarely acts with united force or expresses a united opinion. Nor do many readers

subscribe to more than one paper; and consequently few readers have any knowledge of the other side of any question on which their own paper is, possibly, preaching with vehemence. The great importance which many persons attach to having a newspaper of large circulation on their side is due in some degree to its power in the presentation of facts to the public, and also to its power of annoyance by persistent abuse or ridicule.

Another agency which has interfered with the press as an organ of opinion is the greatly increased expense of starting or carrying on a modern newspaper. The days when Horace Greeley or William Lloyd Garrison could start an influential paper in a small printing-office, with the assistance of a boy, are gone forever. Few undertakings require more capital, or are more hazardous. The most serious item of expense is the collection of news from all parts of the world, and this cannot be evaded in our day. News is the life-blood of the modern newspaper. No talent or energy will make up for its absence. The consequence is that a very large sum is needed to establish a newspaper. After it is started, a large sum must be spent without visible return, but the fortune that may be accumulated by it, if successful, is also very large. One of the most curious things about it is that the public does not expect from a newspaper proprietor the same sort of morality that it expects from persons in other callings. It would disown a bookseller and cease all intercourse with him for a tithe of the falsehoods and petty frauds which it passes unnoticed in a newspaper proprietor. It may disbelieve every word he says, and yet profess to respect him, and may occasionally reward him; so that it is quite possible to find a newspaper which nearly everybody condemns, and whose influence most men would repudiate, circulating very freely among religious and moral people, and making handsome profits. A newspaper proprietor, therefore, who

finds that his profits remain high, no matter what views he promulgates and what kind of morality he practices, can hardly, with fairness to the community, be treated as an exponent of its opinions. He will not consider what it thinks, when he finds he has only to consider what it will buy, and that it will buy his paper without agreeing with it.

But it is as an exponent of the nation's feeling about other nations that the press is most defective. The old diplomacy, in which, as Disraeli said, "sovereigns and statesmen" regulated international affairs in secret conclave in gorgeous salons, has all but passed away. The "sovereigns and statesmen" and the secret conclave and the gorgeous salons remain, but of the old indifference to what the world outside thought of their work not very much remains. Now and then a king or an emperor gratifies his personal spites, in his instructions to his diplomatic representatives, like the Emperor of Germany in the case of the unfortunate Greeks; but most governments, in their negotiations with foreign powers, now listen closely to the voice of their own people. The democracy sits at every council board, and the most conservative of ministers, consciously or unconsciously, consults it as well as he can. He tries to find out what it wishes in any particular matter, or, if this be impossible, he tries to find out what will most impress its imagination. Whether he brings peace or war, he tries to make it appear that the national honor has been carefully looked after, and that the national desires, and even the national weaknesses, have been considered and provided for. But it is from the press that he must learn all this; and it is from the press, too, that each diplomatist must learn whether his opponent's country is really behind him. The press is never silent, and it has the field to itself; any one who wishes to know what the people are feeling and thinking has to rely on it, for the want of anything better.

In international questions, however, the press is often a poor reliance. In the first place, business prudence prompts an editor, whether he fully understands the matter under discussion or not, to take what seems the patriotic view; and tradition generally makes the selfish, quarrelsome view the patriotic view. The late editor of the *Sun* expressed this tersely by advising young journalists "always to stand by the Stars and Stripes." It was long ago expressed still more tersely by the cry, "Our country, right or wrong!" All first-class powers still live more or less openly, in their relations with one another, under the old dueling code, which the enormous armaments in modern times render almost a necessity. Under this code the one unbearable imputation is fear of somebody. Any other imputation a nation supports with comparative meekness; the charge of timidity is intolerable. It has been made more so by the conversion of most modern nations into great standing armies, and no great standing army can for a moment allow the world to doubt its readiness, and even eagerness, to fight. It is not every diplomatic difference that is at first clearly understood by the public. Very often, the pros and cons of the matter are imperfectly known until the correspondence is published, but the agitation of the popular mind continues; the press must talk about the matter, and its talk is rarely pacific. It is bound by tradition to take the ground that its own government is right; and that even if it is not, it does not make any difference, — the press has to maintain that it is right.

The action of Congress on the recent Venezuelan complication well illustrated the position of the press in such matters. When Mr. Cleveland sent his message asking Congress to vote the expense of tracing the frontier of a foreign power, Congress knew nothing of the merits of the case. It did not even know that any such controversy was pending. As

the message was distinctly one that might lead to war, and as Congress was the war-making power, the Constitution presumptively imposed on it the duty of examining the causes of the dispute thoroughly, before complying with the President's request. In most other affairs, too, it would have been the more disposed to discharge this duty because the majority was hostile to Mr. Cleveland. But any delay or hesitation, it feared, would be construed by the public as a symptom of fear or of want of patriotism, so it instantly voted the money without any examination whatever. The press was in an almost similar condition. It knew no more of the merits of the case than Congress, and it had the same fear of being thought wanting in patriotism, so that the whole country in twenty-four hours resounded with rhetorical preparation for and justification of war with England.

As long as this support is confined to argumentation no great harm is done. The diplomatists generally care but little about the dialectical backing up that they get from the newspapers. Either they do not need it, or it is too ill informed to do them much good. But the newspapers have another concern than mere victory in argument. They have to maintain their place in the estimation of their readers, and, if possible, to increase the number of these readers. Unhappily, in times of international trouble, the easiest way to do this always *seems* to be to influence the public mind against the foreigner. This is done partly by impugning his motives in the matter in hand, and partly by painting his general character in an odious light. Undoubtedly this produces some effect on the public mind by begetting a readiness to punish in arms, at any cost, so unworthy an adversary. The worst effect, however, is that which is produced on the ministers conducting the negotiations. It frightens or encourages them into taking extreme positions, in putting forward im-

possible claims, or in perverting history and law to help their case. The applause and support of the newspapers seem to be public opinion. They must bring honor at home, no matter how the controversy ends. In short, it may be said, as a matter of history, that in few diplomatic controversies in this century has the press failed to make moderate ground difficult for a diplomatist, and retreats from untenable positions almost impossible. The press makes his case seem so good that abandonment of it looks like treason to his country.

Then there is another aspect of the case which cannot be passed without notice, though it puts the press in a less honorable light. Newspapers are made to sell; and for this purpose there is nothing better than war. War means daily sensation and excitement. On this almost any kind of newspaper may live and make money. Whether the war brings victory or defeat makes little difference. The important thing is that in war every moment may bring important and exciting news, — news which does not need to be accurate or to bear sifting. What makes it most marketable is that it is probable and agreeable, although disagreeable news sells nearly as well. In the tumult of a great war, when the rules of evidence are suspended by passion or anxiety, invention, too, is easy, and has its value, and is pretty sure never to be punished. Some newspapers, which found it difficult to make a livelihood in times of peace, made fortunes in our last war; and it may be said that, as a rule, troublous times are the best for a newspaper proprietor.

It follows from this, it cannot but follow, that it is only human for a newspaper proprietor to desire war, especially when he feels sure that his own country is right, and that its opponents are enemies of civilization, — a state of mind into which a man may easily work himself by writing and talking much during an international controversy. So that I do not think it an exaggeration, or a

calumny to say that the press, taken as a whole, — of course with many honorable exceptions, — has a bias in favor of war. It would not stir up a war with any country, but if it sees preparations made to fight, it does not fail to encourage the combatants. This is particularly true of a naval war, which is much more striking as a spectacle than a land war, while it does not disturb industry or distribute personal risk to nearly the same extent.

Of much more importance, however, than the manner in which public opinion finds expression in a democracy is the manner in which it is formed, and this is very much harder to get at. I do not mean what may be called people's standing opinion about things in general, which is born of hereditary prejudice and works itself into the manners of the country as part of each individual's moral and intellectual outfit. There is a whole batch of notions about things public and private, which men of every nation hold because they are national, — called "Roman" by a Roman, "English" by an Englishman, and "American" by an American, — and which are defended or propagated simply by calling the opposite "un-English" or "un-American." These views come to people by descent. They are inherited rather than formed. What I have in mind is the opinions formed by the community about new subjects, questions of legislation and of war and peace, and about social needs or sins or excesses, — in short, about anything novel which calls imperatively for an immediate judgment of some kind. What is it that moves large bodies or parties in a democracy like ours, for instance, to say that its government should do this, or should not do that, in any matter that may happen to be before them?

Nothing can be more difficult than an answer to this question. Every writer about democracy, from Montesquieu down, has tried to answer it by a priori predictions as to what democracy will say or do or think under certain given

circumstances. The uniform failure naturally suggests the conclusion that the question is not answerable at all, owing largely to the enormously increased number of influences under which all men act in the modern world. It is now very rare to meet with one of the distinctly defined characters which education, conducted under the régime of authority, used to form, down to the close of the last century. There are really no more "divines," or "gentlemen," or "Puritans," or "John Bulls," or "Brother Jonathans." In other words, there are no more moral or intellectual moulds. It used to be easy to say how a given individual or community would look at a thing; at present it is well-nigh impossible. We can hardly tell what agency is exercising the strongest influence on popular thought on any given occasion. Most localities and classes are subject to some peculiar dominating force, and if you discover what it is, you discover it almost by accident. One of the latest attempts to define a moral force that would be sure to act on opinion was the introduction into the political arena in England of the "Nonconformist conscience," or the moral training of the dissenting denominations, — Congregationalists, Methodists, and Baptists. In the discussions of Irish home rule and various cognate matters, much use has been made of the *term*, but it is difficult to point to any particular occasion in which the *thing* has distinctly made itself felt. One would have said, twenty years ago, that the English class of country squires would be the last body in the world, owing to temperament and training, to approve of any change in the English currency. We believe they are to-day largely bimetallicists. The reason is that their present liabilities, contracted in good times, have been made increasingly heavy by the fall in agricultural produce.

The same phenomena are visible here in America. It would be difficult to-day to say what is the American opinion, pro-

perly so called, about the marriage bond. One would think that in the older States, in which social life is more settled, it would strongly favor indissolubility, or, at all events, great difficulty of dissolution. But this is not the case. In Connecticut and Rhode Island divorce is as easy, and almost as little disreputable, as in any of the newer Western States. In the discussion on the currency, most observers would have predicted that the power of the government over its value would be most eagerly preached by the States in which the number of foreign voters was greatest. As a matter of fact, these States proved at the election to be the firmest friends of the gold standard. Within our own lifetime the Southern or cotton States, from being very conservative, have become very radical, in the sense of being ready to give ear to new ideas. What we might have said of them in 1860 would be singularly untrue in 1900. One might go over the civilized world in this way, and find that the public opinion of each country, on any given topic, had escaped from the philosophers, so to speak, — that all generalizing about it had become difficult, and that it was no longer possible to divide influences into categories.

The conclusion most readily reached about the whole matter is that authority, whether in religion or in morals, which down to the last century was so powerful, has ceased to exert much influence on the affairs of the modern world, and that any attempt to mould opinion on religious or moral or political questions, by its instrumentality, is almost certain to prove futile. The reliance of the older political writers, from Grotius to Locke, on the sayings of other previous writers or on the Bible, is now among the curiosities of literature. Utilitarianism, however we may feel about it, has fully taken possession of political discussion. That is to say, any writer or speaker on political subjects has to show that his proposition will make people more comfort-

able or richer. This is tantamount to saying that historic experience has not nearly the influence on political affairs it once had. The reason is obvious. The number of persons who have something to say about political affairs has increased a thousandfold, but the practice of reading books has not increased, and it is in books that experience is recorded. In the past, the governing class, in part at least, was a reading class. One of the reasons which are generally said to have given the Southern members special influence in Congress before the war is that they read books, had libraries, and had wide knowledge of the experiments tried by earlier generations of mankind. Their successors rarely read anything but the newspapers. This is increasingly true, also, of other democratic countries. The old literary type of statesmen, of which Jefferson and Madison and Hamilton, Guizot and Thiers, were examples, is rapidly disappearing, if it has not already disappeared.

The importance of this in certain branches of public affairs is great, — the management of currency, for example. All we know about currency we learn from the experience of the human race. What man will do about any kind of money, — gold, silver, or paper, — under any given set of conditions, we can predict only by reading of what man has done. What will happen if, of two kinds of currency, we lower or raise the value of one, what will happen if we issue too much irredeemable paper, why we must make our paper redeemable, what are the dangers of violent and sudden changes in the standard of value, are all things which we can ascertain only from the history of money. What any man now thinks or desires about the matter is of little consequence compared with what men in times past have tried to do. The loss of influence or weight by the reading class is therefore of great importance, for to this loss we undoubtedly owe most of the prevalent wild theories

about currency. They are the theories of men who do not know that their experiments have been tried already and have failed. In fact, I may almost venture the assertion that the influence of history on politics was never smaller than it is to-day, although history was never before cultivated with so much acumen and industry. So that authority and experience may fairly be ruled out of the list of forces which seriously influence the government of democratic societies. In the formation of public opinion they do not greatly count.

The effect of all this is not simply to lead to hasty legislation. It also has an injurious effect on legislative decision, in making every question seem an "open" or "large" question. As nothing, or next to nothing, is settled, all problems of politics have a tendency to seem new to every voter, — matters of which each man is as good a judge as another, and as much entitled to his own opinion; he is likely to consider himself under no special obligation to agree with anybody else. The only obligation he feels is that of party, and this is imposed to secure victories at the polls rather than to insure any particular kind of legislation. For instance, a man may be a civil service reformer when the party takes no action about it, or a gold man when the party rather favors silver, or a free-trader when the party advocates high tariff, and yet be a good party man as long as he votes the ticket. He may question all the opinions in its platform, but if he thinks it is the best party to administer the government or distribute the offices, he may and does remain in it with perfect comfort. In short, party discipline does not insure uniformity of opinion, but simply uniformity of action at election. The platform is not held to impose any line of action on the voters. Neither party in America to-day has any fixed creed. Every voter believes what is good in his own eyes, and may do so with impunity, without loss of party

standing, as long as he votes for the party nominee at every important election.

The pursuit of any policy in legislation is thus, undoubtedly, more difficult than of old. The phrase, well known to lawyers, that a thing is "against public policy" has by no means the same meaning now that it once had, for it is very difficult to say what "public policy" is. National policy is something which has to be committed to the custody of a few men who respect tradition and are familiar with records. A large assembly which is not dominated by a leader, and in which each member thinks he knows as much as any other member, and does not study or respect records, can hardly follow a policy without a good deal of difficulty. The disappearance from the governments of the United States, France, and Italy of commanding figures, whose authority or character imposed on minor men, accordingly makes it hard to say what is the policy of these three countries on most questions. Ministers who do not carry personal weight always seek to fortify themselves by the conciliation of voters, and what will conciliate voters is, under every democratic régime, a matter of increasing uncertainty, so free is the play of individual opinion.

Of this, again, the condition of our currency question at this moment is a good illustration. Twenty-five years ago, the custody and regulation of the standard of value, like the custody and regulation of the standard of length or of weight, were confided to experts, without objection in any quarter. There was no more thought of disputing with these experts about it than of disputing with mathematicians or astronomers about problems in their respective sciences. It was not thought that there could be a "public opinion" about the comparative merits of the metals as mediums of exchange, any more than about the qualities of triangles or the position of stars. The experts met now and then, in private conclave, and decided, without criticism from any one

else, whether silver or gold should be the legal tender. All the public asked was that the standard, whatever it was, should be the steadiest possible, the least liable to fluctuations or variations.

With the growing strength of the democratic régime all this has been changed. The standard of value, like nearly everything else about which men are concerned, has descended into the political arena. Every man claims the right to have an opinion about it, as good as that of any other man. More than this, nearly every man is eager to get this opinion embodied in legislation if he can. Nobody is listened to by all as an authority on the subject. The most eminent financiers find their views exposed to nearly as much question as those of any tyro. The idea that money should be a standard of value, as good as the nature of value will permit, has almost disappeared. Money has become a means in the hands of governments of alleviating human misery, of lightening the burdens of unfortunate debtors, and of stimulating industry. On the best mode of doing these things, every man thinks he is entitled to his say. The result is that we find ourselves, in the presence of one of the most serious financial problems which has ever confronted any nation, without a financial leader. The finances of the Revolution had Alexander Hamilton, and subsequently Albert Gallatin. The finances of the civil war had first Secretary Chase, and subsequently Senator Sherman, both of whom brought us to some sort of conclusion, if not always to the right conclusion, by sheer weight of authority. To Senator Sherman we were mainly indebted for the return to specie payment in 1879. At present we have no one who fills the places of these men in the public eye. No one assumes to lead in this crisis, though many give good as well as bad advice, but all, or nearly all, who advise, advise as politicians, not as financiers. Very few who speak on the subject say

publicly the things they say in private. Their public deliverances are modified or toned down to suit some part of the country, or some set or division of voters. They are what is called "politically wise." During the twenty years following the change in the currency in 1873 no leading man in either party disputed the assertions of the advocates of silver as to the superiority of silver to gold as a standard of value. Nearly all politicians, even of the Republican party, admitted the force of some of the contentions of those advocates, and were willing to meet them halfway by some such measure as the purchase of silver under the Sherman Act. The result was that when Mr. Bryan was nominated on a silver platform, his followers attacked the gold standard with weapons drawn from the armory of the gold men, and nearly every public man of prominence was estopped from vigorous opposition to them by his own utterances on the same subject.

It is easy to see that under circumstances like these a policy about finance — the most important matter in which a nation can have a policy — is hardly possible. There are too many opinions in the field for the formation of anything that can be called public opinion. And yet, I cannot recall any case in history, or, in other words, in human experience, in which a great scheme of financial reform was carried through without having some man of force or weight behind it, some man who had framed it, who understood it, who could answer objections to it, and who was not obliged to alter or curtail it against his better judgment. The great financiers stand out in bold relief in the financial chronicles of every nation. They may have been wrong, they may have made mistakes, but they spoke imperiously and carried their point, whatever it was.

Whether the disposition to do without them, and to control money through popular opinion, which seems now to have taken possession of the democratic world,

will last, or whether it will be abandoned after trial, remains to be seen. But one is not a rash prophet who predicts that it will fail. Finance is too full of details, of unforeseen effects, of technical conditions, to make the mastery of it possible, without much study and experience. There is no problem of government which comes so near being strictly "scientific," that is, so dependent on principles of human nature and so little dependent on legislative power. No government can completely control the medium of exchange. It is a subject for psychology rather than for politics. Democracy has apparently been taken possession of by the idea, either that a perfect standard of value may be contrived, or that the standard of value may be made a philanthropic instrument. But in view of the incessant and rapid change of cost of production which everything undergoes in this age of invention and discovery, gold and silver included, the idea of a perfect standard of value must be set down as a chimera. Every one acknowledges this. What some men maintain is that the effects of invention and discovery may be counteracted by law and even by treaty, which is simply an assertion that parliaments and congresses and diplomatists can determine what each man shall give for everything he buys. This proposition hardly needs more than a statement of it for its refutation. It is probably the most unexpected of all the manifestations of democratic feeling yet produced. For behind all proposals to give currency a legal value differing from the value of the marketplace lies a belief in the strength of law such as the world has never yet seen. All previous régimes have believed in the power of law to enforce physical obedience, and to say what shall constitute the legal payment of a debt, but never until now has it been maintained that government can create in each head the amount of desire which fixes the price of a commodity.

In short, the one thing which can be said with most certainty about democratic public opinion in the modern world, is that it is moulded as never before by economic rather than by religious or moral or political considerations. The influences which governed the world down to the close of the seventeenth century were respect for a reigning family, or belief in a certain form of religious worship and horror of others, or national pride and corresponding dislike or distrust of foreigners, or commercial rivalry. It is only the last which has now much influence on public opinion or in legislation. There is not much respect, that can be called a political force, left for any reigning family. There is a general indifference to all forms of religious worship, or at least sufficient indifference to prevent strong or combative attachment to them. Religious wars are no longer possible; the desire to spread any form of faith by force of arms, which so powerfully influenced the politics of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, has completely disappeared. It is only in Spain and in Turkey that this feeling can now be said to exist as a power in the state.

The growth of indifference to what used to be called political liberty, too, has been curiously rapid. Political liberty, as the term was understood at the beginning of this century, was the power of having something to say in the election of all officers of the state, and through them of influencing legislation and administration; or, in other words, of enforcing strict responsibility for its acts on the part of the governing body towards the people. There is apparently much less importance attached to this now than formerly, as is shown by the surrender of the power of nomination to "the bosses" in so many States; and in New York by the growing readiness to pass legislation without debate under direction from the outside. Similarly, socialism, which seems to be the political

creed which has strongest hold on the working classes to-day, is essentially a form of domination over the whole individual by the constituted authorities, without consulting him. The only choice left him is one of an occupation, and of the kind of food he will eat and the kind of clothes he will wear. As there is to be no war, no money, no idleness, and no taxation, there will be no politics, and consequently no discussion. In truth, the number of men who would hail such a form of society with delight, as relieving them from all anxiety about sustenance, and from all need of skill or character, is probably large and increasing. For similar reasons, the legislation which excites most attention is apt to be legislation which in some way promises an increase of physical comfort. It is rarely, for instance, that a trades union or workingman's association shows much interest in any law except one which promises to increase wages, or shorten hours of labor, or lower fares or the price of something. Protection, to which a very large number of workingmen are attached, is only in their eyes a mode of keeping wages up. "Municipal ownership" is another name for low fares; restrictions on immigration are a mode of keeping competitors out of the labor market.

All these things, and things of a sim-

ilar nature, attract a great deal of interest; the encroachments of the bosses on constitutional government, comparatively little. The first attempt to legislate for the economical benefit of the masses was the abolition of the English corn laws. It may seem at first sight that the enactment of the corn laws was an economical measure. But such was not the character in which the corn laws were originally advocated. They were called for, first, in order to make England self-supporting in case of a war with foreign powers, a contingency which was constantly present to men's minds in the last century; secondly, to keep up the country gentry, or "landed interest," as it was called, which then had great political value and importance. The abolition of these laws was avowedly carried out simply for the purpose of cheapening and enlarging the loaf. It was the beginning of a series of measures in various countries which aim merely at increasing human physical comfort, whatever their effect on the structure of the government or on the play of political institutions. This foreshadowed the greatest change which has come over the modern world. It is now governed mainly by ideas about the distribution of commodities. This distribution is not only what most occupies public opinion, but what has most to do with forming it.

E. L. Godkin.

THE WILD PARKS AND FOREST RESERVATIONS OF THE WEST.

"Keep not standing fix'd and rooted,
Briskly venture, briskly roam;
Head and hand, where'er thou foot it,
And stout heart are still at home.
In each land the sun does visit
We are gay, whate'er betide:
To give room for wandering is it
That the world was made so wide."

THE tendency nowadays to wander in wildernesses is delightful to see. Thou-

sands of tired, nerve-shaken, over-civilized people are beginning to find out that going to the mountains is going home; that wildness is a necessity; and that mountain parks and reservations are useful not only as fountains of timber and irrigating rivers, but as fountains of life. Awakening from the stupefying effects of the vice of over-industry and

the deadly apathy of luxury, they are trying as best they can to mix and enrich their own little ongoing with those of Nature, and to get rid of rust and disease. Briskly venturing and roaming, some are washing off sins and cobweb cares of the devil's spinning in all-day storms on mountains; sauntering in rosy pinewoods or in gentian meadows, brushing through chaparral, bending down and parting sweet, flowery sprays; tracing rivers to their sources, getting in touch with the nerves of Mother Earth; jumping from rock to rock, feeling the life of them, learning the songs of them, panting in whole-souled exercise and rejoicing in deep, long-drawn breaths of pure wildness. This is fine and natural and full of promise. And so also is the growing interest in the care and preservation of forests and wild places in general, and in the half-wild parks and gardens of towns. Even the scenery habit in its most artificial forms, mixed with spectacles, silliness, and kodaks; its devotees arrayed more gorgeously than scarlet tanagers, frightening the wild game with red umbrellas,—even this is encouraging, and may well be regarded as a hopeful sign of the times.

All the Western mountains are still rich in wildness, and by means of good roads are being brought nearer civilization every year. To the sane and free it will hardly seem necessary to cross the continent in search of wild beauty, however easy the way, for they find it in abundance wherever they chance to be. Like Thoreau they see forests in orchards and patches of huckleberry brush, and oceans in ponds and drops of dew. Few in these hot, dim, frictiony times are quite sane or free; choked with care like clocks full of dust, laboriously doing so much good and making so much money,—or so little,—they are no longer good themselves.

When, like a merchant taking a list of his goods, we take stock of our wildness, we are glad to see how much of even

the most destructible kind is still unspoiled. Looking at our continent as scenery when it was all wild, lying between beautiful seas, the starry sky above it, the starry rocks beneath it, to compare its sides, the East and the West, would be like comparing the sides of a rainbow. But it is no longer equally beautiful. The rainbows of to-day are, I suppose, as bright as those that first spanned the sky; and some of our landscapes are growing more beautiful from year to year, notwithstanding the clearing, trampling work of civilization. New plants and animals are enriching woods and gardens, and many landscapes wholly new, with divine sculpture and architecture, are just now coming to the light of day as the mantling folds of creative glaciers are being withdrawn, and life in a thousand cheerful, beautiful forms is pushing into them, and new-born rivers are beginning to sing and shine in them. The old rivers, too, are growing longer like healthy trees, gaining new branches and lakes as the residual glaciers at their highest sources on the mountains recede, while their rootlike branches in their flat deltas are at the same time spreading farther and wider into the seas and making new lands.

Under the control of the vast mysterious forces of the interior of the earth all the continents and islands are slowly rising or sinking. Most of the mountains are diminishing in size under the wearing action of the weather, though a few are increasing in height and girth, especially the volcanic ones, as fresh floods of molten rocks are piled on their summits and spread in successive layers, like the wood-rings of trees, on their sides. And new mountains are being created from time to time as islands in lakes and seas, or as subordinate cones on the slopes of old ones, thus in some measure balancing the waste of old beauty with new. Man, too, is making many far-reaching changes. This most influential half animal, half angel is rapidly

multiplying and spreading, covering the seas and lakes with ships, the land with huts, hotels, cathedrals, and clustered city shops and homes, so that soon, it would seem, we may have to go farther than Nansen to find a good sound solitude. None of Nature's landscapes are ugly so long as they are wild; and much, we can say comfortingly, must always be in great part wild, particularly the sea and the sky, the floods of light from the stars, and the warm, unspoilable heart of the earth, infinitely beautiful, though only dimly visible to the eye of imagination. The geysers, too, spouting from the hot underworld; the steady, long-lasting glaciers on the mountains, obedient only to the sun; Yosemite domes and the tremendous grandeur of rocky cañons and mountains in general, — these must always be wild, for man can change them and mar them hardly more than can the butterflies that hover above them. But the continent's outer beauty is fast passing away, especially the plant part of it, the most destructible and most universally charming of all.

Only thirty years ago, the great Central Valley of California, five hundred miles long and fifty miles wide, was one bed of golden and purple flowers. Now it is ploughed and pastured out of existence, gone forever, — scarce a memory of it left in fence corners and along the bluffs of the streams. The gardens of the Sierrra also, and the noble forests in both the reserved and the unreserved portions, are sadly hacked and trampled, notwithstanding the ruggedness of the topography, — all excepting those of the parks guarded by a few soldiers. In the noblest forests of the world, the ground, once divinely beautiful, is desolate and repulsive, like a face ravaged by disease. This is true also of many other Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain valleys and forests. The same fate, sooner or later, is awaiting them all, unless awakening public opinion comes forward to stop it. Even the great deserts in Arizona, Ne-

vada, Utah, and New Mexico, which offer so little to attract settlers, and which a few years ago pioneers were afraid of, as places of desolation and death, are now taken as pastures at the rate of one or two square miles per cow, and of course their plant treasures are passing away, — the delicate abronias, phloxes, gillias, etc. Only a few of the bitter, thorny, unbitable shrubs are left, and the sturdy cactuses that defend themselves with bayonets and spears.

Most of the wild plant wealth of the East also has vanished, — gone into dusty history. Only vestiges of its glorious prairie and woodland wealth remain to bless humanity in boggy, rocky, unploughable places. Fortunately, some of these are purely wild, and go far to keep Nature's love visible. White water-lilies, with rootstocks deep and safe in mud, still send up every summer a Milky Way of starry, fragrant flowers around a thousand lakes, and many a tuft of wild grass waves its panicles on mossy rocks, beyond reach of trampling feet, in company with saxifrages, bluebells, and ferns. Even in the midst of farmers' fields, precious sphagnum bogs, too soft for the feet of cattle, are preserved with their charming plants unchanged, — *chiogenes*, *Andromeda*, *Kalmia*, *Linnaea*, *Arethusa*, etc. *Calypso borealis* still hides in the arbor vitæ swamps of Canada, and away to the southward there are a few unspoiled swamps, big ones, where miasma, snakes, and alligators, like guardian angels, defend their treasures and keep them pure as paradise. And beside a' that and a' that, the East is blessed with good winters and blossoming clouds that shed white flowers over all the land, covering every scar and making the saddest landscape divine at least once a year.

The most extensive, least spoiled, and most unspoilable of the gardens of the continent are the vast tundras of Alaska. In summer they extend smooth, even, undulating, continuous beds of flowers

and leaves from about lat. 62° to the shores of the Arctic Ocean; and in winter sheets of snowflowers make all the country shine, one mass of white radiance like a star. Nor are these Arctic plant people the pitiful frost-pinned unfortunates they are guessed to be by those who have never seen them. Though lowly in stature, keeping near the frozen ground as if loving it, they are bright and cheery, and speak Nature's love as plainly as their big relatives of the south. Tenderly happed and tucked in beneath downy snow to sleep through the long white winter, they make haste to bloom in the spring without trying to grow tall, though some rise high enough to ripple and wave in the wind, and display masses of color — yellow, purple, and blue — so rich that they look like beds of rainbows, and are visible miles and miles away.

As early as June one may find the showy *Geum glaciale* in flower, and the dwarf willows putting forth myriads of fuzzy catkins, to be followed quickly, especially on the drier ground, by *mergensia*, *eritrichium*, *polemonium*, *oxytropis*, *astragalus*, *lathyrus*, *lupinus*, *myosotis*, *dodecatheon*, *arnica*, *chrysanthemum*, *nardosmia*, *saussurea*, *senecio*, *erigeron*, *matrecaria*, *caltha*, *valeriana*, *stellaria*, *Tofieldia*, *polygonum*, *papaver*, *phlox*, *lychnis*, *cheiranthus*, *Linnaea*, and a host of *drabas*, *saxifrages*, and *heathworts*, with bright stars and bells in glorious profusion, particularly *Cassiope*, *Andromeda*, *ledum*, *pyrola*, and *vaccinium*, — *Cassiope* the most abundant and beautiful of them all. Many grasses also grow here, and wave fine purple spikes and panicles over the other flowers, — *poa*, *aira*, *calamagrostis*, *alopecurus*, *trisetum*, *elymus*, *festuca*, *glyceria*, etc. Even ferns are found thus far north, carefully and comfortably unrolling their precious fronds, — *aspidium*, *cystopteris*, and *woodsia*, all growing on a sumptuous bed of mosses and lichens; not the scaly kind seen on rails and trees and fallen logs to the southward, but massive, round-

headed, finely colored plants like corals, wonderfully beautiful, worth going round the world to see. I should like to mention all the plant friends I found in a summer's wanderings in this cool reserve, but I fear few would care to read their names, although everybody, I am sure, would love them could they see them blooming and rejoicing at home.

On my last visit to the region about Kotzebue Sound, near the middle of September, 1881, the weather was so fine and mellow that it suggested the Indian summer of the Eastern States. The winds were hushed, the tundra glowed in creamy golden sunshine, and the colors of the ripe foliage of the heathworts, willows, and birch — red, purple, and yellow, in pure bright tones — were enriched with those of berries which were scattered everywhere, as if they had been showered from the clouds like hail. When I was back a mile or two from the shore, reveling in this color-glory, and thinking how fine it would be could I cut a square of the tundra sod of conventional picture size, frame it, and hang it among the paintings on my study walls at home, saying to myself, "Such a Nature painting taken at random from any part of the thousand-mile bog would make the other pictures look dim and coarse," I heard merry shouting, and, looking round, saw a band of Eskimos — men, women, and children, loose and hairy like wild animals — running towards me. I could not guess at first what they were seeking, for they seldom leave the shore; but soon they told me, as they threw themselves down, sprawling and laughing, on the mellow bog, and began to feast on the berries. A lively picture they made, and a pleasant one, as they frightened the whirring ptarmigans, and surprised their oily stomachs with the beautiful acid berries of many kinds, and filled sealskin bags with them to carry away for festive days in winter.

Nowhere else on my travels have I

seen so much warm-blooded, rejoicing life as in this grand Arctic reservation, by so many regarded as desolate. Not only are there whales in abundance along the shores, and innumerable seals, walruses, and white bears, but on the tundras great herds of fat reindeer and wild sheep, foxes, hares, mice, piping marmots, and birds. Perhaps more birds are born here than in any other region of equal extent on the continent. Not only do strong-winged hawks, eagles, and water-fowl, to whom the length of the continent is merely a pleasant excursion, come up here every summer in great numbers, but also many short-winged warblers, thrushes, and finches, repairing hither to rear their young in safety, reinforce the plant bloom with their plumage, and sweeten the wilderness with song; flying all the way, some of them, from Florida, Mexico, and Central America. In coming north they are coming home, for they were born here, and they go south only to spend the winter months, as New Englanders go to Florida. Sweet-voiced troubadours, they sing in orange groves and vine-clad magnolia woods in winter, in thickets of dwarf birch and alder in summer, and sing and chatter more or less all the way back and forth, keeping the whole country glad. Oftentimes, in New England, just as the last snow-patches are melting and the sap in the maples begins to flow, the blessed wanderers may be heard about orchards and the edges of fields where they have stopped to glean a scanty meal, not tarrying long, knowing they have far to go. Tracing the footsteps of spring, they arrive in their tundra homes in June or July, and set out on the return journey in September, or as soon as their families are able to fly well.

This is Nature's own reservation, and every lover of wildness will rejoice with me that by kindly frost it is so well defended. The discovery lately made that it is sprinkled with gold may cause some

alarm; for the strangely exciting stuff makes the timid bold enough for anything, and the lazy destructively industrious. Thousands at least half insane are now pushing their way into it, some by the southern passes over the mountains, perchance the first mountains they have ever seen, — sprawling, struggling, gasping for breath, as, laden with awkward, merciless burdens of provisions and tools, they climb over rough-angled boulders and cross thin miry bogs. Some are going by the mountains and rivers to the eastward through Canada, tracing the old romantic ways of the Hudson Bay traders; others by Bering Sea and the Yukon, sailing all the way, getting glimpses perhaps of the famous fur-seals, the ice-floes, and the innumerable islands and bars of the great Alaska river. In spite of frowning hardships and the frozen ground, the Klondike gold will increase the crusading crowds for years to come, but comparatively little harm will be done. Holes will be burned and dug into the hard ground here and there, and into the quartz-ribbed mountains and hills; ragged towns like beaver and muskrat villages will be built, and mills and locomotives will make rumbling, screeching, disenchanting noises; but the miner's pick will not be followed far by the plough, at least not until Nature is ready to unlock the frozen soil-beds with her slow-turning climate key. On the other hand, the roads of the pioneer miners will lead many a lover of wildness into the heart of the reserve, who without them would never see it.

In the meantime, the wildest health and pleasure grounds accessible and available to tourists seeking escape from care and dust and early death are the parks and reservations of the West. There are four national parks, — the Yellowstone, Yosemite, General Grant, and Sequoia, — all within easy reach, and thirty forest reservations, a magnificent realm of woods, most of which, by rail-

roads and trails and open ridges, is also fairly accessible, not only to the determined traveler rejoicing in difficulties, but to those (may their tribe increase) who, not tired, not sick, just naturally take wing every summer in search of wildness. The forty million acres of these reserves are in the main unspoiled as yet, though sadly wasted and threatened on their more open margins by the axe and fire of the lumberman and prospector, and by hooped locusts, which, like the winged ones, devour every leaf within reach, while the shepherds and owners set fires with the intention of making a blade of grass grow in the place of every tree, but with the result of killing both the grass and the trees.

In the million acre Black Hills Reserve of South Dakota, the easternmost of the great forest reserves, made for the sake of the farmers and miners, there are delightful, reviving sauntering-grounds in open parks of yellow pine, planted well apart, allowing plenty of sunshine to warm the ground. This tree is one of the most variable and most widely distributed of American pines. It grows sturdily on all kinds of soil and rocks, and, protected by a mail of thick bark, defies frost and fire and disease alike, daring every danger in firm, calm beauty and strength. It occurs here mostly on the outer hills and slopes where no other tree can grow. The ground beneath it is yellow most of the summer with showy *Wythia*, *arnica*, *applopappus*, *solidago*, and other sun-loving plants, which, though they form no heavy entangling growth, yet give abundance of color and make all the woods a garden. Beyond the yellow pine woods there lies a world of rocks of wildest architecture, broken, splintery, and spiky, not very high, but the strangest in form and style of grouping imaginable. Their countless towers and spires, pinnacles and slender-domed columns, are crowded together, and feathered with sharp-pointed Engelmann spruces, making curiously mixed

forests, — half trees, half rocks. Level gardens here and there in the midst of them offer charming surprises, and so do the many small lakes with lilies on their meadowy borders, and bluebells, anemones, daisies, *castilleias*, *commandras*, etc., together forming landscapes delightfully novel, and made still wilder by many interesting animals, — elk, deer, beavers, wolves, squirrels, and birds. Not very long ago this was the richest of all the red man's hunting-grounds hereabout. After the season's buffalo hunts were over, — as described by Parkman, who, with a picturesque cavalcade of Sioux savages, passed through these famous hills in 1846, — every winter deficiency was here made good, and hunger was unknown until, in spite of most determined, fighting, killing opposition, the white gold-hunters got into the fat game reserve and spoiled it. The Indians are dead now, and so are most of the hardly less striking free trappers of the early romantic Rocky Mountain times. Arrows, bullets, scalping-knives, need no longer be feared; and all the wilderness is peacefully open.

The Rocky Mountain reserves are the Teton, Yellowstone, Lewis and Clark, Bitter Root, Priest River, and Flathead, comprehending more than twelve million acres of mostly unclaimed, rough, forest-covered mountains in which the great rivers of the country take their rise. The commonest tree in most of them is the brave, indomitable, and altogether admirable *Pinus contorta*, widely distributed in all kinds of climate and soil, growing cheerily in frosty Alaska, breathing the damp salt air of the sea as well as the dry biting blasts of the Arctic interior, and making itself at home on the most dangerous flame-swept slopes and ridges of the Rocky Mountains in immeasurable abundance and variety of forms. Thousands of acres of this species are destroyed by running fires nearly every summer, but a new growth springs quickly from the ashes. It is

generally small, and yields few sawlogs of commercial value, but is of incalculable importance to the farmer and miner; supplying fencing, mine timbers, and firewood, holding the porous soil on steep slopes, preventing landslips and avalanches, and giving kindly nourishing shelter to animals and the widely outspread sources of the life-giving rivers. The other trees are mostly spruce, mountain pine, cedar, juniper, larch, and balsam fir; some of them, especially on the western slopes of the mountains, attaining grand size and furnishing abundance of fine timber.

Perhaps the least known of all this grand group of reserves is the Bitter Root, of more than four million acres. It is the wildest, shaggiest block of forest wildness in the Rocky Mountains, full of happy, healthy, storm-loving trees, full of streams that dance and sing in glorious array, and full of Nature's animals, — elk, deer, wild sheep, bears, cats, and innumerable smaller people.

In calm Indian summer, when the heavy winds are hushed, the vast forests covering hill and dale, rising and falling over the rough topography and vanishing in the distance, seem lifeless. No moving thing is seen as we climb the peaks, and only the low, mellow murmur of falling water is heard, which seems to thicken the silence. Nevertheless, how many hearts with warm red blood in them are beating under cover of the woods, and how many teeth and eyes are shining! A multitude of animal people, intimately related to us, but of whose lives we know almost nothing, are as busy about their own affairs as we are about ours: beavers are building and mending dams and huts for winter, and storing them with food; bears are studying winter quarters as they stand thoughtful in open spaces, while the gentle breeze ruffles the long hair on their backs; elk and deer, assembling on the heights, are considering cold pastures where they will be farthest away from

the wolves; squirrels and marmots are busily laying up provisions and lining their nests against coming frost and snow foreseen; and countless thousands of birds are forming parties and gathering their young about them for flight to the southlands; while butterflies and bees, apparently with no thought of hard times to come, are hovering above the late-blooming goldenrods, and, with countless other insect folk, are dancing and humming right merrily in the sunbeams and shaking all the air into music.

Wander here a whole summer, if you can. Thousands of God's wild blessings will search you and soak you as if you were a sponge, and the big days will go by uncounted. But if you are business-tangled, and so burdened with duty that only weeks can be got out of the heavy-laden year, then go to the Flathead Reserve; for it is easily and quickly reached by the Great Northern Railroad. Get off the track at Belton Station, and in a few minutes you will find yourself in the midst of what you are sure to say is the best care-killing scenery on the continent, — beautiful lakes derived straight from glaciers, lofty mountains steeped in lovely nemophila-blue skies and clad with forests and glaciers, mossy, ferny waterfalls in their hollows, nameless and numberless, and meadowy gardens abounding in the best of everything. When you are calm enough for discriminating observation, you will find the king of the larches, one of the best of the Western giants, beautiful, picturesque, and regal in port, easily the grandest of all the larches in the world. It grows to a height of one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet, with a diameter at the ground of five to eight feet, throwing out its branches into the light as no other tree does. To those who before have seen only the European larch or the Lyell species of the eastern Rocky Mountains, or the little tamarack or hackmatack larch of the Eastern States and Canada, this Western king must be a revelation.

Associated with this grand tree in the making of the Flathead forests is the large and beautiful mountain pine, or Western white pine (*Pinus monticola*), the invincible contorta or lodge-pole pine, and spruce and cedar. The forest floor is covered with the richest beds of *Linnæa borealis* I ever saw, thick fragrant carpets, enriched with shining mosses here and there, and with *Clintonia*, *pyrola*, *moneses*, and *vaccinium*, weaving hundred-mile beds of bloom that would have made blessed old Linnæus weep for joy.

Lake McDonald, full of brisk trout, is in the heart of this forest, and Avalanche Lake is ten miles above McDonald, at the feet of a group of glacier-laden mountains. Give a month at least to this precious reserve. The time will not be taken from the sum of your life. Instead of shortening, it will indefinitely lengthen it and make you truly immortal. Nevermore will time seem short or long, and cares will never again fall heavily on you, but gently and kindly as gifts from heaven.

The vast Pacific Coast reserves in Washington and Oregon — the Cascade, Washington, Mount Rainier, Olympic, Bull Run, and Ashland, named in order of size — include more than 12,500,000 acres of magnificent forests of beautiful and gigantic trees. They extend over the wild, unexplored Olympic Mountains and both flanks of the Cascade Range, the wet and the dry. On the east side of the Cascades the woods are sunny and open, and contain principally yellow pine, of moderate size, but of great value as a cover for the irrigating streams that flow into the dry interior, where agriculture on a grand scale is being carried on. Along the moist, balmy, foggy, west flank of the mountains, facing the sea, the woods reach their highest development, and, excepting the California redwoods, are the heaviest on the continent. They are made up mostly of the Douglas spruce (*Pseudotsuga*

taxifolia), with the giant arbor vitæ, or cedar, and several species of fir and hemlock in varying abundance, forming a forest kingdom unlike any other, in which limb meets limb, touching and overlapping in bright, lively, triumphant exuberance, 250, 300, and even 400 feet above the shady, mossy ground. Over all the other species the Douglas spruce reigns supreme. It is not only a large tree, the tallest in America next to the redwood, but a very beautiful one, with bright green drooping foliage, handsome pendent cones, and a shaft exquisitely straight and round and regular. Forming extensive forests by itself in many places, it lifts its spiry tops into the sky close together with as even a growth as a well-tilled field of grain. And no ground has been better tilled for wheat than these Cascade Mountains for trees: they were ploughed by mighty glaciers, and harrowed and mellowed and outspread by the broad streams that flowed from the ice-ploughs as they were withdrawn at the close of the glacial period.

In proportion to its weight when dry, Douglas spruce timber is perhaps stronger than that of any other large conifer in the country, and being tough, durable, and elastic, it is admirably suited for ship-building, piles, and heavy timbers in general; but its hardness and liability to warp when it is cut into boards render it unfit for fine work. In the lumber markets of California it is called "Oregon pine." When lumbering is going on in the best Douglas woods, especially about Puget Sound, many of the long slender boles are saved for spars; and so superior is their quality that they are called for in almost every shipyard in the world, and it is interesting to follow their fortunes. Felled and peeled and dragged to tide-water, they are raised again as yards and masts for ships, given iron roots and canvas foliage, decorated with flags, and sent to sea, where in glad motion they go cheerily over the ocean prairie in every latitude and longitude,

singing and bowing responsive to the same winds that waved them when they were in the woods. After standing in one place for centuries they thus go round the world like tourists, meeting many a friend from the old home forest; some traveling like themselves, some standing head downward in muddy harbors, holding up the platforms of wharves, and others doing all kinds of hard timber work, showy or hidden.

This wonderful tree also grows far northward in British Columbia, and southward along the coast and middle regions of Oregon and California; flourishing with the redwood wherever it can find an opening, and with the sugar pine, yellow pine, and libocedrus in the Sierra. It extends into the San Gabriel, San Bernardino, and San Jacinto Mountains of southern California. It also grows well on the Wasatch Mountains, where it is called "red pine," and on many parts of the Rocky Mountains and short interior ranges of the Great Basin. But though thus widely distributed, only in Oregon, Washington, and some parts of British Columbia does it reach perfect development.

To one who looks from some high standpoint over its vast breadth, the forest on the west side of the Cascades seems all one dim, dark, monotonous field, broken only by the white volcanic cones along the summit of the range. Back in the untrodden wilderness a deep furred carpet of brown and yellow mosses covers the ground like a garment, pressing about the feet of the trees, and rising in rich bosses softly and kindly over every rock and mouldering trunk, leaving no spot uncared for; and dotting small prairies, and fringing the meadows and the banks of streams not seen in general views, we find, besides the great conifers, a considerable number of hardwood trees, — oak, ash, maple, alder, wild apple, cherry, arbutus, Nuttall's flowering dogwood, and in some places chestnut. In a few favored spots the

broad-leaved maple grows to a height of a hundred feet in forests by itself, sending out large limbs in magnificent interlacing arches covered with mosses and ferns, thus forming lofty sky-gardens, and rendering the underwoods delightfully cool. No finer forest ceiling is to be found than these maple arches, while the floor, ornamented with tall ferns and rubus vines, and cast into hillocks by the bulging, moss-covered roots of the trees, matches it well.

Passing from beneath the heavy shadows of the woods, almost anywhere one steps into lovely gardens of lilies, orchids, heathworts, and wild roses. Along the lower slopes, especially in Oregon, where the woods are less dense, there are miles of rhododendron, making glorious masses of purple in the spring, while all about the streams and the lakes and the beaver meadows there is a rich tangle of hazel, plum, cherry, crab-apple, cornel, gaultheria, and rubus, with myriads of flowers and abundance of other more delicate bloomers, such as erythronium, brodiaea, fritillaria, calochortus, Clintonia, and the lovely hider of the north, Calypso. Beside all these bloomers there are wonderful ferneries about the many misty waterfalls, some of the fronds ten feet high, others the most delicate of their tribe, the maiden-hair fringing the rocks within reach of the lightest dust of the spray, while the shading trees on the cliffs above them, leaning over, look like eager listeners anxious to catch every tone of the restless waters. In the autumn berries of every color and flavor abound, enough for birds, bears, and everybody, particularly about the stream-sides and meadows where sunshine reaches the ground: huckleberries, red, blue, and black, some growing close to the ground, others on bushes ten feet high; gaultheria berries, called "sal-al" by the Indians; salmon berries, an inch in diameter, growing in dense prickly tangles, the flowers, like wild roses, still more beautiful than the

fruit; raspberries, gooseberries, currants, blackberries, and strawberries. The underbrush and meadow fringes are in great part made up of these berry bushes and vines; but in the depths of the woods there is not much underbrush of any kind,—only a thin growth of rubus, huckleberry, and vine-maple.

Notwithstanding the outcry against the reservations last winter in Washington, that uncounted farms, towns, and villages were included in them, and that all business was threatened or blocked, nearly all the mountains in which the reserves lie are still covered with virgin forests. Though lumbering has long been carried on with tremendous energy along their boundaries, and home-seekers have explored the woods for openings available for farms, however small, one may wander in the heart of the reserves for weeks without meeting a human being, Indian or white man, or any conspicuous trace of one. Indians used to ascend the main streams on their way to the mountains for wild goats, whose wool furnished them clothing. But with food in abundance on the coast there was little to draw them into the woods, and the monuments they have left there are scarcely more conspicuous than those of birds and squirrels; far less so than those of the beavers, which have dammed streams and made clearings that will endure for centuries. Nor is there much in these woods to attract cattle-keepers. Some of the first settlers made farms on the small bits of prairie and in the comparatively open Cowlitz and Chehalis valleys of Washington; but before the gold period most of the immigrants from the Eastern States settled in the fertile and open Willamette Valley of Oregon. Even now, when the search for tillable land is so keen, excepting the bottom-lands of the rivers around Puget Sound, there are few cleared spots in all western Washington. On every meadow or opening of any sort some one will be found keeping cattle, raising hops, or

cultivating patches of grain, but these spots are few and far between. All the larger spaces were taken long ago; therefore most of the newcomers build their cabins where the beavers built theirs. They keep a few cows, laboriously widen their little meadow openings by hacking, girdling, and burning the rim of the close-pressing forest, and scratch and plant among the huge blackened logs and stumps, girdling and killing themselves in killing the trees.

Most of the farm lands of Washington and Oregon, excepting the valleys of the Willamette and Rogue rivers, lie on the east side of the mountains. The forests on the eastern slopes of the Cascades fail altogether ere the foot of the range is reached, stayed by drought as suddenly as on the west side they are stopped by the sea; showing strikingly how dependent are these forest giants on the generous rains and fogs so often complained of in the coast climate. The lower portions of the reserves are solemnly soaked and poulticed in rain and fog during the winter months, and there is a sad dearth of sunshine, but with a little knowledge of woodcraft any one may enjoy an excursion into these woods even in the rainy season. The big, gray days are exhilarating, and the colors of leaf and branch and mossy bole are then at their best. The mighty trees getting their food are seen to be wide-awake, every needle thrilling in the welcome nourishing storms, chanting and bowing low in glorious harmony, while every raindrop and snowflake is seen as a beneficent messenger from the sky. The snow that falls on the lower woods is mostly soft, coming through the trees in downy tufts, loading their branches, and bending them down against the trunks until they look like arrows, while a strange muffled silence prevails, making everything impressively solemn. But these lowland snowstorms and their effects quickly vanish. The snow melts in a day or two, sometimes in a few hours, the bent

branches spring up again, and all the forest work is left to the fog and the rain. At the same time, dry snow is falling on the upper forests and mountain tops. Day after day, often for weeks, the big clouds give their flowers without ceasing, as if knowing how important is the work they have to do. The glinting, swirling swarms thicken the blast, and the trees and rocks are covered to a depth of ten to twenty feet. Then the mountaineer, snug in a grove with bread and fire, has nothing to do but gaze and listen and enjoy. Ever and anon the deep, low roar of the storm is broken by the booming of avalanches, as the snow slips from the overladen heights and rushes down the long white slopes to fill the fountain hollows. All the smaller streams are hushed and buried, and the young groves of spruce and fir near the edge of the timber-line are gently bowed to the ground and put to sleep, not again to see the light of day or stir branch or leaf until the spring.

These grand reservations should draw thousands of admiring visitors at least in summer, yet they are neglected as if of no account, and spoilers are allowed to ruin them as fast as they like. A few peeled spars cut here were set up in London, Philadelphia, and Chicago, where they excited wondering attention; but the countless hosts of living trees rejoicing at home on the mountains are scarce considered at all. Most travelers here are content with what they can see from car windows or the verandas of hotels, and in going from place to place cling to their precious trains and stages like wrecked sailors to rafts. When an excursion into the woods is proposed, all sorts of dangers are imagined, — snakes, bears, Indians. Yet it is far safer to wander in God's woods than to travel on black highways or to stay at home. The snake danger is so slight it is hardly worth mentioning. Bears are a peaceable people, and mind their own business, instead of going about like the

devil seeking whom they may devour. Poor fellows, they have been poisoned, trapped, and shot at until they have lost confidence in brother man, and it is not now easy to make their acquaintance. As to Indians, most of them are dead or civilized into useless innocence. No American wilderness that I know of is so dangerous as a city home "with all the modern improvements." One should go to the woods for safety, if for nothing else. Lewis and Clark, in their famous trip across the continent in 1804–1805, did not lose a single man by Indians or animals, though all the West was then wild. Captain Clark was bitten on the hand as he lay asleep. That was one bite among more than a hundred men while traveling nine thousand miles. Loggers are far more likely to be met than Indians or bears in the reserves or about their boundaries, brown weather-tanned men with faces furrowed like bark, tired-looking, moving slowly, swaying like the trees they chop. A little of everything in the woods is fastened to their clothing, rosiny and smeared with balsam, and rubbed into it, so that their scanty outer garments grow thicker with use and never wear out. Many a forest giant have these old woodmen felled, but, round-shouldered and stooping, they too are leaning over and tottering to their fall. Others, however, stand ready to take their places, stout young fellows, erect as saplings; and always the foes of trees outnumber their friends. Far up the white peaks one can hardly fail to meet the wild goat, or American chamois, — an admirable mountaineer, familiar with woods and glaciers as well as rocks, — and in leafy thickets deer will be found; while gliding about unseen there are many sleek furred animals enjoying their beautiful lives, and birds also, notwithstanding few are noticed in hasty walks. The ouzel sweetens the glens and gorges where the streams flow fastest, and every grove has its singers, however silent it seems, — thrushes, linnets, war-

blers; humming-birds glint about the fringing bloom of the meadows and peaks, and the lakes are stirred into lively pictures by water-fowl.

The Mount Rainier forest reserve should be made a national park and guarded while yet its bloom is on; for if in the making of the West Nature had what we call parks in mind, — places for rest, inspiration, and prayers, — this Rainier region must surely be one of them. In the centre of it there is a lonely mountain capped with ice; from the ice-cap glaciers radiate in every direction, and young rivers from the glaciers; while its flanks, sweeping down in beautiful curves, are clad with forests and gardens, and filled with birds and animals. Specimens of the best of Nature's treasures have been lovingly gathered here and arranged in simple symmetrical beauty within regular bounds.

Of all the fire-mountains which like beacons once blazed along the Pacific Coast, Mount Rainier is the noblest in form, has the most interesting forest cover, and, with perhaps the exception of Shasta, is the highest and most flowery. Its massive white dome rises out of its forests, like a world by itself, to a height of fourteen thousand to fifteen thousand feet. The forests reach to a height of a little over six thousand feet, and above the forests there is a zone of the loveliest flowers, fifty miles in circuit and nearly two miles wide, so closely planted and luxuriant that it seems as if Nature, glad to make an open space between woods so dense and ice so deep, were economizing the precious ground, and trying to see how many of her darlings she can get together in one mountain wreath, — daisies, anemones, geraniums, columbines, erythroniums, larkspurs, etc., among which we wade knee-deep and waist-deep, the bright corollas in myriads touching petal to petal. Picturesque detached groups of the spiry *Abies subalpina* stand like islands along the lower margin of the garden zone, while on

the upper margin there are extensive beds of bryanthus, *Cassiope*, *Kalmia*, and other heathworts, and higher still saxifrages and drabas, more and more lowly, reach up to the edge of the ice. Altogether this is the richest subalpine garden I ever found, a perfect floral elysium. The icy dome needs none of man's care, but unless the reserve is guarded the flower bloom will soon be killed, and nothing of the forests will be left but black stump monuments.

The Sierra of California is the most openly beautiful and useful of all the forest reserves, and the largest, excepting the Cascade Reserve of Oregon and the Bitter Root of Montana and Idaho. It embraces over four million acres of the grandest scenery and grandest trees on the continent, and its forests are planted just where they do the most good, not only for beauty, but for farming in the great San Joaquin Valley beneath them. It extends southward from the Yosemite National Park to the end of the range, a distance of nearly two hundred miles. No other coniferous forest in the world contains so many species or so many large and beautiful trees, — *Sequoia gigantea*, king of conifers, "the noblest of a noble race," as Sir Joseph Hooker well says; the sugar pine, king of all the world's pines, living or extinct; the yellow pine, next in rank, which here reaches most perfect development, forming noble towers of verdure two hundred feet high; the mountain pine, which braves the coldest blasts far up the mountains on grim, rocky slopes; and five others, flourishing each in its place, making eight species of pine in one forest, which is still further enriched by the great Douglas spruce, *libocedrus*, two species of silver fir, large trees and exquisitely beautiful, the Paton hemlock, the most graceful of evergreens, the curious tumion, oaks of many species, maples, alders, poplars, and flowering dogwood, all fringed with flowery underbrush, manzanita, *ceanothus*, wild rose, cherry,

chestnut, and rhododendron. Wandering at random through these friendly, approachable woods, one comes here and there to the loveliest lily gardens, some of the lilies ten feet high, and the smoothest gentian meadows, and Yosemite valleys known only to mountaineers. Once I spent a night by a camp-fire on Mount Shasta with Asa Gray and Sir Joseph Hooker, and, knowing that they were acquainted with all the great forests of the world, I asked whether they knew any coniferous forest that rivaled that of the Sierra. They unhesitatingly said: "No. In the beauty and grandeur of individual trees, and in number and variety of species, the Sierra forests surpass all others."

This Sierra Reserve, proclaimed by the President of the United States in September, 1893, is worth the most thoughtful care of the government for its own sake, without considering its value as the fountain of the rivers on which the fertility of the great San Joaquin Valley depends. Yet it gets no care at all. In the fog of tariff, silver, and annexation politics it is left wholly unguarded, though the management of the adjacent national parks by a few soldiers shows how well and how easily it can be preserved. In the meantime, lumbermen are allowed to spoil it at their will, and sheep in uncountable ravenous hordes to trample it and devour every green leaf within reach; while the shepherds, like destroying angels, set innumerable fires, which burn not only the undergrowth of seedlings on which the permanence of the forest depends, but countless thousands of the venerable giants. If every citizen could take one walk through this reserve, there would be no more trouble about its care; for only in darkness does vandalism flourish.

The reserves of southern California, — the San Gabriel, San Bernardino, San Jacinto, and Trabuco, — though not large, only about two million acres altogether, are perhaps the best appreciated. Their

slopes are covered with a close, almost impenetrable growth of flowery bushes, beginning on the sides of the fertile coast valleys and the dry interior plains. Their higher ridges, however, and mountains are open, and fairly well forested with sugar pine, yellow pine, Douglas spruce, libocedrus, and white fir. As timber fountains they amount to little, but as bird and bee pastures, cover for the precious streams that irrigate the lowlands, and quickly available retreats from dust and heat and care, their value is incalculable. Good roads have been graded into them, by which in a few hours lowlanders can get well up into the sky and find refuge in hospitable camps and club-houses, where, while breathing reviving ozone, they may absorb the beauty about them, and look comfortably down on the busy towns and the most beautiful orange groves ever planted since gardening began.

The Grand Cañon Reserve of Arizona, of nearly two million acres, or the most interesting part of it, as well as the Rainier region, should be made into a national park, on account of their supreme grandeur and beauty. Setting out from Flagstaff, a station on the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad, on the way to the cañon you pass through beautiful forests of yellow pine, — like those of the Black Hills, but more extensive, — and curious dwarf forests of nut pine and juniper, the spaces between the miniature trees planted with many interesting species of eriogonum, yucca, and cactus. After riding or walking seventy-five miles through these pleasure-grounds, the San Francisco and other mountains, abounding in flowery parklike openings and smooth shallow valleys with long vistas which in fineness of finish and arrangement suggest the work of a consummate landscape artist, watching you all the way, you come to the most tremendous cañon in the world. It is abruptly countersunk in the forest plateau, so that you see nothing of it until you are sud-

denly stopped on its brink, with its immeasurable wealth of divinely colored and sculptured buildings before you and beneath you. No matter how far you have wandered hitherto, or how many famous gorges and valleys you have seen, this one, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, will seem as novel to you, as unearthly in the color and grandeur and quantity of its architecture, as if you had found it after death, on some other star; so incomparably lovely and grand and supreme is it above all the other cañons in our fire-moulded, earthquake-shaken, rain-washed, wave-washed, river and glacier sculptured world. It is about six thousand feet deep where you first see it, and from rim to rim ten to fifteen miles wide. Instead of being dependent for interest upon waterfalls, depth, wall

sculpture, and beauty of parklike floor, like most other great cañons, it has no waterfalls in sight, and no appreciable floor spaces. The big river has just room enough to flow and roar obscurely, here and there groping its way as best it can, like a weary, murmuring, overladen traveler trying to escape from the tremendous, bewildering labyrinthic abyss, while its roar serves only to deepen the silence. Instead of being filled with air, the vast space between the walls is crowded with Nature's grandest buildings, — a sublime city of them, painted in every color, and adorned with richly fretted cornice and battlement spire and tower in endless variety of style and architecture. Every architectural invention of man has been anticipated, and far more, in this grandest of God's terrestrial cities.

John Muir.

AFTER A SUNSET OF GREAT SPLENDOR.

WHEN I remember that the starry sky
 Was once but dusty darkness; that the air
 Can take such glory and such majesty
 From smoky fragments and the sun's fierce glare,
 And vapors cold, drawn from the far salt seas;
 If out of shapeless matter, void and bare,
 And rude, oblivious atoms, Time can raise
 This splendid planet; if the formless air,
 Earth's barren clods, decay, and wracks of death
 Can wear the bloom of summer, or put on
 Man's strength and beauty, surely this strange world hath
 Some certainty; some meaning will be won
 Out of the stubborn silence, and our blind
 And baffled thoughts some sure repose will find.

William A. Dunn.

THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG.

PROEM.

THERE is no man living to-day who could tell you how the morning broke and the sun rose on the first day of January, 1801, who walked in the Mall, who sauntered in the Park with the Prince; none lives who heard and remembers the gossip of the hour, or can give you the exact flavor of the speech and accent of the time. We may catch the air but not the tone, the trick of form but not the inflection. The lilt of the sensations, the idiosyncrasy of voice, emotion, and mind of the first day of our century, must now pass from the printed page to us, imperfectly realized, and not through the convincing medium of actual presence and retrospection. The more distant the scene, the more uncertain the reflection; and so it must needs be with this tale, which will take you back to twenty years before the century began.

Then, as now, England was a great power outside the British Isles. She had her foot firmly planted in Australia, in Asia, and in America, — though, in bitterness, the thirteen colonies had broken free, and only Canada was left to her in North America. She has had to strike hard blows even for Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. But among her possessions there is one which, from the day its charter was granted it by King John, has been loyal, unwavering, and unpurchasable. Until the beginning of this century the language of this province was not our language, nor is English its official language to-day; and with a pretty pride oblivious of contrasts, and a simplicity unconscious of mirth, its people say, "We are the conquering race: we conquered England; England did not conquer us."

A little island lying in the wash of St. Michael's basin off the coast of France,

speaking Norman-French still, Norman in its foundations and in its racial growth, it has been as the keeper of the gate to England, though so near to France is it that from its shores, on a fine day, may be seen the spires of Coutances, whence its spiritual welfare was ruled long after England lost Normandy. A province of British people, speaking the Norman-French that the Conqueror spoke, such is the island of Jersey, which with Guernsey, Alderney, Sark, Herm, and Jethou forms what we call the Channel Islands and the French call the *Iles de la Manche*.

I.

In all the world there is no coast like that of Jersey; so treacherous, so snarling, serrated with rocks seen and unseen, tortured by currents maliciously whimsical, washed and circled by tides that sweep up from the Antarctic world with the devouring force of some monstrous serpent projecting itself towards its prey. The captain of these tides, traveling up through the Atlantic at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, enters the English Channel, and drives on to the Thames. Presently retreating, it meets another pursuing Antarctic wave, which, thus opposed in its straightforward course, recoils into St. Michael's Bay, then plunges, as it were, upon a terrible foe. They twine and strive in the mystic conflict, and in their rage of equal power, neither vanquished nor conquering, circle, furious and desperate, round the Channel Isles. Ungovernable, willful, violent, they sweep between the islands; impeded, cooped up, they turn violently and smite the cliffs and rocks and walls and towers of their prison-house. With the mad winds helping them, the island coasts and the shores of Normandy

are battered by their hopeless onset. And in that channel between Alderney and Cap de la Hague man or ship must well beware, for the Race of Alderney is one of the death-flumes of the tides! Before they find their way into the Atlantic, these harridans of nature bring forth a brood of currents which ceaselessly fret the boundaries of the isles.

Always, always, the white foam beats the rocks, and always must man go warily along these coasts. A swimmer plunges into a quiet pool, the snowy froth that masks the reefs seeming only the pretty fringe of sentient life to a sleeping sea; but presently an invisible hand reaches up and clasps him, an unseen power drags him exultingly out to the main, and he returns no more. Many a Jersey boatman and fisherman, who has lived his whole life in sight of the Paternosters on the north, the Ecréhos on the east, the Dog's Nest on the south, or the Corbière on the west, has in some helpless moment been caught by the sleepless currents that harry his peaceful borders, or by the rocks that have eluded the hunters of the sea, and has yielded up his life within sight of his own doorway, an involuntary sacrifice to the navigator's knowledge and to the calm perfection of an Admiralty chart.

Yet within the circle of danger bounding this green isle the love of home and country is stubbornly, almost pathetically strong. Isolation, pride of lineage, independence of government, antiquity of law and custom, and jealousy of imperial influence or action have played their important part in making a race self-reliant even to perverseness, proud and maybe vain, sincere almost to commonplaceness, unimaginative and reserved, with the melancholy born of monotony; for the life of the little country has coiled in upon itself, and the people have drooped to see but just their own selves reflected in all the dwellers of the land, whichever way they turn. A hundred years ago, however, there was a

greater and more general lightness of heart and vivacity of spirit than now. Then the song of the harvester and the fisherman, the boat-builder and the stocking-knitter, was heard on a summer afternoon, or from the veille of a winter night, when the dim cresset hung from the roof and the seaweed burned in the chimney; when the gathering of the *vraic* was a fête, and the lads and lasses footed it on the green or on the hard sand to the chance flageolet of some sportive seaman home from the war. This simple gayety was heartiest at Christmastide, when the yearly reunion of families took place; and because nearly everybody in Jersey was "cousain" to his neighbor these gatherings were as patriarchal as they were festive.

The New Year of 1781 had been ushered in by the last impulse of such festivities. The English cruisers which had been in port had vanished up the Channel; and at Elizabeth Castle, Mont Orgueil, the Blue Barracks and the Hospital, three British regiments had taken up the dull round of duty again, so that by the fourth day of the year a general lethargy, akin to happiness or content, had settled on the whole island.

On the morning of the fifth day of the year a little snow was lying upon the ground, but the sun rose strong and unclouded, the whiteness vanished, and there remained only a pleasant dampness which made the sod and sand firm, yet springy and easy to the foot. As the day wore on, the air became more amiable still, and a delicate haze settled over the water and the land, making softer to the sight house and hill and rock and sea.

There was little life in the town of St. Helier's, and few persons upon the beach, though now and then some one who had been praying beside a grave in the parish churchyard came to the railings and looked out on the calm sea almost washing its foundations, and on the dark range of rocks which, when the tide was out, showed like a vast gridiron blackened

by large fires ; or some loitering sailor eyed the yawl-rigged fishing-craft from Holland, and the codfish-smelling cul-de-poule schooners of the great fishing-company which exploited the far-off fields of Gaspé in Canada.

St. Helier's lay in St. Aubin's Bay, which, shaped like a horseshoe, had Noirmont Point for one end of the segment, and the lofty Town Hill for the other. At the foot of this hill, hugging it close, straggled the town. From the bare green promontory above one might see two thirds of the south coast of the island : to the right, St. Aubin's Bay ; to the left, Grève d'Azette, with its fields of volcanic-looking rocks ; and St. Clement's Bay beyond. Than this no better place for a watch-tower could be found ; a perfect spot for the reflective idler, and for the sailorman who on land still must be within smell and sound and sight of the sea, and loves that spot best which gives him the widest prospect.

This day a solitary figure was pacing back and forth upon the cliff edge, stopping at intervals to turn a telescope now upon the water and now upon the town. It was a lad of not more than sixteen years, erect, well-poised, and with an air of self-reliance, even of command. Yet it was a boyish figure, too, and the face was very young, save for the eyes : these were frank, but still sophisticated.

The first time he looked towards the town he laughed outright, freely, spontaneously ; threw his head back with merriment, and then glued his eye to the glass again. What he had seen was a girl, about six years of age, and a man, in the Rue d'Egypte, near the old prison, even then called the Vier Prison. The man had stooped and kissed the child, and she, indignant, snatching the cap from his head, had thrown it into the stream running through the street. The lad on the hill grinned, for the man was none other than the lieutenant-bailly of the island, next in importance to the lieutenant-governor.

The boy could almost see the face of the child, its humorous anger and indignant and willful triumph ; and also the enraged face of the lieutenant-bailly, as he raked the stream with his long stick tied with a sort of tassel of office. Presently he saw the child turn at the call of a woman in the Place du Vier Prison, who appeared to apologize to the lieutenant-bailly, busy now with drying his recovered hat by whipping it through the air. The lad recognized the woman as the child's mother.

This little episode over, he turned once more toward the sea, watching the light of late afternoon fall upon the towers of Elizabeth Castle and the great rock out of which St. Helier the hermit had chiseled his lofty home. He breathed deep and strong, and the carriage of his body was light, for he had a healthy enjoyment of all physical sensations and of all the obvious drolleries of life. A certain sort of humor was written in every feature, — in the full, quizzical eye, in the width across the cheek-bone, in the broad mouth, in the depth of the laugh, which, however, often ended in a sort of chuckle not quite pleasant to hear. It suggested a selfish enjoyment of the odd or the melodramatic side of other people's difficulties.

At last the youth encased the telescope, and turned to descend the hill to the town. As he did so a bell began to ring. From where he stood he could look down into the Vier Marchi, or market-place, where was the Cohue Royale and place of legislature. In the belfry of this court-house the bell was ringing to call the jurats together for a meeting of the states. A monstrous tin pan would have yielded as much assonance. Walking down towards the Vier Marchi, the lad gleefully recalled the remark of a wag who, some days before, had imitated the sound of the bell with the words : —

" *Chicane — chicane ! Chicane — chicane !* "

The native had, as he thought, suffered somewhat at the hands of the twelve jurors of the royal court, whom his vote had helped to elect, and this was his revenge; so successful that, for generations, when the bell called the states or the royal court together, it said in the ears of the Jersey people, thus insistent is the apt metaphor: —

“ Chicane — chicane ! Chicane — chicane ! ”

As the lad came down to the town, tradespeople whom he met touched their hats to him, and sailors and soldiers saluted respectfully. In this regard the lieutenant-bailly could not have fared better. It was not due to the fact that the youth came of an old Jersey family, nor by reason of his being genial and handsome, but because he was a midshipman of the King's navy, home on leave; and these were the days when sailors were more popular than soldiers.

He came out of the Vier Marchi into the Grande Rue, along the stream called the Fauxbie, which flowed through it, till he passed under the archway of the Vier Prison, making towards the place where the child had snatched the hat from the head of the lieutenant-bailly. Presently the door of a cottage opened, and the child came out, followed by her mother. The young gentleman touched his cap politely, for though the woman was not fashionably dressed, she was neat and even distinguished in her appearance, with an air of remoteness that gave her a sort of agreeable mystery.

“Madame Landresse,” said he, with deference.

“Monsieur d'Avranche,” responded the lady quietly, pausing.

“Did the lieutenant-bailly make a stir?” asked d'Avranche, smiling. “I saw the little affair from the hill, through my telescope.”

“My little daughter must have better manners,” said Madame Landresse, looking down at her child reprovingly, yet lovingly.

“Or the lieutenant-bailly must, eh, madame?” replied d'Avranche, and, stooping, he offered his hand to the little girl. Glancing up at her mother, she took it. She was so demure, one could scarcely think her capable of tossing the lieutenant-bailly's hat into the stream; yet, looking closely, one might see in her eyes a slumbrous sort of fire, a touch of mystery. They were neither blue nor gray, but a mingling of both, rendering them the most tender, grayish sort of violet. Down through generations of Huguenot refugees had passed sorrow and fighting and piety and love and occasional joy, until in the eyes of this child they all met, delicately vague, and with the wistfulness of the early morning of life.

“What is your name?” inquired the lad.

“Guida, sir,” the child answered simply.

“Mine is Philip. Won't you call me Philip?”

She looked up at him, turned to her mother, regarded him again, and then answered, “Yes, Philip — sir.”

D'Avranche wanted to laugh, but the girl's face was sensitive and serious, and he only smiled.

“Say, ‘Yes, Philip,’ won't you?” he asked.

“Yes, Philip,” came the reply obediently.

After a moment of speech with Madame Landresse, Philip stooped to say good-by to the child.

“Good-by, Guida.”

A queer, mischievous little smile flitted over her face; a second, and it was gone.

“Good-by, sir — Philip,” she said, and they parted.

Her last words kept ringing in his ears as he made his way homeward: “Good-by, sir — Philip.” The arrangement of the words was odd and amusing, and at the same time suggested something more. “Good-by, Sir Philip,” had a dif-

ferent meaning, though the words were the same.

"Sir Philip, eh?" he said to himself, with a jerk of the head. "I'll be more than that some day!"

II.

The night came down with leisurely gloom. A dim starlight pervaded rather than shone in the sky. Nature appeared somnolent and gravely meditative; it brooded as broods a man who is finding his way through a labyrinth of ideas to a conclusion which still evades him. This sense of cogitation enveloped land and sea, and was as tangible and sensible to feeling as human presence.

At last the night seemed to rouse itself from reverie. A movement, a thrill, ran through the spangled vault of dusk and sleep, and seemed to pass over the world, rousing the sea and the earth. There was no wind, apparently no breath of air, yet the leaves of the trees trembled, the weather-vanes moved slightly, the animals in the byres roused themselves, and slumbering folk opened their eyes, turned over in their beds, and dropped into a troubled sleep again.

Presently there came a long moaning sound from the sea; not loud, but rather mysterious and distant, — a plaint, a threatening, a warning, a prelude?

A dull laborer, returning from late toil, felt it, and raised his head in a perturbed way, as though some one had brought him news of a far-off disaster. A midwife, hurrying to a lowly birth-chamber, shivered and gathered her mantle more closely about her. She looked up at the sky, she looked out over the sea; then she bent her head and said to herself that this would not be a good night, that ill luck was in the air. "Either the mother or the child will die," she muttered. A longshoreman, reeling home from deep potations, was conscious of it, and, turning round to the sea, snarled at

it and said "Yah!" in swaggering defiance. A young lad, wandering along the deserted street, heard it, began to tremble, and sat down on a block of stone in the doorway of a baker's shop. He dropped his head on his arms and his chin on his knees, shutting out the sound, and sobbing quietly. It was more the influence of the night and the deserted street and the awe of loneliness than his sufferings which overpowered him.

Yesterday his mother had been buried; to-night his father's door had been closed in his face. He scarcely knew whether his being locked out was an accident or whether it was intended. He remembered the time when his father had ill treated his mother and him. That, however, had stopped at last, for the woman had threatened her husband with the royal court, and, having no wish to face its summary convictions, he thereafter conducted himself towards them both with a morose indifference, until this year of her death, when forbearance and suffering ended for the unhappy wife.

During this year the father had even pursued his profession as an *écrivain* with something like industry, though he had lived long on his wife's rapidly diminishing income. The house belonged to him, but the mother had left all her little property to her son. The boy was called Ranulph, — a name which had passed to him through several generations of Jersey forbears, — Ranulph Delagarde. He was being taught the trade of ship-building in St. Aubin's Bay. He was not beyond fourteen years of age, though he looked more, so tall and straight and self-possessed was he.

He sat for a long time in the doorway. His tears having soon ceased, he began to think of what he was to do in the future. He would never go back to his father's house or be dependent on him for anything. He began to make plans. He would learn his trade of ship-building; he would become a master builder; then he would become a ship-

owner; then he would have fishing-ves-sels like the great company which sent fleets to Gaspé.

At the moment when these plans had reached the highest point of imagination and satisfaction, the upper half of the door beside which he sat opened suddenly, and he heard men's voices. He was about to rise and disappear, but the words arrested him, and he cowered down beside the stone. One of the men was leaning on the half-door, speaking in French.

"I tell you it can't go wrong. The pilot knows every crack in the coast. I left Granville at three; Rullecour left Chaussey at nine. If he lands safe, and the English troops are not alarmed, he'll take the town and hold the island easy enough."

"But the pilot, — is he safe and sure?" asked another voice. Ranulph recognized it as that of the baker, Carcaud, who owned the shop. "Olivier Delagarde is n't so sure of him."

Olivier Delagarde! The lad started: that was his father's name! He shrank as from a blow, — his father betraying Jersey to the French!

"Of course, the pilot, — he's all right," the Frenchman answered. "He was to have been hung here for murder. He got away, and now he's having *his* turn by fetching Rullecour's wolves to eat up these green-bellies! By to-morrow at seven Jersey'll belong to King Louis."

"I've done my promise," rejoined Carcaud: "I've been to three of the guard-houses on St. Clement's and Grouville. In two the men are drunk as donkeys; in another they sleep like squids. Rullecour, he can march straight to the town and seize it — if he land safe. But will he stand by his word to we? 'Cadet Roussel has two sons: one's a thief, t'other's a rogue!' There's two Rullecours: Rullecour before the catch, and Rullecour after!"

"He'll be honest to us, man, or he'll be dead inside a week, — that's all."

"I'm to be *connétable* of St. Helier's, and you're to be harbor-master?"

"Nothing else. You don't catch flies with vinegar. Give us your hand. Why, man, it's doggish cold!"

"Cold hand, healthy heart. How many men will Rullecour bring?"

"Two thousand; mostly conscripts and devils' beauties from Granville and St. Malo jails."

"Any signals yet?"

"Two from Chaussey at five o'clock. Rullecour'll try to land at Gorey. Come, let's be off. Delagarde's at Grouville now."

The boy stiffened with horror: his father was a traitor! The thought pierced his brain like a hot iron. He must prevent this crime and warn the governor. He prepared to steal away.

Carcaud laughed a low, malicious laugh as he replied to the Frenchman: "Trust the quiet Delagarde! There's nothing worse than still waters! He'll do his trick, and he'll have his share if the rest suck their thumbs. He does n't wait for larks to drop into *his* mouth. What's that?"

It was Ranulph stealing away.

In an instant the two men were on him, and a hand was clapped to his mouth. In another minute he was bound and thrown on the stone floor of the bake-room, his head striking, and he lost consciousness.

When he came to himself, there was absolute silence round him, — deathly, oppressive silence. At first he was dazed, but gradually all that had happened came back to him.

Where was he now? His feet were free; he began to move them about. He remembered that he had been flung on the stone floor of the bake-room. This place was hollow underneath; it certainly was not the bake-room! He rolled over and over. Presently he touched a wall: it was stone. He drew himself up to a sitting posture, but his head struck a curved stone ceiling. Then he swung

round and moved his foot along the wall: it touched iron. He felt further with his foot: something clicked. Then he understood: he was in the baker's oven, with his hands bound.

The iron door had no inside latch. There was a small damper covering a barred hole, through which perhaps he might be able to get a hand, if it were only free. He turned so that his fingers could feel the grated opening. The edges of the little bars were sharp. He placed the straps which bound his wrists against these sharp edges, and drew his arms up and down, a hard and painful business. He cut his hands and wrists at first, so awkward was the movement; but, steeling himself, he kept on steadily.

At last the straps fell apart, and his hands were free. With difficulty he thrust one of them between the bars: his fingers could just lift the latch. The door creaked on its hinges, and in a moment he was out on the stone flags of the bake-room. Hurrying through an unlocked passage into the shop, he felt his way to the street door; but it was securely fastened. The windows? He tried them both, one on either side; but while he could free the stout wooden shutters on the inside, a heavy iron bar secured them without, and it was impossible to open them.

Feverish with anxiety, he sat down on the low counter, with his hands between his knees, and tried to think what to do. There was only the window in the bake-room, and it also was fastened with a heavy iron bar. In the numb hopelessness of the moment he became very quiet. His mind was confused, but his senses were alert; he was in a kind of dream, yet he was acutely conscious of the smell of new-made bread. It pervaded the air of the place; it somehow crept into his brain and his being, so that, as long as he might live, the smell of new-made bread would fetch back upon him the nervous shiver and numbness of this hour of danger.

As he waited he heard a noise outside, a *clac-clac! clac-clac!* which seemed to be echoed back from the wood and stone of the houses in the street, and then to be lifted up and carried away over the roofs and out to sea, — *clac-clac! clac-clac!* It was not the tap of a blind man's staff, — at first he thought it might be; it was not a donkey's foot on the cobbles; it was not the broomsticks of the witches of St. Clement's Bay, for the rattle was below in the street, and the broomstick rattle is heard only on the roofs as the witches fly across country from Roberth to Cat's Corner at Bonne Nuit Bay.

This sound came from the sabots of some nightfarer. Should he make a noise and attract the attention of the passer-by? No, that would not do. It might be some one who would wish to know whys and wherefores. He must, of course, do his duty to his country, but he must save his father, too. Bad as he was, he must save him, though the alarm must be given, no matter what happened to his father. His reflections tortured him. Why had he not stopped the nightfarer?

Even as these thoughts passed through the lad's mind, the *clac-clac* had faded away into the murmur of the stream flowing through the Rue d'Egypte to the sea, and almost beneath his feet. There flashed on him at that instant what little Guida Landresse had said to him a few days before, as she lay down beside this very stream and watched the water wimpling by. Trailing her fingers through it dreamily, the little child had asked, "Ro, won't it never come back?" She always had called him "Ro," because when beginning to talk she could not say "Ranulph."

"Ro, won't it never come back?" As he repeated the child's question another sound mingled with the stream, — *clac-clac! clac-clac!* Suddenly it came to him who was the wearer of the sabots which made this peculiar clatter in the

night. It was Dormy Jamais, the man who never slept. For two years the *clac-clac* of Dormy Jamais' sabots had not been heard in the streets of St. Helier's; he had been wandering in France, a daft pilgrim. Ranulph remembered how they used to pass and repass the doorway of his own home. It was said that while Dormy Jamais paced the streets there was no need of guard or watchman. Many a time Ranulph had shared his supper with the poor *béguine*, whose origin no one knew, and whose real name had long since dropped into oblivion.

The rattle of the sabots came nearer; the footsteps were now in front of the window. Even as Ranulph was about to knock and call the poor vagrant's name the *clac-clac* stopped, and then there came a sniffing at the shutters as a dog sniffs at the door of a larder. Following the sniffing came a guttural noise of emptiness and desire. Now there was no mistake: it was the half-witted fellow beyond all doubt, and he would help him, — Dormy Jamais should help him. He should go and warn the governor and the soldiers at the hospital, while he himself would speed to Grouville Bay in search of his father; and he would alarm the regiment there at the same time.

He knocked and shouted. Dormy Jamais, frightened, jumped back into the street. Ranulph called again, and yet again, and now at last Dormy recognized the voice. With a growl of mingled reassurance and hunger, he lifted down the iron bar from the shutters. In a moment Ranulph was outside with two loaves of bread, which he put into Dormy Jamais' arms. The daft one whinnied with delight.

"What's o'clock, bread-man?" he asked, with a chuckle.

Ranulph gripped his shoulders. "See, Dormy Jamais," said he, "I want you to go to the governor's house at La Motte and tell him that the French are coming; that they're landing at Gorey now.

Then go to the hospital and tell the sentry there. Go, Dormy, — *allez kédainne!*"

Dormy Jamais tore at a loaf with his teeth, and crammed a huge piece of crust into his mouth.

"Come, tell me, tell me, will you go, Dormy?" the lad asked impatiently.

Dormy Jamais nodded his head and grunted, and, turning on his heel with Ranulph, clattered slowly up the street. The boy sprang ahead of him, and ran swiftly up the Rue d'Egypte into the Vier Marchi, and on over the Town Hill along the road leading to Grouville.

III.

Since the days of Henry III. of England the hawk of war that broods in France has hovered along that narrow strip of sea which divides the island of Jersey from the duchy of Normandy. Eight times has it descended, and eight times has it hurried back with broken pinion. Among these episodes of invasion two stand out boldly: the spirited and gallant attack by Bertrand du Guesclin, Constable of France, and the freebooting adventure of Rullecour and his motley following of gentlemen and criminals. Rullecour it was — soldier of fortune, gambler, ruffian and adventurer, embezzler and refugee — to whom the King of France had secretly given the mission to conquer the unconquerable little island.

From the Chaussey Isles the filibuster saw the signal-light which the traitor Olivier Delagarde had set upon the heights of Le Couperon, where, ages ago, Cæsar built fires to summon from Gaul his devouring legions.

All was propitious for the adventure. There was no moon, only a meagre starlight, when the French set forth from Chaussey. The journey was made in little more than an hour, and Rullecour himself was among the first to see the shores of Jersey loom darkly in front.

Beside him stood the murderous pilot (secured by Delagarde) who was leading in the expedition.

Presently the pilot gave an exclamation of surprise and anxiety: the tides and currents had borne them away from the intended landing-place! It was now low water, and, instead of an immediate shore, there lay before them a vast field of scarred rocks, dimly seen. He gave the signal to lay to, and himself took the bearings. The tide was going out rapidly, disclosing reefs on either hand. He drew in carefully to the right of the rock known as L'Echiquelez, up through a passage scarce wide enough for canoes, and to La Roque Platte, the southeastern projection of the island.

You may range the seas from the Yugon Strait to the Erebus volcano, and you will find no such landing-place forimps or men as that field of rocks on the southeast corner of Jersey, called, with a malicious irony, the Banc des Violettes. The great rocks La Conière, La Longy, Le Gros Etac, Le Têton, and Le Petit Sambière rise up like volcanic monuments from a floor of lava and trailing vraie, which at half-tide makes the sea a tender mauve and violet. The passages of safety between these ranges of reef are but narrow at high tide, and at half-tide, when the currents are changing most, the violet field becomes the floor of a vast mortuary chapel for unknowing mariners.

A battery of four guns defended the post on the landward side of this bank of the heavenly name. Its guards were asleep or in their cups. They yielded without resistance to the foremost of the invaders. Here Rullecour and his pilot, looking back upon the way they had come, found the currents driving the transport boats hither and thither in confusion. Jersey was not to be conquered without opposition; no army of defense was abroad, but the elements roused themselves and furiously attacked the fleet. Battalions unable to land

drifted back with the tides to Granville, whence they had come. Boats containing the heavy ammunition and a regiment of conscripts were battered upon the rocks, and hundreds of the invaders found an unquiet grave upon the Banc des Violettes.

Night wore on, and at last the remaining legions were landed. Presently the traitor Delagarde arrived, and was welcomed warmly by Rullecour. A force was left behind to guard La Roque Platte, and then the journey across country to the sleeping town began.

With silent, drowsing batteries in front and on either side of them, the French troops advanced, the marshes of Samarès and the sea on their left, churches and manor-houses on their right, — all silent. Not yet had a blow been struck for the honor of the land and of the kingdom.

But a blind injustice was, in its own way, doing the work of justice too. On the march, Delagarde, suspecting treachery to himself, not without reason, required of Rullecour guarantee for the fulfillment of his promise to make him vicomte of the island when victory should be theirs. Rullecour had also promised it to a reckless young officer, the Comte de Tournay, of the house of Vaufontaine, who, under the assumed name of Yves Savary *dit* Détrican, marched with him. Rullecour answered Delagarde churlishly, and would say nothing till the town was taken; the écrivain must wait. Delagarde had been drinking; he was in a mood to be reckless; he would not wait; he demanded an immediate pledge.

"By and by, my doubting Thomas," said Rullecour.

"No, now, by the blood of Peter!" answered Delagarde, laying a hand upon his sword.

The French leader called a sergeant to arrest him. Delagarde instantly drew his sword and attacked Rullecour, but was cut down from behind by the scimitar of a swaggering Turk, who had

joined the expedition as aide-de-camp to the filibustering general, tempted thereto by promises of a harem of the choicest Jersey ladies, well worthy of this cousin of the Emperor of Morocco.

The invaders left Delagarde lying where he fell. What followed this oblique retribution could satisfy no ordinary logic, nor did it meet the demands of poetic justice; for as a company of soldiers from Grouville, alarmed out of sleep by a distracted youth, hurried towards St. Helier's, they found Delagarde lying by the roadside, and they misunderstood what had happened. Stooping over him, an officer said compassionately, "See, he got this wound fighting the French!"

With the soldiers was the youth who had warned them. He ran forward with a cry, and knelt beside the wounded man. He had no tears, he had no sorrow. He was only sick and dumb, and he trembled with misery as he lifted up his father's head. The eyes of Olivier Delagarde opened.

"Ranulph — they've killed — me," gasped the stricken man feebly, and his head fell back.

An officer touched the youth's arm. "He is gone," said he. "Don't fret, lad; he died fighting for his country."

The lad made no reply, and the soldiers hurried on towards the town.

"He died fighting for his country." So that was to be it, Ranulph thought: his father was to have a glorious memory, while he himself knew how vile the man was. One thing was sure, — he was glad that Olivier Delagarde was dead. How strangely had things happened! He had come to stay a traitor in his crime, and he found a martyr. But was not he likewise a traitor? Ought not he to have alarmed the town before he tried to find his father? Had Dormy Jamais warned the governor? Clearly not, or the town bells would be ringing, and the islanders giving battle. What would the world think of him!

Well, what was the use of fretting here? He would go on to the town, fight the French, and die, — that would be the best thing! He knelt, and unclasped his father's fingers from the handle of his sword. The steel was cold; it made him shiver. He had no farewell to make. He looked out to sea. The tide would come and carry his father's body out, perhaps far out, and sink it in the deepest sea. If not, then the people would bury Olivier Delagarde as a patriot. He determined that he would not live to see such mockery.

As he sped along towards the town he asked himself why nobody suspected the traitor. One reason for it occurred to him: his father, as the whole island knew, had a fishing-hut at Grouville Bay. They would think he was on the way to it when he met the French, for he often spent the night there: that would be the explanation. The boy had told his tale to the soldiers: that he had heard the baker and the Frenchman talking at the shop in the Rue d'Egypte. Yes, but suppose the French were driven out, and the baker was taken prisoner and revealed his father's complicity? And suppose people asked why he did not go at once to the hospital barracks in the town and to the governor, and *afterwards* to Grouville Bay?

These were direful imaginings. He felt that it was no use; that the lie could not go on concerning his father. The world would know; the one thing left for him was to die. He was only a boy, but he could fight. Had not young Philip d'Avranche, the midshipman, been in deadly action many times? He was nearly as old as Philip d'Avranche. Yes, he would fight, and, fighting, he would die. To live as the son of such a father was too pitiless a shame.

He ran forward, but a weakness was on him; he was very hungry and thirsty — and the sword was heavy! Presently, as he passed, he saw a stone well in front of a cottage by the roadside. On a ledge

of the well stood a bucket of water. He tilted the bucket and drank. He would have liked to ask for bread at the cottage door, but why should he eat, he said to himself, for was he not going to die? Yet why should he not eat, even if he were going to die? He turned his head wistfully, he was so faint with hunger. The force driving him on, however, was greater than hunger; he ran harder — but undoubtedly the sword was heavy!

IV.

In the Vier Marchi the French flag was flying; French troops occupied it, and French sentries guarded the five streets entering into it. Rullecour, the French adventurer, held the lieutenant-governor of the isle captive in the Cohue Royale, and by threats of fire and pillage thought to force a capitulation. Taking the governor to the doorway, he showed him two hundred soldiers with lighted torches ready to fire the town.

Upon the roof of the Cohue Royale sat Dormy Jamais. When he saw Rullecour and the governor appear, he chuckled, and said in Jersey patois, "I vaut mux alouonyi l'bras que l'co," which is to say, It is better to stretch the arm than the neck. The governor would have done better, he thought, to believe the poor *béganne*, and to rise earlier. Dormy Jamais had a poor opinion of a governor who slept. He himself was not a governor, yet was he not always awake? He had gone before dawn to the governor's house, had knocked, had given Ranulph Delagarde's message, had been called a dirty buzzard, and had been driven off by the crusty, incredulous servant. Then he had gone to the hospital barracks, had there been iniquitously called a lousy toad, and had been driven away with his quartern loaf, muttering the island proverb, "While the mariner dawdles and drinks the tide rises."

When the French soldiers first entered the Vier Marchi there was Dormy Jamais on the roof of the Cohue Royale, calmly munching his bread; and there he stayed, grinning and mumbling, when the flagstones of the square ran red with French and British blood, the one philosopher and stoic in the land.

Had the governor remained as cool as the poor vagrant, he would not have yielded to threats and signed the capitulation of the island. When that capitulation was signed, and notice of it was sent to the British troops, with orders to surrender and bring their arms to the Cohue Royale, it was not cordially received by the officers in command.

"Je ne comprends pas le français," said Captain Mulcaster, at Elizabeth Castle, and put the letter in his pocket unread.

"The English governor will be hanged, and the French will burn the town," responded the envoy.

"Let them begin to hang and burn and be damned, for I'll not surrender the castle or the British flag so long as I've a man to defend it, to please anybody," answered Mulcaster.

"We shall return in numbers," said the Frenchman threateningly.

"I shall be delighted; we shall have the more to kill," Mulcaster replied.

Then the captive lieutenant-governor was sent to Major Pierson at the Montès Pendus, with counsel to surrender.

"Sir," said he, "this has been a very sudden surprise, for I was made prisoner before I was out of my bed this morning."

"Sir," replied Pierson, the young hero of twenty-four, who achieved death and glory between a sunrise and a noon-tide, "give me leave to tell you that the 78th Regiment has not yet been the least surprised."

From Elizabeth Castle came defiance and cannonade, driving back Rullecour and his filibusters to the Cohue Royale: from Mont Orgueil, from the hospital,

from St. Peter's, came the English regiments; from the other parishes came the militia, all eager to recover their beloved Vier Marchi. Two companies of light infantry, leaving the Montès Pendus, stole round the town and placed themselves behind the invaders on the Town Hill; the rest marched direct upon the enemy. Part went by the Grande Rue, and part by the Rue d'Drière, converging to the points of attack; and as the light infantry came down from the hill by the Rue des Très Pigeons, Pierson entered the Vier Marchi by the Route à Couochons. On one side of the square — that is, where the Cohue Royale made a wall to fight before — were the French. Radiating from this were five streets and passages, like the spokes of a wheel, and from these now emptied the defenders of the isle.

A volley came from the Cohue Royale, then another, and another. The place was small; friend and foe were crowded upon one another. The fighting was at once a hand-to-hand encounter. Cannon became useless, gun-carriages were overturned. Here a drummer fell wounded, but continued beating his drum to the last; there a Glasgow soldier struggled with a French officer for the flag of the invaders; a handful of Malouins doggedly held the foot of La Pyramide, until every one was cut down by overpowering numbers of British and Jersiais. The British leader was conspicuous upon his horse. Shot after shot was fired at him. Suddenly he gave a cry, reeled in his saddle, and sank, mortally wounded, into the arms of a brother officer. For a moment his men fell back.

In the midst of the deadly turmoil a youth ran forward from a group of combatants, caught the bridle of the horse from which Pierson had fallen, mounted, and, brandishing a short sword, called upon the dismayed and wavering followers to advance; which they instantly did with fury and courage. It was Midshipman Philip d'Avranche. Twenty

muskets were discharged at him. One bullet cut his coat at the shoulder, another grazed the back of his hand, another scarred the pommel of the saddle, and still another wounded his horse. Again and again the English called upon him to dismount, for he was made a target, but he refused, until at last the horse was shot under him. Then he joined once more in the hand-to-hand encounter.

Windows near the ground, if they were not shattered, were broken by bullets. Cannon-balls imbedded themselves in the masonry and the heavy doorways. The upper windows were safe; the shots did not range so high. At one of these, which was over a watchmaker's shop, a little girl was to be seen, looking down with eager interest. Presently an old man came to the window and led her away. A few minutes of fierce struggle passed, and then at another window on the floor below the child appeared again. She saw a youth with a sword hurrying towards the Cohue Royale from a tangled mass of combatants at the Route à Vacques. As he ran, a British soldier fell near him. He dropped the sword, and grasped the dead man's musket.

The child clapped her hands on the window.

"It's Ro! it's Ro!" she cried, and disappeared again.

"Ro," with white face, hatless, coatless, pushed on through the mêlée. Rullecour, now thoroughly disheartened, stood on the steps of the Cohue Royale. With a vulgar cruelty and cowardice he was holding the governor by the arm, hoping thereby to protect his own person from the British fire.

Here was what the lad had been trying for, — the sight of this man. There was one small clear space between the English and the French, where stood a gun-carriage. He ran to it, leaned the musket on the gun, and, regardless of the shots fired at him, took aim steadily at Rullecour. A French bullet struck

the wooden wheel of the carriage, and a splinter gashed his cheek. He did not move, but took sight again and fired. Rullecour fell, shot through the jaw. A cry of fury and dismay went up from the French at the loss of their leader, a shout of delight from the British. The end of the battle was at hand.

The Frenchmen had had enough; they broke and ran. Some rushed for doorways and threw themselves within, many scurried into the Rue des Très Pigeons, others madly fought their way into Morier Lane.

At this moment the door of the watchmaker's shop opened, and the little girl who had been seen at the window ran into the square, calling out, "Ro! Ro!" It was Guida Landresse.

Among the French who made for refuge was the garish Turk, Rullecour's ally. Suddenly the now frightened, crying child got into his path and tripped him up. Wild with rage he made a stroke at her, but at that instant his scimiter was struck aside by a youth covered with the smoke and grime of battle. It was Philip d'Avranche, who caught up the child in his arms, and hurried with her through the mêlée to the watchmaker's doorway, where stood a terror-stricken woman, Madame Landresse, who had just made her way into

the square. He placed the child in her arms, and then staggered inside the house, faint and bleeding from a wound in the shoulder.

The battle of Jersey was over.

"Ah, bah!" said Dormy Jamais from the roof of the Cohue Royale; "now I'll toll the bell for that achocre of a Frenchman. Then I'll finish my supper."

Poising a half-loaf of bread on the ledge of the roof, he began to toll the cracked bell for Rullecour the filibuster.

The bell tolled out: "*Chicane — chicane! Chicane — chicane!*"

Another bell answered from the church in the square, a deep, mournful note. It was tolling for Pierson and his dead comrades.

Against the statue in the Vier Marchi leaned Ranulph Delagarde. An officer came up and held out a hand to him. "Your shot ended the business," said he. "You're a brave fellow. What is your name?"

"Ranulph Delagarde, sir."

"Delagarde, eh? Then, well done, Delagardes! They say your father was the first man killed out on the Grouville road. We won't forget that, my lad."

Sinking down upon the base of the statue, Ranulph did not stir or reply, and the officer, thinking he was grieving for his father, left him alone.

Gilbert Parker.

(To be continued.)

BELATED FEUDALISM IN AMERICA.

II.

It has always been the obvious duty of the American citizen to make his way in the world, but for a long time the slaveholders avoided this duty successfully, and set a fashion in social morality which was cheerfully followed by the

gentlemen of property and standing in the North. In negro slavery we kept alive an old and damaging superstition, which prevented us from becoming a nation, and held us back as much as if the slave States had kept up an hereditary nobility. Part of the country escaped its worst evils, but that laughable tradition,

standing effective among us, destroyed our integrity, made our professions a farce, and prevented us from finding our equilibrium. Since the war, we stand on a consistent footing, where there is no class of men exempt from the necessity of taking care of themselves. Since the war, the man who does not work has ceased to set the fashion in living. At this moment the ascendancy of the commercial example is complete.

At the bottom of the scale lies the need of bread and butter, next comes the wish to gain wealth, lastly the desire to keep together what has been won, — possibly to accumulate and enjoy a great fortune. All these require work. Even the millionaire is seldom an idle man. Rich and poor, barring our men of science and a few other notable exceptions, we fall into line, and feel that we are doing the proper thing. We get as much cultivation as we can, and do not by any means neglect the humanities, though we may prefer to have our education of a kind that will help us later to deal with the affairs of practical life. In this way we follow first the requirements of necessity, and afterwards the possibilities of wealth.

"Yes," says the Academy of Pessimism, "and do not even ask whether you might not be happier with less money and other employment. You are content to devote yourselves to the making of money, and to leave the affairs of art, letters, music, and philosophy to Europe. You have made no great contributions to intellectual progress, and there seems no likelihood of your doing so."

I can only ask these critics to make out the facts to be as bad as they can; for in so doing they will lay the foundation for an interpretation so distasteful to them that they could never have thought of it, and one which, when it is called to their attention, they will probably deny.

If we really exhibit the condition they describe, what is the cause of it? Which

of the ingredients of art do we lack? Do we still lack sufficient wealth? Let us compare New York, in this respect, — for in no other are the conditions comparable, — with Florence, the richest of the Italian states, and the most prodigal of genius. "In Florence," says Macaulay, who had a fine eye for coincidence, "the progress of elegant literature and the fine arts was proportionate to that of the public prosperity." We are therefore in a position, other things being equal, to estimate the monetary value of Dante, Giotto, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Ghiberti, Machiavelli, and Michael Angelo, or, at all events, to know the scale of opulence which was necessary to produce them. Macaulay, in his essay on Machiavelli, draws from Villani a picture of Florence in the early part of the fourteenth century, and any distrust of either historian may be offset by the knowledge that in this case both were desirous of making out the grandeur and resources of the state to be as large and magnificent as possible: "With peculiar pleasure every cultivated mind must repose on the fair, the happy, the glorious Florence, the halls of which rang with the mirth of Pulci, the cell where twinkled the midnight lamp of Politian, the statues on which the young eye of Michael Angelo glared with the frenzy of a kindred inspiration, the gardens where Lorenzo meditated some sparkling song for the May-day dance of the Etrurian virgins."

Yet the city, with its environs, counted only one hundred and seventy thousand inhabitants, and the town itself never more than seventy thousand. In the various schools, ten thousand children were taught to read, twelve hundred only studied arithmetic, and six hundred received a learned education. Macaulay estimates the revenue of the republic at six hundred thousand pounds sterling of his time (1827), and the annual production of cloth, one of the most important industries, at two millions and a half of English money. If these mag-

nitudes in material prosperity are proportional to the intellectual and artistic achievements of the Florentines whose statues stand in the streets of their native city, what should the city of New York have to show?

But art, you say, needs more than wealth: it demands fire and energy. Can it be that these have flagged and died? Hardly, for we see them at work in other shapes. It requires imagination. Can it be that this has failed us? No, for we see that, too, engaged in other ways. Science has an imagination as well as art, and commerce cannot be without it. It may require as much imagination to draw pleasure out of an unspent dollar as it does to get it from an unsmelt flower, or an unknissed love, or any of the unexisting realities that poets deal in.

Many a laborious and ascetic financier must live in a world of imagination, a commercial dream, as little tangible as that of the poet. "My food and lodging are all I get for my wealth," said the elder Rothschild. He was mistaken; he forgot his dream of wealth. He was one of the poets of a financial age. Nor, lastly, can it be that the delight of giving one's self up to an impassioned thought, of which one is as sure as death, and for which one is willing to die, is not still, as it always has been, the keenest pleasure of a human soul.

Where, then, is our great art? The cheerful optimists have advanced a claim in this matter which they, too, will find it difficult to make good. They say to foreigners that we are now engaged in subduing a continent, and that when this work is done we shall turn to other things. This appears to be a sort of application of the theory of the conservation of energy to affairs of sentiment and emotion. It has a plausible sound, but there is much more hope in it than there is reason. In fact, it is an empty boast, without foundation or meaning, — unless, indeed, we take it as a fable. No practical work ever stood in the way of art,

at a time when art was in men's souls, nor did any man or any people ever say, "I will first set my house in order, and then will I sit down and paint you a picture and write you poetry." Had this been the history of art, we should still be waiting for Homer and the Parthenon.

To give an unbiased answer to the question why we have so little art in this country, we must remember that the making of money is the safest vocation a man can follow. To be filled with the desire to make money is one of the surest inspirations a man can have. All other doings are dangerous. The poet, the artist, and the musician take their lives in their hands when they trust to art for a living. They stand a good chance of starving to death. Wise business men look upon them as foolhardy people; and so they are. Now, as ever, young and foolish persons become possessed with a desire to give themselves up to art, but fathers and mothers are quick to dissuade. They know there is no art that is worth the risk of poverty; they have worked, and they want no poor relations. Ask any man who in this country has taken up music as a profession, how much encouragement he had from his family and friends. The elders counsel wisely, and the children do not have it in them to resist the wise counsel. Artists throw the halo of disinterestedness around their vocation. They call themselves devotees. They have to do this to hide their true nature; for in reality poets and painters and the like are the most selfish and egotistical class of men that exists. A man can always live by writing, in these days, if he goes about it in the proper way, and writers do not any longer consider themselves devotees.

"Paupertas impulit audax,
Ut versus facerem,"

said Horace. "A bad business," we reply, "for a sensible man to be in."

"Operosa parvus
Carmina fingo."

"Worse still," we answer. "If you must scribble, why not write something that will sell well, and plenty of it? Who would put up with a Sabine farm?"

"A man must live in a garret alone,"

says Aldrich, if he wants the Muse to visit him; but not if we can avoid it will we put up with any such mode of life. We will not with incessant care tend the homely shepherd's trade, which we know to be slighted. We will not strictly meditate a Muse whom we know to be thankless. If, like St. Gaudens, a man takes his time to produce a masterpiece, he is accused of being dilatory. To Milton's rhetorical "Alas! what boots it?" most artists have returned a decided and practical "Nothing!"

It appears, then, that if nothing more can be said for us, we are, at all events, eminently sensible, splendidly wise. We see what we must do to be safe, and, unlike many other people, we do it. But how comes it that we find a whole nation so unanimous in its wisdom? How does it happen that we command so much foresight, so much caution, and that what de Tocqueville said of us is as true now as it was in his day? — "Non seulement on voit aux États-Unis, comme dans tous les autres pays, des classes industrielles et commerçantes; mais, ce qui ne s'était jamais rencontré, tous les hommes s'y occupent à la fois d'industrie et de commerce." How comes it that this caution extends not only to the man who has nothing, but to the man who has a good deal, and could get on with less; and not to these alone, but to those who write, and draw, and model? In a country where there are so many men of intelligence and imagination, would it be too much to expect to find, not half a dozen, but hundreds, who, in spite of wisdom, in spite of the unfashionableness of their behavior and the immanent risk of discomfort and starvation, would

be led astray into the doing of some fine thing for the love of it?

There is but one answer. All the forces that can influence a man in the choice of a calling — the pressure of necessity, the desire for wealth, position, power, even the love of knowledge and the imagination of science — are pitted against the power of art in an unequal contest for the possession of each new votary, and the only thing that can turn the tide and give art the victory over so many antagonists is a great conviction, a profound belief, and the joy of saying it in words or sound, in form or color. When this belief is lacking the present has its sway, and if we are a people who are afraid of art, and can only be timorously coaxed into its neighborhood, it is because this nation, in a time of peace, has no idealized convictions and no inspired beliefs that are strong enough to carry us away from the wise and respectable occupation of making money. All the old traditions that bewitched the past have lost the power to court us into the dangerous paths of art and letters. They furnish no fire for a great inspiration, nor even the enthusiasm for a stirring protest.

The apostle of traditional faith will deny that what I say is true in his province. It is true, nevertheless, for his province cannot be divided from any other. All go together to make a world, and the expression of a world is art.

When this generation of ours stops for a moment in its work, and looks out upon that permanent nature which has seemed so different to different eyes, it does not know what sort of a place it imagines this universe, in which it finds itself, to be. This was not the case with the men of Homer, nor with the men of the crusades, nor even with the infidels of the Renaissance. They all had faith. They all took some universe for granted, and reproduced it lightheartedly. We accept none, and we cannot therefore express any, even with tribulation.

We look at our churches with their congregations, growing in numbers and dwindling in faith, and we ask ourselves: In all these buildings, cheap or costly, what real prayers rise; and of those that rise, do any get above the roof? What God hears them, and has there ever been an answered prayer? We look at the face of the dead and repeat a burial service: "If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me, if the dead rise not?" And as we say the words we ask ourselves, "Do the dead rise?" If any one is found who believes these things, he knows that there is another at his elbow who believes them not a whit or an atom, and these two can hit on no universe that shall satisfy both, nor can either be poet to the other.

We drink in the new learning thirstily and apply it to our needs, but the Bible still stands as the formal code, and as a history of the dealings between man and a Creator. We see that we can no longer accept its morality, and that we must abandon many of its facts, yet we do not discard the book, nor define its position. We let it stand. We ignore all discrepancies and form no convictions. Some make an arbitrary halt at one point, some at another, but there is no thinking man whose childhood's faith has not been shaken. Finally, there are those who question the value of knowing the truth at all. They hold that opinions were made for man, not man for opinions, and that if a knowledge of the truth be what they call disastrous, it is better that the truth should be dropped and a lie put in its place.

These hesitations and doubts, from which no one is free, kill art in the womb, or if they let it come to a birth, it comes deformed, unfinished, sent before its time into this breathing world, (with a mind) scarce half made up. So the safest course is to avoid great subjects and appeal to the passing taste and fancy of the generation.

If we turn from our beliefs to our morality, we shall find a corresponding chaos. We have no trouble with our behavior, for we act on the plain principles of egotism, but we have the humor to see that we should stultify ourselves in an attempt to justify our conduct on traditional lines. As for our own system we have accepted it only tacitly. It is not fit as yet to carry a great unconscious work of art.

We have two systems running side by side: the code of practice, which is a rational and proper egotism; and the code of theology, which is altruistic and impractical. We follow the first, but, like Peter, we deny it. The second we try to use on paper, but in practice it is ignored. Besides these we have a scientific morality to which we appeal when we fall out with the other two. We get, therefore, in our discussion of affairs, a mixture of common sense, scientific theory, and theological rules of thumb, out of which an ingenious mind can make an ethical purée compared with which the thick slab gruel of Macbeth's witches is a watery soup. So many criteria have we of right and wrong, so many inconsistent methods of determining how a man should act and what he should do in a critical place, that we can argue the simplest question of ethics for a whole day without coming to a verbal settlement. We know very well all the while what would be done in actual practice and what would be approved, but when any one undertakes to champion the practical code in good set terms, we protest that it is most shocking and very wicked indeed. We are getting over this Old World hypocrisy in daily conversation, and it is becoming more and more difficult to weave it into literature.

It is the same with our political and social theories. We do not take them for granted nor accept them as matters of course. The most loyal of us are willing to discuss value of pure democracy. Little as we may like the ideas

of socialists and populists, we nevertheless ask ourselves whether there is not a note of truth in their complaints. Is unrestricted competition the last word human intelligence has to say on the relations between human beings? May we not have to put brains and industry more nearly on a par, as we have put strength and soundness on a par, and do it on the ground that the keen and astute person is no better than his hardworking but duller neighbor, except by virtue of that very trick of intellect which enables the one to beat the other? This idea strikes at the root of democracy as we now conceive it, and yet we are not only willing to discuss the point, but we have actually let in the edge of it in the shape of laws restricting the right to contract.

This art-destroying doubt seems dreadful to the man of cultivation who hunts for genius, and denounces the times because he finds none to his liking, but it is wholly admirable for mankind at large. It means that we are gone to school with a new master. It does not mean that there can be found among us a few thinkers who have shaken themselves loose from the ordinary prejudices of their time, for that would be no more than any country in any age could show. It means that there are in this country great numbers of people who are without settled convictions on what have all along been considered the most important matters of life, and that if any new ideas exist with regard to those matters they are going to get a hearing. It means that the power of traditional beliefs is overthrown, and that we are getting, every day, new freedom in dealing with the affairs of life on a rational basis of natural knowledge.

Literary and artistic people may feel sorry that the work of America has not fallen along the line of art and letters, particularly as these are the things that get labels and are handed down to posterity marked "important." They are important, but there are other things

which are essential, and these from time to time will have their day. Worshipers of individual artistic genius, who bemoan the condition of this country because it has not been conspicuously productive in that line, must understand that the only value of a man of genius lies in the happiness he adds to the lives of the multitude. He is not a prince, balancing or outweighing his retainers. Except as a minister of the multitude he is no more valuable than any one else. The chief value of Greece and Rome was not embodied in Euripides and Phidias and Horace; it lay in the thousands of Greek and Roman citizens who lived and were happy. The evils of the Dark Ages did not lie in their lack of artists, but in the fact that there were thousands of citizens who were unjustly miserable. Therefore if this country had done or were to do nothing more than produce a hundred or two millions of people, most of whom have been well-to-do, self-reliant, self-respecting, and comparatively happy, it would have done enough, even if it had never given birth to a single genius or added a new idea. But America will do more than that.

There is no objection to taking art and letters as an index of the condition of an energetic civilized people, so long as we remember that their absence may be significant of good rather than of evil. Art and literature cannot flourish when the mind and the heart are at odds, and they must be at odds where an old tradition is mouldering in the bosom of a new activity. That was the condition of Europe throughout the Middle Ages, a time so well despised by reason of its lack of decoration that we forget that man went into it a barbarian or an ancient, and came out a modern. And that is our condition to-day. We have entered on a second Middle Age, into which, whether it be short or long, we went as feudal creatures, and out of which we shall come with a sense of that natural aristocracy which marks the unspoilt animal.

For the man of European taste and culture, the environment is disagreeable, but the trouble lies in him. What he wants for the world is brilliance, variety, genius, great individualities, great events. What the world wants for itself is that evil and wrong should decrease, and that men's lives should become safer, more comfortable and more content. This contentment, this decline of evil, depend upon a sure and certain handling of the affairs of life, and this in turn depends upon a thorough understanding of the place in which we live. All knowledge, all reform, all advance, consist in the revision and perfecting of this understanding. If we insist that very many of the troubles and sorrows through which mankind has gone have been due to real defects in the make-up of the universe as a home for sensitive creatures, we shall have to admit that at least half of them have been due to our mistaken notions concerning the true nature of it.

It is a characteristic of the human mind that it clings to its errors till they are positively torn away. The thing that really teaches lessons is force, and the thing that drives the truth home is the pressure of natural conditions. Here, for the first time, the universe has got a large number of intelligent human beings into a predicament where, willy-nilly, it is going to teach them what kind of a place it really is, and it is going to teach them its lessons direct, and not out of the mouths of priests and thinkers. We have let nature into our counsels, and she is going to make us understand that we are a part of her, and that we must fit our ideas and our actions to her requirements. Imaginary evils, imaginary terrors, imaginary values, and imaginary facts of all kinds, whether of religion or of society, will be ruthlessly destroyed. It will not be optional with us whether we shall retain them or let them go. They will simply disappear. Good and evil conduct, true and false beliefs,

have been taken out of the hands of the priest and the moralist to determine in advance, and that function has been assumed by the multitude, which now says to the thinker, "Let us have the facts and we will define the duty; give us the facts and we will fix the faith. Watch us and set down for your study what we do, for we do what we must, and what a man must do is as near as he can come to the right. Ask us what we believe, for we believe what we must, and what a man must believe is as near as he can come to the truth."

It is pleasant to be released from the authority of great thinkers, of whom it has been said that they always think wrong. It is pleasant, also, to feel that man should be released from the responsibility of teaching his fellow men how to live, and should be able to turn the matter over to nature. Conscience and greed and ambition have hitherto prevented this. If mankind has often slain its teachers and stoned its prophets, it has been because those teachers and prophets usurped the office of nature, or had it thrust upon them to play the part of Providence. With us, I dare say Providence itself is upon us, and will determine any further action.

"Here we are, then, once more," as says Professor Sumner, "back at the old doctrine, *Laissez faire*." Let us translate it into blunt English: it will read, "Mind your own business."

That the doctrine should be so old and so true, and yet so little recognized by the "social architects" and "meddlers" of whom Professor Sumner is speaking, goes to show that mere advice counts for nothing. You can follow a phrase-hunt after *laissez faire* back into the seventeenth century, but the man who first enlarged the doctrine from commerce and made it include the sentiment and character of a nation was Montesquieu; and Mill, a hundred years later, had not got so far. The fifth and sixth chapters of the nineteenth book of

the *Esprit des Loix* are among those which impelled their author to label his work *prolem sine matre creatam*, and emboldened him to say of himself, "Cependant je ne crois pas avoir totalement manqué de génie."

He says, "S'il y avait dans le monde une nation qui eût humeur sociable, une ouverture de cœur, une joie dans la vie, un goût, une facilité à communiquer ses pensées; qui fût vive, agréable, enjouée, quelquefois imprudente, souvent indiscreète, et qui eût avec cela du courage, de la générosité, de la franchise, un certain point d'honneur, il ne faudrait point chercher à gêner par des loix ses manières, pour ne point gêner ses vertus. Si en général le caractère est bon, qu'importe de quelques défauts qui s'y trouvent? . . . Laissez-lui faire les choses frivoles sérieusement, et gaiement les choses sérieuses." And again, "Qu'on nous laisse tels que nous sommes." And again, "Qu'on nous laisse comme nous sommes."

Whatever sort of a nation we are, we should do well to say to any one who could interfere with us, "Laissez-nous faire," and "Mind your own business;" but if our immunity from interference depended simply on the propriety of the request we should probably ask in vain. The great beauty of our situation is that neither the request of Montesquieu nor the command of Sumner owes its force among us to its mere wisdom. Their strength with us lies in the fact that we have got ourselves into a position where we cannot escape them if we would. They are executing themselves upon us whether we or our teachers will or no, and we shall get the benefits. To tell people in this country to mind their own business is to tell the man who has fallen into the water to swim ashore. If he can swim he will do it without advice.

The same is true of our religious beliefs. The "dreadful consequence arguer" is still among us, and asks us to test opinions by the standard of the

Index; that is, by their possible effect on men's minds. This is ecclesiasticism with a vengeance, but ecclesiasticism shorn of all power to make or enforce even an opinion.

Less here than in any other country can such a suggestion find means to get a trial, for it is the wish to legislate facts out of existence, and we are perforce learning the lesson that it is well to know facts and to allow for them. We are not trying to discover what any one thinks will be good or bad for human beings to believe. We find ourselves compelled to be engaged in quite another direction, — in discovering what views of the universe are correct and what are incorrect; and the truth, whatever it is, will come out, for there is little or nothing to prevent it, and we find it useful.

"See the ingenuity of Truth," says Milton, "who, when she gets a free and willing hand, opens herself faster than the pace of method and discourse can overtake her." If a belief in the Bible is unfounded, if dogmatic beliefs of any sort are unfounded, our task is going to be to get along without them, whether they are now considered beneficial or not. In the face of our situation it is not going to be possible to keep them alive if they are not true. An established and subsidized church may teach what it chooses, and it cannot get away from itself; but where religion is supported by voluntary contributions the ministers and clergy must keep up with the times, and must not stultify themselves too much in the eyes of their parishioners. Already many of them recognize that in their congregations the truth has met a free and willing hand, and they have begun to quicken the pace and method of their discourse to overtake her. They are telling their hearers that they need no longer believe Hebraic legends, poems, and fables, which those hearers had ceased to believe years ago. The shepherd is off after his flock, and shouts to them as they gallop ahead of him that

they are in the right way. Once begun, this stern chase of the leaders bids fair to be a long one; nor can anything stop it, nor will the leaders ever win to the fore again.

Such are some of the conditions under which the people of this country are contributing to the stock of human experience. If, because we do not commit to paper the various steps of our proceedings, any one shall say that we are adding nothing to the affairs of intellect and philosophy, he will make a vast mistake. So far as future generations are concerned, this country is nothing more or less than a great mill of philosophy; and one, too, the wheels of which cannot be stopped or clogged, as were the fine minds of Descartes, Pascal, and even Kant, by the overpowering force of superstition. When some day the results of our grinding shall be put into presentable shape, it will be found that human knowledge and human nature have made a stride.

It is not possible, in these days, to separate the countries of the world from one another by an impassable gulf. The bulk of one people may be in advance of the bulk of another, and this is true as between America and Europe; but the men who furnish literature and science and art are all subject to the same influences, and one ought to find that they are affected by them in substantially the same way. This is, in fact, the case. The most important influence in our day has been the acceptance of the theory of evolution. The *Origin of Species* gave a straight answer to definite questions which had exercised the minds of men for sixty years. It found the intellect of Europe ready, but the sentiment unprepared, and it laid a cold hand on every form of imagination except that of pure science.

Poets were the first to feel the chill. There was enough warmth in the traditional sentiment to furnish uninterrupted inspiration to a Browning, a Tennyson,

or a Hugo, but not enough to supply a new generation. Swinburne, Rossetti, Gautier, turned to classical and mediæval passion as a makeshift, and tried to satisfy themselves with a mystic paganism. Their work is a *tour de force* of no particular human value, an attempt to supply the place of a lost God with a dozen resurrected divinities. They have had imitators, but no successors.

It seems to-day that the power of the older beliefs to inspire anybody has quite died out. With regard to great poetry, we are in no worse case than the rest of the world. It looks as if to most men of poetic genius "this goodly frame, the earth, seems a sterile promontory" for the purposes of their vocation.

In prose the result was different. In England, for example, the theory of natural selection found a hierarchy, half human, half divine, the lower end of which rested on the earth and struck a blow at its very foundation. To secure a hearing for Darwinism in the face of an established church and of an hereditary nobility, a Huxley was necessary, and a splendid polemical literature sprang up along new lines. Fiction followed on both sides of the battle.

Nothing of the sort could happen here. In the first place, we had been living for many years in strict accordance with the most important principles of the struggle for existence. In our own actions we had anticipated their discovery. None of our institutions were disturbed by them. They were corroborated and confirmed. We understood that the fittest would survive, for we saw a thousand examples of it every day, and we tried to fit ourselves for survival. The new natural knowledge was welcomed more heartily, spread more rapidly, and was better understood in this country than in its home. It could not meet here any organized spiritual or temporal power with which to engage in trial by battle. Gray championed it from the start, and Agassiz opposed; but what they really

did was to join in the European contest, and that chiefly on scientific grounds.

The religious aspects of the English fight now look to us like a mediæval tournament, if not, as Dr. Zahm calls it, a battle with windmills. To the English it was a very serious matter. The devils in which Huxley refused to believe were very real devils to him. Dr. Wace, Mr. Gladstone, and the Duke of Argyll seemed very formidable opponents. They did not really represent either science or religion, but they did represent a power to oppose science with a weighty terrestrial influence, and they had to be beaten.

There is another reason why we have done less in letters since the war than we did before it. The war of the Rebellion made us a united and consistent nation, and gave us a new individuality. It separated us definitely from Europe. With slavery fell the last feudal institution to which we gave a legal sanction. From that moment we began to rely upon ourselves. Foreign traditions and foreign praises ceased to inspire us, and we stopped imitation. When we had done that, our old literary occupation was gone, but we were at least free to make a beginning. Through the gateway of two events—the firing on Fort Sumter and the publication of Darwin's book, the greatest practical and the greatest intellectual facts of the century, which stand like the piers of an arch at the beginning of the seventh decade—we entered upon the second stage of our national life. It has already proved to be a period of great material and scientific activity, but if we look for art or letters it is a desert.

There is little hope that this generation will raise a great shrine to Art. Forty years in the wilderness is the only argument that will teach us that we are not the people who are to build that temple. All we can expect to be is hewers of wood and drawers of water for posterity. Sixty, eighty, a hundred years

hence, when we, the last generation born into the darkness of mediæval superstition, are dead and gone, some poet will arise who will embody the new beliefs and find a way to make them beautiful. To-day we have only enough faith to speculate, and only enough conviction to know that we are uncertain. How poetry could spring out of such theories as we have we cannot see, and no poet who attempts to soar can satisfy an audience of twenty men. No matter which way his soul is inclined, there is no market for it. We do not believe what we were brought up to love, and we do not like what we have lived to accept. The old is puerile from a modern pen, and the new is repulsive.

Let us be selfishly glad that we shall not live to hear the rhapsody of the future poet. Taste broadens only into the past, never into the future; for we dominate the past, but the future is full of terrors. No one can admire what is beyond him, and we should not love the poet of the future. We should abominate him as Homer would have abominated Virgil; and Virgil, Dante; and Dante, Milton; and Milton, Wordsworth.

We need not fear that there will be no more poetry. This world is a place about which convictions can be had and will be had again. Those who come after us will laugh at our superstitions as we laugh at those of our grandfathers. They will find strength in what we shun as disaster, and hope where we can see only blank despair. When we shrink from a fact, the weakness is in us, and not in it, and man's greatness lies in the number of facts he can face. The advance from barbarism to enlightenment is the stamping out of fear. If there is anything for which we dare not find a place in our philosophy, we may be sure that we are still barbarous. There can be a man who will be strong enough to live with that fact, and to love it and make it poetry.

Henry G. Chapman.

CALEB WEST.

XI.

CAPTAIN JOE'S TELEGRAM.

THE morning after Betty's visit to Sanford's apartments, Captain Joe was seen hurrying up the shore road at Keyport toward his cottage. His eyes snapped with excitement, and his breath came in short, quick puffs. He wore his rough working-clothes, and held a yellow envelope in his hand. When he reached the garden gate he swung it open with so mighty a jerk that the sound of the dangling ball and chain thumping against the palings brought Aunty Bell running to the porch.

"Sakes alive, Cap'n Joe!" she exclaimed, following him into the kitchen, "whatever 's the matter? Ain't nobody hurt, is there?"

"There will be ef I don't git to New York purty quick. Mr. Sanford's got Betty, an' them Leroy folks is a-keep-in' on her till I git there."

Aunty Bell sank into a chair, her hands twisted in her apron, the tears starting in her eyes.

"Who says so?"

"Telegram — come in the night," he answered, almost breathless, throwing the yellow envelope into her lap. "Git me a clean shirt quick as God 'll let ye. I ain't got but ten minutes to catch that eight-ten train."

"But ye ain't a-goin' till ye see Caleb, be ye? He won't like it, maybe, if" —

"Don't ye stop there talkin', Aunty Bell. Do as I tell ye," he said, stripping off his suspenders and tugging at his blue flannel shirt. "I ain't a-goin' to stop for nobody nor nothin'. That little gal 's fetched up hard jes' where I knowed she would, an' I won't have a minute's peace till I git my hands onto her. I ain't slep' a night since

she left, an' you know it," he added, hurriedly dragging a suit of clothes from a closet, as he talked, still out of breath.

"How do ye know she 'll come with ye?" asked Aunty Bell, as she gave him his shirt. Her hands were trembling.

"I ain't a-worritin'," he answered, thrusting his head and big chest into the stiff shirt; fumbling, as he spoke, with his brown hands, for the buttons. "Gimme that collar."

"Well, I 'm kind'er wonderin' if ye had n't better let Caleb know. I don't know what Caleb 'll say" —

"I ain't a-carin' what Caleb says. I 'll stop that leak when I git to 't." He held his breath for a moment and clutched the button with his big fingers, trying to screw it into his collar, as if it had been a nut on a bolt. "Here, catch hold o' this button; it 's so plaguy tight. No, — I don't want no tooth-brush, nor nothin'. I would n't 'er come home at all, but I was so gormed up, an' she 's along with them Leroy folks Mr. Sanford knows. My — my" — he continued, forcing his great arms through the tight sleeves of his Sunday coat with a humping motion of his back, and starting toward the door. "Jes' to think o' Betty wanderin' 'bout them streets at night!"

"Why, ye ain't got no cravat on, Cap'n Joe!" called Aunty Bell, running after him, tie in hand.

"Here, give it to me!" he cried, snatching it and cramming it into his pocket. "I 'll fix it on the train." In another moment he was halfway down the plank walk, waving his hand, shouting over his shoulder as he swung open the gate, his eye on the sky, "Send word to Cap'n Bob to load them other big stone an' git 'em to the Ledge to-day; the wind 's goin' to haul to the

south'ard. I'll be back 'bout eight o'clock to-night."

Aunty Bell looked after his hurrying figure until the trees shut it from view; then she reëntered the kitchen and again dropped into a chair.

Betty's flight had been a sore blow to the bustling little wife,—the last to believe that Betty had really deserted Caleb for Lacey, even after Captain Joe had told her how the mate of the Greenport boat had seen them board the New York train together.

As for the captain, he had gone about his work with his mind filled with varying emotions: sympathy for Caleb, sorrow and mortification over Betty's fall, and bitter, intense, dangerous hatred of Lacey. These were each in turn, as they assailed her, consumed by a never ending hunger to get the child home again, that she might begin the undoing of her fatal step. To him she was still the little girl he used to meet on the road, with her hair in a tangle about her head, her books under her arm. As he had never fully realized, even when she married Caleb, that anything had increased her responsibilities,—that she was no longer the child she looked,—so he could not now escape the conviction that somehow or other "she 'd been hoodooed," as he expressed it, and that when she came to herself her very soul would cry out in bitter agony.

Every day since her flight he had been early and late at the telegraph office, and had directed Bert Simmons, the letter-carrier on the shore road, to hunt him up wherever he might be,—on the dock or aboard his boat,—should a letter come bearing his name. The telegram, therefore, was not a surprise. That Sanford should have found her was what he could not understand.

Aunty Bell, with the big secret weighing at her heart, busied herself about the house, so as to make the hours pass quickly. She was more conservative and less impulsive in many things than the captain; that is, she was apt to

consider the opinions of her neighbors, and shape her course accordingly, unless stopped by one of her husband's outbursts and won over to his way of thinking. The captain knew no law but his own emotions, and his innate sense of right and wrong sustained by his indomitable will and courage. If the other folks did n't like it, the other folks had to get out of the way; he went straight on.

"Ain't nobody goin' to have nothin' to do with Betty, if she does git tired of Lacey an' wants to come home, poor child," Aunty Bell had said to Captain Joe only the night before, as they sat together at supper. "Them Nevins gals was sayin' yesterday they would n't speak to her if they see her starvin', and was a-goin' on awful about it; and Mis' Taft said"—

The captain raised his head quickly. "Jane Bell,"—when the captain called Aunty Bell "Jane" the situation was serious,—"I ain't got nothin' to do with them Nevins gals, nor Mis' Taft, nor nobody else, and you ain't got nothin', neither. Ain't we hed this child runnin' in an' out here jes' like a kitten ever since we been here? Don't you know clean down in yer heart that there ain't no better gal ever lived 'n Betty? Ain't we all liable to go 'stray, and ain't we all of us so dirt mean that if we had our hatches off there ain't nobody who see our cargo would speak to us? Now don't let me hear no more about folks passin' remarks nor passin' her by. I ain't a-goin' to pass her by, and you ain't, neither, if them Nevins gals and old Mother Taft and the whole kit and caboodle of 'em walks on t'other side."

She remembered the very sound of these words, as she rested for a moment, rocking to and fro, in the kitchen, after the captain had gone, her fat little feet swinging clear of the floor. She could even hear the tone of his voice, and could see the flashing of his eye. The remembrance gave her courage. She

wanted some one to come in, that she might put on the captain's armor and fight for the child herself.

She had not long to wait. Mrs. Taft was already coming up the walk,— for dinner, perhaps, her husband being away fishing. Carleton was walking beside her. They had met at the gate.

"I heard the captain had to go to New York, Aunty Bell, and so I thought maybe you 'd be alone," said Mrs. Taft, taking off her bonnet. "No news from the runaway, I suppose? Ain't it dreadful? She's the last girl in the world I would 'a' thought of doing a thing like that."

"We ain't none of us perfect, Mis' Taft. Take a chair, Mr. Carleton," placing one for him. "If we was, we could most of us stay here; there would n't be no use o' heaven."

"But, Aunty Bell," exclaimed the visitor in astonishment, "you surely don't think — Why, it's awful for Betty to go and do what she did" —

"I ain't judgin' nobody, Mis' Taft. I ain't a-blamin' Betty, an' I ain't a-blamin' Caleb. I'm only thinkin' of all the sufferin' that poor child's got to go through now, an' what a mean world this is for us to have to live in."

"Serves the old man right for marrying a girl young enough to be his daughter," said Carleton, with a laugh, tilting back his chair, — his favorite attitude. "I made up my mind the first day I saw her that she was a little larky. She's been fooling West all summer, — anybody could see that." He had not forgiven the look in Caleb's eye that afternoon aboard the Screamer. "When's the captain coming home?"

Aunty Bell looked at the superintendent, her lips curling, as the hard, dry laugh rang in her ears. She had never fancied him, and she liked him less now than ever. Her first impulse was to give him a piece of her mind, — an indigestible morsel when served hot. Then she remembered that her husband was having some difficulty with him

about the acceptance of the concrete disk, and so her temper, chilled by this more politic second thought, cooled down and stiffened into a frigid determination not to invite him to dinner if she ate nothing herself all day.

"Cap'n 'll be here in the mornin'," she answered curtly. "Got any message for him?"

"Yes. Tell him I was out to the Ledge yesterday with my transit, and the concrete is too low by six inches near the southeast derrick. It's got to come up to grade before I can certify. I thought I'd come in and tell him, — he wanted to know."

The door opened, and the tall form of Captain Bob Brandt, the Screamer's skipper, entered.

"Excuse me, Mis' Bell," he said, removing his hat and bowing good-humoredly to everybody. "I saw ye pass, Mr. Carleton, an' I wanted to tell ye that we're ready now to h'ist sail fur the Ledge. We got 'leven stone on. Caleb ain't workin' this week, an' one o' the other divers's a-goin' to set 'em. Guess it's all right; the worst is all done. Will you go out with us, or trust me to git 'em right?"

"Well, where are you going to put 'em?" said Carleton, in his voice of authority.

"Well, las' time Caleb was down, sir, he said he wanted four more stone near the boat-landin', in about twelve foot o' water, to finish that row; then we kin begin another layer nex' to 'em, if ye say so. S'pose you know Cap'n Joe ain't here? — gone to New York. Will you go with us?"

"No; you set 'em. I'll come out in the tug in the morning and drop a rod on 'em, and if they're not right you'll have to take 'em up again. That concrete's out of level, you know."

"What concrete?"

"Why, the big circular disk," snapped Carleton.

This was only another excuse of Carleton's for refusing to sign the cer-

tificate. The engineer had postponed his visit, and so this fresh obstruction was necessary to maintain his policy of delay.

"Not when I see it, sir, three days ago," said Captain Brandt in surprise. "It was dead low water, an' the tide jest touched the edges of the outer band all round even."

"Well, I guess I know," retorted the superintendent, flaring up. "I was out there yesterday with a level, an' walked all over it."

"Must'er got yer feet wet, then, sir," said the skipper, with a laugh, as he turned toward the door. "The tide's been from eight inches to a foot higher 'n usual for three days past; it's full-moon tides now."

During the talk Aunty Bell and Mrs. Taft had slipped into the sitting-room, and the superintendent, finding himself alone, with no prospect of dinner, called to the skipper, and joined him on the garden walk.

As the afternoon hours wore on, and no other callers came in, — Mrs. Taft having gone, — Aunty Bell brought a big basket, filled with an assortment of yarn stockings of varied stains and repairs, out to a chair on the porch, and made believe to herself that she was putting them in order for the captain when he should need a dry pair. Now and then she would stop, her hand in the rough stocking, her needle poised, her mind going back to the days when she first moved to Keyport, and this curly-haired girl from the fishing-village a mile or more away had won her heart. She had had no child of her own since the death of that baby girl of long ago, and Betty, somehow, had taken her place, filling day by day all the deep corners of the sore heart, still aching from this earlier sorrow. When the girl's mother died, a few months after Betty's marriage, Aunty Bell had thrown her shawl over her head, and, going to Caleb's cabin, had mounted the stairs to Betty's little room and

shut the door. With infinite tenderness she had drawn the girl's head down on her own bosom, and had poured out to her all the mother's love she had in her own heart, and had told her of that daughter of her dreams. Betty had not forgotten it, and among all those she knew on the shore road she loved Aunty Bell the best. There were few days in the week — particularly in the summer, when Caleb was away — that she was not doing something for Aunty Bell, her bright face and merry, ringing laugh filling the house and the little woman's life, — an infectious, bubbling, girlish laugh that made it a delight to be with her.

Then a fresh thought, like a draught from an open door, rushed into Aunty Bell's mind with a force that sent a shiver through her tender heart, and chilled every kind impulse. Suppose Caleb should turn his back on this girl wife of his. What then? Ought she to take her to her heart and brave it out with the neighbors? What sort of an example was it to other young women along the shore, Aunty Bell's world? Could they, too, run off with any young fellows they met, and then come home and be forgiven? It was all very well for the captain, — he never stopped to think about these things, — that was his way; but what was *her* duty in the matter? Would it not be better in the end for Betty if she were made to realize her wrong-doing, and to suffer for it?

These alternating memories and perplexities absorbed her as she sat on the porch, the stockings in her lap, her mind first on one course of action and then on another, until some tone of Betty's voice, or the movement of her hand, or the toss of her head came back, and with it the one intense, overwhelming desire to help and comfort the child she loved.

When it began to grow dark she lighted the lamp in the front room, and made herself a cup of tea in the

kitchen. Every few minutes she glanced at the clock, her ears alert for the whistle of the incoming train. Losing confidence even in the clock, she again took her seat on the porch, her arms on the rail, her plump chin resting on her hands, straining her eyes to see far down the road.

When the signaling whistle of the train was heard, the long-drawn sound reverberating over the hills, she ran to the gate, and stood there, her apron thrown over her head, her mind in a whirl, her throat aching with the thumping of her heart. Soon a carriage passed, filled with summer visitors, their trunks piled in front, and drove on up the road. Then a man carrying a bag hurried by with two women, their arms full of bundles. After that the road was deserted. These appeared to be all the passengers coming her way. As the minutes dragged, and no sound of footsteps reached her ear, and no big burly figure with a slender girl beside it loomed against the dim light of the fading sky, her courage failed and her eyes began to grow moist. She saw it all now: Betty dared not come home and face Caleb and the others!

Suddenly she heard her name called from inside the house, and again from the kitchen door.

"Aunty Bell! Aunty Bell! where be ye?"

It was the captain's voice: he must have left the train at the drawbridge and crossed lots, coming in at the rear gate.

She hurried up the plank walk, and met him at the kitchen door. He was leaning against the jamb. It was too dark to see his face. A dreadful sense of some impending calamity overcame her.

"Where 's Betty?" she faltered, scarcely able to speak.

The captain pointed inside.

The little woman pushed past him into the darkening room. For a mo-

ment she stood still, her eyes fixed on Betty's slender, drooping figure and bowed head, outlined against the panes of the low window.

"Betty!" she cried, running forward with outstretched arms.

The girl did not move.

"Betty — my child!" cried Aunty Bell again, taking the weeping woman in her arms.

Then, with smothered kisses and halting, broken speech, these two — the forgiving and the forgiven — sank to the floor.

Outside, on a bench by the door, sat the captain, rocking himself, bringing his hands down on his knees, and with every seesaw repeating in a low tone to himself, "She 's home. She 's home."

XII.

CAPTAIN JOE'S CREED.

When Captain Joe flung open Caleb's cabin door, the same cry was on his lips: "She 's home, Caleb, she 's home! Run 'way an' lef' him, jes' 's I knowed she would, soon 's she got the spell off'n her."

Caleb looked up over the rim of his glasses into the captain's face. He was sitting at the table in his shirt-sleeves and rough overalls, the carpet slippers on his feet. He was eating his supper, — the supper that he had cooked himself.

"How d' ye know?" he asked. The voice did not sound like Caleb's; it was hoarse and weak.

"She come inter Mr. Sanford's place night 'fore last, scared almost to death, and he tuk her to them Leroy folks; they was stavin' good to her an' kep' 'er till mornin', an' telegraphed me. I got the eight-ten this mornin'. There warn't no time, Caleb," — in an apologetic tone, — "or I 'd sent for ye, jes' 's Aunty Bell wanted me to; but I knowed ye 'd understand. We jes' got

back. I'd brought 'er up, only she's dead beat out, poor little gal."

It was a long answer of the captain's to so direct a question, and it was made with more or less misgiving. It was evident from his manner that he was a little nervous over the result. He did not take his eyes from the diver's face as he fired these shots at random, wondering where and how they would strike.

"Where is she now?" inquired Caleb quietly.

"Down on my kitchen floor with her head in Aunt Bell's lap. Git yer hat and come 'long." The captain leaned over the table as he spoke, and rested one hand on the back of Caleb's chair.

Caleb did not raise his eyes nor move. "I can't do her no good no more, Cap'n Joe. It was jes' like ye to try an' help her. Ye'd do it for anybody that was a-sufferin'; but I don't see *my* way clear. I done all I could for her 'fore she lef' me, — leastwise I thought I had." There was no change in the listless monotone of his voice.

"You allus done by her, Caleb." The captain's hand had slipped from the chair-back to Caleb's shoulder. "I know it, and she knows it now. She ain't ever goin' to forgive herself for the way she's treated ye, — tol' me so to-day comin' up. She's been hoodooed, I tell ye, — that's what's the matter; but she's come to now. Come along; I'll git yer hat. She ought'er go to sleep purty soon."

"Ye need n't look for my hat, Cap'n Joe. I ain't a-goin'," said Caleb quietly, leaning back in his chair. The lamp shone full on his face and beard. Captain Joe could see the deep lines about the eyes, seaming the dry, shrunken skin. The diver had grown to be a very old man in a week.

"You say you ain't a-goin', Caleb?" In his heart he had not expected this.

"No, Cap'n Joe; I'm goin' to stay here an' git along th' best way I kin. I ain't blamin' Betty. I'm blamin'

myself. I been a-thinkin' it all over. She done 'er best to love me and do by me, but I was too old for 'er. If it had n't been Billy, it would'er been somebody else, — somebody younger 'n me."

"She don't want nobody else but you, Caleb." The captain's voice rose quickly. He was crossing the room for a chair as he spoke. "She told me so to-day. She purty nigh cried herself sick comin' up. I was afeard folks would notice her."

"She's sorry now, cap'n, an' wants ter come back, 'cause she's skeered of it all, but she don't love me no more 'n she did when she lef' me. When Billy finds she's gone, he'll be arter her agin" —

"Not if I git my hands on him," interrupted the captain angrily, dragging the chair to Caleb's side.

"An' when she begins to hunger for him," continued Caleb, taking no notice of the outburst, "it'll be all to do over agin. She won't be happy without him. I ain't got nothin' agin 'er, but I won't take 'er back. It'll only make it wus for her in the end."

"Ye ain't a-goin' ter chuck that gal out in the road, be ye?" cried Captain Joe, seating himself beside the table, his head thrust forward in Caleb's face in his earnestness. "What's she but a chit of a child that don't know no better?" he burst out. "She ain't more 'n twenty now, and here's some on us more 'n twice 'er age and liable to do wus every day. Think of yerself when ye was her age. Do ye remember all the mean things ye done, and the lies ye told? S'pose you'd been chucked out as ye want to do to Betty. It ain't decent for ye to talk so, Caleb, and I don't like ye fur it, neither. She's a good gal, and you know it," and the captain, in his restlessness, shifted the chair and planted it immediately in front of Caleb, where he could look him straight in the eye. Aunt Bell had told him just what Caleb would

say, but he had not believed it possible.

"I ain't said she warn't, Cap'n Joe. I ain't blamin' her, nor never will. I'm blamin' myself. I ought'er stayed tendin' light-ship instead'er comin' ashore and spilin' 'er life. I was lonely, and the fust one was allus sickly, an' I thought maybe my time had come then; and it did while she was with me. I'd ruther heared her a-singin', when I come in here at night, than any music I ever knowed." His voice broke for a moment. "I done by her all I could, but I begin to see lately she was lonelier here with me than I was 'board ship with nothin' half the time to talk to but my dog. I did n't think it was Billy she wanted, but I see it now."

Captain Joe rose from his chair and began pacing the room. Caleb's indomitable will seemed to break against this man's calm, firm talk with as little effect as did the waves about his own feet the day he set the derricks.

His faith in Betty's coming to herself had never been shaken for an instant. If it had, it would all have been restored the morning she met him in Mrs. Leroy's boudoir, and, putting her arms about him, clung to him like a frightened kitten. His love for the girl was so great that he had seen but one side of the question. Her ingratitude, her selfishness in ignoring the disgrace and misery she would bring this man who had been everything to her, had held no place in the captain's mind. To him the case was a plain one. She was young and foolish, and had committed a fault; she was sorry and repentant; she had run away from her sin; she had come back to the one she had wronged, and she wanted to be forgiven. That was his steadfast point of view, and this was his creed: "Neither do I condemn you; go and sin no more." That Caleb did not view the question in the same way at first astonished, then irritated him.

He had only compassion and love for Betty in his heart. If she had broken the Master's command again, he would perhaps have let her go her way, — for what was innately bad he hated, — but not now, when she had awakened to a sense of her sin. He continued to pace up and down Caleb's kitchen, his hands behind his broad back, his horny, stubby fingers twisting nervously together. Caleb was still in his chair, the lamplight streaming over his face. In all the discussion his voice had been one low monotone. It seemed but a phonographic echo of his once clear voice.

The captain resumed his seat with a half-baffled, weary air.

"Caleb," he said, — there was a softness now in the tones of his voice that made the diver raise his head, — "you and me hev knowed each other off 'n' on for nigh on to twenty years. We've had it thick and nasty, and we've had as clear weather as ever a man sailed in. You've tried to do square 'tween man and man, and so far's I know, ye have, and I don't believe ye 're goin' to turn crooked now. From the time this child used to come down to the dock, when I fust come to work here, and talk to me 'tween school hours, and Aunt Bell would take her in to dinner, down to the time she got hoodooed by that smooth face and lyin' tongue, — damn him! I'll spile t'other side for him, some day, wus than the Screamer did, — from that time, I say, this 'ere little gal ain't been nothin' but a bird fillin' everything full of singin' from the time she got up till she went to bed agin. I ask ye now, man to man, if that ain't so?"

Caleb nodded his head.

"During all that time there ain't been a soul up and down this road, man, woman, nor child, that she would n't help if she could, — and there's a blame' sight of 'em she did help, as you an' I know: sick child'en, sittin' up with 'em nights; an' makin' bonnets

for folks as could n't git 'em no other way, without payin' for 'em; and doin' all she could to make this place happier for 'er bein' in it. Since she's been yer wife, there ain't been a tidier nor nicer place along the shore road than yours, and there ain't been a happier little woman nor home nowheres. Is that so, or not?"

Again Caleb nodded his head.

"While all this is a-goin' on, here comes that little skunk, Bill Lacey, with a tongue like 'n ile-can, and every time she says she's lonely or tired — and she's had plenty of it, you bein' away — he up's with his can and squirts it into 'er ear about her bein' tied to an old man, and how if she'd married him he would n't 'a' lef' her a minute" —

Caleb looked up inquiringly, an ugly gleam in his eyes.

"Oh, I ketched him at it one day in my kitchen, and I tol' him then I'd break his head, and I wish to God I had, now! Purty soon comes the time with the Screamer, and his face gets stove in. What does Betty do? Leave them men to git 'long best way they could, — like some o' the folks round here that was just as well able to 'ford the time, — or did she stand by and ketch a line and make fast? I'll tell ye what she done, 'cause I was there, and you warn't. Fust one come ashore was Billy; he looked like he'd fallen off a top-gall'nt mast and struck the deck with his face. Lonny Bowles come next; he warn't so bad mashed up. What did Betty do? Pick out the easiest one? No, she jes' anchored right 'longside that boy, and hung on, and never had 'er clo'es off for nigh on to forty-eight hours. If he's walkin' round now he owes it to her. Is that so, or not?"

"It's true, cap'n," said Caleb, his eyes fastened on the captain's face. The lids were heavy now; only his will held back the tears.

"For three weeks this went on,

she a-settin' like a little rabbit with her paws up starin' at him, her eyes gettin' bigger all the time, an' he lyin', coiled up like a snake, lookin' up into her face until he'd hoodooed her and got her clean off her centre. Now there's one thing I'm a-goin' to ask ye, an' before I ask ye, an' before ye answer it, I'm a-goin' to ask ye another: when the Three Sisters come ashore las' winter in that sou'easter on Deadman Shoal, 'cause the light warn't lit, an' all o' them men was drowned, whose fault was it?"

"Why, you know, Cap'n Joe," Caleb interposed quickly, eager to defend a brother keeper, a pained and surprised expression overspreading his face. "Poor Charles Edwards had been out o' his head for a week."

"That's right, Caleb: that's what I heard, an' that's true, an' the dead men and the owners had n't nobody to blame, an' did n't. Now I'll ask ye another question: When Betty, after livin' every day of her life as straight as a marlin spike, run away an' lef' ye a week ago, an' broke up yer home, who's to blame, — Betty, or the hoodoo that's put 'er out'er her mind ever since the Screamer blowed up?"

Caleb settled back in his chair and rested his chin on his hand, his big fluffy beard hiding his wrist and shirt-cuff. For a long time he did not answer. The captain sat, with his hands on his knees, looking searchingly into Caleb's face, watching every expression that crossed it.

"Cap'n Joe," said the diver in his calm, low voice, "I hearn ye talk, an' I know ye well 'nough to know that ye believe every word ye say, an' I don't know but it's all true. I ain't had much 'sperience o' women folks, only two. But I don't think ye git this right. It ain't for myself that I'm thinkin'. I kin git along alone, an' do my own cookin' an' washin' same as I allus used to. It's Betty I'm thinkin' of. She's tried me more 'n a year,

an' done her best, an' give it up. She would n't 'a' been 'hoodooed,' as ye call it, by Bill Lacey if her own heart warn't ready for it 'fore he began. It's agin natur' for a gal as young 's Betty to be happy with a man 's old 's me. She can't do it, no matter how hard she tries. I did n't know it when I asked her, but I see it now."

"But she knows better now, Caleb; she ain't a-goin' to cut up no more capers." There was a yearning, an almost pitiful tone in the captain's voice. His face was close to Caleb's.

"Ye think so, an' maybe she won't; but there's one thing yer don't seem to see, Cap'n Joe: she can't git out'er love with me an' inter love with Billy an' back agin to me in a week."

These last words came slowly, as if they had been dragged up out of the very depths of his heart.

"She never was out'er love with ye, Caleb, nor in with Lacey. Don't I tell ye?" he cried impatiently, too absorbed in Betty's welfare to note the seriousness of Caleb's tone.

"Yes," said Caleb. His voice had fallen almost to a whisper. "I know, ye think so, but th' bes' thing now for the little gal is to give 'er 'er freedom, an' let 'er go 'er way. She shan't suffer as long 's I've got a dollar, but I won't have 'er come home. It'll only break her heart then as well 's mine. Now — now — it's only me — that is" — Caleb's head sank to the table until his face lay on his folded arms.

Captain Joe rose from his chair, bent down and laid his hand softly on the diver's shoulder. When he spoke his voice had the pleading tones of a girl.

"Caleb, don't keep nothin' back in yer heart; take Betty back. You need n't go down for her. I'll go myself an' bring her here. It won't be ten minutes 'fore her arms'll be round yer neck. Lemme go for her?"

The diver raised his head erect, looked Captain Joe calmly in the eye, and, without a trace of bitterness in his

voice, said: "She'll never set foot here as my wife agin, Cap'n Joe, as long 's she lives. I ain't got the courage to set still an' see her pine away day arter day, if she comes back, an' I won't. I love 'er too much for that. If she was my own child instead o' my wife, I'd say the same thing. It's Betty I'm a-thinkin' of, not myself. It'd be twict 's hard for 'er the next time she got tired an' wanted to go. It's all over now, an' she's free. Let it all stay so."

"Don't say that, Caleb." The shock of the refusal seemed to have stunned him. "Don't say that. Think o' that child, Caleb: she come back to ye, an' you shut your door agin 'er."

Caleb shook his head, with a meaning movement that showed the iron will of the man and the hopelessness of further discussion.

"Then she ain't good 'nough for ye, 's that it?"

The captain was fast losing his self-control. He knew in his heart that in these last words he was doing Caleb an injustice, but his anger got the better of him.

Caleb did not answer.

"That's it. Say it out. You don't believe in her." His voice now rang through the kitchen. One hand was straight up over his head; his lips quivered. "Ye think she's some low-down critter instead of a poor child that ain't done nobody no wrong intentional. I ask ye for th' las' time, Caleb. Be a father to 'er, if ye can't be no more; an' if ye can't be that, — damn ye! — be decent to yerself, an' stan' up an' forgive her like a man."

Caleb made no sign. The cruel thrust had not reached his heart. He knew his friend, and he knew all sides of his big nature. The clear blue eyes still rested on the captain's face.

"You won't?" There was a tone almost of defiance in the words.

The diver again shook his head.

"Then I'll tell ye one thing, Caleb,

right here " (he was now bent forward, his forefinger in Caleb's face straight out like a spike): "ye 're doin' the meanest thing I ever knowed a man to do in my whole life. I don't like ye fur it, an' I never will 's long 's I live. I would n't serve a dog so, let alone Betty. An' now I'll tell ye another: if she ain't good 'nough to live with you, she's good 'nough to live with Aunty Bell an' me, an' there 's where she 'll stay jes' 's long 's she wants to."

Without a word of good-night he picked up his hat and strode from the room, slamming the door behind him with a force that rattled every plate on the table.

Caleb half started from his chair as if to call him back. Then, with a deep indrawn sigh, he rose wearily from the chair, covered the smouldering fire with ashes, locked the doors, fastened the two shutters, and, taking up the lamp, went slowly upstairs to his empty bed.

The following Sunday Captain Joe shaved himself with the greatest care, — that is, he slashed his face as full of cuts as a Heidelberg student's after a duel; squeezed his big broad shoulders into his black coat, — the one inches too tight across the back, the cloth all in corrugated wrinkles; tugged at his stiff starched collar until his face was purple; hauled taut a sleazy cravat; and, in a determined quarter-deck voice rarely heard from him, ordered Aunty Bell to get on her best clothes, call Betty, and come with him.

"What in natur' 's got into ye, Cap'n Joe?"

"Church 's got inter me, and you an' Betty 's goin' along."

"Ye ain't never goin' to church, be ye?" No wonder Aunty Bell was thunderstruck. Neither of them had been inside of a church since they moved to Keyport. Sunday was the captain's day for getting rested, and Aunty Bell always helped him.

"I ain't, ain't I? That's all ye

know, Jane Bell. You git Betty an' come along, jes' 's I tell ye. I 'm a-runnin' this ship." There was that peculiar look in the captain's eye and tone in his voice that his wife knew too well. It was never safe to resist him in one of these moods.

Betty burst into tears when the little woman told her, and said she dared not go, and could n't, until a second quick, not-to-be-questioned order resounded up the staircase: —

"Here, now, that church bell 's purty nigh done ringin'. We got ter git aboard 'fore the gangplank 's drawn in."

"Come along, child," said Aunty Bell. "'T ain't no use; he 's got one o' his spells on. Which church be ye goin' to, anyway?" she called to him, as they came downstairs. "Methodist or Dutch?"

"Don't make no difference, — fust one we come to; an' Betty 's goin' to set plumb in the middle 'tween you an' me, jes' so 's folks kin see. I ain't goin' to have no funny business, nor hand-whispers, nor head-shakin's about the little gal from nobody along this shore, from the preacher down, or somebody 'll git hurted."

All through the service — he had marched down the middle aisle and taken the front seat nearest the pulpit — he sat bolt upright, like a corporal on guard, his eyes on the minister, his ears alert. Now and then he would sweep his glance around, meeting the wondering looks of the congregation, who had lost interest in everything about them but the three figures in the front pew. Then, with a satisfied air, now that neither the speaker nor his hearers showed anything but respectful curiosity, and no spoken word from the pulpit bore the remotest connection with the subject uppermost in his mind, — no Magdalens nor Prodigal Sons, nor anything of like significance (there is no telling what would have happened had there been), — he settled himself

again and looked straight at the minister.

When the benediction had been pronounced he waited until the crowd got thickest around the door, — he knew why the congregation lagged behind; then he made his way into its midst, holding Betty by the arm as if she had been under arrest. Singling out old Captain Potts, a retired sea-captain, a great church-goer and something of a censor over the morals of the community, he tapped him on the shoulder, and said in a voice loud enough to be heard by everybody: —

“This is our little gal, Betty West, Cap’n Potts. Caleb’s gin her up, and she’s come to live with us. When ye’re passin’ our way with yer folks, it won’t do ye no harm to stop in to see her.”

XIII.

A SHANTY DOOR.

Sanford had expected, when he led Betty from his door, that Mrs. Leroy would give her kindly shelter, but he had not been prepared for all that he heard the next day. Kate had not only received the girl into her house, but had placed her for the night in a bedroom adjoining her own; arranging the next morning a small table in her dressing-room where Betty could breakfast alone, free from the prying of inquisitive servants. Mrs. Leroy told all these things to Sanford: the heart-broken weariness of the girl when she arrived; the little joyful cry she gave when big, burly Captain Joe, his eyes blinded by the hot midday glare outside, came groping his way into the darkened boudoir; and Betty’s glad spring into his arms, where she lay while the captain held her with one hand, trying to talk to both Betty and herself at once, the tears rolling down his cheeks, his other great hand with the thole-pin fingers patting the girl’s tired face. Mrs.

Leroy told Sanford all these things and more, but she did not say how she herself had sat beside Betty on the divan that same morning, before Captain Joe arrived, winning little by little the girl’s confidence, until the whole story came out. Neither did she tell him with what tact and gentleness she, the woman of the world, whose hours of loneliness had been more bitter and intense than any that Betty ever knew, had shown this inexperienced girl how much more noble it would have been to suffer and stand firm, doing and being the right, than to succumb as she had done. Nor yet did she tell Sanford how Betty’s mind had cleared, as she talked on, and of the way in which the girl’s brown hand had crept toward her own till it nestled among her jeweled fingers, while with tender words of worldly wisdom she had prepared her foster sister for what she still must face in penance for her sin; instructing her in the use of those weapons of self-control, purity of purpose, and patience with which she must arm herself if she would win the struggle. Before the morning hours were gone she had received the girl’s promise to go back to her home, and, if her husband would not receive her, to fight on until she again won for herself the respect she had lost, and among those, too, who had once loved her. But least of all did she tell Sanford that when the talk was over and Betty was gone, she had thrown herself on her own bed in an agony of tears, wondering after all which one of the two had done best for herself in the battle of life, she or the girl.

Sanford knew nothing of this. As he sat in the train, on his way back to Keyport, he was sorry and anxious for Mrs. Leroy, wrought up by what she had told him and by the pictures she had given. Yet he found himself bewildered by the fact that, even more than the story, he remembered the tones of Kate’s voice and the very color of her eyes. He was constantly seeing before

him a vision of Kate herself as she stood in the hall and bade him good-by, — her full white throat above the ruffles of her morning-gown. He found it difficult to turn his mind to other things, to quiet his inner enthusiasm for her gentleness and charity.

And yet there were important affairs to which he owed immediate attention. Carleton's continued refusal to sign a certificate for the concrete disk, without which no payment would be made by the government, would, if persisted in, cause him serious embarrassment. He discovered, in fact, as he stepped over the Screamer's rail at Keyport, that the difficulty with Carleton had already reached an acute stage. Captain Joe had altogether failed in his efforts to make the superintendent sign the certificate, and Carleton had threatened to wire the Department and demand a board of survey if his orders were not complied with at once. Captain Joe generally retired from the field and left the campaign to Sanford whenever, in the course of their work, it became necessary to fight the United States government. The sea was his enemy.

In this discussion, however, he had taken the pains to explain to Carleton patiently, and he thought intelligently, the falsity of the stand he took, showing him that his idea about the concrete base being too low was the result of a mere optical illusion, due to the action of the tide which backed the water up higher within the breakwater on the south-east side; that when the first course of masonry was laid, bringing the mass of concrete out of water, his — Carleton's — mistake would be instantly detected.

Captain Joe was as much out of patience as he ever permitted himself to be with Carleton, when he shook Sanford's hand on his arrival.

"Ain't no man on earth smart 'nough to make eleven inches a foot, let alone a critter like him!" he said, as he ex-

plained the latest development to Sanford.

Once over the sloop's side, Sanford laid his bag on the deck and turned to the men.

"Who saw the concrete at dead low water during that low tide we had after the last northwest blow?" he inquired.

"I did, sir," answered Captain Bob. "I told Mr. Carleton he was wrong. The water jes' tetched the outer iron band all round when I see it. It was dead calm an' dead low water."

"What do you say to that, Mr. Carleton?" asked Sanford, laughing.

"I'm not here to take no back talk from nobody," replied Carleton in a surly tone.

"Lonny," said Sanford, — he saw that further discussion with the superintendent was useless, — "go ashore and get my transit and target rod; you'll find them in my bedroom at the captain's; and please put them here in the skipper's bunk, so they won't get broken. I'll run a level on the concrete myself, Mr. Carleton, when we get to the Ledge."

"There ain't no use of your transit," said Carleton, with a sneer. "It's six inches too low, I tell you. You'll fix it as I want it, or I'll stop the work."

Sanford looked at him, but held his peace. It had not been his first experience with men of Carleton's class. He proposed, all the same, to know for himself who was right. He had seen Carleton use a transit, and had had a dim suspicion at the time that the superintendent was looking through the eyepiece while it was closed.

"Get ready for the Ledge, Captain Brandt, as soon as Lonny returns," said Sanford. "Where's Caleb, Captain Joe? We may want him."

The captain touched Sanford on the shoulder and moved down the deck with him, where he stood behind one of the big stones, out of hearing of the other men.

"He's all broke up, sir. He ain't

been to work since the little gal left. I want to thank ye, Mr. Sanford, for what ye did for 'er; and that friend o' yours could n't 'a' been no better to her if she 'd been her sister."

"That 's all right, captain," said Sanford, laying a hand on his shoulder. "Betty is at your house, I hear. How does she bear it?"

"Gritty as she kin be, but she ain't braced up much; Aunty Bell 's got 'er arms round 'er most of the time. I wish you 'd send for Caleb; nothin' else 'll bring him out. He won't come for me. I 'll go myself, if ye say so."

"Go get him. I may want him to hold a rod in four or five feet of water. He won't need his helmet, but he 'll need his dress. Do you hear anything about Lacey?"

"He ain't been round where any of us could see him — and git hold of him," answered Captain Joe, knitting his brows. "I jes' wish he 'd come once. I heared he was over to Stonin'ton, workin' on the railroad."

The captain jumped into the yawl and sculled away toward the diver's cabin. He had not felt satisfied with himself since the night when Caleb had refused to take Betty back. He had said then, in the heat of the moment, some things which had hurt him as much as they had hurt Caleb. He would have told him so before, but he had been constantly at the Ledge receiving the big cut stones for the masonry, nine of which were then piled up on the Screamer's deck. After that there had arisen the difficulty with Carleton. This now was his opportunity.

The men on the sloop, somehow, knew Caleb was coming, and there was more or less curiosity to see him. Nickles, standing inside the galley and within earshot, had probably overheard Sanford's request.

All the men liked the old diver. His courage, skill, and many heroic acts above and under water had earned their respect, while his universal kindness and

cheeriness had won their confidence. The calamity that had overtaken him had been discussed and re-discussed, and while many profane hopes were indulged in regarding the future condition of Lacey's soul and eyes, of a kind that would have interfered seriously with the eternal happiness of the first and the seeing qualities of the second, and while numerous criticisms were as freely passed upon Betty, nothing but kindness and sympathy was felt for Caleb.

When Caleb came up over the sloop's rail, followed by Captain Joe, it was easy to see that all was right between him and the captain. One hearty handshake inside the cabin's kitchen, and a frank outspoken "I 'm sorry, Caleb; don't lay it up agin me," had done that. When Caleb spoke to the men, in his usual gentle manner, each one of them said or did some little thing, as chance offered an unobtrusive opportunity, that conveyed to the diver a heartfelt sorrow for his troubles, — every one but Carleton, who purposely, perhaps, had gone down into the cabin, his temper still ruffled over his encounter with Captain Joe and Sanford.

And so Caleb once more took his place on the working force.

As the Screamer rounded to and made fast in the eddy, the Ledge gang were using the system of derricks, which since the final anchoring had never needed an hour's additional work. They were moving back from the landing-wharf the big cut stones. While waiting for deliveries of the enrockment blocks from the quarries, the Screamer had carried the stones of the superstructure from Keyport to the Ledge. These were required to lay the first course of masonry, the work to begin as soon as the controversy over the proper level of the concrete was settled.

With the making fast of the Screamer to the floating buoys in the eddy, the life-boat from the Ledge pulled alongside, and landed Sanford, Carleton, Captain Joe, Caleb, and the skipper, —

Lonny Bowles carrying the transit and rod as carefully as if they had been two long icicles. The wind was blowing fresh from the east, and the concrete was found to be awash with three feet of water; nothing of the mass itself could be seen by the naked eye. It was therefore apparent that if the dispute was to be settled it could be done only by a series of exact measurements. Carleton's glance took in the situation with every evidence of satisfaction. He had begun to suspect that perhaps after all he might be wrong, but his obstinacy sustained him. Now that the disk was covered with water there was still reason for dispute.

As soon as the party landed at the shanty, Caleb squeezed himself into his diving-dress, Captain Joe fastening the water-tight cuffs over his wrists, leaving his hands free. Caleb picked up the rod with its adjustable target and plunged across the shallow basin, the water coming up to his hips. Sanford arranged the tripod on the platform, leveled his instrument, directed Caleb where to hold the rod, and began his survey; Captain Joe recording his findings with a big blue lead pencil on a short strip of plank.

The first entries showed that the two segments of the circle—the opposite segments, southeast and northwest—varied barely three tenths of an inch in height. This, of course, was immaterial over so large a surface. The result proved conclusively that Carleton's claim that one section of the concrete was six inches too low was absurd.

"I'm afraid I shall have to decide against you this time, Mr. Carleton. Run your eye through this transit; you can see yourself what it shows."

"Right or wrong," broke out Carleton, now thoroughly angry, both over his defeat and at the half-concealed, jeering remarks of the men, "it's got to go up six inches, or not a cut stone will be laid. That's what I'm here for, and what I say goes."

"But please take the transit and see for yourself, Mr. Carleton," urged Sanford.

"I don't know nothin' about *your* transit, nor who fixed it to suit you," snarled Carleton.

Sanford bit his lip, and made no answer. There were more important things to be done in the building of a light than the resenting of such insults or quarreling with a superintendent. The skipper, however, to whom the superintendent was a first experience, and who took his answer as in some way a reflection on his own veracity, walked quickly toward him with his fist tightly clinched. His big frame towered over Carleton's.

"Thank you, Captain Bob," said Sanford, noticing the skipper's expression and intent, "but Mr. Carleton is n't in earnest. *His* transit is not here, and we cannot tell who fixed that."

The men laughed, and the skipper stopped and stood aside, awaiting any further developments that might require his aid.

"In view of these measurements," asked Sanford, as he held before Carleton's eyes the piece of plank bearing Captain Joe's record, "do you still order the six inches of concrete put in?"

"Certainly I do," said Carleton. His ugly temper was gradually being hidden under an air of authority. Sanford's tact had regained him a debating position.

"And you take the responsibility of the change?"

"I do," replied Carleton in a blustering voice.

"Then please put that order in writing," said Sanford quietly, "and I will see it done as soon as the tide lowers."

Carleton's manner changed; he saw the pit that lay before him. If he were wrong, the written order would fix his responsibility; without that telltale record he could deny afterward having given the order, if good policy so demanded.

"Well, that ain't necessary; you go ahead," said Carleton, with less vehemence.

"I think it is, Mr. Carleton. You ask me to alter a bench-mark level which I know to be right, and which every man about us knows to be right. You refuse a written certificate if I do not carry out your orders, and yet you expect me to commit this engineering crime because of your personal opinion, — an opinion which you now refuse to back up by your signature."

"I ain't given you a single written order this season: why should I now?" in an evasive tone.

"Because up to this time you have asked for nothing unreasonable. Then you refuse?"

"I do, and I'm not to be bulldozed, neither."

"Caleb," said Sanford, with the air of a man who had made up his mind, raising his voice to the diver, still standing in the water, "put that rod on the edge of the iron band."

Caleb felt around under the water with his foot, found the band and placed on it the end of the rod. Sanford carefully adjusted the instrument.

"What does it measure?"

"Thirteen feet six inches, sir!" shouted Caleb.

"Lonny Bowles," continued Sanford, "take three or four of the men and go along the breakwater and see if Caleb is right."

The men scrambled over the rocks, Lonny plunging into the water beside Caleb, so as to get closer to the rod.

"Thirteen feet six inches!" came back the voices of Lonny and the others, speaking successively.

"Now, Captain Joe, look through this eyepiece and see if you find the red quartered target in the centre of the spider-web lines. You, too, skipper."

The men put their eyes to the glass, each announcing that he saw the red of the disk.

"Now, Caleb, make your way across

to the northwest derrick, and hold the rod on the band there."

The old diver waded across the concrete, and held the rod and target over his head. The men followed him around the breakwater, — all except Bowles, who, being as wet as he could be, plunged in waist-deep.

Sanford turned the transit without disturbing the tripod, and adjusted it until the lens covered the target.

"Raise it a little, Caleb!" shouted Sanford, — "so! What is she now?"

"Thirteen feet six inches and — a — half!" answered Caleb.

"Right! How is it, men?"

"Thirteen six and a half!" came back the replies, after each man had assured himself.

"Now bring me a clean, dry plank, Captain Joe," said Sanford. "That's too small," as the captain held out the short piece containing the record. Clean planks were scarce on the cement-stained work; dry ones were never found.

Everybody went in search of a suitable plank. Carleton looked on at this pantomime with a curl on his lips, and now and then a little shiver of uncertain fear creeping over him. Sanford's quiet, determined manner puzzled him.

"What's all this circus about?" he broke out impatiently.

"One minute, Mr. Carleton. I want to make a record which will be big enough for the men to sign; one that won't get astray, lost, or stolen."

"What's the matter with this?" asked Captain Joe, opening the wooden door of the new part of the shanty. "Ye can't lose this 'less ye take away the house."

"That's the very thing!" exclaimed Sanford. "Swing her wide open, Captain Joe. Please give me that big blue pencil."

When the door flew back it was as fresh and clean as a freshly scrubbed pine table.

Sanford wrote as follows: —

August 29, SHARK LEDGE LIGHT.

We, the undersigned, certify that the concrete disk is perfectly level except opposite the northwest derrick, where it is three tenths of an inch too high. We further certify that Superintendent Carleton orders the concrete raised six inches on the southeast segment, and refuses to permit any cut stone to be set until this is done.

HENRY SANFORD, Contractor.

"Come, Captain Joe," said Sanford, "put your signature under mine."

The captain held the pencil in his bent fingers as if it had been a chisel, and inscribed his full name, "Joseph Bell," under that of Sanford. Then Caleb and the others followed, the old man fumbling inside his dress for his glasses, the search proving fruitless until Captain Joe ran his arm down between the rubber collar of the diving-dress and Caleb's red shirt and drew them up from inside his undershirt.

"Now, Captain Joe," said Sanford, "you can send a gang in the morning at low water and raise that concrete. It will throw the upper masonry out of level, but it won't make much difference in a circle of this size."

The men gave a cheer, the humor of the situation taking possession of every one. Even Caleb forgot his sorrow for a moment. Carleton laughed a little halting laugh himself, but there was nothing of spontaneity in it. Nickles, the cook, who divided his time between the Screamer and the shanty on the Ledge, and who, now that the cut stone was about to be laid, was permanently transferred to the shanty, and under whose especial care this door was placed by reason of its position, — it opened into the kitchen, — planted his fat, oily body before the curious record, read it slowly word for word, and delivered himself of this opinion: "That 'ere door's th' biggest receipt for stores I ever see come into a kitchen."

"Big or little," said Captain Joe,

who could not see the drift of most of Nickles's jokes, "you spatter it with yer grease or spile it any, and ye go ashore."

XIV.

TWO ENVELOPES.

Betty's flight had been of such short duration, and her return home accomplished under such peculiar circumstances, that the stories in regard to her elopement had multiplied with the hours. One feature of her escapade excited universal comment, — her spending the night at Mrs. Leroy's. The only explanation that could be given of this extraordinary experience was that so high a personage as Mrs. Leroy must have necessarily been greatly imposed upon by Betty, or she could never have disgraced herself and her home by giving shelter to such a woman.

Mrs. Leroy's hospitality to Betty inspired another theory, — one that, not being contradicted at the moment of its origin by Aunt Bell, had seemed plausible. Miss Peebles, the school-mistress, who never believed ill of anybody, lent all her aid to its circulation. The conversation out of which the theory grew took place in Aunt Bell's kitchen. Betty was upstairs in her room, and the talk went on in whispers, lest she should overhear.

"I never shall believe that a woman holding Mrs. Leroy's position would take Betty West into her house if she knew what kind of a woman she was," remarked the elder Miss Nevins.

"And that makes me think there's some mistake about this whole thing," said Miss Peebles. "Who saw her with Lacey, anyhow? Nobody but the butcher, and he don't know half the time what he's talking about, he rattles on so. Maybe she never went with Lacey at all."

"What did she go 'way for, then?" asked the younger Nevins girl, who was

on her way to the store, and had stopped in, hoping she might, by chance, get a look at Betty. "I guess Lacey's money was all gone,—that's why she imposed on Mrs. Leroy."

"I don't believe it," said Miss Peebles. "Betty may have been foolish, but she never told a lie in her life."

"Well, it may be," admitted the younger sister in a softened tone. "I hope so, anyhow."

Aunt Bell kept still. Betty was having trouble enough; if the neighbors thought so, and would give her the benefit of the doubt, better leave it so. She made no effort to contradict it. There were one or two threads of worldly wisdom and canny policy twisted about the little woman's heart that now and then showed their ends.

Captain Joe was in the sitting-room, reading. He had come in from the Ledge, wet, as usual, had put on some dry clothes, and while waiting for supper had picked up the Noank Times. Aunt Bell and the others saw him come in, but thought he changed his clothes and went to the dock.

He had overheard every word of the discussion. There were no raveled threads in the captain's make-up. He threw down his paper, pushed his way into the group, and said:—

"There's one thing I don't want no mistake over, and I won't have it. Betty did n't tell no lies to Mrs. Leroy nor to nobody else, an' I ain't a-goin' to have nobody lie for 'er. Mrs. Leroy knows all about it. She took care of her 'cause she's got a heart inside of her. Betty went off with Bill Lacey 'cause he'd hoodooed 'er, an' when she come to herself she come home agin: that's all ther' is to that. She's sorry for what she's done, an' ther' ain't nobody outside o' heaven can do more. She's goin' to stay here 'cause me and Aunt Bell love her now more'n we ever did before. But she's goin' to start life agin fair an' square, with no lies of her own an' no lies told about

'er by nobody else." The captain looked at Aunt Bell. "Them that don't like it can lump it. Them as don't like Betty after this can stay away from me," and he turned about on his heel and went down to the dock.

Two currents had thus been started in Betty's favor: one the outspoken indorsement of Captain Joe; and the other the protection of Mrs. Leroy, "the rich lady who lived at Medford, in that big country-seat where the railroad crossed, and who had the yacht and horses, and who must be a good woman, or she would n't have come to nurse the men, and who sent them delicacies, and came herself and put up the mosquito-nets over their cots."

As the August days slipped by and the early autumn came, the gossip gradually died. Caleb continued to live alone, picking up once more the manner of life he had practiced for years aboard the light-ship; having a day every two weeks for his washing,—always Sunday, when the neighbors would see him while on their way to church,—hanging out his red and white collection on the line stretched in the garden. He cooked his meals and cleaned the house himself. Nobody but Captain Joe and Aunt Bell crossed his threshold, except the butcher who brought him his weekly supplies. He had been but seldom to the village,—somehow he did not like to pass Captain Joe's,—and had confined his outings to going from the cabin to the Ledge and back again as his duties required, locking the rear door and hanging the key on a nail beside it until his return.

He had seen Betty only once, and that was when he had passed her on the road. He came upon her suddenly, and he thought she started back as if to avoid him, but he kept his eyes turned away and passed on. When he came to the hill and looked back he could see her sitting by the side of the road, a few rods from where they met, her head resting on her hand.

Only one man had dared to speak to him in an unsympathetic way about Betty's desertion, and that was his old friend Tony Marvin, the keeper of Key-port Light. They had been together a year on Bannock Rip during the time the Department had doubled up the keepers. He had not heard of Caleb's trouble until several weeks after Betty's flight; lighthouse-keepers staying pretty close indoors.

"I hearn, Caleb, that the new wife left ye for that young rigger what got his face smashed. 'Most too young, warn't she, to be stiddy?"

"No, I ain't never thought so," said Caleb quietly. "Were n't no better gal 'n Betty; she done all she knowed how. You 'd 'a' said so if ye knowed her like I did. But 't was agin natur', I bein' so much older. But I 'd rather had her go than suffer on."

"Served ye durn mean, anyhow," said the keeper. "Did she take anything with 'er?"

"Nothin' but the clo'es she stood in. But she did n't serve me mean, Tony. I don't want ye to think so, an' I don't want ye to say so, nor let nobody say so, neither; an' ye won't if you 're a friend o' mine, which you allers was."

"I hearn there was some talk o' yer takin' her back," the keeper went on in a gentler tone, surprised at Caleb's blindness, and anxious to restore his good feeling. "Is that so?"

"No, that ain't so," said Caleb firmly, ending the conversation on that topic and leading it into other channels.

This interview of the light-keeper's was soon public property. Some of those who heard of it set Caleb down as half-witted over his loss, and others wondered how long it would be before he would send for Betty and patch it all up again, and still others questioned why he did n't go over to Stonington and smash the other side of Lacey's face; they heard that Billy had been seen around there.

As for Betty, she had found work

with a milliner on the edge of the village, within a mile of Captain Joe's cottage, where her taste in trimming bonnets secured her ready employment, and where her past was not discussed. That she was then living with Captain Joe and his wife was enough to gain her admission. She would have given way under the strain long before, had it not been for her remembered promise to Mrs. Leroy,—the only woman, except Auntie Bell, who had befriended her,—and for the strong supporting arm of Captain Joe, who never lost an opportunity to show his confidence in her.

There had been days, however, after her return, when in spite of her promises she could have plunged into the water at the end of the dock; and then had followed days of an intense longing to see Caleb, or even to hear his voice. She sat for hours in her little room next Auntie Bell's, on Saturday afternoons, when she came earlier from work, and watched for the Screamer or one of the tugs to round in, bringing Caleb and the men. She could not see her own cottage from the window where she sat, but she could see her husband come down the sloop's side and board the little boat that brought him to his landing. She thought now and then that she could catch his good-night as he pushed off. On Monday mornings, too, when she knew he was going out, she was up at daylight, watching for a meagre glimpse of him when the skiff shot out from behind the dock and took him aboard to go to his work on the Ledge.

Little by little the captain's devotion to Betty's interests, and the outspoken way in which he praised her efforts to maintain herself, began to have their effect. People who had passed her by without a word, as they met her on the road, volunteered a timid good-morning, which was answered by a slight nod of the head by Betty. Even one of the Nevins girls—the younger one—had joined her and walked as far as the milliner's, with a last word on the door-

step, which had detained them both for at least two minutes in full sight of the other girls who were passing the shop.

Betty met all advances kindly, but with a certain reserve of manner. She appreciated the good motive, but in her own eyes it did not palliate her fault,—that horrible crime of ingratitude, selfishness, and waywardness, the memory of which hung over her night and day like a pall.

Most of her former acquaintances respected her reserve, — all except Carleton. Whenever he met her under Captain Joe's roof he greeted her with a nod, but on the road he had more than once tried to stop and talk to her. At first the attempt had been made with a lifting of the hat and a word about the weather, but the last time he had stopped in front of her and tried to take her hand.

"What's the matter with you?" he said in a coaxing tone. "I ain't going to hurt you."

Betty darted by him, and reached the shop all out of breath. She said nothing to any one about her encounter, not being afraid of him in the daytime, and not wanting any more talk of her affairs.

If Caleb knew how Betty lived, he never mentioned it to Captain Joe or Auntie Bell. He would sometimes ask after her health and whether she was working too hard, but never more than that.

One Saturday night—it was the week Betty had hurt her foot and could not go to the shop—Caleb came down to Captain Joe's and called him outside the kitchen door. It was payday with the men, and Caleb had in his hand the little envelope, still unopened, containing his month's pay. The lonely life he led had begun to tell upon the diver. The deathly pallor that had marked his face the first few days after his wife's departure was gone, and the skin was no longer shrunken, but the sunken cheeks remained, and the

restless, eager look in the eyes that told of his mental strain.

The diver was in his tarpaulins; it was raining at the time.

"Come in, Caleb, come in!" cried Captain Joe in a cheery voice, laying his hand on the diver's shoulder. "Take off yer ileskins." The captain never despaired of bringing husband and wife together, somehow.

Betty was sitting inside the kitchen, reading by the kerosene lamp, out of sound of the voices.

"No, I ain't washed up nor had supper yit, thank ye. I heard from Auntie Bell that Betty was laid up this week, an' so I come down." Here the diver stopped, and began slitting the pay-envelope with a great thumb-nail shaped like a half-worn shoe-horn. "I come down, thinkin' maybe you'd kind'er put this where she could git it," slowly unrolling two of the four bills and handing them to the captain. "I don't like her to be beholden to ye for board nor nothin'."

"Ye can't give me a cent, Caleb. I knowed her 'fore you did," said the captain, protesting with his hand upraised, a slightly indignant tone in his voice. Then a thought crept into his mind. "Come in and give it to her yerself, Caleb," putting his arm through the diver's.

"No," said Caleb slowly, "I ain't come here for that, and I don't want ye to make no mistake, cap'n. I come here 'cause I been a-thinkin' it over, and somehow it seems to me that half o' this is hern. I don't want ye to tell 'er that I *give* it to her, 'cause it ain't so. I jes' want ye to lay it som'eres she'll find it; and when she asks about it, say it's hern."

Captain Joe crumpled the bills in his hand.

"Caleb," he said, "I ain't goin' to say nothin' more to ye. I've said all I could, and las' time I said too much; but what seems to me to be the cussed-est foolishness out is for ye to go back

an' git yer supper by yerself, when the best little gal you or I know is a-settin' within ten feet o' ye with her heart breakin' to git to ye."

"I'm sorry she's sufferin', Cap'n Joe. I don't like to see nobody suffer, leastways Betty, but ye don't know it all. Jes' leave them bills as I asked ye. Tell Aunty Bell I got the pie she sent me when I come-home, — I'll eat it to-morrow. I s'pose ye ain't got no new orders 'bout that last row of en-rockment? I set the bottom stone to-day, an' I ought'er get the last of 'em finished nex' week. The tide cut terrible to-day, an' my air comin' so slow through the pump threw me 'mong the rocks an' seaweed, an' I got a scrape on my hand," showing a deep cut on its back; "but it's done hurtin' now. Good-night."

That night, just before Caleb reached his cabin, he came upon Bert Simmons, the shore road letter-carrier, standing in the road, under one of the village street lamps, overhauling his package of letters.

"About these letters that's comin' for yer wife, Caleb? Shall I leave 'em with you or take 'em down to Cap'n Joe Bell's? I give the others to her. Here's one now."

Caleb took the letter mechanically, looked it over slowly, noted its Stonington postmark, and, handing it back, answered calmly, "Better leave 'em down to Cap'n Joe's, Bert."

When Betty fell asleep, that night, an envelope marked "For Caleb" was tucked under her pillow. In it were the two bank-notes.

The letter from Bill Lacey lay on her table, unopened.

After this, whenever Caleb's pay came, half of it went to Captain Joe for Betty. This she placed in the envelope, which she slipped under her pillow, where she could put her hand on it in the night when she awoke, — touching something that he had touched, something that he himself had sent her. But not a penny of the money did she spend.

F. Hopkinson Smith.

(To be continued.)

ROUND THE FAR ROCKS.

WATERS of ocean ever calling me
 Round the far rocks and over summer fields,
 How soon must summer sleep or cease to be!
 How soon we gather what the autumn yields!
 But your great voices never shall be stilled;
 They come to bid the spirit hurry hence,
 And leave the thought of duties half fulfilled,
 And all the cries of time and busy sense.
 What music is like yours when day is done!
 When death has carried my beloved away
 So far I cannot hear them in the night!
 What music yours when darkness walks alone!
 Your mighty trumpetings foretell a day
 Crowned with pale dawn where lately was no light.

Annie Fields.

THREE CONTEMPORARY GERMAN DRAMATISTS.

THE movement in contemporary German literature is in many ways similar to the Storm and Stress period of the seventh and eighth decades of the last century. Out of that movement was evolved the great classic period of German literature, with Goethe and Schiller as its leaders. Out of the present movement there bids fair to come a second period of rare literary productiveness, in which, according to all present indications, Wildenbruch, Sudermann, and Hauptmann will take first rank. Whatever position posterity may assign to these three writers in the literature of their country, their position in contemporary literature, at least, is assured; for in the drama, wherein they have achieved their greatest successes, they stand head and shoulders above all competitors. Sated as we have been with the cheap "dramas" of the day, we have almost accustomed ourselves to look askance at the drama, and to consider it a form of literary expression singularly ill adapted to the spirit of the age. For a time Ibsen roused to new hope and a certain qualified enthusiasm those who see in the drama one of the highest forms of literary art. But his provincial narrowness, his lack of ideals, his pessimism, nay, his cynicism, finally destroyed the hope wherewith he was hailed. It is therefore with increased pleasure that the lover of good literature sees the younger generation in Germany fulfilling the hopes to which Ibsen gave rise.

In a general way, it may be said that Ernst von Wildenbruch, Hermann Sudermann, and Gerhart Hauptmann represent in their works three phases of individualism: Wildenbruch sees and depicts the individual primarily in his struggle against the physical forces of life; Sudermann sounds in the first instance the individual's protest against formal and

arbitrary moral ideals; Hauptmann has achieved his greatest success in expressing the longing of the individual for freedom from the fetters that hinder his spiritual development. All three start as "realists," Sudermann and Hauptmann even as "naturalists," but in temperament all three are "idealists;" and I suspect we shall find in a certain realistic idealism the clue for the interest that the dramas of these writers have aroused and continue to arouse. What Ibsen offered us was — so far as the non-Scandinavian world was concerned — the struggle between the modern spirit and the spirit of the past; what Wildenbruch, Sudermann, and Hauptmann depict — often, of course, unconsciously — is the struggle between the modern spirit and the spirit of the future. In this sense their works are prophetic, and therefore individualistic.

Wildenbruch's latest drama, *Henry and Henry's Race*, at once his most extensive and most artistic work, bears emphatically the stamp of the individualistic temperament. A tragedy "in two evenings," it attempts to crowd into the limits of a drama the eventful life of Henry IV. of Germany. Without discussing the merits of the enthusiastic and likewise fierce criticism that this piece has evoked, let us glance over the plot.

In the prologue, Child Henry, the poet has expended his art in creating the character of the youthful king. Wholly affectionate, yearning to love and to be loved in turn, noble-hearted and generous, with a natural hatred of injustice and oppression, courageous and even defiant to a degree, the royal boy is seen in all his youthful impetuosity amid the magic charm of childhood. With such consummate art has the poet brought out and impressed upon us these various traits that we never once forget this

early scene, and in the later scenes, even where the king and emperor appears at his worst, we look back to these boyhood days, and we pity and almost forgive him. At his father's death, the young prince, much against his will, is placed in care of Archbishop Anno of Cologne, who endeavors to break the boy's independent spirit. Hardly twenty years old, Henry escapes from his guardian, and has himself crowned king of Germany. His heart is filled with bitterness against the princes who have destroyed or suppressed (through Anno) the generous enthusiasm of his youth, and his first step, as king, is to crush the Saxon nobility. A further result of Anno's methods has been to destroy Henry's faith in the Church. He inveighs against the Pope and his emissaries, and sends to the former his royal message of defiance. Gregory is sitting in judgment when the king's messenger arrives. The Pope has attained to the sublime act of self-effacement; his own personality is merged in the lofty conception of his office as spiritual guardian of the world. The ban is pronounced over Henry IV. as the result of his message.

Forsaken now by all except his once despised wife and the lowly burghers of Worms, Henry lives in solitude near the faithful city. Christmas Eve has come, and with it a new light bursts in upon the heart of the king, — a light that has been kindled partly by the devotion of his wife, partly by the simple presents of the burghers. Peace for his country becomes his first aim, and, filled with a great love for his subjects, he sets out afoot to cross the Alps in mid-winter and humble himself before the Pope, in order that he may secure this peace. But worldly victory over the king has in turn proved too great a temptation for Gregory. Three days and nights Henry waits before the gates of Canossa, and is finally admitted only at the pleading of his mother — the pious zealot — and of the abbot Hugo. The Pope, how-

ever, demands the temporal power over Germany's king as well as the spiritual, and Henry, finding all his hopes disappointed and his faith betrayed, makes common cause with the rebellious cities of northern Italy, defeats the papal forces, and besieges the Pope in Rome. In the last act of the first part the two opponents meet. Henry, in disguise, has penetrated to the apartments of Gregory in the citadel of Rome, resolved to make one last effort at reconciliation before taking the final step of deposing the Pope. But Gregory insists upon a recognition of the principle of temporal power in the Holy See. Henry cannot grant this, and the final scene wrings from him words of despairing defiance as he rushes from the chamber to lead his soldiery to the final charge, and then to proclaim a new Pope. Forsaken now in turn, the dying Gregory bequeaths his legacy to the young zealot remaining at his side, and we hear his last ominous words, "And the future yet is mine."

At the close of the first night Henry IV. is victorious. But only apparently. His victory over circumstances, physical conditions, — which are represented by the Pope and the Saxon nobility, — has been purchased dearly. Belief in God and the lofty ideal of kingship, "what kings owe to their people — peace," both have been sacrificed.

The second night of the drama opens at a later period of the king's life. Wars have disrupted the empire, the Pope has pronounced the ban, and everywhere the king's personal followers begin to forsake him. Even his best beloved son Konrad joins the crusaders, and his second wife, the choice of his heart, goes over to the enemy. In the king's soul the old ideal of that Christmas Eve at Worms begins to stir anew. Beautifully pathetic are his words to the departing Konrad. His heavy trials open Henry's heart to the humble people. "God's Peace" is declared throughout the land; the peasant is protected, and

the burgher is raised to independence and self-determinism. Henry is hailed and worshiped by all, except princes and nobles, as the father of his country; and for a brief space he enjoys the blessings of unselfish labor. Then the clouds gather. Prince Henry, his remaining son, is won over to the nobility; and at the very hour when the peace jubilee is celebrated by the burghers he rebels and overpowers them. Broken-hearted the old king flees, hotly pursued by son and nobles. In a cloister he meets his repentant wife, Praxedis, and the tragedy of this life finds its final expression in the words: "See here all my youth, all my hope of happiness and joy of life! Farewell, youth, that didst bring me no fruition! Farewell, hope, that wast followed by no reality; life, that didst lift me to mountain heights only to dash me, broken and crushed, into the depths! Thus I kiss myself loose from thee!" He bends down, and, kissing Praxedis on the brow, expires just as Prince Henry rushes into the chamber.

The drama might well have closed here. But the poet has attempted to make the truth he wished to exemplify still more impressive by showing us the cynic Henry V. as a king who overcomes his adversaries because he suppresses all claims of the heart. In the final act, where the victorious son has his nobler yet unsuccessful father buried with pomp and ceremony in hallowed ground, the full light of the poet's moral conception illumines the darkness. Weeping and wailing the people crowd around the coffin, calling aloud for their emperor, and cursing his destroyer. Pale as death the successful king grasps his throne.

"Who has lied to me, that I was emperor?
This dead one here, he is the Germans' king."

Thus the key-note of Henry and Henry's Race is the tragedy of the individual, — the tragedy that is founded upon the fact "that the Great and the Good flees always for refuge to the heart of the in-

dividual, whilst over it and away tramps the multitude with careless feet."

Three times we have Henry IV. at his best: as a noble-hearted, affectionate boy, when the sweetness in his nature is turned to bitterness through the enforced discipline of Archbishop Anno; as a repentant, self-sacrificing man, when the new hope and light bursting into life within him are rudely darkened by the treachery and selfishness of the Pope; as the ideal ruler, when his one great and final purpose is ruthlessly frustrated. Henry is nobler than his day, and because he is nobler one of two things must happen: he must adapt his individual longings to the character of his surroundings, or he must perish. In either case the individual as such is defeated. Whenever Henry IV. sacrifices his own individuality, he is materially successful; whenever he seeks to maintain it, misfortune trails in his path. As if to make the tragedy all the more impressive, Henry V. succeeds where his greater father failed; for he knows how to utilize the forces that encompass him, not by opposing to them his own individuality, but rather by absorbing them into his being, and thus sacrificing the best and truest of his own personality.

It is the great tragedy of life that speaks to us in this historic drama; "high tragedy," to be sure, but it comes home to us with the conviction of a general truth. So skillfully and forcibly has Wildenbruch pictured the opposing forces, so true are the lines of conflict he has drawn, that we almost tremble at its realism; yet so wholly has he won our sympathy, so carefully has he mingled his lights and shadows, that when, amid passion and strife, cunning and deceit, blind submission and plotting intrigue, one bright ray pierces the dark and glorifies the dead features of the one who has been true to himself, we feel and acknowledge at once the existence of something yet to be achieved,

a reality beyond this reality, an *ideal* that was holy to the poet, and has now become holy to us. Thus, beyond the real he has lifted us into the ideal, and from a mere exponent of a dead past or a living present the dramatist has become the prophet of a nobler future.

Wildenbruch's dramas approach life from its dark side. Stern and absolute indifference, consistent disregard of all consequences, alone can assure individual success. Life, as Wildenbruch sees it, justifies this view, but does not justify a pessimistic philosophy based on it. In his best novel, *The Master of Tanagra*, — a novel, by the way, touching closely upon the idealistic philosophy of Hauptmann's *The Submerged Bell*, — the reason for the success of Praxiteles and the failure of Myrtolaos must be sought in the possession and lack of this utter unscrupulousness. "Speechless and almost terrified, Myrtolaos gazed upon this man who sat there at his work like a tiger crouching over his prey. Thus unsparing, then, of himself and others must he be who would create works like those of Praxiteles. A presentiment came over him of the terrible nature of Art, so kindly in her aims, yet so cruel in her pursuit of them; he felt that his own tender heart did not possess this temper of steel." To be sure, Wildenbruch offers a solution of the plot that does not accord with this view. But though Praxiteles himself may exclaim, "And should this city vanish from the face of the earth, then over its ruins will hover like a sweet dream of the past the spirit of him who created these works, the spirit of the Master of Tanagra," yet we cannot agree with him; for the art of Myrtolaos is not of the grandeur of that of Praxiteles. These little figures are but playthings, — not a Hermes or an Aphrodite. Wildenbruch is untrue to himself, not in giving us the idyllic conclusion, but in attempting to pass off upon us the works of his hero as the highest expression of the sculptor's art. The compro-

mise is both inartistic and impossible upon the premises given.

It is a fact worthy of notice, in the study of the individualistic movement in literature, that all three writers — Wildenbruch, Sudermann, and Hauptmann — pass through a period of compromise between personal inclinations and literary consistency: Wildenbruch in *The Master of Tanagra* (1880), Sudermann in *Honor* (1889), and Hauptmann in *Professor Crampton* (1892). In his dramas, however, Wildenbruch has the courage of his convictions. In these there is no trifling. But if they are therefore tragic, yet the tragic truth — if truth it be — becomes, not a truth that depresses, but a truth that inspires, urging on the individual to remain true to himself though material success may not attend his efforts.

Wildenbruch's literary fame came to him comparatively late in life. Born February 3, 1845, in Beirut, Syria, the son of the Prussian consul at that place, he spent his childhood abroad, a fact which in a large measure accounts for his enthusiastic patriotism. His parents had chosen the military career for the young man; but he soon resigned his commission, and turned to the study of the law. After the Franco-Prussian war, in which he participated, he again devoted himself to the legal profession, but in 1887 he became connected with the foreign service. Enthusiastic as he was, Wildenbruch chafed under the inability of German literature to free itself from French influence, and in his heart there was roused something of a fierce resentment that the glorious achievements of the war should go unsung. To this feeling we owe his two "heroic songs," *Vionville* (1874) and *Sedan* (1875), and probably the increasing interest he took in poetry. These two songs were quickly followed by his dramas, *The Carolingians*, *The Mennonite*, *Fathers and Sons*; but so powerful was the French influence upon the Ger-

man stage that not until 1881 was the first of these produced. The 6th of March, 1881, when the celebrated Meiningen company played The Carolingians at the court theatre in Weimar, marked a new epoch in the history of modern German literature. Not only does Wildenbruch's fame, together with a growing productiveness, date from that day, but a new impetus was given to literary activity throughout Germany, especially in the drama. Conventional restrictions, narrow views, were gradually cast aside, and the young generation entered with enthusiasm into the new strife that he had heralded.

Amid the revolutionary, often hasty and inconsiderate clamor of the youthful "naturalists," Wildenbruch for a long time held fast to his own ideal, the historic drama as interpreting the great truths of human progress: thus in Harold (1882), Christopher Marlowe (1884), The New Commandment (1885), The Prince of Verona (1886), The Quitzows (1888), The Lieutenant-General (1889), The New Lord (1891). In the last three of these dramas the influence of the naturalistic movement is clearly traceable, and we are hardly astonished to find Wildenbruch still more under its sway in The Crested Lark (1892). But in Henry and Henry's Race (1895) the poet returns to his old ideal. We have already considered this drama. In many respects it has well been called a "monumental work."

Hermann Sudermann's dramas go a step farther than those of Wildenbruch. His fight is not against physical authority or the suppression of the individual by his physical surroundings, but against authority in the domain of morals. Morality is not an absolute, but a relative term. Since moral ideas shift with the age that conceived them, the individual is not immoral if his ideas are ahead of his time; and he is therefore under no obligation to remain within its restricted limits. But moral standards are just as

tyrannical as physical authority, and the individual who is bold enough to rise above them will soon find himself involved in a struggle that will threaten his whole moral life. This tyranny of conventional ideas, and the duty of the individual to free himself from them, is the theme of such dramas as Honor, Home (known in English translation as Magda), Happiness in Retreat, and The War of Butterflies. Honor established Sudermann's fame, and rightly so; for whatever may be said against the play in some of its detail, — for example, the introduction of Count Trast, a species of *deus ex machina* or of the good fairy in the popular tale, — the drama as a whole is full of force. The hero, by his education and his intercourse with different social strata, becomes a stranger to the sphere from which he sprang, and from which he has long been absent. Upon his return home, the ideals of his family and relatives seem low and sordid, and his own ideals are just as far removed from any sympathetic understanding on their part. Here we have the first clash of ideals. The second clash comes in the soul of Robert. His individuality struggles in vain against his conventional ideal of honor. He feels that he has been dishonored by the acts of his family, and at the same time he feels that only he can dishonor himself. That the hero is saved from the tragic end of this conflict through the intervention of Trast, who removes him from his surroundings, is the weakest point in the drama. The poet has not the courage of his convictions, for he fears to present to us the only logical conclusion of the situation he has pictured. To allow this noble character to perish because of its very nobility would require a heart of steel, and as yet Sudermann has not acquired this disregard of feeling.

In Home Sudermann rises above the weakness that manifests itself in Honor. Here we have the full tragedy of the situation. It is the "gospel of self-

respect," touched upon in Honor, that Sudermann preaches here, — a gospel that colors so many of his works, for instance the novels *It Was* and *The Cat's Trail*.

Home expresses a twofold struggle of the individual: one against the accepted rules of conduct, the other between individual self-respect and the conventional ideal of absolute contrition and self-abasement for sins committed. When Leo von Halewitz, in *It Was*, strengthens his faltering courage with "Nonsense! Regret nothing!" we hear the tragic note that vibrates through Home.

Magda Schwartz frets under the constant restraint and discipline of a home where conventional ideals permit no development of her personality. At last her suppressed individuality bursts its fetters: she leaves her home, and seeks independence in the capital. In the first flush of liberty, freedom degenerates into license; but soon she finds her truer self, and when, after years of earnest, patient effort, she again enters the home of her girlhood days, it is as the great artist who has risen above prejudice and stands secure in the knowledge of her own worth and independence. The two types of modern life struggle for reconciliation. Her father, the embodiment of conventional prejudices and conventional moral standards, cannot make concessions. Magda, the embodiment of personal freedom and individual moral assertion, cannot be untrue to herself and bow beneath the old yoke of restraint. For a brief moment there is an apparent reconciliation, based upon a delusion that is fostered by the mutual love of father and daughter. The father seems to take it for granted that his daughter has decided to give up her free life as an artist. In his philosophy, womanly purity is not compatible with independence of living. He insists all the more upon this view because his moral philosophy demands an absolute contrition and self-abasement

as the only pathway from sin to virtue, and the clash soon becomes inevitable. Magda sees the insuperable obstacles that separate her from her father. Had she returned penitent, loathing herself for her sins, humbly seeking forgiveness, then indeed there might be some hope. But her self-respect will not permit this. "I don't wish to play the part of the lost son. Were I to return as a daughter, a lost daughter, then I could not stand here thus, with head erect; then indeed I should be forced to grovel in the dust at your feet in the consciousness of my sins" (with growing excitement), "and that — no, that I will not — that I cannot" (with nobility); "for I am I, and must not, should not lose myself" (painfully); "and therefore I have no longer a home, therefore I must away, therefore" —

All the efforts of the family are in vain. Keller, the time-server and aspirant for political honors, unwittingly betrays himself, in the presence of Schwartz, as the father of Magda's child. Marriage with his daughter is the only thing that will remove the stigma from the family name and satisfy the father's injured honor. This marriage or death is the only alternative for the man whose prejudices are so deep-rooted that he could not live without his "honor." Magda recognizes the intensity of her father's feelings. For his sake she will make the concession, and unite herself to the man she despises. But when the prejudices of Keller demand the sacrifice not only of her career as a singer, but also of her mother-love, then she rises in her strength. Rather than this, let the tragedy come, let the heavens burst asunder and the lightning descend. And Sudermann does not hesitate to present the only logical outcome. Frenzied by the refusal of his daughter, Schwartz is about to take his life, when a paralytic stroke lays him low. In vain Magda implores forgiveness of the dying father; in vain

she pleads for one sign of reconciliation ; in vain she makes a last frantic effort to assure him that she is pure now, noble and true, and that because she is all this she cannot act otherwise. Stolidly he turns his weary head away, and expires. Alone, misunderstood, without a word of comfort, she stands there, condemned by all.

To the average German mind, Magda is lost ; but to those who view the struggle from a point of vantage that rises above the conventionalities of German life, Magda should — and in the greater freedom of American life would — conquer. Yet the overwhelming tragedy of the heart that longed to be loved and understood, but failed of attaining its desires because the mind could not debase itself and permit the individual to sacrifice freedom and self-respect, this tragedy is felt in all its power even by us.

To Sudermann we might apply what in *The Cat's Trail* he says of Boleslav : "And as he pondered, lost in thought, it seemed to him as if the mists that separate the reality of human existence from human consciousness were lifted, and as if his gaze penetrated a little deeper than that of the ordinary mortal into the depths of the unconscious. That which is called the 'good' and the 'bad' surged aimlessly among the mists of the surface ; beneath, its energies, rapt in silent reverie, rested, — the natural."

All of Sudermann's dramas are full of this individualistic striving, this revolt of the individual against conventional ideals. Happiness in Retreat, *The War of Butterflies*, *Sodom's End*, are under its influence : in the first nothing but the sadness of resignation, in the second the untruth of a compromise, in the third utter ruin, both moral and physical.

Of course it must not for a moment be supposed that each of the three poets confines himself to an expression of only one of the three phases of the individualistic movement that I have pointed out as typical of the modern German

drama and novel. For instance, in *Wiltenbruch's Harold* it is the superstitious awe of the Saxons that destroys Harold after arousing in his soul the tragic conflict. He has violated his oath to save his country. But an oath is holy, and though he knew not its hidden meaning, yet a sense of guilt crushes him to his knees.

"Here now I lie before Thee, Mighty God,
Creator, Thou, of man and human frailty ;
Freely I strip from me, and consciously,
What my proud manhood once adorned ;
But ere from my sin-burdened nakedness
Thou turn'st with loathing, hear, oh hear me,
God !"

Are we not face to face with one of the most tragic problems in life, — the individual struggling against the moral ideas of his time ?

In Hauptmann's fearfully realistic drama *Before Sunrise*, Helene, the innocent peasant girl of Silesia, momentarily saved by the foresight of a dying mother, but now surrounded by all the vicious influences of a depraved home, is deprived of her last hope of salvation by the scientific spirit of the day. Self-destruction is all that remains to her. This tragic element, which is always present when the individual revolts against his surroundings, may also be found in other dramas of Hauptmann, as in *Professor Crampton*, *The Peace Jubilee*, *Lonely People*, above all in *The Weavers*. The old man Hilse, in the last drama, will not join the striking and revolting weavers.

"I ? Not if all of you go daft ! Here the Heavenly Father has placed me. Ay, mother ? Here we'll sit and do our duty though all the snow takes fire. (*Begins to weave.*)"

But a volley of musketry, a stray ball, and the old man falls dead over his loom, a tragedy within a tragedy. There is no leading character in the drama, except as the community of oppressed and down-trodden Silesian weavers, half-starved and goaded to frenzy, supersede the individual. In so far, therefore, as they stand for an individual effort opposing

itself to established order, their doom is sealed. The victory over the soldiery is but temporary, and must quickly culminate in disastrous defeat. Nevertheless, our sympathies are with them, because the poet's are with them, and because they represent the eternal longing for larger individual freedom.

These are not merely problems of the day, but problems that are eternally pressing, and that touch upon the most hidden chords of the human life. The writers are not content with the ideals of the past that have become realities in the present, but they impress us — or rather oppress us — with a sense of something truer and nobler that is to be. Forcibly at times, at times but dimly, new ideals seem to rise before us, and vistas are opened into a future that shall satisfy the longing for greater moral freedom.

Of the three writers, Gerhart Hauptmann is the most complex. An exponent of extreme realism in his first drama, *Before Sunrise* (1889), he remains such in his succeeding dramas: *The Peace Jubilee* (1890), *Lonely People* (1891), *Professor Crampton* (1892), *The Weavers* (1892), *Marianne* (1893), *The Beaver Coat* (1893), *Florian Geyer* (1895). Suddenly he appears before the public with a drama, *The Submerged Bell* (1896), that not only disregards, but openly violates the cherished theories of the realistic school. If Goethe's *Faust* — philosophically speaking — is humanity's travail at the birth of the new spirit of science, Hauptmann's *Submerged Bell* might perhaps be called humanity's travail at the birth of the new spirit of intuition. There is something romantic, something mystical, in the drama, yet something withal so weirdly beautiful that we are strangely fascinated, and gently but surely withdrawn from the external realities of life. Wildenbruch and Sudermann, to be sure, have utilized psychological problems in building up their dramas, and in doing so have again and again penetrated to the mys-

terious realms of a common human longing. But Hauptmann attempts far more than this. He reconstructs a world whose phenomena lie wholly beyond the investigations of pure science, or what I should like to call conscious experience. The *milieu* of his drama is not the outer life, but the inner, and, moreover, that of the whole race, and not merely of an individual. To him this life is just as real as any external, sensuous existence; and peopling it, as he does, with the plastic creations of his imagination, he makes it very real to us. Consequently, when the necessities of his plot call for a contact with the actualities of every-day life, his descriptions and characterizations seem to be of a purpose vague and lacking in all distinguishing traits of individuality. The drama is therefore purely idealistic; tragic in a sense, because, by comparison with actual realities, we are forced to admit that its ideal is beyond our reach — yet no tragedy. There is an atmosphere of quiet hope which rests upon a delusion. We forget that above us is a mighty mass of restless waters, and deep down in this underworld we see *its* reality alone. Hence, judged according to conventional standards, *The Submerged Bell* lacks the dramatic element. Henry's death is no tragedy.

The action of the piece is quickly traced. Henry, a bell-caster, strives for an expression of his artistic ideal. Finally he seems to succeed. The new bell is to be hung in a chapel high up in the mountains. But its sound is out of harmony with nature, and her forces conspire to cast it over the mountain side as it is being dragged to its destination. Henry endeavors to save his work, and in doing so is carried down in its fall. The bell sinks to the bottom of the mountain lake, whilst Henry, sorely wounded and in despair at his loss, creeps to a hut near by. Here he is found by Rautendelein, a child of nature, and the natural affinity of their souls asserts itself. In Henry's soul a new

light reveals the full nature of his artistic longings, whilst in Rautendelein the longing for a new life is awakened. The village pastor comes with help; Henry is carried home, to the wife who has heretofore encouraged and assisted him. He believes that he is dying, and curses life that has prevented him from recognizing his true self. Rautendelein seeks out Henry's home, drawn by some irresistible force to this human being. In the absence of the wife, she cures him more by her mere presence than by the draught she administers. In the following act we find that Henry has deserted his home and family, and is living in solitary mountain regions with Rautendelein, who has won for him and his new work all the forces of nature: elves and fairies, sprites and dwarfs, labor in his behalf, and the striving of his soul for expression seems about to be realized. But the pastor finds him out, and pleads with him to return to the valley and to human life. Henry refuses.

"I'm guarded amply well against your arrow,
And just as likely is 't to scratch my skin
As yonder bell — hark you, that old one
there,
Which, hung'ring for the chasm, downward
crashed,
And now rests in the sea — shall ring again!"

The pastor's parting answer is prophetic:
"Again 't will ring for you! Remember me!"

A disturbing element has entered into Henry's life, and his work will not prosper. The complete harmony with nature has been destroyed. One evening the villagers endeavor to storm the height where the artist is rearing his temple. But in his fierce strength he drives them backward and down the hillside to the valley. Then as, heated by the glow of victory, he is refreshed by Rautendelein, a far distant note reaches his ear, a restlessness takes possession of him, and his two little children appear, clambering slowly and sorrowfully up the mountain side, carrying a cruet. They are not visible to Rautendelein.

There follows a scene full of simple yet infinite pathos: —

First Child.

Papa!

Henry. Yes, child.

First Child. Dear mother sends her greeting to you.

Henry. I thank you, little one. And is she well?

First Child (slowly and sadly). Yes, well.
(*A low bell note from the depths.*)

Henry. What have you there, my children?

Second Child. A cruet.

Henry. And for me?

Second Child. Yes, father dear.

Henry. What have you in the cruet, little ones?

Second Child. Something salty.

First Child. Something bitter.

Second Child. Mother's tears.

Henry. Good God in heaven! . . .

And where is mother? Speak!

Second Child. With the water-lilies.

And then Henry hears the bell sounding from the depths of the sea, where it is tolled by his dead wife's hands. Fiercely he thrusts Rautendelein aside, as she seeks to quiet him, and rushes wildly down the hillside, down again into human life.

In the final act, Rautendelein — who has at last agreed to a union with the water-sprite, Nickelman — is about to descend into his old well. It is night. Broken and crushed, the semblance of a man totters to the hut by the well. It is Henry. The world has brought him only disappointment, and now he returns again to nature. His pleading voice reaches Rautendelein, and she hands him the last of the three cups poured out for him by Wittichen, the old crone, two of which he has already drained. The night closes in around him; but Rautendelein flees to his aid as he sinks back dying; and then the night is turned to dawn.

"Aloft: the sun-bells' ringing song!"

The sun . . . the sun is here! — The night is long!"

Thus the piece closes with an exultant pæan of hope. For a moment only Henry has returned to the realities of life, which to him are no longer realities,

and now he departs to that fairyland of the unconscious where the individual is free to fulfill the promise of his being.

If not a drama in the conventional sense, yet *The Submerged Bell* is poetry, — poetry that inspires and uplifts; that not only touches upon, but dares to reveal the wondrous beauties hidden deep in the spiritual life of man. Comparisons are odious, and yet a Goethe would recognize the spiritual brotherhood of Hauptmann in such lines as these: —

“Should blind I deem myself

Now when with hymnic purity of soul,
Upon a cloud of morning's dawn reclining,
I drink in heaven depths with freedom's eye,
Then I'd deserve that God's fierce wrath
should strike

Me with eternal darkness.”

In so far as *The Submerged Bell* appears to be a conscious effort to reveal a far distant ideal, we hail it as a source of inspiration in itself. It is perhaps well that the poet does not attempt to bridge the chasm in the dual nature of man. The inner possibilities — for our own humanity makes them possibilities to us — inspire the hope and the longing for the expanding of the spirit life, and the greater and truer freedom it will bring.

Critics are astonished at the success of Hauptmann's latest production, and wonder why it is that *The Submerged Bell* has stirred the German people unlike any other drama of the day. According to literary canons, it lacks the dramatic element and should fall flat. Yet its success has been enduring, and cannot be explained as we would explain that of a sensational play. I suspect that the solution of this apparent riddle will be found in the following fact: the poet makes the spectator or reader an element in the play. The dramatic force is therefore more intense because we ourselves furnish a part thereof. Hauptmann touches a sympathetic chord in every human breast, and elicits a “harmony” that has slumbered there. Then, with the genius of a master, he develops

this harmony into a symphony, in which we feel ourselves participating, yet outside of which we know that we stand. It is real to us, yet unreal; possible of comprehension in part, yet impossible to be comprehended as a whole, within the restrictions at present placed upon our nature. And thus the tragedy lies in us, because an ideal is awakened toward which the best of us goes out in longing, but which we cannot attain.

The struggle for a new ethical ideal — which would seem to be the central idea of *The Submerged Bell* — naturally leads into paths and byways upon which we cannot unreservedly follow the poet; but the deep truth that underlies the production strives everywhere to gain a concrete form in the lines of the poem. The drama, if so we may call it, fascinates us by this very quality, often more felt than seen.

It would be unjust to the poet to close this all too brief review without at least calling attention to the superb beauty of the character he has created in the nature child Rautendelein. She is beyond any doubt a new creation in German literature, one which, by reason of the dainty charm of its being, the sweet innocence of childish womanhood, the concentrated earnestness of simple longing, seeks its equal in any literature. An almost impossible figure, Rautendelein is, under Hauptmann's treatment, a living, breathing reality, pulsing with life in every fibre, touching our hearts with the irresistible force of romantic realism. Idealistic in temper, strongly realistic in execution, *The Submerged Bell* expresses a protest against the materialism of the day and its conventional fetters. We gladly welcome in it the bright promise it holds out for the drama of Germany, and we are encouraged to hope that the present period of genuine dramatic revival in that country will exert in the end a wholesome influence upon the stage of England and America.

J. Firman Coar.

LITERARY PARIS TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I REACHED Paris, from London, on the morning of May 30, 1878, arriving just in time for admission to the Théâtre des Folies Dramatiques, where the Voltaire centenary celebration was to be held that day, with Victor Hugo for the orator. As I drove up, the surrounding streets were full of people going toward the theatre; while the other streets were so empty as to recall that fine passage in Landor's Imaginary Conversations where Demosthenes describes the depopulation of all other spots in Athens except that where he is speaking to the people. The neighborhood of the theatre was placarded with announcements stating that every seat was sold; and it was not until I had explained to a policeman that I was an American who had crossed from London expressly for this celebration, that he left his post and hunted up a speculator from whom I could buy seats. They were twin seats, which I shared with a young Frenchman, who led me in through a crowd so great that the old women who, in Parisian theatres, guide you to your place and take your umbrella found their occupation almost gone.

It was my first experience of French public oratory; and while I was aware of the resources of the language and the sympathetic power of the race, I was not prepared to see these so superbly conspicuous in public meetings. The ordinary appreciation of eloquence among the French seemed pitched in the key of our greatest enthusiasm, with the difference that their applause was given to the form as well as to the substance, and was given with the hands only, never with the feet. Even in its aspect the audience was the most noticeable I ever saw: the platform and the five galleries were filled almost wholly with men, and these of singularly thoughtful and distinguished bearing, — an assembly certainly supe-

rior to Parliament and Congress in its look of intellect. A very few were in the blouse of the *ouvrier*, and there was all over the house an amount of talking that sounded like vehement quarreling, though it was merely good-natured chatter. There were only French people and French words around me, and though my immediate companion was from the provinces and knew nobody, yet there was on the other side a very handsome man, full of zeal and replete with information. When I asked him whether Victor Hugo was yet upon the platform, he smiled, and said that I would not ask such a question if I knew the shout that would go up from the crowd when he came in.

Applaud they certainly did when a white head was seen advancing through the throng upon the stage; and the five galleries and the parquet seemed to rock with excitement as he took his seat. I should have known Victor Hugo anywhere from the resemblance to his pictures, except that his hair and beard, cropped short, were not quite so rough and hirsute as they are often depicted. He bowed his strong leonine head to the audience, and then seated himself, the two other speakers sitting on either side of him; while the bust of the smiling Voltaire with a wreath of laurel and flowers rose behind and above their heads. The bust was imposing, and the smile was kindly and genial, — a smile such as one seldom sees attributed to Voltaire. The first speaker, M. Spuller, was a fine-looking man, large, fair, and of rather English bearing; he rested one hand on the table, and made the other hand do duty for two, and I might almost say for a dozen, after the manner of his race. Speaking without notes, he explained the plan of the celebration, and did it so well that sentence after sentence was received with "Bravo!"

or "Admirable!" or "Oh-h-h!" in a sort of profound literary enjoyment.

These plaudits were greater still in case of the next speaker, M. Emile Deschanel, the author of a book on Aristophanes, and well known as a politician. He also was a large man of distinguished bearing. In his speech he drew a parallel between the careers of Victor Hugo and Voltaire, but dwelt especially upon that of the latter. One of the most skillful portions of the address touched on that dangerous ground, Voltaire's outrageous poem of *La Pucelle*, founded on the career of Jeanne d'Arc. M. Deschanel claimed that Voltaire had at least set her before the world as the saviour of France. He admitted that the book bore the marks of the period, that it was *licencieux et coupable*; yet he retorted fiercely on the clerical party for their efforts to protest against Voltaire on this account. When he said, at last, with a sudden flash of parting contempt, "And who was it that burned her?" (*Qui est-ce qui l'a brûlée?*) he dismissed the clergy and the subject with a wave of the hand that was like the flashing of the scimitar of Saladin. Then followed a perfect tempest of applause, and Victor Hugo took the stage.

His oration on Voltaire — since translated by Mr. James Parton — was delivered from notes, written in an immense hand on sheets twice as large as any foolscap paper I had ever seen; and he read from these without glasses. He was at this time seventy-six, but looked ten years younger. He stood behind two great sconces, each holding six candles; above these appeared his strong white-bearded face, and above him rose Voltaire and his laurel wreath. He used much gesture, and in impassioned moments waved his arm above his head, the fingers apart and trembling with emotion. Sometimes he clapped one hand to his head as if to tear out some of his white hairs, though this hardly seemed, at the moment, melodramatic. His voice was vigorous, and yet, from some defect of

utterance, I lost more of what he said than in case of the other speakers. Others around me made the same complaint. His delivery, however, was as characteristic as his literary style, and quite in keeping with it, being a series of brilliant detached points. It must be a stimulating thing, indeed, to speak to a French audience, — to men who give sighs of delight over a fine phrase, and shouts of enthusiasm over a great thought. The most striking part of Hugo's address, in my opinion, was his defense of the smile of Voltaire, and his turning of the enthusiasm for the pending Exposition into an appeal for international peace. Never was there a more powerful picture than his sketch of "that terrific International Exposition called a field of battle."

After the address the meeting ended, — there was no music, which surprised me, — and every one on the platform rushed headlong at Victor Hugo. Never before had I quite comprehended the French effervescence as seen in the *Chambre des Députés*; but here it did not seem childish, — only natural; as where Deschanel, during his own speech, had once turned and taken Victor Hugo's hand and clapped him caressingly on the shoulder. The crowd dispersed more easily than I expected; for I had said to my French neighbor that there would be little chance for us in case of a fire, and he had shrugged his shoulders, looked up to heaven, and said, "Adieu!" I went out through a side entrance, where Hugo was just before me: it was hardly possible to get him into his carriage; the surrounding windows were crammed with people, and he drove away amid shouts. There was a larger and more popular demonstration that day at the *Cirque Américain*; but the eloquence was with us. To add to the general picturesqueness it was Ascension Day, and occasionally one met groups of little white-robed girls, who were still being trained, perhaps, to shudder at the very name of Voltaire, or even of Victor Hugo.

I dined one day with M. Talandier, a member of the "Extreme Left" in the *Chambre des Députés*, — a gentleman to whom my friend Conway had introduced me, they having become acquainted during our host's long exile in England. Louis Blanc, the historian, was present, with Mr. and Mrs. Conway and a few Frenchmen who spoke no English; and as there was also a pretty young girl who was born in England of French parents, there was some confusion of tongues, though the Talandier family and Louis Blanc were at home in both languages. I was delighted to meet this last-named man, whose career had been familiar to me since the revolution of 1848. He was very short, yet square in person, and not insignificant; his French was clear and unusually deliberate, and I never missed a word, even when he was not addressing me. His small size and endless vivacity made him look like a French Tom Moore. He told many stories about the revolution, — one of an occasion where flags were to be presented by the provincial government to the regiments, and he was assigned to the very tallest colonel, a giant in size, who at once lifted Louis Blanc in his arms and hugged him to his breast. The narrator acted this all out inimitably, and told other stories, at one of which Carlyle had once laughed so that he threw himself down and rolled on the floor, and Louis Blanc very nearly acted this out, also.

He seemed wonderfully gentle and sweet for one who had lived through so much; and confirmed, without bitterness, the report I had heard that he had never fully believed in the National Workshops which failed under his charge in 1848, but that they were put into his hands by a rival who wished them and him to fail. Everything at the meal was simple, as our hosts lived in honorable poverty after their exile. We sat at table for a while after dinner, and then both sexes withdrew together. Through the open windows we heard the music from a stu-

dents' dance-garden below, and could catch a glimpse of young girls, dressed modestly enough, and of their partners, dancing with that wonderful grace and agility which is possible only to young Frenchmen. All spheres of French life intermingle so closely that there seemed nothing really incongruous in all this exuberant gaiety beneath the windows, while the two veteran radicals — who had very likely taken their share in such amusements while young — were fighting over again their battles of reform. Both now have passed away. Louis Blanc's *Ten Years* still finds readers, and some may remember the political papers written a few years later by Talandier for the *International Review*.

By invitation of M. Talandier I spent a day (June 3) at Versailles, where the *Chambre des Députés* was then sitting, and discovered in the anteroom, or *salle d'attente*, that, by a curious rule, foreigners were excluded until four P. M.; yet the name of my host brought me in after a little delay. The hall was full of people waiting, each having to send his card to some member, naming on it the precise hour of arrival. The member usually appeared promptly, when an immense usher called in a stentorian voice for "la personne qui a fait demander M. Constant" — or whosoever it might be. Then the constituent — for such it commonly was — advanced toward the smiling member, who never looked bored; the mask of hospitality being probably the same, in this respect, throughout the legislative halls of the world. At last M. Talandier appeared, and found me a place among the *Corps Diplomatique*. The Chamber itself was more like the House of Representatives at Washington than like the House of Commons; the members had little locked desks, and some were writing letters, like our Representatives, though I saw no newspapers. The ordinary amount of noise was like that in our Congress, though there was, happily, no clapping of hands

for pages; but when the members became especially excited, which indeed happened very often, it was like a cage of lions. For instance, I entered just as somebody had questioned the minister of war, General Borel, about an alleged interference with elections; and his defiant reply had enraged the "Lefts," or radicals, who constituted the majority of the assembly. They shouted and gesticulated, throwing up their hands and then slapping them on their knees very angrily, until the president rang his great bell, and they quieted down, lest he might put on his hat and adjourn the meeting. In each case the member speaking took his stand in the desk, or *tribune*, below the president; and the speeches were sometimes read, sometimes given without notes. The war minister, a stout, red-faced man, — always, the radicals said, half intoxicated, — stood with folded arms, and looked ready for a *coup d'état*; yet I heard it said about me that he would be compelled either to retreat or to resign. One saw at a glance how much profounder political differences must be in France than with us, since in that country they avowedly concern the very existence of the republic.

I saw no women at the *Chambre des Députés*, even as spectators, though they may have been concealed somewhere, as in the Ladies' Gallery of the House of Commons. An American was surprised, twenty years ago, with all the associations of the French revolutions in his mind, to see in Paris so much less exhibition of interest in public affairs, or indeed of general knowledge, on the part of women than among men. For instance, on my going one day into a *crêmerie* in a distant part of Paris, and partaking of a bowl of *bouillon bourgeois* at twenty-five centimes (five cents), the woman in charge was interested to hear that I was from America, and asked if they spoke German there. Her husband laughed at her ignorance, and said

that America was discovered by Christophe Colon; going on to give a graphic and correct account of the early struggles of Columbus, of his voyage and his discouragement, of the mutiny of his men, of his seeing the light on the shore, and so on. Then he talked about Spain, the Italian republic, and other matters, saying that he had read it all in the school-books of the children and in other books. It was delightful to find a plain Frenchman in a blouse who, although coarse and rough-looking, could talk so intelligently; and his manners also had perfect courtesy. I could not but contrast him with the refined Italian youth who once asked a friend of mine in Florence what became of that young Genoese who sailed westward in 1492 to discover a new continent, and whether he had ever been heard of again.

On another day I dined with Louis Blanc in bachelor quarters, with the Talandiers, Conways, and one or two others. He was less gay than before, yet talked much of the condition and prospect of affairs. France, he said, was not a real republic, but a nominal one; having monarchical institutions and traditions, with a constitution well framed to make them perpetual. All the guests at his house seemed alike anxious for the future. The minister of war, whom I had heard virtually defying the people a few days before, was so well entrenched in power, they said, as to be practically beyond reach; and though the republicans controlled the *Chambre des Députés*, that was all, for the three other parties hated the republic more than one another. I asked Louis Blanc about Lamartine, whom he thought not a great man, and even injurious to the republic through his deference for the *bourgeoisie*. He described the famous speech in which Lamartine insisted on the tricolored flag instead of the red flag, and said it was quite wrong and ridiculous. The red flag did not mean blood at all, but order and unity; it was the old *oriflamme*, the

flag of Jeanne d'Arc. The tricolor had represented the three orders of the state, which were united into one by the revolution of 1848; and the demand for the red flag was resisted only by the bourgeoisie. The red flag, moreover, had always been the summons to order, — when it was raised a mob had notice to disperse (as on the reading of the riot act); and it was absurd in Lamartine to represent it to the contrary, — he knew better. The other gentlemen all agreed with this, and with the estimate of Lamartine. After dinner M. Talandier played for us on the piano the Marseillaise, which is always thrilling, and then the Carmagnole, which is as formidable and dolorous as the guillotine itself. It was strange, in view of this beautiful city, constantly made more beautiful by opening new great avenues, some not yet finished, to recall these memories of all it had been through, and to see those who had been actors in its past scenes.

On leaving home I had been appointed a delegate to the Prison Discipline Congress, to be held that year at Stockholm; and though I never got so far, I attended several preliminary meetings of delegates in London and Paris, and was especially pleased, in the latter place, to see the high deference yielded by French experts to our American leader, the late Dr. E. C. Wines, and also the familiar knowledge shown by these gentlemen in regard to American methods and experiments. Less satisfactory was our national showing at another assemblage, where we should have been represented by a far larger and abler body of delegates. This was the Association Littéraire Internationale, which was appointed to assemble under the presidency of Victor Hugo, on June 11. I had gone to a few of the committee meetings at the rooms of the Société des Gens de Lettres, and, after my wonted fashion, had made an effort to have women admitted to the Association Littéraire; this attempt having especial reference to Mrs.

Julia Ward Howe, who was then in Paris, and whose unusual command of the French language would have made her a much better delegate than most of the actual American representatives. In this effort I failed, although my judgment was afterwards vindicated when she gave great delight by a speech in French at a woman's convention, where I heard her introduced by the courteous and delicately articulating chairman as "Meesses Ouardow."

As to the more literary convention, the early meetings were as indeterminate and unsatisfying as such things are wont to be, so that I was quite unprepared for the number and character of those who finally assembled. The main meeting was in some masonic hall, whose walls were covered with emblems and Hebrew inscriptions; and although the men were nearly all strangers to me, it was something to know that they represented the most cultivated literary traditions of the world. When the roll was called, there proved to be eighty-five Frenchmen present, and only thirty-five from all other nations put together; five of this minority being Americans. I was the only one of these who had ever published a book, I think. Mr. W. H. Bishop was another delegate, but his first volume, *Detmold*, had not yet reached completion in *The Atlantic*; while the three remaining delegates were an Irishman, an Englishman, and an American, all correspondents of American newspapers, the last of them being the late Edward King, since well known in literature. It is proper to add that several dentists, whose names had been duly entered as delegates, had not yet arrived; and that at later sessions there appeared, as more substantial literary factors, President A. D. White and Mr. George W. Smalley. On that first day, however, the English delegation was only a little more weighty than ours, including Blanchard Jerrold and Tom Taylor, with our own well-known fellow countryman

"Hans Breitmann" (Charles G. Leland), who did not know that there was to be an American delegation, and was naturally claimed by the citizens of both his homes. Edmond About presided, a cheery, middle-aged Frenchman, short and square, with broad head and grayish beard; and I have often regretted that I took no list of the others of his nationality, since it would have doubtless included many who have since become known to fame. It is my impression that Adolphe Belot, Jules Claretie, and Hector Malot were there, and I am inclined to think that Max Nordau also was present.

The discussions were in French, and therefore of course animated; but they turned at first on unimportant subjects, and the whole thing would have been rather a disappointment to me — since Victor Hugo's opening address was to be postponed — had it not been rumored about that Tourguéneff was a delegate to the convention. Wishing more to see him than to behold all living Frenchmen, I begged the ever kind secretary, M. Zaccane, to introduce me to him after the adjournment. He led me to a man of magnificent bearing, who towered above all the Frenchmen, and was, on the whole, the noblest and most attractive literary man whom I have ever encountered. I can think of no better way to describe him than by saying that he united the fine benignant head of Longfellow with the figure of Thackeray; not that Tourguéneff was as tall as the English novelist, but he had as distinctly the effect of height, and afterwards, when he, Leland, and I stood together, we were undoubtedly the tallest men in the room. But the especial characteristic of Tourguéneff was a winning sweetness of manner, which surpassed even Longfellow's, and impressed one as being "kind nature's," to adopt Tennyson's distinction, and not merely those "next to best" manners which the poet attributes to the great.

Tourguéneff greeted us heartily as Americans, — Mr. Bishop also forming one of the group, — and spoke warmly of those of our compatriots whom he had known, as Emma Lazarus and Professor Boyesen. He seemed much gratified when I told him that the types of reformers in his latest book, *Virgin Soil*, — which may be read to more advantage in its French form as *Terres Vierges*, — appeared to me universal, not local, and that I was constantly reminded by them of men and women whom I had known in America. This pleased him, he explained, because the book had been very ill received in Russia, in spite of its having told the truth, as later events showed. All this he said in English, which he continued to use with us, although he did not speak it with entire ease and correctness, and although we begged him to speak in French. Afterwards, when he was named as one of the vice-presidents of the new association, the announcement was received with applause, which was renewed when he went upon the platform; and it was noticeable that no other man was so honored. This showed his standing with French authors; but later I sought in vain for his photograph in the shops, and his name proved wholly unfamiliar. He was about to leave Paris, and I lost the opportunity of further acquaintance. Since then his fame has been temporarily obscured by the commanding figure of Tolstoi, but I fancy that it is now beginning to resume its prestige; and certainly there is in his books a more wholly sympathetic quality than in Tolstoi's, with almost equal power. In his *Poems in Prose* — little known among us, I fear, in spite of the admirable translation made by Mrs. Perry — there is something nearer to the peculiar Hawthornesque quality of imagination than in any other book I know.

As to the Association Littéraire Internationale, it had the usual provoking habit of French conventions, and met

only at intervals of several days, — as if to give its delegates plenty of leisure to see Paris, — and I could attend no later meeting, although I was placed on the Executive Committee for America; but it has since held regular annual conventions in different capitals, and has doubtless helped the general agitation for better copyright laws.

I went again to the apartments of Louis Blanc on July 14, with a young American friend, to get tickets for the Rousseau centenary, which was also to be, after the convenient French habit of combination, a celebration of the capture of the Bastille. Rousseau died July 2, 1778, and the Bastille was taken on July 14, 1789, so that neither date was strictly centennial, but nobody ever minds that in Paris; and if it had been proposed that our Declaration of Independence or the Landing of the Pilgrims should also be included in the festival, there would have been no trouble in any mind on account of the dates. Committee men were busy in Louis Blanc's little parlor, and this as noisily and eagerly as if the Bastille were again to be taken: they talked and gesticulated as only Latin races can; in fact, the smallest committee meeting in France is as full of excitement as a monster convention. It is a wonder that these people do not wear themselves out in youth; and yet old Frenchmen have usually such an unabated fire in their eyes, set off by gray hair and often black eyebrows, that they make Anglo-Saxons of the same age look heavy and dull in comparison. French emotion does not exhaust itself, but accumulates strength indefinitely, needing only a touch of flame, at any age, to go off like a rocket.

Little Louis Blanc came in and went out, in a flowered dressing-gown; and he really seemed, after his long English residence, to be an element of calmness in the eager crowd. We obtained tickets for the evening banquet (Bastille celebration) at three and a half francs

each, and also received cards for the afternoon (Rousseau celebration) free and with reserved seats. To prepare the mind for both occasions, I attended a very exclusive and aristocratic mass at the Chapelle Expiatoire, and, later, went by omnibus to the Cirque Américain, then existing in the Place du Château d'Eau. This was the place where the popular demonstration had been held on the Voltaire day; but I had not seen that, and it was, in case of Rousseau, the scene of the only daylight celebration. Crowds of people were passing in, all seemingly French; we did not hear a syllable of any other language. We were piloted to good seats, and found ourselves in the middle of enthusiastic groups, jumping up, sitting down, calling, beckoning, gesticulating, and talking aloud. There were soon more than six thousand persons in a hall which seated but four thousand, and the noise of this multitude was something to make one deaf. Every one seemed either looking for a friend or making signals to one. Most of those present were neatly dressed, even those who wore blue blouses and white caps; and all was good nature, except that now and then some man would make himself obnoxious and be put out, usually under the charge of being a Bonapartist sent there purposely to make trouble. At such times there would be a sudden roar, a waving of arms and sticks, amid which one could discern a human figure being passed along rapidly from hand to hand, and at last dropped, gently but firmly, over the stairway; his hat being considerably jammed down upon his head during the process. Yet all was done as good-naturedly as such a summary process permits; there was nothing that looked like rioting. Opposite the high tribune, or speaker's stand, was placed a bust of Rousseau, looking very white against a crimson velvet background; five French flags were above it, and wreaths of violets and immortelles below, with this inscription,

"Consacra sa vie à la vérité." Beside this were panels inscribed with the chief events of Rousseau's life.

When at last Louis Blanc came in with others — all towering above him — there was a great clapping of hands, and shouts of "Vive l'amnistie! Vive la République! Vive Louis Blanc!" The demand for amnesty referred to the pardon of political prisoners, and was then one of the chief war-cries of the radical party of France. After the group of speakers there appeared a larger group of singers, — there had been a band present even earlier, — and then all said "Sh! sh! sh!" and there was absolute silence for the Marseillaise. Nothing of the kind in this world can be more impressive than the way in which an audience of six thousand French radicals receives that wonderful air. I observed that the group of young men who led the singing never once looked at the notes, and few even had any, so familiar was it to all. There was a perfect hush in that vast audience while the softer parts were sung; and no one joined even in the chorus at first, for everybody was listening. The instant, however, that the strain closed, the applause broke like a tropical storm, and the clapping of hands was like the taking flight of a thousand doves all over the vast arena. Behind those twinkling hands the light dresses of ladies and the blue blouses of workmen seemed themselves to shimmer in the air; there was no coarse noise of pounding on the floor or drumming on the seats, but there was a vast cry of "Bis! Bis!" sent up from the whole multitude, demanding a repetition. When this was given, several thousand voices joined in the chorus; then the applause was redoubled, as if the hearers had gathered new sympathy from one another; after which there was still one more great applauding gust, and then an absolute quiet as Louis Blanc arose.

It all brought home to me that brief and thrilling passage in Erckmann-

Chatrian's story of Madame Thérèse, where a regiment of French soldiers, having formed square, is being crushed in by assaults on all sides, when the colonel, sitting on his horse in the middle, takes off his chapeau and elevates it on the point of his sword, and then begins in a steady voice to chant a song. Instantly a new life appears to run through those bleeding and despairing ranks; one voice after another swells the chant, and the crushed sides of the square gradually straighten out under the strong inspiration, until it is all in shape again, and the regiment is saved. I could perfectly picture to myself that scene, while listening to this performance of the Marseillaise. Afterwards another air of the French Revolution was played by the band, the Chant du Départ, and this was received with almost equal ecstasy, and was indeed fine and stirring. There was also music of Rousseau's own composition, the first I had ever heard, and unexpectedly good. This was finely sung by two vocalists from the Théâtre Lyrique, and I was told that they were risking their appointments at that theatre by singing in an assembly so radical.

The speaking was eloquent and impressive, being by Louis Blanc, M. Marcou, and M. Hamel. All read their speeches, yet each so gesticulated with the hand and accompanied the action with the whole movement of the body that it seemed less like reading than like conversation. The orators were not so distinguished as at the Voltaire celebration, yet it was impossible to see and hear Louis Blanc without liking and trusting him, while he escaped wholly from that air of posing which was almost inseparable from Victor Hugo, and was, perhaps, made inevitable by the pedestal on which France had placed him so long. The audience on this occasion was three times as large as at Hugo's address, but the attention was as close and the appreciation almost as delicate. It seems impossible

to bring together a French audience that has not an artistic sense. The applause, like the speaking, had always a certain intellectual quality about it; the things said might be extravagant or even truculent, yet they must be passed through the fine medium of the French tongue, and they were heard by French ears. Whenever there was the long swell of a sonorous sentence, the audience listened with hushed breath; and if any one interrupted the cadence by premature applause, there came an almost angry "Sh! sh!" to postpone it. Once when this interruption was persistently made, my next neighbor exclaimed with fury, "*C'est tr-r-rop de précipitation!*" throwing himself forward and glaring at the unhappy marplot with an expression suggestive of guillotines; but when the interruption subsided and the sentence stood fulfilled, the reserved applause broke with accumulated power, like a breaking wave. The enthusiasm of a French radical audience is as wonderful as the self-control of its stillness, or as the sudden burst of vivacity let loose during all the intervals between the speeches. The whole affair lasted from two o'clock until nearly six, and during the last hour or two of the time I found myself steadily losing that disentangling power which one must use in comprehending the sentences of a foreign language; the faculty became, as it were, benumbed in me, and the torrent of speech simply flowed by without reaching the brain; it was much the same, I found, with my two young companions. Yet Louis Blanc was of all Frenchmen I had ever met the easiest to follow, — a thing the more remarkable as his brother, Charles Blanc, the well-known art critic, was one of the most difficult.

The evening banquet in memory of the destruction of the Bastille was to take place at half past seven in a café in the Rue de Belleville, near the city barriers. As we went toward the place, we found ourselves in an absolutely French region. There was no more "English spoken"

in the shop windows; the people around us were natives or residents, not lookers-on; there was an air of holiday; and there were children not a few, including even babies tightly swathed. As we toiled up the long hill, we found ourselves approaching the very outskirts of Paris; and when we entered the hall, there must have been five hundred persons already seated, among whom we were, perhaps, the only Anglo-Saxons. The men and women around us were about equal in number, and were all neatly, sometimes fashionably dressed. Two men opposite us had an especially cultivated look, and soon encouraged some conversation. At first they took us for English, but were obviously pleased to hear that we were Americans, and then as visibly disappointed at learning, on inquiry, that neither of us belonged to the masonic order, with which European radicals claim a certain affinity. They drank their claret to the *République Américaine*, but when I proposed the *République Française* they shook their heads quite sadly, and pronounced that to be a widely different thing. This, it must be remembered, was nearly twenty years ago, when the sense of uncertainty was far greater than it is now, and when the policy of the administration was thought very reactionary.

There was a surprisingly good banquet for the money, — when it comes to cooking, Frenchmen of all parties make much the same demands, — but there were too few waiters and the courses came very slowly, so that when we left the hall, at ten o'clock, the guests had got no farther than chicken. Perhaps it was one result of this that the speaking took place as the dinner went on, instead of waiting for the cigars, as with us. I cannot recall the names of the orators, except General Wimpffen, a man of veteran and soldierly appearance, who was received with great enthusiasm, the French army, since the Commune, being regarded as on the conservative side. A

peculiarly cordial greeting was given to a lady who read extracts from letters; such a spectacle being then rare, I was told, at French public meetings. The speakers captured and destroyed the Bastille with great repetition and unani- mously, and some of the talk was entire- ly without notes and quite eloquent. At intervals the band would strike in with tremendous force, especially in the direc- tion of the Marseillaise, the guests all joining in the chorus, with their mouths full and with a great thumping of knife- handles on the table. One of my young companions pointed out that the gleam of the blades during this last perform- ance was the only thing which made a red republic seem a possibility.

The nearest approach to a disturbance was provoked by a man who utterly re- fused to keep still during the speeches, and gave forth awful vociferations. At first all thought him a Bonapartist who had come in to make trouble, and they were going to put him out by main force. He succeeded, however, in ex- plaining that he did not aim at a revolu- tion, but at his dinner; the waiters hav- ing repeatedly passed him by, he said, so that he had had nothing to eat. Then all sympathy turned at once eagerly in his favor, for he had touched a national chord, and one appealing to radical and conservative alike the world over; so he was fed profusely at last, and all was peace.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

PENELOPE'S PROGRESS.

HER EXPERIENCES IN SCOTLAND.

PART FIRST. IN TOWN.

XII.

It is our last day in "Scotia's darling seat," our last day in Breadalbane Ter- race, our last day with Mrs. M'Collop; and though every one says that we shall love the life in the country, we are loath to leave Auld Reekie.

Salemina and I have spent two days in search of an abiding-place, and have visited eight well-recommended villages with that end in view; but she disliked four of them, and I could n't endure the other four, though I considered some of those that fell under her disapproval as quite delightful in every respect.

We never take Francesca on these pilgrimages of disagreement, as three conflicting opinions on the same subject would make insupportable what is other- wise rather exhilarating. She starts

from Edinburgh to-morrow for a brief visit to the Highlands with the Deeyells, and will join us when we have settled ourselves.

Willie Beresford leaves Paris as soon after our decision as he is permitted, so Salemina and I have agreed to agree upon one ideal spot within thirty-six hours of our quitting Edinburgh, know- ing privately that after a last battle royal we shall enthusiastically support the joint decision for the rest of our lives.

We have been bidding good-by to people and places and things, and wish- ing the sun would not shine and thus make our task the harder. We have looked our last on the old gray town from Calton Hill, of all places the best, perhaps, for a view; since, says Steven- son, from Calton Hill you can see the Castle, which you lose from the Castle,

and Arthur's Seat, which you cannot see from Arthur's Seat. We have taken a farewell walk to the Dean Bridge, to look wistfully eastward and marvel for the hundredth time to find so beautiful a spot in the heart of a city. The soft flowing water of Leith winding over pebbles between grassy banks and groups of splendid trees, the roof of the little temple to Hygeia rising picturesquely among green branches, the slopes of emerald velvet leading up to the gray stone of the houses, — where, in all the world of cities, can one find a view to equal it in peaceful loveliness? Francesca's "bridge-man," who, by the way, proved to be a distinguished young professor of medicine in the university, says that the beautiful cities of the world should be ranked thus, — Constantinople, Prague, Genoa, Edinburgh; but having seen only one of these, and that the last, I refuse to credit any sliding scale of comparison which leaves Edina at the foot.

It was nearing tea-time, an hour when we never fail to have visitors, and we were all in the drawing-room together. I was at the piano, singing Jacobite melodies for Salemina's delectation. When I came to the last verse of Lady Nairne's Hundred Pipers, the spirited words had taken my fancy captive, and I am sure I could not have sung with more vigor and passion had my people been "out wi' the Chevalier."

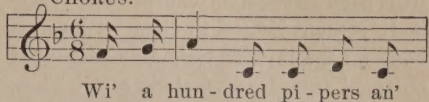
"The Esk was swollen sae red an' sae deep,
But shouter to shouter the brave lads keep;
Twa thousand swam oure to fell English ground,
An' danced themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.

Dumfounder'd the English saw, they saw,
Dumfounder'd they heard the blaw, the blaw,
Dumfounder'd they a' ran awa', awa',
Frae the hundred pipers an' a' an' a'!"

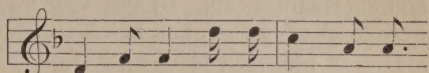
By the time I came to "Dumfounder'd the English saw" Francesca left her book and joined in the next four lines, and when we broke into the chorus Salemina rushed to the piano, and al-

though she cannot sing, she lifted her voice both high and loud in the refrain, beating time the while with a braid-sword paper-knife.

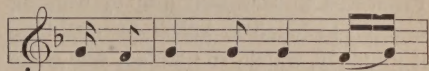
CHORUS.



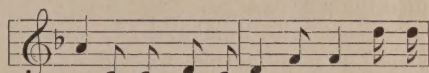
Wi' a hun-dred pi-pers an'



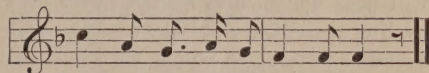
a', an' a', Wi' a hun-dred pi -



pers an' a', an' a', We'll



up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw, Wi' a'



hundred pi-pers an' a' an' a'!

Susanna ushered in Mr. Macdonald and Dr. Moncrieffe as the last "blaw" faded into silence, and Jean Deeyell came upstairs to say that they could seldom get a quiet moment for family prayers, because we were always at the piano, hurling incendiary statements into the air, — statements set to such stirring melodies that no one could resist them.

"We are very sorry, Miss Deeyell," I said penitently. "We reserve an hour in the morning and another at bedtime for your uncle's prayers, but we had no idea you had them at afternoon tea, even in Scotland. I believe that you are chaffing, and came up only to swell the chorus. Come, let us all sing together from 'Dumfounder'd the English saw.'"

Mr. Macdonald and Dr. Moncrieffe gave such splendid body to the music, and Jean such warlike energy, that Salemina waved her paper-knife in a manner more than ever sanguinary, and Susanna hesitated outside the door for sheer de-

light, and had to be coaxed in with the tea-things. On the heels of the tea-things came the Dominie, another dear old friend of six weeks' standing; and while the doctor sang Jock o' Hazledean with such irresistible charm that everybody present longed to elope with somebody on the instant, Salemina dispensed buttered scones, marmalade sandwiches, and the fragrant cup. By this time we were thoroughly cosy, and Mr. Macdonald made himself and us very much at home by stirring the fire; whereupon Francesca embarrassed him by begging him not to touch it unless he could do it properly, which, she added, was quite unlikely from the way in which he handled the poker.

"What will Edinburgh do without you?" he asked, turning towards us with flattering sadness in his tone. "Who will hear our Scotch stories, never suspecting their hoary old age? Who will ask us questions to which we somehow always know the answers? Who will make us study and reverence anew our own landmarks? Who will keep warm our national and local pride by judicious enthusiasm? If you continue loyal, I think you will do as much for Scotland in America as the kail-yard school of literature has done."

"I wish we might also do as well for ourselves as the kail-yard school has done for itself," I said laughingly.

"I think the national and local pride may be counted on to exist without any artificial stimulants," dryly observed Francesca, whose spirit is not in the least quenched by approaching departure.

"Perhaps," answered the Reverend Ronald; "but at any rate, you, Miss Monroe, will always be able to reflect that you have never been responsible even for its momentary inflation!"

"Is n't it strange that she cannot get on better with that charming fellow?" murmured Salemina, as she passed me the sugar for my second cup.

"If your present symptoms of blind-

ness continue, Salemina," I said, searching for a small lump so as to gain time, "I shall write you a plaintive ballad, buy you a dog, and stand you on a street corner! If you had ever permitted yourself to 'get on' with any man as Francesca is getting on with Mr. Macdonald, you would now be Mrs. — Somebody."

"Do you know, doctor," asked the Dominie, "that Miss Hamilton shed real tears at Holyrood, the other night, when the band played 'Bonnie Charlie's now awa'?"

"They were real," I confessed, "in the sense that they certainly were not crocodile tears; but I am somewhat at a loss to explain them from a sensible, American standpoint. Of course my Jacobitism is purely impersonal, though scarcely more so than yours, at this late day; at least it is merely a poetic sentiment, for which Caroline, Baroness Nairne is mainly responsible. My romantic tears came from a vision of the Bonnie Prince as he entered Holyrood, dressed in his short tartan coat, his scarlet breeches and military boots, the star of St. Andrew on his breast, a blue ribbon over his shoulder, and the famous blue velvet bonnet and white cockade. He must have looked so brave and handsome and hopeful at that moment, and the moment was so sadly brief, that when the band played the plaintive air I kept hearing the words, —

'Mony a heart will break in twa
Should he no come back again.'

He did come back again to me that evening, and held a phantom levee behind the Marchioness of Heatherdale's shoulder. His 'ghaist' looked bonnie and rosy and confident, yet all the time the band was playing the requiem for his lost cause and buried hopes."

I looked towards the fire to hide the moisture that crept again into my eyes, and my glance fell upon Francesca sitting dreamily on a hassock in front of the cheerful blaze, her chin in the hollow

of her palm, and the Reverend Ronald standing on the hearth-rug gazing at her, the poker in his hand, and his heart, I regret to say, in such an exposed position on his sleeve that even Salemina could have seen it had she turned her eyes that way.

Jean Deeyell broke the momentary silence: "I am sure I never hear the last two lines, —

‘Better lo’ed ye canna be,
Will ye no come back again?’

without a lump in my throat," and she hummed the lovely melody. "It is all as you say purely impersonal and poetic. My mother is an Englishwoman, but she sings ‘Dumfounder’d the English saw, they saw,’ with the greatest fire and fury."

XIII.

"I don't think I was ever so completely under the spell of a country as I am of Scotland." I made this acknowledgment freely, but I knew that it would provoke comment from my compatriots.

"Oh yes, my dear, you have been just as spellbound before, only you don't remember it," replied Salemina promptly. "I have never seen a person more perilously appreciative or receptive than you."

"‘Perilously’ is just the word," chimed in Francesca delightedly; "when you care for a place you grow porous, as it were, until after a time you are precisely like blotting-paper. Now, there was Italy, for example. After eight weeks in Venice you were completely Venetian, from your fan to the ridiculous little crêpe shawl you wore because an Italian prince told you once that centuries were usually needed to teach a woman how to wear a shawl, but you had been born with the art, and the shoulders! Anything but a watery street was repulsive to you. Cobblestones? ‘Ordinario, súdio, dúro, brúto! A gondola? Ah, bellissima! Let me float

forever thus, piano, adagio, solo!’ You bathed your spirit in sunshine and color; I can hear you murmur now, ‘O Venezia benedetta! non ti voglio lasciar!’"

"It was just the same when she spent a month in France with the Baroness de Hautenoblesse," continued Salemina. "When she returned to America it is no flattery to say that in dress, attitude, inflection, manner, she was a thorough Parisienne. There was an elegant superficiality and a superficial elegance about her that I can never forget, nor yet the extraordinary volubility she had somehow acquired, — the fluency with which she expressed her inmost soul on all topics without the aid of a single irregular verb, for these she was never able to acquire; oh, it was wonderful, but there was no affectation about it; she had simply been blotting-paper, as Miss Monroe says, and France had written itself all over her."

"I don't wish to interfere with anybody's diagnosis," I interposed at the first possible moment, "but perhaps after everybody has quite finished his psychology investigation the subject may be allowed to explain herself a trifle from the inside, so to speak. I won't deny the spell of Italy, but I say the spell that Scotland casts over one is quite a different thing, more spiritual, more difficult to break. Italy's charm has something physical in it; it is born of blue sky, sunlit waves, soft atmosphere, orange sails and yellow moons, and appeals more to the senses. In Scotland the climate certainly has naught to do with it, but the imagination is somehow made captive. I am not enthralled by the past of Italy or France, for instance."

"Of course you are not at the present moment," said Francesca, "because you are enthralled by the past of Scotland, and even you cannot be the slave of two pasts at the same time."

"I never was particularly enthralled by Italy's past," I argued with exemplary patience, "but the romance of

Scotland has a flavor all its own. I do not quite know the secret of it."

"It's the kilties and the pipes," said Francesca.

"No, the history." (This from Salemina.)

"Or Sir Walter and the literature," suggested Mr. Macdonald.

"Or the songs and ballads," ventured Jean Deeyell.

"There!" I exclaimed triumphantly, "you see for yourselves you have named avenue after avenue along which one's mind is led in charmed subjection. Where can you find battles that kindle your fancy like Falkirk and Flodden and Culloden and Bannockburn? Where a sovereign that attracts, baffles, repels, allures, like Mary Queen of Scots, — and where, tell me where, is there a Pretender like Bonnie Prince Charlie?"

"We must have had baffling mysteries among our American Presidents," asserted Francesca. "Who was the one that was impeached? Would n't he do? I am sure Aaron Burr allures and repels by turns; and, if he had been dead a hundred and fifty years, and you would only fix your wandering fancy on him, Mr. William Jennings Bryan is just as good a Pretender as the Bonnie Prince."

"Compare the campaign songs of the one with the ballads inspired by the other," said Salemina sarcastically.

"The difference is not so much in the themes; I am sure that if Lady Nairne had been an American she could have written songs about our national issues."

"I believe she could have made songs about almost anything," I agreed; "but fancy her bursting into verse over our last campaign, — let us see how she might have done it on the basis of the Hundred Pipers," and I went to the piano and improvised, —

O wha is foremaist of a', of a'?
O wha is makin' the blaw, the blaw?
Bonnie Willy the king o' the pipers, hurra!
Wi' his siller sae free an' his siller for a'!

Dumfounder'd, good Democrats saw, they saw,
Dumfounder'd, Republicans heard the blaw,
Dumfounder'd they a' marched awa', awa',
Frae Willy's free siller an' Willy an' a'!

They all laughed as good-humored people will always laugh at good-humored nonsense, and Francesca admitted reluctantly that our national issues were practical rather than romantic at the moment.

"Think of the spirit in those old Scottish matrons who could sing, —

'I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
My rippling-kame and spinning-wheel,
To buy my lad a tartan plaid,
A braid sword, durk, and white cockade.'

"Yes," chimed in Salemina when I had finished quoting, "or that other verse that goes, —

'I ance had sons, I now hae nane,
I bare them toiling sairly;
But I would bear them a' again
To lose them a' for Charlie!'

Is n't the enthusiasm almost beyond belief at this distance of time?" she went on; "and is n't it a curious fact, as Mr. Macdonald told me a moment ago, that though the whole country was vocal with songs for the lost cause and the fallen race, not one in favor of the victors ever became popular?"

"Sympathy for the under dog, as Miss Monroe's countrywomen would say picturesquely," remarked Mr. Macdonald.

"I don't see why all the vulgarisms in the dictionary should be foisted on the American girl," retorted Francesca loftily, "unless, indeed, it is a determined attempt to find spots upon the sun for fear we shall worship it!"

"Quite so, quite so!" returned the Reverend Ronald, who has had reason to know that this phrase reduces Miss Monroe to voiceless rage.

"The Stuart charm and personal magnetism must have been a powerful factor in all that movement," said Salemina, plunging hastily back into the topic to avert any further recrimination. "I suppose we feel it even now, and if

I had been alive in 1745 I should probably have made myself ridiculous. 'Old maiden ladies,' I read this morning, 'were the last leal Jacobites in Edinburgh; spinsterhood in its loneliness remained ever true to Prince Charlie and the vanished dreams of youth.'"

"Yes," continued the Dominie, "the story is told of the last of those Jacobite ladies who never failed to close her Prayer-Book and stand erect in silent protest when the prayer for 'King George III. and the reigning family' was read by the congregation."

"Do you remember the prayer of the Reverend Neil McVicar in St. Cuthbert's?" asked Mr. Macdonald. "It was in 1745, after the victory at Prestonpans, when a message was sent to the Edinburgh ministers, in the name of 'Charles, Prince Regent,' desiring them to open their churches next day as usual. McVicar preached to a large congregation, many of whom were armed Highlanders, and prayed for George II., and also for Charles Edward, in the following fashion: 'Bless the king! Thou knowest what king I mean. May the crown sit long upon his head! As for that young man who has come among us to seek an earthly crown, we beseech Thee to take him to Thyself and give him a crown of glory!'"

"Ah, what a pity the Bonnie Prince had not died after his meteor victory at Falkirk!" exclaimed Jean Deeyell, when we had finished laughing at Mr. Macdonald's story.

"Or at Culloden, 'where, quenched in blood on the Muir of Drum Mossie, the star of the Stuarts sank forever,'" quoted the Dominie. "There is where his better self died; would that the young Chevalier had died with it! By the way, doctor, we must not sit here eating scones and sipping tea until the dinner-hour, for these ladies have doubtless much to do for their flitting" (a pretty Scotch word for "moving").

"We are quite ready for our flitting

so far as packing is concerned," Salemina assured him. "Would that we were as ready in spirit! Miss Hamilton has even written her farewell poem, which I am sure she will read for the asking."

"She will read it without," murmured Francesca. "She has lived only for this moment, and the poem is in her pocket."

"Delightful!" said the doctor flatteringly. "Has she favored you already? Have you heard it, Miss Monroe?"

"Have we heard it!" ejaculated that young person. "We have heard nothing else all the morning! What you will take for local color is nothing but our mental life-blood, which she has mercilessly drawn to stain her verses. We each tried to write a Scotch poem, and as Miss Hamilton's was better, or perhaps I might say less bad, than ours, we encouraged her to develop and finish it. I wanted to do an imitation of Lindsay's

'Adieu, Edinburgh! thou heich triumphant town,

Within whose bounds richt blithefull have I been!'

but it proved too difficult. Miss Hamilton's general idea was that we should write some verses in good plain English. Then we were to take out all the final *g*'s, and indeed the final letters from all the words wherever it was possible, so that *full, awful, call, ball, hall, and away* should be *fu', awfu', ca', ba', ha', an' awa'*. This alone gives great charm and character to a poem; but we were also to change all words ending in *ow* into *aw*. This does n't injure the verse, you see, as *blaw* and *snaw* rhyme just as well as *blow* and *snow*, beside bringing tears to the common eye with their poetic associations. Similarly, if we had *daughter* and *slaughter*, we were to write them *dochter* and *slauchter*, substituting in all cases *doon, froom, goon, and toon*, for *down, frown, gown, and town*. Then we made a list of Scottish idols,—

pet words, national institutions, stock phrases, beloved objects, — convinced if we could weave them in we should attain 'atmosphere.' Here is the first list; it lengthened speedily: thistle, tartan, haar, haggis, kirk, claymore, parritch, broom, whin, sporran, whaup, plaid, scone, collops, whiskey, mutch, cairngorm, oatmeal, bræ, kilt, brose, heather. Salemina and I were too devoted to common sense to succeed in this weaving process, so Penelope triumphed and won the first prize, both for that and also because she brought in a saying given us by Miss Deeyell, about the social classification of all Scotland into 'the gentlemen of the North, men of the South, people of the West, fowk o' Fife, and the "Paisley bodies."' We think that her success came chiefly from her writing the verses with a Scotch plaid lead-pencil. What effect the absorption of so much red, blue, and green paint will have I cannot fancy, but she ate off — and up — all the tartan glaze before finishing the poem; it had a wonderfully stimulating effect, but the end is not yet!"

Of course there was a chorus of laughter when the young wretch exhibited my battered pencil, bought in Princes Street yesterday, its gay Gordon tints sadly disfigured by the destroying tooth, not of Time, but of a bard in the throes of composition.

"We bestowed a consolation prize on Salemina," continued Francesca, "because she succeeded in getting *hoots*, *losh*, *havers*, and *blathers* into one line, but naturally she could not maintain such an ideal standard. Read your verses, Pen, though there is little hope that our friends will enjoy them as much as you do. Whenever Miss Hamilton writes anything of this kind, she emulates her distinguished ancestor Sir William Hamilton, who always fell off his own chair in fits of laughter when he was composing verses."

With this inspiring introduction I read my lines as follows: —

AN AMERICAN LADY'S FAREWELL TO EDINBURGH.

THE MUSE BEING SOMEWHAT UNDER THE IN-
FLUENCE OF THE SCOTTISH BALLAD.

I canna thole my ain toun,
Sin' I hae dwelt i' this;
To bide in Edinboro' reek
Wad be the tap o' bliss.
Yon bonnie plaid aboot me hap,
The skirlin' pipes gae bring,
With thistles fair tie up my hair,
While I of Scotia sing.

The collops an' the cairngorms,
The haggis an' the whin,
The 'Stablished, Free, an' U. P. kirks,
The hairt convinced o' sin, —
The parritch an' the heather-bell,
The snawdrap on the shaw,
The bit lams bleatin' on the braes, —
How can I leave them a'!

How can I leave the marmalade
An' bonnets o' Dundee?
The haar, an' cockleekie brose,
The East win' blawin' free!
How can I lay my sporran by,
An' sit me down at hame,
Wi'oot a Hieland philabeg
Or hyphenated name?

I lo'e the gentry o' the North,
The Southern men I lo'e,
The canty people o' the West,
The Paisley bodies too.
The pawky fowk o' Fife are dear, —
Sae dear are ane an' a',
That e'en to think that we maun part
Maist braks my hairt in twa.

So fetch me tartans, whaups, an' scones,
An' dye my tresses red;
I'd deck me like th' unconquer'd Scots
Wha hae wi' Wallace bled.
Then bind my claymore to my side,
My kilt an' mutch gae bring;
While Scottish songs soun' i' my lugs
McKinley's no my king, —

For Charlie, bonnie Stuart Prince,
Has turned me Jacobite;
I'd wear displayed the white cockade,
An' (whiles) for him I'd fight!
An' (whiles) I'd fight for a' that's Scotch,
Save whuskey an' oatmeal,
For wi' their ballads i' my bluid,
Nae Scot could be mair leal!

Somebody sent Francesca a great bunch of yellow broom, late that afternoon. There was no name in the box, she said, but at night she wore the odorous tips in the bosom of her black dinner-gown, and standing erect in her dark hair like golden aigrettes.

When she came into my room to say good-night, she laid the pretty frock in one of my trunks, which was to be filled with the garments of fashionable society and left behind in Edinburgh. The next moment I chanced to look on the floor, and discovered a little card, a bent card, with two lines written on it:—

*"Better lo'ed ye canna be,
Will ye no come back again?"*

We have received many invitations in that handwriting. I know it well, and so does Francesca, though it is blurred; and the reason for this, according to my way of thinking, is that it has been lying next the moist stems of flowers, and, unless I do her wrong, very near to somebody's warm heart as well.

I will not betray her to Salemina, even to gain a victory over that blind and deaf but very dear woman. How could I, with my heart beating high at the thought of seeing my ain dear laddie before many days!

*"Oh, love, love, lassie,
Love is like a dizziness:
It winna let a puir body
Gang aboot his business."*

PART SECOND. IN THE COUNTRY.

XIV.

*"Now she's cast aff her bonny shoon
Made o' gilded leather,
And she's put on her Hieland brogues
To skip among the heather.
And she's cast aff her bonny goon
Made o' the silk and satin,
And she's put on a tartan plaid
To row among the braiken."*

Lizzie Baillie.

We are in the East Neuk o' Fife; we are in Pettybaw; we are neither board-

ers nor lodgers; we are residents, inhabitants, householders, and we live (live, mind you) in a wee theekit hoosie in the old loaning. Words fail to tell you how absolutely Scotch we are and how blissfully happy. It is a happiness, I assure you, achieved through great tribulation. Salemina and I traveled many miles in railway trains, and many in various other sorts of wheeled vehicles, while the ideal ever beckoned us onward. I was determined to find a romantic lodging, Salemina a comfortable one; and this special combination of virtues is next to impossible, as every one knows. Linghurst was too much of a town; Bonnie Craig had no respectable inn; Whinnybrae was struggling to be a watering-place; Broomlea had no golf course within ten miles, and we intended to go back to our native land and win silver goblets in mixed foursomes; the "new toun o' Fairloch" (which looked centuries old) was delightful, but we could not find apartments there; Pinkie Leith was nice, but they were tearing up the "fore street" and laying drain-pipes in it. Strathdee had been highly recommended, but it rained when we were in Strathdee, and nobody can deliberately settle in a place where it rains during the process of deliberation. No train left this moist and dripping hamlet for three hours, so we took a covered trap and drove onward in melancholy mood. Suddenly the clouds lifted and the rain ceased; the driver thought we should be having settled weather now, and put back the top of the carriage, saying meanwhile that it was a very dry section just here, and that the crops sairly needed shoo'rs.

"Of course, if there is any district in Scotland where for any reason droughts are possible, that is where we wish to settle," I whispered to Salemina; "though, so far as I can see, the Strathdee crops are up to their knees in mud. Here is another wee village. What is this place, driver?"

"Pettybaw, ma'm; a fine toun!"

"Will there be apartments to let there?"

"I couldna say, ma'm."

"Susanna Crum's father! How curious that he should live here!" I murmured; and at this moment the sun came out, and shone full, or at least almost full, on our future home.

"*Petit bois*, I suppose," said Salemina; "and there; to be sure, it is, — the 'little wood' yonder."

We drove to the Pettybaw Inn and Posting Establishment, and alighting dismissed the driver. We had still three good hours of daylight, although it was five o'clock, and we refreshed ourselves with a delicious cup of tea before looking for lodgings. We consulted the greengrocer, the baker, and the flesher about furnished apartments, and started on our quest, not regarding the little posting establishment as a possibility. Apartments we found to be very scarce, and in one or two places that were quite suitable the landlady refused to do any cooking. We wandered from house to house, the sun shining brighter and brighter, and Pettybaw looking lovelier and lovelier; and as we were refused shelter again and again, we grew more and more enamored. The blue sea sparkled, and Pettybaw Sands gleamed white a mile or two in the distance, the pretty stone Gothic church raised its carved spire from the green trees, the manse next door was hidden in vines, the sheep lay close to the gray stone walls and the young lambs nestled close beside them, while the song of the burn, tinkling merrily down the glade on the edge of which we stood, and the cawing of the rooks in the little wood, were the only sounds to be heard.

Salemina, under the influence of this sylvan solitude, nobly declared that she could and would do without a set bathtub, and proposed building a cabin and living near to nature's heart.

"I think, on the whole, we should be more comfortable living near to the inn-

keeper's heart," I answered. "Let us go back there and pass the night, trying thus the bed and breakfast with a view to seeing what they are like, — though they did say in Edinburgh that nobody thinks of living in these wayside hotels."

Back we went, accordingly, and after ordering dinner we came out and strolled idly up the main street. A small sign in the draper's window, heretofore overlooked, caught our eye. "House and Garden To Let. Inquire Within." Inquiring within with all possible speed, we found the draper selling winseys, the draper's assistant tidying the ribbon-box, the draper's wife sewing in one corner, and the draper's baby playing on the clean floor. We were impressed favorably, and entered into negotiations without delay.

"The house will be in the loaning; do you mind, ma'm?" asked the draper. (We have long since discovered that this use of the verb is a bequest from the Gaelic, in which there is no present tense. Man never is, but always to be blessed, in that language, which in this particular is not unlike old-fashioned Calvinism.)

We went out of the back door and down the green loaning, until we came to the wee stone cottage in which the draper himself lives most of the year, retiring for the warmer months to the back of his shop, and eking out a comfortable income by renting his hearthstone to the summer visitor.

The thatched roof on the wing that formed the kitchen attracted my artist's eye, and we went in to examine the interior, which we found surprisingly attractive. There was a tiny sitting-room, with a fireplace and a microscopic piano; a dining-room adorned with portraits of relatives, who looked nervous when they met my eye, for they knew that they would be turned face to the wall on the morrow; three bedrooms, a kitchen, and a back-garden so filled with vegetables and flowers that we exclaimed with astonishment and admiration.

"But we cannot keep house in Scotland," objected Salemina. "Think of the care! And what about the servants?"

"Why not eat at the inn?" I suggested. "Think of living in a real loaning, Salemina!"

'In ilka green loanin'
The Flowers of the Forest
Are a' wede away.'

Look at the stone floor in the kitchen, and the adorable stuffy box-bed in the wall! Look at the bust of Sir Walter in the hall, and the chromo of Melrose Abbey by moonlight! Look at the lintel over the front door, with a ship, moon, stars, and 1602 carved in the stone! What is food to all this?"

Salemina agreed that it was hardly worth considering; and in truth so many landladies had refused to receive her as a tenant, that day, that her spirit was rather broken, and she was uncommonly flexible.

"It is the lintel and the back garden that rents the hoose," remarked the draper complacently in broad Scotch that I cannot reproduce. He is a house-agent as well as a draper, and went on to tell us that when he had a cottage he could rent in no other way he planted plenty of vines in front of it. "The baker's hoose is verra puir," he said, "and the linen and cutlery verra scanty, but there is a yellow laburnum growin' by the door: the leddies see that, and forget to ask aboot the linen. It depends a good bit on the weather, too; it is easy to let a hoose when the sun shines upon it."

"We are from America, and hardly dare undertake regular housekeeping," I said; "do your tenants ever take meals at the inn?"

"I couldna say, ma'm." (Dear, dear, the Crums are a large family!)

"If we did that, we should still need a servant to keep the house tidy," said Salemina, as we walked away. "Perhaps housemaids are to be had, though not nearer than Edinburgh, I fancy."

This gave me an idea, and I slipped over to the post-office while Salemina was preparing for dinner, and dispatched a telegram to Mrs. M'Collop at Bread-albane Terrace, asking her if she could send a reliable general servant to us, capable of cooking simple breakfasts and caring for a house.

We had scarcely finished our Scotch broth, fried haddies, mutton-chops, and rhubarb tart when I received an answer from Mrs. M'Collop to the effect that her sister's husband's niece, Jane Grieve, could join us on the morrow if desired. The relationship was an interesting fact, though we scarcely thought the information worth the additional threepence we paid for it in the telegram; however, Mrs. M'Collop's comfortable assurance, together with the quality of the rhubarb tart and mutton-chops, brought us to a decision. Before going to sleep we rented the draper's house, named it Bide-a-Wee Cottage, engaged daily luncheons and dinners for three persons at the Petty-baw Inn and Posting Establishment, and telegraphed to Edinburgh for Jane Grieve, to Callender for Francesca, and to Paris for Mr. Beresford.

"Perhaps it would have been wiser not to send for them until we were settled," I said reflectively. "Jane Grieve may not prove a suitable person."

"The name somehow sounds too young and inexperienced," observed Salemina, "and what association have I with the phrase 'sister's husband's niece'?"

"You have heard me quote Lewis Carroll's verse, perhaps:—

'He thought he saw a buffalo
Upon the chimney-piece;
He looked again and found it was
His sister's husband's niece:
"Unless you leave the house," he said,
"I'll send for the police!"'

The only thing that troubles me," I went on, "is the question of Willie Beresford's place of residence. He expects to be somewhere within easy walking or cycling distance, — four or five miles at most."

"He won't be desolate if he does n't have a thatched roof, a pansy garden, and a blossoming vine," said Salemina sleepily, for our business arrangements and discussions had lasted well into the evening. "What he will want is a lodging where he can have frequent sight and speech of you. How I dread him! How I resent his sharing of you with us! I don't know why I use the word 'sharing,' forsooth! There is nothing half so fair and just in his majesty's greedy mind. Well, it's the way of the world; only it is odd, with the universe of women to choose from, he must needs take you. Strathdee seems the most desirable place for him, if he has a mackintosh and rubber boots. Inchcaldy is another town near here that we did n't see at all, — that might do; the draper's wife says that we can send fine linen to the laundry there."

"Inchcaldy? Oh yes, I think we heard of it in Edinburgh; it has a fine golf course, I believe, and very likely we ought to have looked at it, though for my part I regret nothing. Nothing can equal Pettybaw; and I am so pleased to be a Scottish householder! Are n't we just like Bessie Bell and Mary Gray?

'They were twa bonnie lassies;
They biggit a bower on yon burnside,
An' theekit it ower wi' rashes.'

Think of our stone-floored kitchen, Salemina! Think of the real box-bed in the wall for little Jane Grieve! She will have red-gold hair, blue eyes, and a pink cotton gown. Think of our own cat! Think how Francesca will admire the 1602 lintel! Think of our back garden, with our own neeps and vegetable marrows growing in it! Think how they will envy us at home when they learn that we have settled down into Scottish yeowomen!

'It's oh, for a patch of land!
It's oh, for a patch of land!
Of all the blessings tongue can name,
There's nane like a patch of land!'

Think of Willie coming to step on the

floor and look at the bed and stroke the cat and covet the lintel and walk in the garden and weed the neeps and pluck the marrows that grow by our ain wee theekit hoosie!"

"Penelope, you appear slightly intoxicated! Do close the window and come to bed."

"I am intoxicated with the caller air of Pettybaw," I rejoined, leaning on the window-sill and looking at the stars as I thought: "Edinburgh was beautiful; it is the most beautiful gray city in the world; it lacked one thing only to make it perfect, and Pettybaw will have that before many moons.

'Oh, Willie's rare an' Willie's fair
An' Willie's wondrous bonny;
An' Willie's hecht to marry me
Gin e'er he marries ony.

'O gentle wind that bloweth north,
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a word from his dear mouth,
An' tell me how he fareth.'

XV.

"Gae tak' awa' the china plates,
Gae tak' them far frae me;
And bring to me a wooden dish,
It's that I'm best used wi'.
And tak' awa' thae siller spoons
The like I ne'er did see,
And bring to me the horn cutties,
They're good enough for me."

Earl Richard's Wedding.

The next day was one of the most cheerful and one of the most fatiguing that I ever spent. Salemina and I moved every article of furniture in our wee theekit hoosie from the place where it originally stood to another and a better place: arguing, of course, over the precise spot it should occupy, which was generally upstairs if the thing were already down, or downstairs if it were already up. We hid all the more hideous ornaments of the draper's wife, and folded away her most objectionable tidies and table-covers, replacing them with our

own pretty draperies. There were only two pictures in the room, and as an artist I would not have parted with them for worlds. The first was *The Life of a Fireman*, which could only remind one of the explosion of a mammoth tomato, and the other was *The Spirit of Poetry Calling Burns from the Plough*. Burns wore white knee-breeches, military boots, a splendid waistcoat with lace ruffles, and carried a cocked hat. To have been so dressed he must have known the Spirit was intending to call. The plough-horse was a magnificent Arabian, whose tail swept the freshly furrowed earth. The Spirit of Poetry was issuing from a practicable wigwam on the left, and was a lady of such ample dimensions that no poet would have dared say "no" when she called him.

The dining-room was blighted by framed photographs of the draper's relations and the draper's wife's relations; all uniformly ugly. (It seems strange that married couples having the least beauty to bequeath to their offspring should persist in having the largest families.) These ladies and gentlemen were too numerous to remove, so we obscured them with vines and branches; reflecting that we only breakfasted in the room, and the morning meal is easily digested when one lives in the open air. We arranged flowers everywhere, and bought potted plants at a little nursery hard by. We apportioned the bedrooms, giving Francesca the hardest bed, — as she is the youngest, and was n't here to choose, — me the next hardest, and Salemina the best; Francesca the largest looking-glass and closet, me the best view, and Salemina the biggest bath. We bought housekeeping stores, distributing our patronage equally between the two grocers; we purchased aprons and dusters from the rival drapers, engaged bread and rolls from the baker, milk and cream from the plumber, who keeps three cows, interviewed the flesher about chops; in fact, no young couple facing

love in a cottage ever had a busier or happier time than we had; and at sundown, when Francesca arrived, we were in the pink of order, standing in our own vine-covered doorway, ready to welcome her to Pettybaw. As to being strangers in a strange land, we had a bowing acquaintance with everybody on the main street of the tiny village, and were on terms of considerable intimacy with half a dozen families, including dogs and babies.

Francesca was delighted with everything, from the station (Pettybaw Sands, two miles away) to Jane Grieve's name, which she thought as perfect, in its way, as Susanna Crum's. She had purchased a "tirling-pin," that old-time precursor of knockers and bells, at an antique shop in Oban, and we fixed it on the front door at once, taking turns at riscing it, until our own nerves were shattered, and the draper's wife ran down the loaning to see if we were in need of anything. The twisted bar of iron stands out from the door and the ring is drawn up and down over a series of nicks, making a rasping noise. The lovers and ghaists in the old ballads always "tirmed at the pin," you remember; that is, touched it gently.

Francesca brought us letters from Edinburgh, and what was my joy, in opening Willie's, to learn that he begged us to find a place in Fifeshire, and as near St. Rules or Strathdee as convenient; for in that case he could accept an invitation to visit his friend Robin Anstruther, at Rowardennan Castle.

"It is not the visit at the castle I wish so much, you may be sure," he wrote, "as the fact that Lady Ardmore will make everything pleasant for you. You will like my friend Robin Anstruther, who is Lady Ardmore's youngest brother, and who is going to her to be nursed and coddled after rather a baddish accident in the hunting-field. He is very sweet-tempered, and will get on well with Francesca" —

"I don't see the connection," rudely interrupted that amiable young person.

"I suppose she has more room on her list in the country than she had in Edinburgh; but if my remembrance serves me, she always enrolls a goodly number of victims, whether she has any use for them or not."

"Mr. Beresford's manners have not been improved by his residence in Paris," observed Francesca, with resentment in her tone and delight in her eye.

"Mr. Beresford's manners are always perfect," said Salemina loyally, "and I have no doubt that this visit to Lady Ardmore will be extremely pleasant for him, though very embarrassing to us. If we are thrown into forced intimacy with a castle" (Salemina spoke of it as if it had fangs and a lashing tail), "what shall we do in this draper's hut?"

"Salemina!" I expostulated, "the bears will devour you as they did the ungrateful child in the fairy-tale. I wonder at your daring to use the word 'hut' in connection with our wee theekit hoosie!"

"They will never understand that we are doing all this for the novelty of it," she objected. "The Scottish nobility and gentry probably never think of renting a house for a joke. Imagine Lord and Lady Ardmore, the young Ardmores, Robin Anstruther, and Willie Beresford calling upon us in this sitting-room! We ourselves would have to sit in the hall and talk in through the doorway."

"All will be well," Francesca assured her soothingly. "We shall be pardoned much because we are Americans, and will not be expected to know any better. Besides, the gifted Miss Hamilton is an artist, and that covers a multitude of sins against conventionality. When the castle people 'tirl at the pin,' I will appear as the maid, if you like, following your example at Mrs. Bobby's cottage in Belvern, Pen."

"And it is n't as if there were many houses to choose from, Salemina, nor as

if Bide-a-Wee Cottage were cheap," I continued. "Think of the rent we pay, and keep your head high. Remember that the draper's wife says there is nothing half so comfortable in Inchealdy, although that is twice as large a town."

"*Inchealdy!*" ejaculated Francesca, sitting down heavily upon the sofa and staring at me.

"Inchealdy, my dear, — spelled *caldy*, but pronounced *cawdy*; the town where you are to take your nonsensical little fripperies to be laundered."

"Where is Inchealdy? How far away?"

"About five miles, I believe, but a lovely road."

"Well," she exclaimed bitterly, "of course Scotland is a small, insignificant country; but, tiny as it is, it presents some liberty of choice, and why you need have pitched upon Pettybaw, and brought me here, when it is only five miles from Inchealdy, and a lovely road besides, is more than I can understand!"

"In what way has Inchealdy been so unhappy as to offend you?" I asked.

"It has not offended me, save that it chances to be Ronald Macdonald's parish, — that is all."

"Ronald Macdonald's parish!" we repeated automatically.

"Certainly, — you must have heard him mention Inchealdy; and how queer he will think it that I have come to Pettybaw, under all the circumstances!"

"We do not know 'all the circumstances,'" quoted Salemina somewhat haughtily; "and you must remember, my dear, that our opportunities for speech with Mr. Macdonald have been very rare when you were present. For my part, I was always in such a tremor of anxiety during his visits lest one or both of you should descend to blows that I remember no details of his conversation. Besides, we did not choose Pettybaw; we discovered it by chance as we were driving from Strathdee to St. Rules.

How were we to know that it was near this fatal Inchealdy? If you think it best, we will hold no communication with the place, and Mr. Macdonald need never know you are here."

I thought Francesca looked rather startled at this proposition. At all events she said hastily, "Oh well, let it go; we could not avoid each other long, anyway, though it is very awkward, of course; you see, we did not part friends."

"I thought I had never seen you on more cordial terms," remarked Salemina.

"But you were n't there," answered Francesca unguardedly.

"Were n't where?"

"Were n't there."

"Where?"

"At the station."

"What station?"

"The station in Edinburgh from which I started for the Highlands."

"You never said that he came to see you off."

"The matter was too unimportant for notice; and the more I think of his being here, the less I mind it, after all; and so, dull care, begone! When I first meet him on the sands or in the loining, I shall say, 'Dear me, is it Mr. Macdonald! What brought you to our quiet hamlet?' (I shall put the responsibility on him, you know.) 'That is the worst of these small countries,—people are continually in one another's way! When we part forever in America, we are able to stay parted, if we wish.' Then he will say, 'Quite so, quite so; but I suppose even you, Miss Monroe, will allow that a minister may not move his church to please a lady.' 'Certainly not,' I shall reply, 'especially when it is Established!' Then he will laugh, and we shall be better friends for a few moments; and then I shall tell him my latest story about the Scotchman who prayed, 'Lord, I do not ask that Thou shouldst give me wealth; only show me where it is, and I will attend to the rest.'"

Salemina moaned at the delightful pro-

spect opening before us, while I went to the piano and caroled impersonally:—

"Oh, wherefore did I cross the Forth,
And leave my love behind me?
Why did I venture to the north
With one that did not mind me?
I'm sure I've seen a better limb
And twenty better faces;
But still my mind it runs on him
When I am at the races!"

Francesca left the room at this, and closed the door behind her with such energy that the bust of Sir Walter rocked on the hall shelf. Running upstairs she locked herself in her bedroom, and came down again only to help us receive Jane Grieve, who arrived at eight o'clock.

In times of joy, Salemina, Francesca, and I occasionally have our trifling differences of opinion, but in hours of affliction we are as one flesh. An all-wise Providence sent us Jane Grieve for fear that we should be too happy in Pettybaw. Plans made in heaven for the discipline of sinful human flesh are always successful, and this was no exception.

We had sent a "machine" from the inn to meet her, and when it drew up at the door we went forward to greet the rosy little Jane of our fancy. An aged person, wearing a rusty black bonnet and shawl, and carrying what appeared to be a tin cake-box and a baby's bath-tub, descended rheumatically from the vehicle and announced herself as Miss Grieve. She was too old to call by her Christian name, too sensitive to call by her surname, so Miss Grieve she remained, as announced, to the end of the chapter, and our rosy little Jane died before she was actually born. The man took her curious luggage into the kitchen, and Salemina escorted her thither, while Francesca and I fell into each other's arms and laughed hysterically.

"Nobody need tell me that she is Mrs. M'Collop's sister's husband's niece," she whispered, "though she may possibly be somebody's grandaunt. Does n't she remind you of Mrs. Gummidge?"

Salemina returned in a quarter of an hour, and sank dejectedly on the sofa.

"Run over to the inn, Francesca," she said, "and order us bacon and eggs at eight-thirty to-morrow morning. Miss Grieve thinks we had better not breakfast at home until she becomes accustomed to the surroundings."

"Had we better allow her to become accustomed to them?" I suggested.

"She came up from Glasgow to Edinburgh for the day, and went to see Mrs. M'Collop just as our telegram arrived. She was living with an 'extremely nice family' in Glasgow, and only broke her engagement in order to try Fifeshire air for the summer; so she will remain with us as long as she is benefited by the climate."

"Can't we pay her for a month and send her away?"

"How can we? She is Mrs. M'Collop's sister's husband's niece, and we intend returning to Mrs. M'Collop. She

has a nice ladylike appearance, but when she takes her bonnet off she looks seventy years old."

"She ought to keep it off, then," returned Francesca, "for she looked eighty with it on. We shall have to soothe her last moments, of course, and pay her funeral expenses. Did you offer her a cup of tea and show her the box-bed?"

"Yes; but she said the coals were so poor and hard she couldna batter them oop to start a fire the night, and she would try the box-bed to see if she could sleep in it. I am glad to remember that it was you who telegraphed for her, Penelope."

"Let there be no récriminations," I responded; "let us stand shoulder to shoulder in this calamity, — is n't there a story called Calamity Jane? We might live at the inn, and give her the cottage for a summer residence, but I utterly refuse to be parted from our cat and the 1602 lintel."

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

(To be continued.)

POLITICAL INAUGURATION OF THE GREATER NEW YORK.

THE day after the candidate of Tammany Hall was chosen mayor of the greater New York, last November, the city turned to another event significant of much in American civilization. Even the first election of the reorganized and consolidated metropolis was to many of its citizens hardly less interesting than the opening of the largest hotel in the world, the most sumptuous, perhaps, of all large hotels. An English visitor, though he wrote with the Philistine glories of Thames Embankment hotels before his eyes, has ventured to give this latest aspect of New York life the gruesome name of Sardanalpalus. No doubt Americans have not very much to learn

from the rest of the world in the matter of lavish display within the dwellings of their rich men and the hotels and other places of resort of the well-to-do. One may now find there all that moderns know of inlaid marbles, rugs, mural paintings, French and German canvases, and sybaritic indulgences of the table. Semi-barbarous, perhaps, it all is, and surely far enough from the modest amenities of hostelries like the Revere House and residences of Washington Square a half century ago. The vast hotel palace towering to the skies in New York does represent, however, something more than the mere accumulation of wealth in the greater cities of America and its doubt-

ful ostentations. It exhibits superb energy and skill in mechanical arts, and an able and now thoroughly disciplined determination to triumph in the devices for physical well-being as well as the appointments of magnificence.

Still, one's reflections on this triumph are not altogether cheerful. So signal an illustration of what New York can do in hotel-keeping, coming when it did, threw into a painful depression many sensible citizens of New York, who loved their city, or would love it if they could. Its success in achievements of sheer luxury cast into deeper shade for them that seeming failure of American democracy to produce order, disciplined ability, and honor in the government of cities which the Tammany victory had just demonstrated. That their country succeeds as it does in grosser things brings them no comfort, when they see, as they think, its complete and final failure in municipal administration, — a failure the more lamentable that it comes at the time when municipal administration has become the greatest function of the modern state.

Perhaps they ought not to care for "abroad," but they do care for it, and all the more when the most patriotic pride cannot save them from humiliating admissions. They find it irksome to hear the British premier ask the citizens of London, as he did a few days after the New York election, "Do you want to be governed like New York?" Or to hear another and equally important member of the British cabinet, Mr. Chamberlain, in his very able speech at Glasgow on the 8th of November last, explain "the whole secret of the failure of American local institutions," and admonish the British workmen that if they should abandon the businesslike and honorable system upon which — so he declared, and seemingly without danger of contradiction — British public work is conducted, they might "fall at last as low" as

their "cousins unfortunately have done." Since they had agreed with English journals, before the result, that a Tammany victory would "make of New York a rotten, hopeless sink, . . . whose existence would prove the standing insoluble problem of American life,"¹ they cannot, with any satisfaction to themselves, take refuge in belligerent anglophobia when they read, after the result, that it casts "a lurid glow on the conditions of American institutions, and the failure of the world's most democratic people to solve a problem vital to the well-being of society." Americans whose buoyancy has survived Lecky's powerful summing up against democracy read with a pang the foreign assertions that now "democratic ideals . . . must be relegated to the limbo of exploded fancies and buried hopes, whither so many fond illusions of the enthusiast have been consigned."²

There is about it all a wearing kind of grief, such as men feel when their religious convictions are undermined. Every one knows that democracy is to prevail in the United States; every one knows that there will be no turning back. This much is inexorable. So when those who have doubted the beneficence of democracy now have their doubts turned into disbelief, and when those who have disbelieved now find a complete demonstration of the evils of democratic government, the air becomes heavy with political melancholy. The century is indeed ending in sorrow.

Is it not worth while to ask whether all this be justified? Did not the future of their free institutions seem, to patriotic and intelligent Americans, to be quite as gloomy, to say the least, during the half dozen years after the revolutionary war, and just before the splendid success of the federal Constitution? Were not Americans more humiliated at the bar of foreign opinion and of their own conscience by the triumph of the slave power and the seeming meanness of our na-

¹ London Spectator of October 30, 1897.

² London Economist of October 30, 1897.

tional career in the few years before the noble awakening of 1861? Is there anything to-day quite as sodden and hopeless as the triumph of public crime in New York, and the acquiescent submission of its reputable classes, when, in 1870, Tweed carried the city by a great majority, — and this but a few months prior to the uprising of its citizens in 1871? If wise Americans ought not to shut their eyes to the public evils from which their great cities suffer, and which have made urban growth seem to be in many respects a calamity, ought they, on the other hand, to help increase the self-indulgent temper of inefficient pessimism, of which we have quite too much? Is not the large and true test of the result of the election in the greater New York the character of the general progress which it indicates, rather than the mere inferiority of the municipal administration of New York for the next four years to what it might have been had the election gone differently? I venture to say that when the election is treated in this way, when it is rationally compared with the past, there appears in it a real progress in American politics towards better, that is to say towards more vigorous and honest and enlightened administration. No doubt another opportunity to reach an immediate and practical good has been lost, and lamentably; and we are all growing older. But, on the other hand, far more plainly than ever before do our municipal politics show a powerful and wholesome tendency.

Let us first look at the present loss. Many of the pictures drawn of American "machines" of every political name fail of their effect because some of the colors used are impossible. The pictures are therefore believed to be altogether false by many who know from a personal knowledge that they are false in part. It was difficult to indict a whole people; it is no less difficult and unreasonable to indict a majority of the vot-

ers of New York. Every sensible man practically familiar with the situation knows that the plurality which has returned Tammany Hall to power includes thousands of honest, good citizens, and even citizens both intelligent and high-minded; that under its restored administration some things — probably many things — will be well and fairly done; that the masses of its voters have not deliberately intended to surrender their city to corruption or incompetency; that even among its politicians are men whose instincts are sound and honorable. The picture might as well be made true; it is surely dark enough without exaggeration. For, after making just allowance, it cannot be denied that nine tenths of the organized jobbery of the city sought Tammany success either directly, or through the indirect but no less practical alliance of the Republican organization, — a machine more Anglo-Saxon, perhaps, in its equipment, but not a whit better in morals, than its rival. Tammany Hall will in the future appoint to office some men having energy, skill, and character fit for their places as it has done in the past; but so, no doubt, will it put into the hands of brutal, reckless, ignorant, and grossly dishonest men an enormous and varied power over their fellow citizens. The scandals and crimes of the past will not return in full measure, for the rising standard of public morality affects even political machines. We are bound, however, to assume that they will return in a most corrupting and injurious measure.

For the argument of the reformers, it is unnecessary to deny that the Tammany candidates for the two great offices of mayor and comptroller are personally well disposed; for it is notorious — there was not the slightest concealment of the fact during the Tammany campaign — that they were not chosen for their own equipment in ability, in experience for the duties of really great and critical offices requiring statesmanship

of the highest order, or in public confidence earned by any past public service. As sometimes, though very rarely, has happened with successful candidates of the machine, it is possible that after all they may have the necessary ability, and may have the sense of right and force of character to use it in the public interest. If that turn out to be the case, those who selected them will be as much shocked as the community will be rejoiced. They were chosen from among the large body of men counted upon to do absolutely, and without troublesome protest, the will of the powerful politicians, with no official responsibility, who nominated them, and who are tolerably skillful in judgment of this kind of human nature. But subject to that condition Tammany Hall preferred for candidates men having as much personal and popular respect, or at least as little popular dislike or disrespect, as public men could have who should seem fully to meet so unworthy a test.

Nor is it helpful to sketch with incredible lines the politicians who made these nominations. It would be unjust and untrue to say of all of them, as is sometimes said truly of powerful politicians, that conscious concern for the honor or welfare of their community, distinct from sheerly selfish personal intent, enters their heads as rarely as a pang for a dead private soldier struck the heart of Napoleon. It is both just and true, however, to say of many of those politicians that they never know that conscious concern. The first and supremely dominant motive of most of them — as the most generous observer is compelled to concede — is personal gain and advantage, with no more regard for the trust obligations of public life than is coerced by the fear of public opinion, or rather by the fear that such public opinion may become dangerous to their private or public safety. They are quite as bad in this respect as the members of the cabal of Charles II., or the

Loughboroughs and Newcastles of a century later, or even as the objects of the Crimean investigation of 1855. Careers like theirs have made the personal corruption and incompetence of aristocratic government, and its disloyalty to public welfare, primary object lessons in the politics of generations far from ancient, and every land lying between the Atlantic and the Caucasus.

It would not be just to say that the Tammany campaign was one of pretense, even skillful pretense. The absence of necessity for pretense in that campaign ought of itself to arouse a deep anxiety. Except now and then in a perfunctory mention of tax rates or inadequate school accommodation and the like, and except, of course, in the traditional forms of speech about the rights of the people, Tammany Hall was tolerably frank. It deliberately refused to virtue the tribute of the cant that it too desired those better things which the "reformers" affected to seek. Not only was it dauntless under the flaming exhibition of its police and police courts made in 1894, but it stood with explicit and bad courage upon that very record which had received a damning popular judgment not only in the decent homes of New York, but at the polls of the city. Its orators admitted, or rather they insisted, that the powers of the new municipality would be and ought to be used for the benefit of its organization; nor was it seriously denied, or thought necessary to deny seriously, that they would also and largely be used for the personal gain of a very few men. As to that, it seemed a sufficient answer to make it clear that if the Tammany victory meant great personal gain to a few men, it likewise meant lesser gain to large numbers of men throughout the city, who would find their advantage in violations of law and in sacrifices of public interest.

Since, then, the successful candidates were chosen as they were; since the worst forces of the metropolis earnestly

promoted their success ; since such are the ideals, the character, and the principles of the powerful but irresponsible politicians who have chosen them, and who, ten chances to one, will absolutely control them ; and since they have been chosen with no embarrassing public committal to any specific measure of economy or efficiency, it is no doubt difficult to hope that their administration will be either enlightened or useful. New York seems doomed to a low standard of civic administration till the end of 1901.

Nor was this all the grief of the "reformers." Most of them suffered keen disappointment. And indeed there was good reason to hope at least for a better result. The greater New York had before it an exalting opportunity. This was to be the first election since the constitutional separation of municipal from national elections, and from state elections except in the choice of judges and of members of the lower house of the legislature. Public attention was almost exclusively directed, so far as law could direct it, to the welfare of the city. Then there was the consolidation which interested the world ; the election was to be on a grander scale than any city had yet known,—it surely must touch the imagination as never before. Whatever the faults of the charter, it did create the second municipality of the world in population and in wealth,—a city unsurpassed the world over in natural advantages, and in the energy, intelligence, and morality of its citizens. It was not unnatural for reformers to think that the inspiration of all this must reach and control most citizens.

The elections from 1893 to 1896 had shown widespread independence among the Democrats, who constituted the great majority of the voters of New York. All Republicans, or nearly all, it was assumed, would be enemies of Tammany Hall. Besides, it seemed too plain to be forgotten by the builders and mechanics of New York, its manufacturers and the

great classes engaged in transportation on its harbor and bounding rivers, that their interests required a higher standard of administration than either political machine could or would give. The newspaper press, the pulpit, and the chief representatives of the business and social life of the city stood overwhelmingly for the new departure. Then there was great hope—and, as it turned out, not without reason—that Tammany would not completely hold the poorer quarters of the city, as it had held them for years. Since its defeat in 1894, less fortunate citizens, under Mayor Strong, had secured a far larger share of the benefits of good administration than ever before ; and the benefits were such as could not be overlooked even by a casual passer-by. Under Colonel Waring's vigorous and popular control of the street-cleaning and the wise distribution of the still meagre provision for good paving, many densely crowded districts had lost their aspect of public squalor.

Moreover, much had been done at the very foundation of public sentiment by the University Settlement and other noble and thriving societies. James B. Reynolds and his associates had been admirably successful in the popularization of sound politics. For a full year the discussions of the plan of a greater New York had been so incessant and so eloquent that it seemed incredible that political light should not have permeated the entire city. In short, it was perfectly reasonable to believe that, whatever might be the difficulties of the new charter, the popular intelligence was at last alert, the popular conscience at last deeply stirred and responsive to popular feeling. The reformers were fond of saying that the revolution in municipal politics was at last upon us. The seeming reasonableness of all this hope added material bitterness to the result.

Even this does not sum up the disappointment. It grew more poignant when the reformers recalled the immediate

thing which the city rejected. It could have had its executive administration in the hands of Seth Low, and its financial administration in the hands of Charles S. Fairchild. Those men represented, in their training, their careers, and their ideals, the very best of American public life; and no public life in the world has anything better. Mr. Fairchild had held with distinguished honor the high office of Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, and had been attorney-general of the state. He had exhibited courage and energy of the first order as a political leader. The candidates represented a rational measure of enthusiasm. They believed that public life could be made better. They believed that enormous improvement could be made, and made now, in the administration of American cities. Without this belief nothing very good was likely to be accomplished. But further, they had demonstrated by practical experience in great affairs that they were not visionaries; that they could, as well as would, improve the standard of administration.

The problems of that administration, ready for immediate solution, and capable of solution by Mr. Low and Mr. Fairchild, were admirably presented in the brief declaration of the Citizens' Union. Its members proposed to make of municipal administration a business, to be carried on with the zeal and loyalty and skill which a highly competent man brings to the transaction of his own business. They were ready to continue the substitution of the best of modern pavements for those which had so long disgraced the city. They were ready to enforce sanitary regulations that are of real consequence to all, but of vital consequence to the least fortunate in a large city. They proposed the establishment of public lavatories, the almost complete absence of which in New York seems to any one familiar with great foreign cities an incredible and stupid disgrace. They proposed a rational treatment of

the problem of parks and of transit facilities. They gave a pledge, which everybody knew to be honest, that public franchises would not be surrendered into the hands of private persons; that the city would not, as it had done in the past, give up the common property and profit of all in the streets to the enrichment of a few. Above all, they promised — and everybody knew they would keep the promise — that if the great powers of the mayoralty and controllership should come to them, those powers would be used solely in the public interest, without that personal prostitution of the offices of the city to which we have become so lamentably used, or that political prostitution of them to the real or fancied exigencies of national politics.

We have never known a more creditable campaign than theirs. If it did not command a majority of the votes, it did command a substantial and universal respect. It rendered a lasting service to American politics. Ordinarily the defeated head of a ticket has lost his "availability;" but to-day Seth Low, it is agreeable to see, occupies a more enviable position than he has ever held, or than is held by any other American now active in politics. He has the deserved good fortune to stand before the country for a cause which, to the average American, is largely embodied in his person. What was believed before his nomination was confirmed at the election: he was plainly the strongest candidate who could have been chosen to represent his cause. He polled 40,000 votes more than his ticket; that is to say, there were that number of citizens to whom the cause meant Seth Low, and no one else, or who were willing to leave the tickets of their respective machines only on the mayoralty, that they might cast their votes for him. He has come out of the campaign far stronger than he entered it.

So much for the disappointments of

the election. There were, on the other hand, some conditions recognized in advance as distinctly unfavorable to success. For several reasons, it was seen, — and upon this Tammany Hall openly counted, — the test at the polls would not represent the full strength of the reform cause. The trend of independent sentiment in New York was distinctly away from the Republican party; and the independent Democrats had become so hostile to what they considered to be Republican misdoing that they were animated by a really intense desire to cast the most effective vote against the Republican ticket. For months before the election of 1897, the temper of even the most liberal of the Gold Democrats was raw. They were inclined — doubtless too much inclined — to forget misbehavior of their own party. But this was natural. In 1896 they had made serious political sacrifices by repudiation of the Chicago candidates and platform. To most of them opposition to a protective tariff was the first political cause save one, the preservation of the financial honor of the country by a firm adherence to the gold standard. They were glad to be known as Gold Democrats. The Republican administration, though it came to Washington by their votes, promptly treated them, as they thought, with a sort of contumely. They saw no effort made to establish the national finances upon the sound basis of intrinsic and universally recognized value; instead they were affronted by the Wolcott mission to Europe in the interest of the free coinage of silver. The administration, they felt, had left them little party excuse for supporting it. The Dingley bill seemed to them the sum of tariff iniquities. And then, descending from greater things to less, the Democratic federal office-holders who were not protected by the civil service law, and who in 1896 had stood for sound money, were treated in the old proscriptive fashion.

If the Republican national administration had become obnoxious to Democrats of this temper, the Republican administration at Albany since January 1, 1897, seemed nothing less than detestable. In the opinion of the independent body of voters in the state, nothing worse, nothing more barbarous or ignorant, had been known before in the executive control of the state. The governor's appointment of men of scandalous record to great places, and his determined and measurably successful attempt to defeat the civil service reform article of the new constitution, had gone a long way toward making it seem the first political duty of good citizens to punish him and the party organization which stood behind him. How could this be done, according to American political usage, except by voting "*the Democratic ticket*"? And this, under the influence of such real or fancied wrongs and affronts, independent Democrats felt an eager desire to do.

The Republican machine in New York contributed all in its power to augment this feeling. No defeat of Tammany Hall was possible, as it well knew, unless with the support of 70,000 or 80,000 Democrats. Yet it industriously made it difficult for the most liberal of Democrats to vote against the nominee of their party convention, if that vote would add to the probability of Republican success. It is, or ought to be, a political axiom that a political party should carefully avoid the hostility of strong feeling upon any subject irrelevant to the matter in hand. Such a course is foolish in the extreme; and there has been no better illustration of the folly than in the behavior of the Republican machine. The Republican convention declared that the "one great issue before the people at this time" — that is to say, in the mayoralty campaign of New York — was "the issue created by the Chicago platform." It presented candidates who, if they were chosen, could have in their official

relations no national function whatever, whose measures and official acts could be in no way related to the tariff or currency or foreign affairs. Could anything, therefore, be more grotesque than the following sentences in the platform upon which General Tracy was nominated? "We indorse the St. Louis platform. . . . We indorse the patriotic and successful administration of William McKinley. He was truly the 'advance agent of prosperity.' We congratulate the people upon the passage of a Republican protective tariff bill. . . . No duty can be so obvious as that of the people of this commercial city to sustain the party which has so completely and so surely rescued the country from the financial depression into which it had been plunged by Democratic follies."

To the intense desire of every Democrat to strike the most effective blow possible at the Republican party was due, no doubt, a material part of the Tammany plurality. This, however, is only palliation. To vote for the Tammany candidate on this account, rather than for Seth Low, may have been natural; but it was the height of unreason to vote for one wrong because of irritation at another wrong. An impeachment of democracy for folly and incompetence is hardly less formidable than for moral wrong.

Before proceeding to judgment, however, we have to consider temporary conditions which have prevailed in New York, which had nothing to do with democracy, but which enormously helped on the result. The first of these was its cosmopolitan character. Of its present population, one third are foreign-born, and another third are children of foreign-born parents. Of the third who are Americans, a very large proportion came to New York after reaching manhood. Still, it is not the large existing Irish or German or Scandinavian population which is the serious factor, or even the continuous addition of the distressed and de-

moralized from foreign lands. It is probable that either the Americans, or the Irish, or the Germans, or the Scandinavians, by themselves and separate from the others, would make a far better city government. The European or American cities which are held up as models to New York have homogeneous populations; the foreigners are only visitors or small colonies having no share in political power. New York, in reality, consists of several great communities, essentially foreign to one another, which share the government between them with many struggles and rivalries. Every municipal ticket must have at least its American and Irish and German candidates. For a complete union of these various strains of population we need not years, but generations. Mere birth and residence within the limits of New York do not give that root in the soil which makes the citizen a firm and useful member of the community. He does not belong to the whole city if he be one of a body of citizens foreign to all other citizens.

Venerable in years as New York is coming to be, it still retains many features of a shifting camp. Its population comes and goes. There is within its limits not a single square mile, or probably half that territory, a majority of whose inhabitants or of their parents were there twenty-five years ago. Political relations, social relations, neighborhood relations, have been changing with a rapidity unknown in the great urban communities of western Europe. This condition is highly inconsistent with good politics or sound and steady public sentiment, whatever the form of government. If it be said that in Philadelphia and in other cities where the American population is preponderant there is great corruption, it must be answered that in them precisely the same condition exists, although to a smaller degree. In Philadelphia the overpowering and conspicuously present interests of the pro-

tective system have stifled the local conscience. There patriotism becomes "the last refuge of a scoundrel." Sound local politics depend upon the kind of continuous local life illustrated in quarters of London which, a century ago, were eligible for superior residences, and are still eligible, or in the quarters of what are called lower middle class residences, where one still sees the house-fronts and methods of living described in Dickens's earlier novels, and the children and grandchildren of his characters.

A further demoralizing influence which has prevented any municipal election in New York from fairly and directly representing its public sentiment has been its enervating dependence upon the legislature at Albany. The great majority of that body are ignorant of the city. Their habits and prejudices are foreign to it; and they look with more or less animosity upon its large accumulations of wealth. The city has been ruled by special legislation, — and this, it is lamentable to say, with the moral support of much of its intelligence. Its inhabitants have been trained to suppose the true cure of a political evil to be an appeal, not to political bodies or forces at home, but to legislation in a city one hundred and fifty miles distant. The charter of greater New York is bad enough in this respect, but the charter under which New York has lived for generations has been even worse. Nearly all its provisions have been in perpetual legislative flux; its amendment has usually been unrelated to the public sentiment of the city, and has frequently violated it. No system can be imagined better fitted to destroy intelligent, popular self-reliance, — and this whether the distant power be democratic, or aristocratic, or autocratic.

To all of these conditions which have made popular elections in New York city unrepresentative of the ideal of government held by its electors — to all of these conditions seriously inconsistent with any

good politics — have for generations been added the intensely and almost exclusively commercial and business temper of its population. It has been to the last degree difficult to secure from its business men systematic, continuous, and unselfish attention to public affairs; such attention, for instance, as is given by the same classes to the government of Hamburg, or as has been given, even in New York, within the past generation by two very remarkable men, Samuel J. Tilden and Abram S. Hewitt. The situation has been little helped by the sporadic participation in machine politics of a few rich men, — generally young men, — whose notion of public life is the mere possession and prestige of official title, rather than any moral or real political power, or any constructive or useful exercise of public influence. By their refusal to stand for any good cause except as permitted by the "boss," they have made contemptible the politics of the *jeunesse dorée* and the "business man in politics." On the other hand, the admirable body of younger men who have come into activity in New York and Brooklyn within ten or fifteen years have not constituted a political force continuous or disciplined, until very recently, although more than once they have done signal service, like the establishment by Theodore Roosevelt, when a member of the lower house at Albany, of the mayor's sole responsibility for appointments of departmental heads. These, however, are exceptions. The complete separation of political life from business and commercial life has been the rule, and in a modern democracy nothing is more inconsistent with good administration.

We are looking a long way back, but the efficient causes of what is discreditable in the New York election are a long way back. The result was determined principally by deep and slowly changing conditions, not by skill or management or bribery on one side, or by lack of organization on the other. De-

mocratic government in a city means free elections by its citizens, but it does not imply or necessitate incompetence or dishonor. The result was due not to the democracy of the city, but to its shifting and camplike character, the heterogeneity of its population, and the lack of political continuity in its life, — all necessarily incident to its enormous and rapid growth, while it has been the entrance gate of America for all the races of men, and to a signal indifference to the government of the city on the part of its business and representative men. The not unfriendly comments of friends in England and the patriotic fears of those of our own household have no deep or permanent foundation in fact. Democracy certainly is not responsible for the urban phenomena of Constantinople or the corruptions and oppressions of great Russian cities. On the other hand, municipal corruption and incompetence subsist and have subsisted with an abiding and homogeneous population governed autocratically or by an "upper class." Democracy was not responsible for local administration in England one or two centuries ago. In English cities of to-day, however, where the population is abiding and homogeneous, and where governmental power is almost sheerly democratic, we see municipal administration at a very high point of honor and efficiency. So in many of the New England cities and some of the smaller cities of the South we see far less disparity between the standards of public and private life than in New York. Not that the democracy of their government is less, but that the steadiness and homogeneity of their populations are greater.

The one and perhaps the only feature characteristic of American democracy which tends to inefficient and corrupt municipal administration is the disparagement of public life which has gone so far since the civil war. This has been a national misfortune. But its in-

fluence is seen no more in cities than in other political communities. It has been, to say the least, quite as conspicuous a feature of administration at Washington as at New York. This of itself is a large subject, which can be dealt with now but casually. While the popular ideal of a man qualified to hold an important public office, requiring the most powerful and disciplined faculties, is the "plain man, like all the rest of us," one out of ten thousand or a million; while it is left to private corporations and great business interests to observe the rule that exceptional gifts and training in chief administrative officers are necessary to the safety and profit of the business, we must expect public administration to be on a standard lower than the administration of private affairs.

A labor representative in the British Parliament was quoted by Joseph Chamberlain, in his recent speech at Glasgow, as saying that nobody is worth more than £500 a year. On this text Mr. Chamberlain, not without reason, attributed what he called "the failure of American local institutions," first to the jealousy of superior qualifications and reward in the great and critical places of government, and, next, to a tendency to give compensation far beyond value in lower and more numerous places. The result of this tendency, he asserted, is to create a privileged class of workmen, to whom public place is in itself a distinct advantage, instead of letting them share the conditions of other men doing, in private life, the same amount and character of work. The jealousy of personal superiority in places of superior power and responsibility inevitably leads, on the other hand, to the exclusion from those places of the very talents which are necessary to the transaction of the business. Mr. Chamberlain acutely pointed out that the chief sufferers from this system are the masses of wage-earners not in public employ, —

they standing in the position of the shareholders, and not employees, of a private corporation, the principal officers of which are incompetent, and the majority of whose employees are overpaid. No doubt the inadequacy of compensation in more important governmental offices as compared with private employment is really injurious to the standard of public service. Private employment withdraws ability from public life. It is common nowadays in the United States for public place to be valued by really able men as a useful and legitimate means of advertisement of their fitness for great private trusts. But so strong is the attractiveness of public service where it really brings both honor and power that, in our country at least, the inadequacy of compensation is not very disastrous. The really serious thing is the sort of disparaging contempt with which the exercise of great powers of government is treated. The disparagement of public life ought to be the topic of many essays and sermons. But the evil is not peculiar to cities.

So much for the darker side of the New York election. So much by way of explanation of the result in past causes whose effects we may believe are only temporary. Are we not bound to turn to the other side, and ask, What is the promise for the future?

In the first place, the conditions for good politics have at last begun to mend. The population of New York grows more homogeneous. The addition from foreign immigration has long been relatively declining. The proportion of native-born citizens has already increased, and will henceforth go on increasing. The second generation begins to be American in type; the third generation is quite American. The foreign strains of population mingle more and more. If the children of German parents learn German, it is not their vernacular. The American politics of children of parents born in Ireland become less dependent

upon the wrongs of that afflicted land. There are districts of the greater New York which begin to have a settled neighborhood feeling; that condition will rapidly increase. The dependence of New York upon Albany legislation is not, alas, at an end; but the discussions over the new charter, and the great increase in the numerical weight of the city, in the legislature, will make that interference more difficult. New York is certain in the future to be more jealous of its own autonomy. Public sentiment, irregular, imperfect, sometimes unreasonable, as it is and always will be, grows steadier and more intelligent. Neither Tammany Hall nor any other political machine can escape its influence. The pavements of New York have begun to be better; the streets have begun to be cleaner; the improvement will not stop, but will go on; and every well-paved and well-cleaned street is the best kind of political missionary. We are a vast distance from the filthy New York described by Mrs. Trollope and Charles Dickens. Sanitary administration has been improved. The beneficent work of organizations like the tenement-house commission has grown remarkably fruitful; and it gives noble promise for the future. The discreditable poverty of New York and Brooklyn in their provision of parks, and especially of small parks near populations which cannot resort to distant pleasure-grounds, has at last yielded to better ideals. There is nothing more cheering in New York to-day than Mulberry Bend Park and the streets around it, which have taken the place of the unutterable squalor and degradation of the Five Points of one or two generations ago. The city is better, far better lighted. The supply of water is better. If there be more gross immorality in evidence than there was in the village days of New York, the increase is not due to the general deterioration of the body politic or of private morals, but to the inevitable conditions of crowded populations and

resorts of strangers, — conditions which produce precisely the same result, and sometimes a more aggravated result, in London. It may be that property and life are not safer in New York than they were sixty years ago, although about that much might be said. But without any doubt property and life are far safer, and the administration of justice is more trustworthy, than they were in New York thirty years ago, at the time when its suffering from the shifting and varied character of its population had reached its height. Indeed, if the well-groomed citizen of New York who indulges in the luxury of the *laudator temporis acti* will ask himself whether, on the whole, the average private life of the average honest industrious citizen of New York in almost any calling be not better to-day, in all respects of well-being which its government can affect, than it was a generation ago, he will, I am sure, answer in the affirmative. If he do not, he is a very ignorant man. And pray what higher test is there of the merit of political institutions than the well-being of average private life, than the proof that, if government have not produced such well-being, it has at least protected and permitted it? Is not this the real, even the sole end, which justifies political institutions? By what other fruit shall we know them? There is, perhaps, greater moral depression in our time, but that belongs to every advance in the ideals of life. It is not that things are worse, but that people require better things.

We now come more specifically to the question, What is the tendency to greater good or greater evil exhibited by the New York election? It can be answered easily and surely. Beyond reasonable doubt it showed a remarkable and cheering improvement in the political temper of the metropolis. The municipal election of 1897 was the most signal demonstration ever known in its history of the growth of rational voting. The antipathy between rival political

bodies, neither of them observing any very high standard, which has been the type of its politics, has at last begun to yield to a new and dominant note. The interest of the commercial and business classes in local politics has enormously increased. From among the masses of hard-worked labor there has come a new and wholesome influence represented effectively, even if without much theoretic logic, by the candidacy of Henry George. The feature of the result first noticed, and the only feature thought of by many, is the plurality of 80,000 votes by which Tammany Hall, representing the "regular democracy," elected its ticket. Yet this is really far less significant than the fact that in November, 1897, with all the political trend in favor of the ticket of the Democratic party, the Tammany vote was a minority. Of the 510,000 votes for mayor, its candidate received but 234,000 as against 276,000. Not, indeed, that one must count all the other votes as votes for good administration. Of the 100,000 votes cast for the Republican candidate, it is the plain truth to say that a large number were as really cast for bad administration as were any votes of Tammany Hall. Whether the Republican or Tammany proportion of voting for a low standard were the greater is of little moment. If we content ourselves with the 151,000 votes for Mr. Low and the 22,000 votes for the younger George, being together 173,000, as representing an enlightened determination to vote for methods of municipal administration intrinsically good, there is reason for encouragement. Never before in our generation has a movement without the organized support of one of the two national parties had so great or nearly so great a vote as that given to Mr. Low. That his ticket should not only be second in the field, but should have a support much stronger than the Republican machine ticket, of itself demonstrates the improvement in political ideals held by the citizens of New York.

Other figures are significant. The vote in the greater New York for Judge Parker, the Democratic candidate for chief judge of the state, was about 280,000, but the vote for the Tammany candidate for mayor was only 234,000. About 46,000 Democrats, who otherwise adhered to their party, repudiated Tammany control upon the municipal question. Perhaps a third as many more voted the city ticket alone, ignoring their state party ticket, so that in all probably 60,000 Democrats voted for Mr. Low. His Republican vote was about 90,000. Nearly one half of the total Republican vote of the greater New York, and more than one fifth of the Democratic vote, was cast for sound municipal administration.

New York has not known in our day another such vote for that cause. There had not been any serious candidacy since the civil war, except in alliance with one or the other of the political machines. In 1892, within the limits of former New York, the Tammany candidate received 173,500 votes as against 98,000 cast for the Republican candidate. With a large increase in the total vote, the Tammany candidate in the same boroughs received in 1897 only about 144,000 votes. The progress of voting in the borough of Brooklyn is no less encouraging. The Tammany candidate for mayor received there about 76,000 votes as against 98,000 votes cast for the Democratic ticket in 1892. The 1897 vote was smaller relatively to the total vote than the vote of the Brooklyn machine in 1893, when it suffered an overwhelming defeat incident to its complete discredit, nearly one third of the Democrats voting against it. In 1897 the Tammany vote in Brooklyn was a minority vote, the vote for Mr. Low and the Republican candidate together outnumbering the Tammany vote by upwards of 25,000.

When examined in greater detail, the Seth Low vote gives more specific promise to those who intend to persist in political well-doing. He received more

votes than either of the other candidates in several uptown districts including a marked preponderance of middle class citizens. Far more significant, however, and a very rainbow of promise, is the vote of nearly 15,000 which he received in the densely populated districts south of Fourteenth Street. In the fifth assembly district, stretching back from the East River between Stanton and Grand streets, a region of tenement houses having a large foreign population, he received about 2700 as against 3000 for the Tammany candidate and 1800 for the Republican candidate. In the Brooklyn borough his vote in wards along the water-front, where the tenement population is large, was very considerable; while in the districts of modest two-story houses, his vote was far larger than that of either of the other candidates, or even of both together.

These facts bring their real encouragement, however, only when they are compared with the past. In the former city of New York, the borough of Manhattan,¹ we can only make an inference; for as the vote for good local administration has always been merged with the machine vote on one side or the other, we have no precise measure, though the inference is a reasonably sure one. Such was the case when the Tammany Hall of Tweed was overthrown in 1871, and the Tammany Hall of Croker in 1894. But in the Brooklyn borough there had been at least two such tests. In 1885, at the expiration of Mr. Low's four years of mayoralty, each of the two machines presented a situation which ought to have been unendurable to good citizens. A third nomination was made by citizens, which received 13,600 votes as against 49,000 for the candidate of the Democratic machine and 37,000 for the candidate of the Republican machine. The 13,600 votes were probably made up of about 4600

¹ The territory now called the borough of Bronx became a part of New York by several recent annexations.

Democrats and 9000 Republicans. Instead of being encouraged by so substantial a beginning, the movement of the citizens fell to pieces, partly perhaps because of the real temporary improvement which it compelled in machine management on both sides. Ten years later, in 1895, a strictly Democratic revolt was organized, and a municipal ticket was then run, not with the idea of securing the obvious impossibility of an election as against the two machine candidates, but to recommence the definite assertion that American cities must have local government which is good in itself, and must not be shut up to a mere choice between two evils. The candidate of the revolting Brooklyn Democrats received, and without material Republican support, upwards of 9500 votes. There were, perhaps, as many more citizens who would have preferred his success, but who felt that they could not "throw away their votes." This modern and better view did not then have the sympathy of more than 20,000 voters in Brooklyn. In 1897 precisely the same sentiment was supported by upwards of 65,000 votes, almost twice as many as were given the Republican machine, and less than 12,000 below the number cast for the Tammany candidate.

In view of the whole situation, the vote in the greater New York for the Low ticket in 1897 must be accounted the most encouraging vote ever cast in a great American city on the exclusive proposition that the city ought to be well and honestly governed. Machine politics in the United States has not received a more serious blow than the treatment accorded the Republican candidate for mayor, although he was himself a man of the highest character, of distinguished ability, and of long and valuable public service. But for his alliance he would have been worthy of the mayoralty of the city. The 60,000 Democrats and the 90,000 Republicans who voted for Seth Low are a reasonably

solid and sure foundation of the best hope for the future.

If it be a time for anxiety, as no doubt it is, it is likewise a time for hope. When Tammany Hall reached its grand climacteric with its overwhelming majority of 1892, there again revived the belief really held by some intelligent men that its power must last forever. Citizens of wealth and cultivation had twenty-five years before espoused the cause of Tweed as a sort of buffer of corruption and cunning against the more brutal dangers of the proletariat. In 1892 not only they, but even scholars, began to defend the Tammany method as a form of municipal administration both inevitable and beneficent. They pointed out that Tammany Hall was not impossibly bad; that every great and long continuous political body must have some elements of soundness; that from time to time it put into places of power, as it has of late put upon the judges' bench, men who were able and honorable, although still remaining in warm and active sympathy with Tammany Hall. Their defense was not far removed from the political philosophy of one of the greatest of Americans. Alexander Hamilton, sharing the eighteenth-century English view, deliberately insisted that corruption was a necessary cement of well-ordered free political institutions. Too many Americans of our day, who are really high-minded, look upon some sort of concession to the deviltries of a large city and some sort of alliance with its political corruptions as inevitable, and no more discreditable than the bribery of a conductor of an English railway train.

The administration of Mayor Strong, who was elected in November, 1894, has been a good administration, in spite of its defects, some of which have been serious. If, notwithstanding its merits, it be followed by Tammany Hall, it ought to be remembered that New York has had other experiences of the kind. It was in 1859 that Fernando Wood, of unspeakable po-

litical memory, was reelected mayor of New York after an intervening term of a most respectable "reformer." It was to Wood the reply was made, when, in solemn demagoguery, he declared that he had a "single eye to the public good," that good citizens were chiefly concerned about his other and more important eye. For several years before 1871 the chief ruler of New York was William M. Tweed, who, after the completest exhibition made of his crimes, and when he was under civil and criminal prosecution, was elected state senator by an overwhelming majority. No one ought to belittle the later iniquities of Tammany; but it is irrational to forget that they were mild compared with those of the Tweed-Sweeney-Connolly administration, or that, with the support of much wealth and respectability, that administration was approved in 1870 by a large majority.

If one look back over the history for the last forty years of the two great American cities now united in one, he is bound, no doubt, to admit that the general aspect has too often been one of cynical and indolent acquiescence in stupid, barbarous, and brutal maladministration; that the natural advantages of the city, and especially and irretrievably those of Brooklyn, have been ruthlessly sacrificed by such administration; and that the masses of less fortunate people in these cities have suffered and now suffer the chief results of it all. But, to recur to the principal note of this article, he is bound likewise to admit that the evils have been growing less and less; that Tammany Hall will be less evil in 1898 than it was in 1890, and vastly less evil than the Tammany Hall of 1870; and that the fundamental conditions of municipal life will grow better. The new and decent paving and cleaning of the streets cannot cease; they will go on, the best missionaries, as I have said, of good politics. The public sentiment which has endured the obstruction of crowded streets and the diminu-

tion of their light and air by elevated railroads will no longer endure them. It will cease to assume ugliness as a necessary element of our highways. The schools must increase; their methods will grow better. The preaching — some more reasonable, some less reasonable, but all helpful — of the thousand agitators for better things will go on. Their instruction, reaching from one end of the city to the other, is of deeper consequence than organized political leadership, vitally necessary in practice as that is. The population grows more homogeneous, more stable. The fatigue and chagrin incident to the present defeat will disappear. There will be another and another and another political campaign in assertion of the needs and duty of good municipal administration; and each will be held under more promising conditions of general city life than its predecessor.

Must good citizens, then, in optimistic fatalism, abandon political activity, and rest content with the general upward trend of human society? Are we to give up the noble art of statesmanship that leads and orders political progress? Are we to accept as final the dull and oppressive mediocrity which even friendly critics say belongs to the public life of democracy? Not at all. No better thing has been accomplished by the stirring and elevating mayoralty campaign of New York than the creation, among masses of men hitherto indifferent, of an enthusiastic interest in political affairs. But this will not suffice without the discipline and continuity of organized political work. That work now needs, in New York and in every great American city, to be directed towards three different and practical preliminary results. When they are attained, as they can be, and at no distant day, we shall no longer fear Tammany victories.

The support of the merit system of appointment to office is first and foremost. Of the specific political diseases which we have known in the United

States, the spoils system has been the most profoundly dangerous and far-reaching. Its destruction is an essential condition of sound public life in New York and in the United States. Civil service reform has been a slow growth, but a fairly sure one. When office-holding and office-seeking are no longer the main-spring of political action and the chief and always corrupting support of political organization, it will be easier to use with creditable results the democratic method of successive popular judgments upon the fitness of rival candidates and parties for the exigencies of municipal administration. The methods of the Tammany or Republican machines cannot survive the destruction of this their principal support.

A corollary of the reform of the civil service ought to be and will be the refusal to continue disparaging public life. When public life shall no longer involve patronage-mongering, either wholesale or retail, eminent fitness for the real duties of rational public life will neither avoid it nor be excluded from it. If only great ability and the highest character are tolerated in private employment of the highest grade, nothing less ought to be tolerated in public life. The worn-out absurdity of the "plain, sensible man," without equipment in experience or in native or acquired gifts for difficult and critical work, will disappear. Good citizens must refuse a mere choice between the rival evils to which political machines would constrain them. They must vote for positively good administration, even at the risk that the less of two evils shall be defeated by the greater for the lack of their support. If they be steadfast in this, the American democracy will return to its earlier and better view of fitness for important places in the public service.

Last, but not least, is the duty actively maintaining sound political organizations between political campaigns. It is easy to arouse interest, to form clubs,

to gather meetings during the few weeks before election day. But when such organized activity begins in the September preceding the election, the cause is probably either won or lost already. The decision of the jury is reached nine times out of ten before the learned counsel sums up; he can do little more than give the jurymen in sympathy with him, if any, arguments to use with dissenting associates. If the evidence have not been produced so as to make the case clear, but little hope of success remains. So with the political campaign. It is impossible to create or gather the public sentiment or the organization necessary for a political campaign during a few weeks. It is amazing to observe the reluctance of liberal and intelligent citizens during the rest of the year to yield support, whether in work or in money, to the wholesome political organizations upon which alone they can rely to promote the causes that are dear to them. In Brooklyn, for instance, such an organization doing work over the entire city, reaching or seeking to reach in some measure upwards of a million of people, requires, as I happen to know, perhaps \$10,000 a year for effective work. But even that sum of money, less than the cost of many single entertainments given in New York every winter, and an insignificant percentage of public waste every year, which sound politics would check, can be got only by compelling the very small number found to bear the burden of the work to bear the expense as well. Tammany Hall does not sleep from November until September. Its most fruitful work is done then. The campaign of the New York Citizens' Union in 1897 was effective chiefly because it began early. The thoroughness and interest in English parliamentary elections follow in part from the habit of having for years before each election more or less systematic discussion looking to the coming dissolution, although it be far off. Without such activity

enlightened political methods will not prevail in the greater New York or in other populous cities.

In conclusion, I avow, even at this time, untoward as it seems to many, a profound confidence that the democratic experiment here on trial will work out well even in great cities. The disorderly, undisciplined, slatternly features of our politics and public work represent shifting and temporary conditions. They will disappear as those conditions cease. In the very dear school of experience, the mass of people will learn to insist upon exceptional ability and character in public administration, and to vote for nothing else, realizing that without them that administration must be contemptible. They will find, even if they find it slowly, and even if, for many, life must be too short for the fruition, that the heavy and often cruel burdens of political incompetence and dishonor fall chief-

ly upon those very masses of which and for which democratic government is constituted. When preference for good administration shall have been developed into a powerful popular instinct, as it is being rapidly developed in the collisions and misfortunes of our politics, the institutions of sound government will find in the United States even a broader foundation than the marvelous advance of democracy has given them in England. When the scaffolding is taken down from the structure, when the workmen are gone and the grounds are cleared, we shall find, I believe, that all the turmoil and humiliation of our political experience, all the disorders and disgraces of our political career, have worked out, in a sort of survival of the fittest, that firm, practical political competence among the masses of men which is the best and broadest safety, and which will be the glory of democracy.

Edward M. Shepard.

THE PRESENT SCOPE OF GOVERNMENT.

To get an every-day basis for discussing the present scope of government in America, let us view rapidly the experiences of an imaginary Bostonian during a day differing in no respect from ordinary days; in short, an average daily record of an average man.

He begins the day by bathing in water supplied by the public through an elaborate system of public pumps and reservoirs and pipes. After it has been used, the water escapes through the citizen's own plumbing system; but this private plumbing system has been constructed in accordance with public regulations, is liable to inspection by public officials, and empties into sewers constructed and managed by the public. When he has dressed himself in clothing of which every article is probably the subject of a na-

tional tariff intended to affect production or price, our Bostonian goes to his breakfast-table, and finds there not only table linen, china, glass, knives, forks, and spoons, each of them coming under the same national protection, but also food, almost all of which has been actually or potentially inspected, or otherwise regulated, by the national or state or municipal government. The meat has been liable to inspection. The bread has been made by the baker in loaves of a certain statutory weight. The butter, if it happens to be oleomargarine, has been packed and stamped as statutes require. The milk has been furnished by a milkman whose dairy is officially inspected, and whose milk must reach a certain statutory standard. The chocolate has been bought in cakes stamped in the statutory

manner. The remnants of the breakfast will be carried away by public garbage carts; and the public will also care for the ashes of the coal that cooked the meal.

Nor do this average Bostonian and his family escape from public control upon rising from the table. The children are compelled by law to go to school; and though there is an option to attend a private school, the city gratuitously furnishes a school and school-books. As for the father himself, when he reaches his door, he finds that public servants are girdling his trees with burlap, and searching his premises for traces of the gypsy moth. Without stopping to reflect that he has not been asked to permit these public servants to go upon his property, he steps out upon a sidewalk constructed in accordance with public requirements, crosses a street paved and watered and swept by the public, and enters a street car whose route, speed, and fare are regulated by the public. Reaching the centre of the city, he ascends to his office by an elevator subject to public inspection, and reads the mail that has been brought to him from all parts of the United States by public servants. If the dimness of his office causes him to regret that sunlight appears to be outside public protection, he may be answered that there are regulations controlling the height of buildings and prohibiting the malicious construction of high fences. If now he leaves his office and goes to some store or factory in which he owns an interest, he finds that for female employees chairs must be provided, that children must not be employed in certain kinds of work, that dangerous machinery must be fenced, that fire-escapes must be furnished, and probably that the goods produced or sold must be marked or packed in a prescribed way, or must reach a statutory standard. Indeed, whatever this man's business may be, the probability is that in one way or another the public's hand comes between him and his employee, or between him and his customer.

Leaving his store or his factory, this average man deposits money in a bank, which is carefully inspected by public officials, and which is compelled by the public to refrain from specified modes of investment and also to publish periodical statements of its condition. He next makes a payment to an insurance company, which is subject to even stricter statutory regulations. He then goes to East Boston and back upon a ferry-boat owned and managed by the public.

When finally all the business of the day is finished, this imaginary Bostonian walks through the Common and the Public Garden, and soon enters the Public Library, a building that is the latest and most striking expression of the public's interest in the individual. Leaving the Public Library, he strolls past a free bath-house sustained by the public, and then past a free public outdoor gymnasium; and at last he hastens home through streets that public servants are now beginning to light.

When this Bostonian reaches home, he can reflect that he has passed no very extraordinary day. If events had been a little different, the public would have furnished steam fire-engines to protect his house, or a policeman to find a lost child for him, or an ambulance to take his cook to the city hospital, or a health officer to inspect his neighbor's premises. No one of these emergencies has arisen, and yet this average Bostonian, if he has happened to think of the various ways in which he has this day been affected by public control, must wonder whether his morning's conception of the functions of government was adequate.

The functions of government may be conveniently divided into three classes: the primary, the incidental, and the enlarged. These classes shade into one another, for this classification is merely an attempt to draw a bright line near the place where a blurred line actually exists.

According to the classification here made, the primary functions of government are simply those which attain the chief purposes of organized society, and are almost absolutely essential to one's conception of a civilized country. These functions are protection from foreign interference, preservation of domestic peace, and — closely connected with the preservation of domestic peace — maintenance of courts of justice.

Incidental functions are those which exist for the aiding of the primary functions. Thus, incident to protection from foreign interference is maintenance of forts, of navy yards, of military schools. Incident to the preservation of domestic peace are armories and the criminal law. Incident to the administration of justice, and in general to the prevention of private disputes, are a recording system, and also statutes as to forms of instruments, as to inheritance and administration of estates, and as to weights and measures. Incident to all the primary functions is taxation, in so far as taxation simply aims to collect funds for paying public expenses; but in so far as taxation aims to encourage or discourage certain kinds of business, or to prevent the accumulation of large fortunes, taxation belongs with the enlarged functions of government.

Obviously, the primary and the incidental functions are numerous and comprehensive; but they are not the special subjects of this discussion. The present purpose is to deal with those functions to which — not wishing just now to indicate either approval or disapproval, nor even by epithet to depart from mere enumeration — I have given the colorless designation of "enlarged functions;" meaning thereby that they seem not to belong with the universal and absolutely essential primary functions, nor yet with the incidental functions, but to represent a widened conception of the sphere of government, — a conception that, whether it be right or wrong, certainly

is full of interest and importance. The enlarged scope of government, then, has to do with matters that conceivably may be, and in many countries actually are, left unrestrictedly in the hands of individuals; for example, the quality of goods offered for sale, the skill of plumbers, and the care of roads.

The vast number of interests to which modern cities turn their attention, and also the distinction as to primary, incidental, and enlarged functions, may be seen in a simple list of the administrative departments of Boston. Two departments are devoted chiefly to the primary functions, the board of police and the board of commissioners of public institutions; though, in so far as the powers of the latter board extend beyond penal institutions, and include institutions caring for paupers and lunatics, this board is employed upon the enlarged functions of government. Eleven departments are devoted chiefly to the incidental functions: the board of assessors, the city collector, the city treasurer, the city auditor, the board of commissioners of sinking funds, the superintendent of public buildings, the superintendent of public grounds, the city registrar, the registrar of voters, the superintendent of printing, and the law department managed by the corporation counsel and the city solicitor. Twenty-two departments are devoted chiefly to the enlarged functions: the overseers of the poor, the water board, the water registrar, the board of health, the inspector of milk and vinegar, the inspector of provisions, the city hospital, the board of street commissioners (a department whose jurisdiction includes, in addition to activities obviously suggested by the mere title, sanitary police, street-cleaning, street-watering, garbage removal, and sewers), the superintendent of streets, the commissioner of wires, the superintendent of lamps, the superintendent of ferries, the board of fire commissioners, the inspector of buildings, the school committee, the board of trus-

tees of the public library, the board of park commissioners, the superintendent of markets, the sealer of weights and measures, the city surveyor, the city engineer, and the trustees of Mount Hope Cemetery; and in addition there are numerous weighers of coal, measurers of grain, and inspectors, who are not attached to specific departments, and whose duties are part of the enlarged scope of government. Two important administrative departments — namely, the mayor and the city clerk — cannot be said to be devoted chiefly to any one of the three classes of functions. Doubtless there may be question as to the propriety of the classification of some of the departments, and doubtless there are differences between the functions of municipal government in Boston and those in other cities; but after all possible amendments are made, it must remain obvious that in municipal administration the enlarged functions predominate.

The functions of municipalities do not have their chief source in municipal legislative bodies. It is a fact that the ordinances adopted by these bodies are numerous and minute; but these ordinances deal almost exclusively with subjects that, expressly or by clear implication, are placed within municipal control by the statutes of the state. This is one of the reasons why, for the present purpose, it is impracticable to treat separately the municipal functions, the state functions, and the national functions.

Indeed, the real distinction that divides some of the enlarged functions from others is a distinction that has nothing to do with the boundary between city and state, nor with the boundary between state and nation. The important distinction is that in some instances government undertakes the actual doing of work, but that in other instances it simply regulates — by encouragement, partial restraint, prohibition, or otherwise — the actions of individuals. Examples are, on the one hand, the inspection

of milk and the maintenance of public schools; and on the other, the requirements that milk offered for sale shall reach a specified standard, and that children of a certain age shall go to school.

For the sake of brevity, the chief instances of enlarged functions of government, whether municipal, state, or national, will now be given in one place. It is to be understood that, unless the federal government is specially named, the functions are exercised under the direct or indirect authority of states.

The following, then, is a list of the seventeen chief groups of instances in which government merely regulates private action: —

To promote morality, there is regulation — sometimes by taxation only — of gambling and of the sale of intoxicating liquors. To the same end, the federal government does not permit lotteries to use the mails. The promotion of morality, it should be noticed, is the place where the enlarged scope of government is most nearly connected with the criminal law.

To prevent disease, whether contagious or not, there are regulations as to dangerous medicines, poisons, vaccination, the quality of food offered for sale, plumbing, and the lighting of tenement-houses. For the same purpose, the federal government regulates interstate transportation of diseased cattle.

To prevent accidents that might cause bodily injury, there are regulations as to steam-engines, elevators, belting, hatchways in factories, the fencing of some kinds of machinery, the management of mines, and the construction and management of railways (including provisions as to fencing, brakes, couplers, signals, and color-blindness). For the same general purpose, the federal statutes contain minute provisions as to steamers and sailing vessels (dealing with life-boats, life-preservers, water-tight bulkheads, stairways, transportation of nitro-glycerine,

number of passengers, signals, and rules of the road).

To prevent loss of life or of property by fire, there are regulations as to fire-escapes, and as to the height and material and construction and management of buildings (including sometimes requirements that in churches and halls doors shall open outward and there shall be no movable seats in the aisles). To prevent loss by fire in ships, the federal statutes contain provisions as to wire tiller-ropes, fire-extinguishers, fire-buckets, and the transportation of inflammable materials.

To facilitate communication, there is encouragement of turnpikes, bridges, ferries, railways, and telegraphs, by concession of the right of eminent domain; and there are regulations as to charges of hacks and of railways, both street and steam, frequency of railway trains, and consolidation of railways owning parallel lines. The federal government, for the same general purpose, has adopted minute regulations as to railway rates for interstate service, and has made as to maritime travel many regulations, some of which are named elsewhere in this enumeration.

To prevent loss to stockholders and others through mismanagement of certain large enterprises, there are minute regulations as to the finances of banks, building associations, insurance companies, and railway companies. The federal government, in turn, regulates the national banks. As to banks, the provisions are so minute as almost to constitute a textbook in themselves.

To prevent owners of land from damaging other owners or the public, there are regulations (in a general way resembling the common law of nuisances) as to stables, slaughter-houses, cemeteries, dilapidated or dangerous buildings, high buildings, high fences, barbed-wire fences, and noxious weeds.

To prevent estates from becoming too large, there are inheritance taxes and

income taxes, in addition to the long-standing abolition of primogeniture and of entail.

To encourage many kinds of business, the federal government provides a protective tariff.

To protect children, there are regulations requiring education, restricting employment in certain occupations, and forbidding the sale of cigarettes and of intoxicating liquors.

To protect workingmen in various trades, there are regulations as to the hours of labor, seats for women, and the payment of wages in cash and at certain intervals. With the same view, the federal government prohibits the importation of contract labor; and as to seamen, the federal government makes minute requirements covering mode of paying wages, medicines, provisions, clothing, and form of contract.

To protect steerage passengers, there are federal statutes as to ventilation, food, and the use of a range.

To prevent necessitous persons from suffering burdensome losses, there are usury laws, exemptions from execution, and provisions as to foreclosure of mortgages. Here belong also state insolvency laws and the national bankruptcy law, when enacted.

To secure uniformity in articles important to the public, there are provisions as to the quality of gas, the packing of fish, etc.; and here, apparently, is to be classed regulation of adulteration of food, in so far as the intent is not simply to protect health.

To prevent combinations that might result in enhancing the price of articles important to the public, the federal government legislates against trusts.

To secure the continuance of certain natural products useful to the public, there are close seasons for fish and game. To the same class belongs the federal government's attempt to protect seals.

To prevent abuses in employments of public importance, there are regulations

requiring licenses for hack-drivers, auctioneers, peddlers, keepers of intelligence offices, innkeepers, keepers of billiard-tables, keepers of public halls, plumbers, sellers of explosives, druggists, physicians.

So much for the instances of mere regulation, including restriction and encouragement. The following is a list of the fifteen chief groups of instances in which government undertakes the actual doing of work : —

To educate the young, there are public schools, colleges, and institutions for technical and professional instruction. To promote all these kinds of education, the federal government has made gifts of land to the various states.

To educate adults, there are public libraries, museums, and art galleries. For the same purpose, the nation provides the Library of Congress and the National Museum.

To disseminate useful information, especially information supposed to be useful to farmers and to mechanics, there are provisions for collecting and publishing facts as to geology, soils, plants, abandoned farms, and the statistics of labor. This class of work has largely passed into the hands of the national government. The Departments of State, of Agriculture, and of the Interior make most elaborate investigations, and publish the results in documents so numerous and valuable that a mere examination of a catalogue of governmental publications must fill any intelligent man with wonder. These investigations and publications are made, of course, under the authority of acts of Congress ; but the acts are couched in general terms, and nothing less than actual inspection of the departments and of the publications can give an adequate conception of the vast amount of scientific work now done under the federal government. One item is that the federal government supports at least one agricultural experiment station in each state. Another item is that

the Agricultural Department contains a bureau to which one may send for examination any plant suspected of being infected with disease. Another instance of enlarged activity is the weather bureau. Indeed, in almost every branch of science the federal government employs experts, who are engaged in investigation or exploration.

To promote pleasure, there are public parks, flower-gardens, menageries, gymnasiums, swimming-baths, band concerts, and displays of fireworks. It is for the same purpose, chiefly, that the federal government cares for the Yellowstone National Park and other reservations, and occasionally aids a national exposition.

To help the poor, partly for the sake of the poor themselves and partly for the sake of public peace and health, there are almshouses, outdoor relief, public hospitals, dispensaries, and other public charities. To the same end, the nation provides hospitals for merchant seamen.

To prevent disease, there are provisions for the inspection of plumbing and of food, for the cleansing or destruction of buildings dangerous to health, for the removal of garbage, and for the building and maintenance of sewers. To the same end, the federal government makes elaborate provisions as to inspection of cattle shipped from state to state and as to quarantine, and gives to the national board of health wide powers as to cholera, smallpox, and yellow fever.

To secure the performance of a service closely connected with health, and also with the extinguishment of fires, the state permits municipalities to construct and manage water-works.

To prevent accidents, the state inspects steam-engines, elevators, and mines. To the same end, the federal government inspects the hulls and boilers of vessels carrying passengers or freight.

To prevent loss of life and property by fire, the state authorizes the maintenance of local fire departments.

To prevent loss of life by shipwreck, the federal government provides life-saving stations.

To facilitate communication, the state authorizes the building and maintenance of public roads, streets, sidewalks, bridges, and ferries, the cleaning and watering and lighting of streets, sometimes even the ownership of railways. To the same end, the federal government maintains the post-office system, improves rivers and harbors, builds and maintains lighthouses, and conducts the coast survey.

To promote domestic trade in products of farmers, graziers, and fishermen, there are public market-houses. To promote a foreign demand for similar products, the federal government inspects cattle for export.

To secure a permanent supply of certain natural or semi-natural products, some states have drainage and irrigation systems, and some states exterminate noxious weeds and insects, — the latter function somewhat resembling the obsolescent payment of bounties for killing bears and wolves. For the same general purpose, the federal government distributes seeds, propagates fish, and maintains fishways.

To secure efficiency in certain matters peculiarly important to the public, there are examiners of physicians and of engineers. To the same end, the federal government examines ship captains, mates, ship engineers, and pilots.

To secure decent and permanent care of the dead, municipalities own and manage cemeteries.

Any one inspecting these lists will perceive that the classification is largely a matter of opinion, and, no doubt, that the lists omit items worthy of being included. Some omissions, however, are intentional, — for example, the encouragement that exemption from taxation gives to churches, incorporated schools, incorporated hospitals, and the like, because the reason for the exemption is

probably not a conscious desire to promote such purposes, but rather a perception that property devoted to these purposes is necessarily unproductive. Again, there has been an intentional omission of the liquor dispensaries of South Carolina, because this instance of governmental action is exceptional. The purpose, in short, has been to select and classify the instances that indicate the average condition of government throughout the United States, and the theories upon which legislators frame the laws.

Upon the very surface of the facts thus presented float in full view numerous inferences. One is that wide functions are not phenomena of the municipality as distinguished from the state and the nation. Another is that it is impossible to draw a definite line separating matters with which government interferes from matters with which government does not interfere. The general theory, obviously, is that government restricts or encourages private acts when, and only when, such acts concern the public; and that government undertakes the performance of acts when, and only when, the acts are important to the public, and are practically incapable of satisfactory performance by individuals. But this theory does not make a clear distinction, although probably it makes as clear a distinction as is practicable in a field like this, — a field where law and statesmanship seem to meet and discuss questions of expediency.

It is necessary now to pass from these obvious inferences, and to discuss the apparent change that has taken place in the theory and practice of American legislation within a hundred years.

Doubtless, in America, as in all other civilized countries, the scope of government has always exceeded the prevention of foreign aggression, the promotion of domestic tranquillity, the administration of justice, and natural incidents of

these primary functions. There have always been town clocks, town pumps, town cemeteries, and public roads. Yet surely, from the enumeration of the functions now exercised, it is clear that — with a few exceptions, such as the direct and indirect support of religion and the control of the rate of interest — the grasp of government is closer now than it was a hundred years ago.

To some extent, the increase of regulation and of activity has simply widened functions long recognized. One example is the improvement in the care of the poor; and another is the progress as to roads. In many instances, however, there has been a development of functions that a hundred years ago were wholly, or almost wholly, non-existent. Examples of new or almost new functions are education of adults, dissemination of useful information, and prevention of accidents.

Whether manifested in enlarging old functions or in creating new ones, the development has been due largely to those advances in science and skill which both create new desires and enable old desires to be gratified more abundantly. The enlargement of the postal service has been rendered possible by the use of steam, and the rise of hospitals has followed discoveries in medical science. Further, the extension of governmental functions has been promoted by another cause, — indirectly connected with advances in science and skill, — a new perception of the public value of intelligence and of æsthetic culture. Only thus can one account for the great development in the education of the young, the dissemination of information, and the maintenance of libraries, museums, and parks. Again, a more or less unconscious demand for extension has come from the growing custom — principally resultant from modern inventions — of doing all things in a large way; and so it has happened that there seems to be a need of regulating great pri-

vate enterprises, whose powers, if abused, might injure the public, and that there even seems to be an occasion now and then for the government itself to undertake important functions peculiarly suited to large treatment, and not deemed likely to be satisfactorily managed by individuals. Examples are the regulation of railways and of banks, and the construction and maintenance of water-works.

Such are some of the causes aiding the development of the enlarged functions of government. This development has involved to some extent a departure from the political theories and instincts that chiefly guided American statesmen a hundred years ago. The views then popular had their main encouragement in the works of certain French philosophers, who represented a violent revolt against governmental control. The philosophical basis for the revolt was found in the theory that, by reason of the benevolent construction of the universe, each man's pursuit of his own personal welfare must result eventually in the welfare of the whole world. From that principle political philosophers inferred that the system of natural liberty is both theoretically and practically the best, and that there should be but slight interference by government. From that school of thought, so influential in America at the time of our Revolution, the present scope of government indicates at least an apparent departure.

Indeed, a departure seemed inevitable. The true basis of the theory adopted in the eighteenth century appears to be found in the fact that in the early years of that century it was natural enough to protest against the wide powers exercised by sovereigns. Governmental control had gone very far; and even if it had not gone far, it must have excited hostility by reason of seeming to exist for the benefit, not of the many, but of the few. A protest was inevitable, and the philosophical theory as to

the benefits of natural liberty was the easy formula for the protest. As soon, however, as government became the property of the people themselves, administered by the agents of the people, and guided almost invariably — as every one believes, notwithstanding jests to the contrary — by an intention to promote the common welfare, there ceased to be a visible reason for emphasizing the old formula. From a merely practical point of view, it is reasonable enough for one to be willing that government should do to-day what in the last century might have been deemed tyrannical. If government be considered as an enemy, it may easily be called despotic; but if it be conceived as a fairly intelligent and well-meaning agency, controlled by the people themselves, "despotic" ceases to be an easy epithet. Hence it was natural that there should be a reaction from the theory of our early statesmen.

Yet does it not seem probable that the reaction would excite opposition? The fact is that it has come without elaborate discussion and almost without notice. It does not mark the success of a political party, nor even the triumph of a political thinker, whether statesman or theorist. Still less does it mark a concession to the threats of agitators. Governmental functions have grown silently, naturally, like the rings of a tree.

Why is this? Why has not the apparent departure from the old theory excited attention and opposition? One reason, as already indicated, is that the practical cause for emphasizing the importance of individual liberty has disappeared. Another reason is that the civil war seems to have diminished the willingness of our people to enter into discussion as to the proper power of government, whether state or national. Another and more important reason is that the apparent change of theory is really a mere change in the relative emphasis placed upon fundamental principles of our legal and political system.

In one aspect the common law emphasizes the sanctity of private right. That "an Englishman's house is his castle," that one accused of crime is entitled to a trial by jury, that private property cannot be taken save by due process of law, that private contracts shall be inviolate, — these and other formulas, ancient and modern, illustrate this phase of the law. Yet it has been possible for these formulas to exist for centuries in fairly friendly association with principles of quite opposite import. That private property must not be used in such manner as to cause a nuisance; that private property may be appropriated, fair compensation being given, under the theory of eminent domain; that private property may be destroyed in order to stop a conflagration; that contracts contrary to public policy will not be enforced, — these and numerous other doctrines have long illustrated another phase of the law, a phase indicating that private rights are sometimes to be subordinated to the interests of the public. In the *Germania* of Tacitus, the liberty of the individual is no more conspicuous than is the wide scope of the power of the community; and thus, from our very earliest glimpse of the primitive system from which our common law is believed to descend, there have been in our law two phases, private right and public interest.

This, then, is the reason why, when government after the American Revolution became more truly an agency of the people, and when the advance in our knowledge of natural forces made it more possible to do things in a large way, and when the rise of powerful combinations of capital gave occasion for turning to government to curb the increase of private power, and to assume new functions and enlarge old ones, it was possible to enlarge the scope of government without friction, and even without discussion. Legislation grew just as the common law grows, not in a spectacular way, but

along old lines, almost automatically adjusting preëxisting theories to new emergencies.

Is the result beneficial? Undoubtedly there are defects, including occasionally an unnecessary and therefore unwise assumption of work, and occasionally an unnecessary and therefore unjust encroachment upon individual liberty, — defects giving clear notice that there is necessity for the exercise of perpetual vigilance; but, looking at the question in a large way, it seems clear that the growth of governmental functions thus far has been wise and necessary. How else could the great mass of the people have secured schools, libraries, parks, water, sewers, protection against fire? How else could they have been protected against unwholesome food and against overcharges for transportation? How else could many of the advances in knowledge have been prevented from benefiting almost exclusively a narrow circle?

Nor have these desirable results been obtained at an unreasonable cost. The expenditures of the city of Boston are larger *per capita* than those of most cities. Yet for the current year, what is the total amount of taxes, for all city, county, and state purposes, paid by a Bostonian whose taxable property is reasonably worth \$15,000, and whose income from a profession or a trade is \$4000? The sum is \$221. This is about nine times the average payment made by the inhabitants of Boston on account of property and income. The city has other sources of revenue, such as license fees and the corporation tax; but, after all statistics are taken into account, it appears that the sum named, \$221, amply covers the cost of furnishing to a family of five or six persons, at the hands of the city, county, and state, the many services (primary, incidental, and enlarged) already indicated, including police, fire department, streets, parks, sewers, charitable institutions, library,

schools, and school-books. In private hands, how far would \$221 go toward securing these numerous services? Notwithstanding the extravagance of some public officials, — an extravagance that probably characterizes the same persons in private life, — so expensive is small administration as compared with large administration that the sum thus paid for those numerous public services would hardly procure from a private school the mere tuition of two children; and besides, in thoroughness of instruction and in completeness of outfit few private schools would seek comparison with the schools furnished by the public. Still further, while laziness and inefficiency are no doubt the rule in most occupations, both public and private, it is quite as invariably the rule that public service is not less skillful and satisfactory than private service. Is your cook more efficient, on the average, than the policeman or the fireman? Does the gas company give better service than the water department? Does a telegraph company give greater satisfaction than the post-office?

As to the future, what can one say? Simply that what has happened heretofore is likely to continue to happen. There is no sufficient reason to dread that by and by government will begin to interfere dangerously with individual liberty, or to undertake more than it can perform successfully; nor, on the other hand, is there sufficient reason to dread that government will fail to enlarge its scope as soon as there is seen to be a necessity for enlargement. For centuries two intents have guided the law, whether statutory or judge-made: the intent to guard individual liberty and the intent to secure the public welfare. There is no reason to believe that one of these deep-seated intents will be uprooted. The actual scope of government must continue to be the resultant of the interplay of a natural desire for

enlargement of governmental functions and an equally natural repugnance to unnecessary enlargement. Precisely what the resultant will be at any one time no one can predict; but from an

enumeration of the functions constituting the actual scope of government to-day, no one can reasonably fail to gain new respect for popular institutions and new hope for the next century.

Eugene Wambaugh.

COMPANY MANNERS.

It was the anniversary of little Harry's birthday, and he was dead. He had died seven years before, when he was three years old; and to-day, as every day, his silver mug and porridge-bowl stood ready upon the table at his place, and his high chair, with the plump little blue silk pillow in it and the bib dangling from one of the knobs, stood ready too, pushed back a little from the table as if Harry were coming next minute.

Mrs. Addington's eyes were heavy. She tossed a letter across the table towards her daughter, without other comment than a fretful downward curve of the lips, and listlessly selected another envelope from among her morning's mail. The mother and daughter were alone, sitting opposite each other at the table. The house was very quiet, and the child's empty place seemed to make the stillness more perceptible.

"I don't see anything remarkable, or new, or interesting about this 'case,'" said the girl, looking up from the letter questioningly.

"No," her mother replied in a plaintive tone, "no; it is only immediate."

"Do you mean you would like me to take it? I thought you enjoyed the work!"

"The 'case' seems to be so inconveniently urgent," said Mrs. Addington, "I suppose it ought to be attended to to-day; the woman is in distress. But I can't to-day, — no, I can't! Nobody could expect me to." Tears had welled up into the heavy eyes, and her voice

grew painfully thin as she continued: "Not on Harry's birthday!"

"Oh, mother! is it?" cried the girl remorsefully. "Of course you can't. I'll go and see the woman. I'm sorry! I ought to have known. Dear little brother!"

She got up as she spoke, and stopped an instant to press her cheek against her mother's hair, then left the room.

"Nobody with any heart would expect me to attend to such things to-day," murmured the bereaved mother. "My baby, my little darling boy!" and she held the blue pillow hungrily against her face.

The other woman's baby had been dead three days, the Charities' letter said, and she had nothing to eat.

Grace Addington's day was full, and she was obliged to send an excuse to her literary club in order to make the time in which to visit her mother's charity subject. She felt a little bored, as she already had three cases of her own on hand, and this was not her day for attending to such matters; but it would relieve her mother.

Miss Addington was pretty, and would have looked quite like some society girls in Life if it had not been for her serious Boston finish. She was distinctly conventional along all lines, and, living in an age when conventionality seems to be growing rare among young women, she experienced a proper pride in her own exclusiveness. When she prayed she did not say, "O Lord, I am glad I

am not as other girls are!" This particular form of prayer is no longer considered the correct thing among the best people.

Never having been to college, she had neither acquired a definite idea of the intellectual limitations of her family circle, nor developed a cult for Swinburne; and she always looked a little disgusted when the New Woman was mentioned. Bohemianism she tolerated good-naturedly since it had been conventionalized by journalists and painters, but personally she approved of chaperons. She never offered wine to young men, of course, but she did not care to join the Women's Christian Temperance Union because — "Oh, I don't know! Don't you think that some of the people who belong to it are just a little queer?" And yet, she was not really a snob; she only behaved remarkably like one.

The young men made friends with her. They said she was "a bit stiff at first, when you did n't know her, and about dinner calls and such she rather made a fellow 'walk a chalk,' but she was downright dependable underneath." After all, for steady companionship, the young men do prefer an uneccentric girl, a girl who knows the proper thing and does it, and makes a man feel respectable because he happens to be talking with her. There are two other kinds of women, a better kind, perhaps, and a worse, who have not always the knack of making a man feel respectable.

She belonged to a great many clubs and classes, and as she believed, quite logically, that if every individual would be as good as he knew how to be, the millennium must approach more rapidly, she spent a large part of her time upon self-culture, in order to be able to add her increment of perfection to the coming kingdom. But, despite her exclusiveness and her individualism, she could not quite escape that feeling of responsibility towards one's neighbor which is in the air to-day. It is a difficult feeling

to translate into terms of complacency, but hers was a complacent spirit as yet, so she sharpened the feeling's vague outlines by calling it a duty, and she laid it on her conscience along with whist classes and R. S. V. P.'s, and she joined the Charities' Organization Association.

The purpose and methods of the Association were definite and such as she could understand. Her mother had been for years a valuable stereotyped member, and the work was along the line of the family tradition, which was benevolent. The girl slipped into the system without friction and performed her duties perfunctorily, questioning her "subjects" with an impersonal inquisitiveness which, according to the Board, left nothing to be desired.

It was late afternoon, an unusual time for charity visiting, when Grace set out on her errand. She studied the address of the new "case" indifferently, noting the name of the well-known tenement street, but suddenly recalled a forgotten appointment, pulled the carriage-bell, and instructed the coachman to drive first to her dressmaker's.

Mrs. Gannon, the charity case, moved slothfully about her cellar room that afternoon, doing a great deal of nothing, and her pale little daughter sat by the grimy basement window peering up into the street.

"There ain't been no new charity lady here for a long time since the last one," said the child, as she moistened her forefinger and freshened the window-pane a little.

"They git tired, Lizzie," her mother answered. "I don't blame 'em; I'd git tired, too. They like a change, — somethin' new. It's human; I'm not objectin' to somethin' new myself."

A pampered society woman could not have conveyed a more complete idea of boredom than did Mrs. Gannon.

"The baby's buryin' was new," observed the child meditatively.

Her mother gave a kind of croak, and moved clumsily into the back part of the cellar.

"You ain't got nothin' new to eat, is you, mother?" the little girl asked presently in a repressed voice, as if she half hoped she might not be heard.

"No, Lizzie, nor nothin' old, neither. I guess there ought to be a charity lady come to-day, maybe, or to-morrow, if she gits round to it. Mis' Doyle took a message for me to the 'sociation, — 'baby dead, great distitushin, immediate.' That'll bring somebody."

"I wonder will it be a cross one, or an old one, or what? There was one had pep'mints in her pocket, — do you 'member? — but she got tired quicker 'n the rest. Thinkin' pep'mints makes me sick to my stummick to-day. My, w'at a cold feelin'!"

"Fur the Lord's sake, Lizzie, don't go to havin' one of your heart spells on the top of all this," said Mrs. Gannon in a tone of weary protest.

"Tain't my heart. I know my heart. It's only my stummick," Lizzie explained reassuringly. "Must be four o'clock. Wonder will the next one ast you the same w'at the last one did? I knows most of them questions by heart; only their voices is different w'en they says 'em, and sometimes they folds they hands so — and sometimes they holds 'em so — and" —

"Shut up! You're worse 'n a fly-w'ee in a fact'ry to live with, Lizzie, your tongue's that everlastin'!"

Lizzie obediently stopped speaking aloud, but carried on a pantomime instead, moving her lips, nodding her head, folding and unfolding her hands, evidently in imitation of bygone charity ladies. Once, the mother, happening to glance at her, broke into a noisy laugh, whereupon the child laughed too, shamefacedly, but continued her mimicry.

"Here's a carriage, mother!" she cried a moment later, "and it's a young one, — the youngest yet. My! but I

hope she ain't got nothin' sweet, 'cause I could n't eat it."

Pretty Grace Addington came into the cellar bedroom, and Mrs. Gannon drearily placed a chair for her, eying her watchfully beneath a slovenly air of indifference. Grace was accustomed to that furtive watchfulness; it was one of the things which had enabled her to grow impersonal towards her charity cases. "You really can't sentimentalize, you know, over people who are manifestly ready and waiting to overreach you."

She stated the reason for her visit, and there was the usual non-committal "yes" from her "subject," the usual distrustful pause, and then, "This is not the first time you have applied for help, I believe?"

The pale little girl by the window nodded her head at this remark, as a stage manager might nod when an actor gives his speech in good form. After a moment she came and leaned against Grace's knee, and looked up into her face with impressive childish gravity, as if weighing the pretty lady's words and comparing them with something else in her own mind.

Grace patted the child's hand absently, and made mental notes of the results of her inquiries: "Husband arrested last week for drunkenness. Has periodic sprees. Out of work."

"How old was the baby?"

"He was n't but two; and he always had something the matter with him."

The self-possessed young visitor searched her mind for some suitable phrase of consolation. She had never before dealt with the subject of a recently dead baby, and she felt that a married woman might have handled the conversation more skillfully, but she was not embarrassed; she did not care enough about Mrs. Gannon's opinion to feel embarrassed.

"We always have to realize that everything happens for the best," she ventured to say.

"Yes," assented Mrs. Gannon, "it was a great thing for him that he died."

Her quiet tone gave Grace a shock, and she had a vision of her mother's tear-stained, rebellious face; but then, of course, that was different.

"Did n't you love him?" she asked, a tone of reproof in her inquiry.

The woman passed that question over in curious silence, and sat with her head bent sullenly, watching her right hand, which was down at her side on the bed, punching a pin back and forth in the quilt. Finally she replied, "I could n't of raised him, ever."

"Your little girl looks rather pale," continued Grace.

"I'm hungry," explained the child, nestling closer. "Mother said there'd be more to eat when Robbie was dead, but it's a lie."

"She's always one to speak out," observed Mrs. Gannon apologetically. "She's sickly, but she's smart. If she did n't look so skinny we could get her a place to the theatre, children's parts. She can take off anybody she sees."

Lizzie continued to look at Grace steadily, and when her mother had finished speaking she put up her two little thin hands against the charity lady's fur-trimmed jacket and said, "You're awful pretty! I did n't know they ever had 'em as young as you for charity. Ain't it 'most time for you to say now, 'I will make out an order for a few groceries, which will last until you find out about the place I have in mind'?"

Grace laughed. "You funny little child!" she said. "I'm sorry you are hungry," and, looking down into the solemn, sunken eyes, it suddenly occurred to her to do a most unconventional thing. Why not? On little Harry's birthday, too! After all, it would not be so very queer to feed a little hungry child on her brother's birthday, in memory of him. And it might divert her mother; the child was so odd. "Would you like to come home with me to dinner?" she asked.

Lizzie's mouth dropped open, and she stared in astonishment a moment before she said, "That's a bran new one! None of the others ever ast that one before, sure!"

Grace Addington found herself unpleasantly warm.

"But would you like to?" she repeated, moved by an absurd desire to propitiate this elfish child.

"She ain't fit," said Mrs. Gannon regretfully; "she don't know about ways of livin', — I keep her so close here. You'd think sometimes she ain't good sense, she talks so queer. I guess she better not. Do you — do you want to go, Lizzie?"

Lizzie nodded.

"This is a sad day for my mother: it is my little brother's birthday, and he is dead. I think Lizzie could divert her," said Miss Addington. "I have some shopping to do; I shall come back in half an hour."

She was a little frightened, for how could she ever feel sure of herself if she should begin to behave in this erratic manner? She also dreaded what her mother might say about it.

Mrs. Gannon's hands trembled as she polished Lizzie off, and buttoned a faded gingham apron over the grubby little woolen frock.

"Ask them to cut your meat for you, and watch w'at the others do w'en they eat. And try and behave like a lady."

"Like a lady," repeated Lizzie gravely. "I kin; I done it ever so many times before. They're easy to take off. Shall you have somethin' to eat, too, mother?"

"Oh, I guess so."

"The pocket ain't all tore out of my dress; I'll bring you somethin' dry."

Mrs. Gannon laughed, and drew her arm across her eyes. Then the carriage drove up, and she took Lizzie out to the door. Grace noticed that the furtive, hangdog look had quite gone from her face; she seemed to have forgotten to

be on the watch, and as she lifted her little daughter into the carriage she said, "God bless you, miss!"

During the drive Lizzie gave Grace a graphic description of her "fits," and how they all came from her heart, and she could n't play out in the street with the other children because it made her "jumpy," and the doctor said he did not think she would live to grow up. Grace's uneasiness increased so that she was strongly tempted to take the child back to her home, but Lizzie assured her that she did not feel like having a fit, and that she thought it was safe to go on. She told about "the pep'mint lady," and another "lady" who told "mother" Lizzie's face was dirty, and "mother" said yes, she knew it.

"I hope you won't git tired very quick," murmured the child at last.

A questioning spirit was beating his wings against Miss Addington's heart, and before the end of the drive she had opened the door and let him in.

"Oh, mother!" she cried, coming into Mrs. Addington's room fifteen minutes before dinner, "I have done such a crazy thing; I don't know what you will say to me! I have brought the woman's little girl home to dinner. I thought you might like to have her here on Harry's birthday, for Harry's sake; and she was hungry; and she is so odd and interesting; and oh dear, she has fits! But I thought it was a happy thing to do, this special day, and I knew no one else was to dine with us; and she's such a funny, pathetic little creature."

"My dear Grace," said her mother, "must I begin to feel now, after all these years, that I cannot depend upon you? And Will Potter has come to dinner. It was thoughtless of him, — he ought to have remembered the day; but he is here now, and he is your father's cousin, so we can't excuse ourselves."

"He won't matter," said Grace; "he has queer ideas about democracy, and he takes charge of a boys' club in some set-

tlement or thing of that kind. He'll — I'm afraid he'll think it very praiseworthy of us. Anyway, he won't be half as shocked as — as I am, for instance."

She laughed uneasily, and hurried to her own room, where she had left Lizzie looking at a picture-book.

"What a nice clean mother you have!" the child exclaimed, a few minutes later, when she was being presented to Mrs. Addington in the library. Will Potter studied his cousin's bookshelves.

"And now, dear," said Grace's mother, after a feeble attempt to seem amused, "if you will ring for Jane, the little girl can go down to cook and have a nice hot dinner. I know she must be hungry."

Why, of course, that was the proper thing to do! Strange that it had not occurred to her before, Grace thought, with a sense of relief. But at the same time she felt inhospitable and ashamed, and she blushed.

"Why not give us the pleasure of this little girl's society at dinner, cousin Alice?" remarked young Potter casually. "You say that cousin James has a downtown appointment, and I know you like to balance your table. I shall consider it a privilege to sit opposite little Miss Lizzie."

"Yes, mother," said Grace in a low tone, blushing more painfully.

"Very well, my dear. I merely thought" —

Dinner being announced at this moment, Will offered Mrs. Addington his arm, and her thoughts remained unspoken.

While the first course was being served Lizzie studied the dining-room and its occupants. Presently she pointed to the maid's white muslin cap and asked, "Why does she wear that?"

"Because it is pretty," replied Grace promptly.

The child looked from her young hostess to the maid, and back again. "Then why don't you wear one?" she asked.

"Jane, I wish you would see if Thomas has returned. I am expecting a note," said Mrs. Addington.

"But why don't you?" Lizzie reiterated.

"I'll tell you why," answered Will Potter, leaning across the table and making an elaborate and mischievous pretense at a whisper: "it's because she thinks she's pretty enough without."

"I think so, too," said Lizzie gravely.

That dinner was an unusual one for all concerned. For a while the child was entirely occupied in imitating the table manners of her friends as closely as was possible on the spur of the moment; but when the dessert had arrived, and Mr. Potter was cracking and arranging her nuts for her, she remembered her mother's injunction to "try and behave like a lady," and, putting her own interpretation on that injunction, she proceeded to carry it out in a startling manner. She folded her tiny hands in her lap, and, addressing Mrs. Addington in a gentle but authoritative tone, said, "How many members of your family are earning money at present?"

Mrs. Addington stared, and Grace looked alarmed. Perhaps the child was out of her head and going to have a "fit."

Will Potter, perceiving that the little girl was laboring under some mistaken notion, asked genially, "Might I reply by another question, and ask how many of your family are earning money at present?"

"Nobody," replied Lizzie, dropping into an imitation of her mother's forlorn manner.

"I think, cousin Alice," said Will mischievously, "that, considering the fact that cousin James has retired from business, you are safe in making a similar reply."

"Has your husband any bad habits?" inquired Lizzie solemnly.

This proved almost too much for young Potter. He would undoubtedly

have disgraced himself and laughed aloud, had he not caught a glimpse of Grace's face, and seen the look of pain, almost of terror, in her eyes. Seeing that look, he became suddenly grave.

"This child is impertinent!" said Mrs. Addington in a hard, angry voice. "There is something behind that I do not understand. But I will not be insulted in my own house by those who depend upon my charity!"

They all rose hurriedly, and Lizzie began to cry.

"It was mother! She told me, 'Behave like a lady,' and they always say them things w'en they come to our house."

Mrs. Addington had left the room, and a sudden silence fell upon Grace and Will.

Little Lizzie got very white, and for a few minutes Grace had visions of a possible "fit;" but the attack was light, and the faintness soon began to pass away.

Of course Mrs. Addington could not understand when her daughter tried to explain, but she consented to believe that the child had not meant to be insulting, because the fainting-spell was so evidently genuine.

Will Potter carried Lizzie upstairs, and, opening the door of Harry's room by mistake, he laid her on Harry's bed.

"Not in here," objected Grace, following him.

"What's the odds?" said Will. "Shut the door. She's played out, poor little tot, and the bed's just right for her; it will do somebody some good for once. Harry would have let her, bless his cherub heart!"

He leaned against the mantelpiece and watched Grace as she sat by the bed. Her eyes looked startled, and she was thinking rapidly.

Lizzie moved her head weakly, and let her eyes drift about the room. As often happens after fainting-spells, she was coming back to the world dominated by the last idea which had been in her mind before she lost consciousness:

she was still intent upon trying to "behave like a lady."

"How many people sleep in this room?" she asked. "I hope not all of you!"

Harry's room was large and luxuriously furnished. Only his mother ever touched the pretty toys and books, the chairs, and the dainty nursery appointments.

"No one sleeps here now," faltered Grace. "My little brother lived in this room three years, and then he died."

Lizzie stared about once more, and then, in quaint imitation of her mother's stolid tone, she said primly, "It was a great thing for him that he died."

Will Potter could not see his cousin's face, but he crossed the room hurriedly

to stand beside her, and he thought he heard her say, "Yes, Lizzie, — I — I wonder if it was."

They were all three very still for some time after this, but at last Will said, "If this young lady is rested, and you will ring for the carriage, I'll take her home. I'm going down that way, anyhow, and I can explain the case better than the coachman would."

"Thank you," Grace answered; "and you might say that — I'll come to-morrow and see how she is. Shall I?"

"Well, yes," said Will, pulling his mustache and pretending to reflect over the matter, "I guess I would. It will seem friendly, don't you know. Good-night. Come, Miss Lizzie. Oh, what a weighty young person!"

Florence Converse.

OUR TWO MOST HONORED POETS.

It is pleasant to note the simultaneous publication of Mr. Stedman's Poems now First Collected, and the writings of Mr. Aldrich in a complete edition of eight handsome volumes, forming a kind of apt commentary upon the author's own finished and reserved workmanship. As the two most conspicuous and honorable verse men who stand between the New England school of thirty years ago and the vaguely gathering forces of the present, Mr. Stedman and Mr. Aldrich are too justly appreciated to make criticism very pertinent, but the provocation is sufficient to tempt one to look again and make clear to one's self a remembered impression.

In spite of the much greater bulk of Mr. Aldrich's prose, it is as a poet that he remains in the mind. Rivermouth is in truth a very attractive old town, where he lived for a time in contented and humorous exile; but his home is Helicon.

That goddess whose preference for garret trysts he celebrates in one of his charming early lyrics knows more of his secrets than Prudence Palfrey or the Queen of Sheba will ever coax from him. He belongs, too, to that order of singers who most often choose their material from a mood antipodal to prose. The tendency of his mind is not inward, to penetrate and interpret the world that is, but outward, to discover or build a world responsive to the more delicate cravings of the senses and the imagination. But it is the privilege of his temperament, as it was of Keats's, to give to this evasion a kind of moral and tonic meaning not inherent in the mood, which makes it something different from the idle singing of an empty day. We remember some years ago coming across a sonnet of Mr. Aldrich's called Outward Bound, which has remained as a metaphor of the evading spirit touched by force of wistfulness to adventurous,

almost strenuous ends. The poet has left behind him the elm-shadowed square of some New England seaport town, and has wandered through seaward-leading alleys to where, at the lane's ending, lie the

"Gaunt hulks of Norway; ships of red Ceylon;

Slim-masted lovers of the blue Azores;"

and at sight of the ships the boyish *Wanderlust* seizes him, the boyish fancy spreads wings with the brave fleet for the fairy shores which are his by right of longing. This is the poetic mood of youth, its most dynamic mood, out of which springs all its touching ideality. Mr. Aldrich has felt the mood so deeply as to make it the principle of his artistic life. He has really gone out toward those delicate coasts, and dwelt there in that softer light. Concretely, he has found there Nourmadee, dancing in her gauze of Tiflis green before the grave guests of Yussuf; Friar Jerome, bending above the intricate growing glories of his book; Judith, moving gorgeous and great-hearted in the dusk of the king's tent: but perhaps these are after all the least of the matter, since the spirit of the quest is more than the treasure.

To go in quest of pure beauty has been harder in the last decades of our century than it was at the beginning. When Keats set forth, the forces which were to make the century intellectually the most tragic in the history of the race announced themselves chiefly as a leaven, a diffused buoyancy. It was an easy thing for even so alert and masculine a spirit as his to sink itself in a dream of visionary beauty, hearing the tremendous preparations round about, if at all, only as a fruitful springtime bustle of the fields. Since Keats's day, the wildness, the incoherence, the intellectual turmoil of the age have steadily deepened. The wind has made short work of most of the fragile harps set up to tame it to melody; and even where

these have been stout enough to stand the stress, too often the unwilling blast has drawn forth strains but dubiously musical. In Mr. Aldrich's pages one comes, to be sure, upon the note of trouble; here and there a poignant perception of the human flight admonishes us that the weaving of this verse of the cloth of gold has not been accomplished without sacrifice of "modern" impulses; but in the main what makes the work refreshing is the instinctiveness with which the author turns to the specific enthusiasm of the artist, as set off from the enthusiasm of the thinker or the preacher. He has done what Herrick did in an age which was in many respects singularly like our own. In a troubled era, the work of such men offers a gracious refuge. One turns to it out of the hurly-burly of query and doctrine as one turns out of the glare of an Italian street into a cool chapel, rich with the abiding shadow of an old, old dream.

And along with this integrity of instinct there has gone, in Mr. Aldrich's case, an integrity of workmanship wholly fine. We are at liberty to quarrel with the ideal of workmanship which he sets up, of course. For our own part, we feel in it a too great insistence upon the visual, especially the chromatic aspect of things, and a consequent disregard of other appeal, both sensuous and imaginative. One of his *dramatis personæ*, a painter, wants to crush a star in order to obtain a pigment wherewith to paint the eyes of his beloved. That is what Mr. Aldrich is repeatedly wanting to do, forgetful for a moment that the meaning in the dullest eye outsyllables how far the whole chorus of stars! Possessing a vocabulary rich as an Oriental jewel-box, he yields to the temptation to make of his Muse a wearer of gems, when she should be a spirit and a wandering voice. Perhaps as a consequence of this, the verse sometimes lacks the high nervous organization which the occasion demands. This is the case, to our

ear, with much of the blank verse of Wyndham Towers and of Judith and Holofernes, — more noticeably the latter, because of the greater weight and passion of the theme. The old Northumbrian poet who has left us a fragment of Judith's story found a metre apter to keep pace with the throbbing of that magnificent barbaric heart. But such shortcomings in the author's poetic craftsmanship, if they exist, serve only to throw into relief the general distinction of his touch.

It is a commonplace of contemporary criticism that the work of most of our bards, even down to the tiniest, is highly finished; strictures upon the value of their poetic accomplishment are usually tempered by an acknowledgment of their conscientious mastery of form. Such an acknowledgment implies a thin and mechanical conception of the technique of verse. There is, as a matter of fact, exceedingly little minor verse which is really of high finish; and in the rare cases where this exquisite adaptation exists, it is almost sufficient of itself to lift the work out of reach of the opprobrious epithet. Nobody knows this better, or has worked more earnestly in the light of the knowledge, than Mr. Aldrich. We do not have to read the tender opening lines of his Soliloquy at the Funeral of a Minor Poet to know that he loves to lavish endless patience upon a verse, until it is rich "from end to end in blossom like a bough the May breathes on." Work done in this spirit of nature is always touched with a kind of unworldly aura, no matter how small or frivolous the form upon which the spirit wreaks itself. Everywhere, and especially in America, the spirit is rare enough. Those persons to whom the words "American literature" mean at once a small accomplished fact and a large rational hope will be grateful to Mr. Aldrich for holding up an ideal of workmanship so sound, in a generation where the temptations to flashy device are many, and the re-

wards of artistic piety must be looked for — where indeed they have always abided — in the kingdom of heaven, which is within.

Mr. Stedman's volume, too, contains much workmanship of an exquisite order. His rhythmic sense is subtle, and he often attains an aerial waywardness of melody which is of the very essence of the lyric gift. By far the most noteworthy poem in the volume, from the standpoint of expression, is the last one, entitled *Ariel*, addressed to Shelley. "*Vagliami il lungo studio e il grande amore!*" the author might have exclaimed as he began this poem, for in every stanza his lifelong devotion to the master whom he celebrates makes itself felt, — not as imitation at all, but as susceptibility to those tremulous overtones of melody and meaning which make Shelley's voice haunting to ghostliness. The hovering and aerial quality of voice in this poem is the more remarkable when taken in connection with the hearty swing of such a ballad as *The Dutch Patrol*, with the scandalous tankard measure of *Falstaff's Song*, and with the large masculine dignity of line in *The Hand of Lincoln*.

In this respect of matured verse-craft the interest of Mr. Stedman's work runs parallel with that of Mr. Aldrich, but in mood they are far asunder. Instead of a quiet putting by of the intellectual turmoil, this volume exhibits a deep spiritual restlessness darkened by a sense of doubt and bafflement, but refusing still to be hopeless or uncourageous. It exists for the most part in solution, but where it precipitates itself, as in *Corda Concordia* and *Fin de Siècle*, the lines are freighted with such earnestness as to make the remainder of the work seem, by comparison, almost occasional.

Mr. Stedman is of those who have suffered the stress of the day. He has watched the wings of speculation fall crippled from the mysterious walls against which they had flung themselves. He

Mr. Stedman's Poems now First Collected.

has marched with the armies of belief when they beheld, beyond bristling defiles of thought manfully stormed and taken, mountainous paradox rising stolidly inexpugnable. He sees the century going down on a world which science has sufficed to make only more inexplicable, and the sight is solemn. Just now we

felt grateful to Mr. Aldrich for putting all this away in order that the clarity and sweetness of his art might not suffer; now we feel something like reverence for the man who, in conditions which make for contentment and acquiescence, has not been able to escape these large afflictions.

"MORAL" MELODRAMA TO ORDER.

THE well-to-do man of the city has few ideas and scant experience: he breakfasts, puts on his overcoat, goes downtown, tarries in his office so long as the sun shines, and then returns uptown, unlocks his front door, hangs up his overcoat, and dines. These processes, with sleep and a little human companionship, make up the routine of his existence. His mind is a fair counterpart of his life. It has its little avenues where the traffic of his ideas trundles to and fro; its side streets, distinguished by Roman numerals; and occasional patches of green, on which his thoughts rarely trespass, so well are they patrolled by habit and custom in brass buttons. The ill-to-do citizen is in most matters, except pecuniary, like his well-to-do brother.

This urban nature is well understood by those persons who make a livelihood by supplying its holidays with occupations and diversions. They know its commonness, its curiosity, its cursoriness, and its fickleness; they perceive the need of startling contrast, and therefore they put melodrama on the stage, vice into novels, and crime into daily newspapers. These purveyors are of stunted understanding and confused vision; they think that a well-combined mixture of vice and crime constitutes melodrama. In reality, false melodrama is an entirely different thing from true melodrama. The latter is the region where children's

dreams assume bodily shape. The intense, the exaggerated, the improbable, the superhuman, are its principal inhabitants. Everybody who has ever read the Arabian Nights, Amadis of Gaul, Orlando Furioso, any tales about the Round Table, or almost any story told before printers were so powerful in the world, knows that the love of the humanly impossible is very deeply rooted. Every new child adds another to its band of supporters.

The true melodrama is delightful: it ignores sophistication, ennui, worldliness, the commonness of daily life; it brushes aside the superincumbent years, and puts us back into the great days of old when giants were on earth; it sends the blood tingling in our veins; it sounds the reveille to innocence; it administers most excellent medicine to the city-bred. But managers of theatres, manufacturers of novels, publishers of daily papers, have the greatest difficulty in keeping real and false melodrama separate and apart. The false appeals to curiosity, to ignorance, to envy, to meanness, to all those feelings which underlie ostentation, affectation, and vulgarity; it does not appeal to the child, but to the dwarf, to the stunted oaf in each of us. The harm of it is that children are deceived, and grown people also. Hence one need for a widely diffused literary education to teach the difference between the heroic,

the creation of the child's imagination, and the abnormal, the handiwork of those who find comfort and refreshment in vice and crime.

There is no doubt that novelists experience especial difficulty in distinguishing clearly between the two, because, in addition to a certain resemblance between false and true melodrama, there is, in writing novels, the confusion caused by tragedy. In old times, plays used always to be divided into two classes, comedies and tragedies, — there was no middle ground; and a playwright wrote either the one or the other. The drama, when withdrawing in favor of the younger sister, the novel, handed on to her sundry precepts, among them this one of conventional classification; and to this day, novelists, although they have no excuse of limitations imposed by the stage, make up their minds to write a tragedy or a comedy instead of proposing to write a story. The novel, thus hindered and thwarted, has committed the further error of acknowledging the prestige of tragedy. In hurly-burly times, when men's minds were upset by great causes, when a nation's existence was at stake, when strange gods threatened to invade, when a different race with monstrous customs tramped in with scimiters, — in such times fears and exultations spoke through the voices of the people. Then men of genius flung themselves into the heady current of life, and floated towards the swiftest eddy and the biggest waves. But those times have gone; new conditions of life give new matter for words. Persians, Turks, Spaniards, no longer burst in upon us; our back doors are safe; if we lie awake at night, it is over the obstacles to our pursuit of private happiness. Nevertheless, the burden of tragedy weighs upon novelists as heavily as it did upon playwrights. They accept their lofty vocation with funereal brows; hardly a man of them refuses the summons of duty to write three volumes of distress.

There can be no quarrel between us and men who are sensitive to the griefs of life. Death and pain stay as close to us as they did to our fathers. A man cannot write a story of many persons, or of a single person throughout his whole life, without telling of sorrow; but the sadder the story, the more difficult it is to tell. No man knows tragedy unless he knows how noble humanity can be; no man may say sin is terrible unless he appreciates the possibilities in human nature. There is no tragedy among animals. No poet has ever made tragedy out of physical pain. Even we, common men and women, are "so made, thanks be to God, that such misery does not offend us." The suffering soul alone makes tragedy. Its pains are measured by its capability; great tragedy is when a noble soul, like Othello's, descends into hell. Men who would write tragedy must brood over life. They need not master any branch of science, they may neglect history and pathology, they need not travel.

Mr. Hall Caine has come to grief because of his disregard of these obvious facts. Ignorant of real melodrama, he has grasped at tragedy like a baby reaching for the moon, and has tumbled head over heels into the slough of false melodrama. He goes up to London, studies the woman of the street, the man of the club, the hospital, the doings of lord and prelate, of lady and ballet girl, of monk and costermonger, and then sits down to write a book¹ that shall show forth the woes, wickedness, and hypocrisy of London. He will redress wrong and pluck the beam from the world's eye. Excellent purpose, and yet how has Mr. Caine the boldness publicly to express his wish to win the great prize of life, this righting of wrong? How has he deserved it? When has he refined himself by the profound comparison necessary to understand a single hu-

¹ *The Christian. A Story.* By HALL CAINE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1897.

man soul? To know that there are sin and sorrow in London is hardly enough to justify a man in the belief that he can pick up his pen and cross them out.

Many men feel the tragedy of life; many well know "the expense of spirit in a waste of shame," avarice, and vulgarity; they are eager for sympathy; they go to plays, they read books, stuffed full of misery, seeking in vain for the kindly medicine which real tragedy administers. They are conscious of the larger life introduced by it. The common belief that before each person stretches immortal life is closely allied to tragedy. It may be that only the hero

"Mounts, and that hardly to eternal life,"

but the importance of this belief in immortality, for the novelist, is that most men and women feel that they are entitled, by virtue of their souls, to experience for themselves that life which is the home of tragedy, the life of the spirit. A dim perception of this alliance between aspiration and tragedy has thrown a fresh fog of obscurity around Mr. Caine; in the confusion he flings out a life-line, and, as if he were a life-boat's crew, hallooes to painted men drowning in a painted ocean.

The Christian is the story of John Storm and Glory Quayle. Storm is the son of an English lord, and has been educated by his father for the purpose of dissolving the British Empire, and of combining the fragments into "the United States of Great Britain." "So the boy was taken through Europe and Asia, and learned something of many languages. . . . Conventional morality was considered mawkish. The chief aim of home training was to bring children up in total ignorance, if possible, of the most important facts and functions of life. But it was *not* possible, and hence suppression, dissimulation, lying, and, under the ban of secret sin, one half the world's woes. So the boy was taken to the temples of Greece and

India, and even to Western casinos and dancing-gardens." Father and son went back to the Isle of Man: there the son met Glory, the granddaughter of an old clergyman, and there he learned serious views, and determined to forsake the "United States of Great Britain" and betake himself to a religious life. Glory, half boy, bored with the island and her aunts, is eager to see the world and to develop her own powers. "One of her eyes had a brown spot, which gave at the first glance the effect of a squint, at the next glance a coquettish expression, and ever after a sense of tremendous power and passion." The "depth" of her voice was "capable of every shade of color." She resolves to be a nurse in a London hospital in which John Storm is to be chaplain; and the two travel to London together. Storm finds himself curate to a fashionable preacher, whose worldliness, frivolity, and hypocrisy he is unable to endure. At the hospital Glory makes friends with Polly Love, who takes her to the theatre, to a dance, and to the chambers of some fashionable young gentlemen, where Glory dresses herself up in man's clothes. The mingling of ignorance and audacity in Glory is very remarkable; for though she knew Byron and Sir Charles Grandison, and some other matters, nevertheless at the play (and she herself desired to be an actress) she was entirely deceived into thinking she beheld reality. Polly is the mistress of Lord Robert, one of the fashionable young gentlemen; and when it is apparent that she is with child, she is summoned before the trustees of the hospital and is denounced by the fashionable preacher. Glory steps to Polly's side and takes her part. John Storm demands that after her expulsion the name of her seducer shall be made public and stricken from the roll of governors. The demand is refused, and Polly is forbidden to mention the man's name. The consequences of this incident are that Storm enters a brotherhood, and

that Glory, discharged from the hospital, goes on the stage.

In the second book Mr. Caine describes life in the monastery. There Storm meets Paul, brother to Polly Love, and tells him of Polly's seduction. Paul, through the connivance of Storm, who is on duty as guardian of the gate, goes out from the monastery by night in search of his sister. Once before Paul had gone out from the monastery, on the occasion of the seduction of his other sister, and had murdered the seducer. This night he cannot find Polly or Lord Robert, and comes back to die of exhaustion. Storm, fearful of the fate that may await Glory, determines to leave the monastery. He is unfrocked with ceremony, and goes out into the world in time to see large placards on sandwich-men announcing "Gloria, the great singer." Glory, in the meantime, has lived with a certain Mrs. Jupe, who combines the two callings of tobacconist and concealer of illegitimate babies. For a time Glory served behind the counter, and there made the acquaintance of some ballet girls, and from a *début* in a music hall suddenly jumped into fame as a favorite of London society. John Storm, on quitting the monastery, betakes himself to the slums, and preaches repentance and the end of the world, which shall come to pass on Derby day. He has been unable to break the bond that binds him to Glory, and twice she has promised to forsake the world, marry him, and live in the slums or go to tend lepers in Samoa, and twice she has drawn back. Glory frequents the society of the world, but not of the world's wife, and on the eventful day of prediction drives out on the coach of Sir Francis Horatio Nelson Drake to see his horse win the Derby. The day ends in a carouse. Storm, under the strain of his emotional life and maddened by jealousy, goes to Glory's apartments for the purpose of killing her body that he may save her

soul. She returns from the carouse, and, in terror for her life, induces Storm to break the chief of his triple vows. The next day he is arrested as legally responsible for the death of a brawler killed in a fray with his fanatical followers. He is released on bail, and straightway is assaulted in the street by some ruffians who have become angry at being cheated into the belief that the end of the world had come. Glory puts off her theatrical dress, gets into her gown of hospital nurse, and hurries to Storm's death-bed, where the two are married, and the book ends with the words of the marriage service.

Persons in whose lives books play a large part incline to judge a book by a literary standard: such people push aside a novel like *The Christian* with a shrug and a few words of jest or contempt. In *Cosmopolis* Mr. Lang treats it with great levity. But there are others who read novels for instruction, from ignorance and curiosity to learn the facts of life outside of their own experience, and they, readily accepting Mr. Caine as an authority, believe that this compound of intemperance, irreverence, and acquaintance with vice is to be taken seriously by virtuous men and women. Books are too closely connected with our daily life to permit us to measure them by other standards than those which we use with regard to the conduct of life. We have heard many persons talk about the world of art as if it were a big soap-bubble, utterly unrelated to our world of flesh and blood, — one with which the ten commandments have no concern, wrapped round by an atmosphere where dull conscience cannot live. Human life, however, retains its supremacy; art depends upon it for all vitality, and willy-nilly must acknowledge, in deed if not in word, that morality is the chief factor in shaping beauty and taste.

If a novelist chooses to write about vice as a fashion of contemporary manners, we feel that Grylle is Grylle, and

may write as he pleases; but when Mr. Hall Caine takes advantage of the sacred name "Christian" in order to attract decent people, and in the same pages describes vice in frequent repetition of similar scenes, we think he must be held to be liming his twig to catch at the same time a different class of readers, and we feel that any question as to jurisdiction of morality with regard to this book cannot fairly be raised. We believe that Mr. Caine would not urge such a question. Apparently he has meant to write a new allegory of Christian journeying through life. First Christian bends his steps to the Church, and finds Canon Worldly and Reverend Hypocrisy; then he betakes himself to the monastery, and finds in it the chill of the obsolete; all the time he is struggling against Mistress Flesh, and seeking succor among the poor and the wrong-doers, until he comes to the valley of the shadow of death, where he fights with a hydra-headed Apollyon in the form of fashionable society. He is seemingly conquered by Mistress Flesh, who comes to the rescue of Apollyon; but he dies at last a martyr, and as victorious as (in the opinion of the author) is possible for the Christian who fights against the powers of Satan.

There is no reader but must be astonished by the great lack of refinement throughout, by the want of education in life, by the absence of even rudimentary art, by the pitiful intemperance of the book. An artist takes a fact very much as a juggler does, holds it in his hands, makes a few quick movements, stretches it out to the beholder, and lo! the fact is entirely changed from what it had first seemed to be. This faculty has the power of throwing light on a subject, so that the humanly interesting element disentangles itself, and stands out like the spirit of the fact quite extricated from its trappings. It is the lack of this faculty, in both writers and readers, that brought philo-realism into passing fashion. "Let us

get at facts," said the crowd; but they could not, for the facts of life are spirit, which appears to the crowd only in multitudinous disguises. To take an illustration: the crowd, through its mouth-piece, history, says that Queen Elizabeth was half in love with Leicester, and that she tickled the back of his neck when he knelt to receive his earldom. Shakespeare says

"the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free."

This disagreement shows us the difference between the pseudo-Elizabeth of history, who slept and ate, who walked about in state, accompanied by wise men and by fools, and the Elizabeth of England, who has been created by poet, sailor, and Protestant, and who will live an immortal queen. Is that real which passes away like the down of the dandelion, or that which is an ideal compact of many excellencies,

"Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty,"

and such other qualities as lovers give?

It is our inability to believe that other men are greater than we, that they have "larger other eyes than ours," that has bestowed so much rash flattery upon this realism which has so bewildered Mr. Caine. We common men see a poor dumb fact come limping in, and our dreamy, unconsidered neighbor's face lights up; he greets it, and, to our bewilderment, at the touch of his hand the fact stands up and speaks. It is this power gained from life that guides the master's pen.

We are often surprised at the neglect of pure comedy. The prestige of tragedy, the disquieting desire for theatrical effect, the wish to benefit our brothers whom we have not seen, the stupidity of the English language in having no adjective for "comedy" but "comic," do not seem to us sufficient causes to account for this neglect. It is clear that if we look to the classics we find great comedy as

rare as great tragedy. Shakespeare and Cervantes stand alone ; after a long interval come Molière, Fielding, Dickens. If we consider the books which have been proved by their popularity to be acceptable to men, we find that Robinson Crusoe, Pickwick Papers, Huckleberry Finn, have called forth more gratitude than most sad stories have. Miss Austen's fame is as secure as that of any English novelist except Sir Walter Scott, and she has written only comedies. But Mr. Hall Caine eschews the ways of peace, and proceeds in King Cambyse's vein. To find any such blood-curdling events as there are in *The Christian* we must go to Marlowe or to the Bowery. Mr. Caine has put in —

Item, one suicide.

Item, three murders.

Item, one bloodhound.

Item, four seductions.

Item, ballet girls, gamblers, monks.

Item, two deaths in bed.

Item, music halls, thieves' dens.

Item, one impossible heroine.

Item, one impossible hero.

Item, one ha'penny worth of purpose to this intolerable deal of bombast.

It may be that greater genius is required to write tragedy than to write comedy. The critics say so. Nevertheless, courage, devotion, loyalty, love, are not less difficult to delineate when happy than when unhappy. The virtues of life are as hard to portray as they are to acquire. No man need fear that his pen is doing an unworthily easy task because he describes virtue and happiness. We know of no explanation of the neglect of comedy, unless it be that Satan has taken some of our novelists to the top of a high mountain and shown them the vices and miseries of the world in order to tempt them. Satan, we know, has no power to show them the joys and happi-

ness of life. Like one-eyed calendars the melancholy novelists go, blind to one half of life.

The Christian is said to have many readers in the United States. This interest shows the gloomy side of our great national virtue, good nature. For the sake of Mr. Caine's proclaimed purpose, the public endures such a book. It does not stop to think that if Mr. Caine in truth had had a noble purpose at heart, he would not have frustrated that purpose by a slovenly book ; rather would he have waited, and by long preparation, by temperance, by refraining from the stretch of life beyond his powers, would have put his two talents to usury, and have brought back the increase to his conscience.

We ourselves have an inclination for sentiment (a word avoided by most people). By sentiment we mean that power of abstraction which distills finer elements from companionship of baser materials, to which the chances of mortal hours had bound them ; we mean the friendliness of the cultivated mind which makes wholesome poor maimed matter. Sentiment is a great comforter. It is noiseless music.

"Leise zieht durch mein Gemüth
Liebliches Gelaute."

Goethe is the great master of sentiment. Mr. Caine is utterly devoid of it ; and so innocent is he of any suspicion of his lack that in the middle of his melodrama — as upon tinsel falls a jet of sunshine — he quotes,

"Du liebes Kind, komm' geh' mit mir!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel' ich mit dir,"

in utter unconsciousness of the effect which these two lines of poetry produce upon his readers. They show his self-deceit, and they drive us back to men of imagination, who learn from life, and tell us what they know.

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THE CAPTURE OF GOVERNMENT BY COMMERCIALISM.

MISGOVERNMENT in the United States is an incident in the history of commerce. It is part of the triumph of industrial progress. Its details are easier to understand if studied as a part of the commercial development of the country than if studied as a part of government, because many of the wheels and cranks in the complex machinery of government are now performing functions so perverted as to be unmeaning from the point of view of political theory, but which become perfectly plain if looked at from the point of view of trade.

The growth and concentration of capital which the railroad and the telegraph made possible is the salient fact in the history of the last quarter-century. That fact is at the bottom of our political troubles. It was inevitable that the enormous masses of wealth, springing out of new conditions and requiring new laws, should strive to control the legislation and the administration which touched them at every point. At the present time, we cannot say just what changes were or were not required by enlightened theory. It is enough to see that such changes as came were inevitable; and nothing can blind us to the fact that the methods by which they were obtained were subversive of free government.

Whatever form of government had been in force in America during this era would have run the risk of being controlled by capital, of being bought and run for revenue. It happened that the beginning of the period found the

machinery of our government in a particularly purchasable state. The war had left the people divided into two parties which were fanatically hostile to each other. The people were party mad. Party name and party symbols were of an almost religious importance.

At the very moment when the enthusiasm of the nation had been exhausted in a heroic war which left the Republican party managers in possession of the ark of the covenant, the best intellect of the country was withdrawn from public affairs and devoted to trade. During the period of expansion which followed, the industrial forces called in the ablest men of the nation to aid them in getting control of the machinery of government. The name of king was never freighted with more power than the name of party in the United States; whatever was done in that name was right. It is the old story: there has never been a despotism which did not rest upon superstition. The same spirit that made the Republican name all powerful in the nation at large made the Democratic name valuable in Democratic districts.

The situation as it existed was made to the hand of trade. Political power had been condensed and packed for delivery by the war; and in the natural course of things the political trademarks began to find their way into the coffers of the capitalist. The change of motive power behind the party organizations — from principles to money — was silently effected during the thirty years

which followed the war. Like all organic change, it was unconscious. It was understood by no one. It is recorded only in a few names and phrases; as, for instance, that part of the organization which was purchased was called the "machine," and the general manager of it became known as the "boss." The external political history of the country continued as before. It is true that a steady degradation was to be seen in public life, a steady failure of character, a steady decline of decency. But questions continued to be discussed, and in form decided, on their merits, because it was in the interest of commerce that they should in form be so decided. Only quite recently has the control of money become complete; and there are reasons for believing that the climax is past.

Let us take a look at the change on a small scale. A railroad is to be run through a country town or small city, in Massachusetts, New York, or Pennsylvania. The railroad employs a local attorney, naturally the ablest attorney in the place. As time goes on, various permits for street uses are needed; and instead of relying solely upon popular demand, the attorney finds it easier to bribe the proper officials. All goes well: the railroad thrives, the town grows. But in the course of a year new permits of various kinds are needed. The town ordinances interfere with the road and require amendment. There is to be a town election; and it occurs to the railroad's attorney that he might be in alliance with the town officers before they are elected. He goes to the managers of the party which is likely to win; for instance, the Republican party. Everything that the railroad wants is really called for by the economic needs of the town. The railroad wants only fair play and no factious obstruction. The attorney talks to the Republican leader, and has a chance to look over the list of candidates, and perhaps even to select

some of them. The railroad makes the largest campaign subscription ever made in that part of the country. The Republican leader can now employ more workers to man the polls, and, if necessary, he can buy votes. He must also retain some fraction of the contribution for his own support, and distribute the rest in such manner as will best keep his "organization" together.

The party wins, and the rights of the railroad are secured for a year. It is true that the brother of the Republican leader is employed on the road as a brakeman; but he is a competent man.

During the year, a very nice point of law arises as to the rights of the railroad to certain valuable land claimed by the town. The city attorney is an able man, and reasonable. In spite of his ability, he manages somehow to state the city's case on an untenable ground. A decision follows in favor of the railroad. At the following election, the city attorney has become the Republican candidate for judge, and the railroad's campaign subscription is trebled. In the conduct of railroads, even under the best management, accidents are common; and while it is true that important decisions are appealable, a trial judge has enormous powers which are practically discretionary. Meanwhile, there have arisen questions of local taxation of the railroad's property, questions as to grade crossings, as to the lighting of cars, as to time schedules, and the like. The court calendars are becoming crowded with railroad business; and that business is now more than one attorney can attend to. In fact, the half dozen local lawyers of prominence are railroad men; the rest of the lawyers would like to be. Every one of the railroad lawyers receives deferential treatment, and, when possible, legal advantage in all of the public offices. The community is now in the control of a ring, held together by just one thing, the railroad company's subscription to the campaign fund.

By this time a serious scandal has occurred in the town, — nothing less than the rumor of a deficit in the town treasurer's accounts, and the citizens are concerned about it. One of the railroad's lawyers, a strong party man, happens to be occupying the post of district attorney; for the yearly campaign subscriptions continue. This district attorney is, in fact, one of the committee on nominations who put the town treasurer into office; and the Republican party is responsible for both. No prosecution follows. The district attorney stands for reelection.

An outsider comes to live in the town. He wants to reform things, and proceeds to talk politics. He is not so inexperienced as to seek aid from the rich and respectable classes. He knows that the men who subscribed to the railroad's stock are the same men who own the local bank, and that the manufacturers and other business men of the place rely on the bank for carrying on their business. He knows that all trades which are specially touched by the law, such as the liquor-dealers' and hotel-keepers', must "stand in" with the administration; so also must the small shopkeepers, and those who have to do with sidewalk privileges and town ordinances generally. The newcomer talks to the leading hardware merchant, a man of stainless reputation, who admits that the district attorney has been remiss; but the merchant is a Republican, and says that so long as he lives he will vote for the party that saved the country. To vote for a Democrat is a crime. The reformer next approaches the druggist (whose father-in-law is in the employ of the railroad), and receives the same reply. He goes to the florist. But the florist owns a piece of real estate, and has a theory that it is assessed too high. The time for revising the assessment rolls is coming near, and he has to see the authorities about that. The florist agrees that the town is a den of thieves;

but he must live; he has no time to go into theoretical politics. The stranger next interviews a retired grocer. But the grocer has lent money to his nephew, who is in the coal business, and is getting special rates from the railroad, and is paying off the debt rapidly. The grocer would be willing to help, but his name must not be used.

It is needless to multiply instances of what every one knows. After canvassing the whole community, the stranger finds five persons who are willing to work to defeat the district attorney: a young doctor of good education and small practice, a young lawyer who thinks he can make use of the movement by betraying it, a retired anti-slavery preacher, a maiden lady, and a piano-tuner. The district attorney is reelected by an overwhelming vote.

All this time the railroad desires only a quiet life. It takes no interest in politics. It is making money, and does not want values disturbed. It is conservative.

In the following year worse things happen. The town treasurer steals more money, and the district attorney is openly accused of sharing the profits. The Democrats are shouting for reform, and declare that they will run the strongest man in town for district attorney. He is a Democrat, but one who fought for the Union. He is no longer in active practice, and is, on the whole, the most distinguished citizen of the place. This suggestion is popular. The hardware merchant declares that he will vote the Democratic ticket, and there is a sensation. It appears that during all these years there has been a Democratic organization in the town, and that the notorious corruption of the Republicans makes a Democratic victory possible. The railroad company therefore goes to the manager of the Democratic party, and explains that it wants only to be let alone. It explains that it takes no interest in politics, but that, if a change is to come, it

desires only that So-and-So shall be retained, and it leaves a subscription with the Democratic manager. In short, it makes the best terms it can. The Democratic leader, if he thinks that he can make a clean sweep, may nominate the distinguished citizen, together with a group of his own organization comrades. It obviously would be of no use to him to name a full citizens' ticket. That would be treason to his party. If he takes this course and wins, we shall have ring rule of a slightly milder type. The course begins anew, under a Democratic name; and it may be several years before another malfeasance occurs.

But the Republican leader and the railroad company do not want war; they want peace. They may agree to make it worth while for the Democrats not to run the distinguished citizen. A few Democrats are let into the Republican ring. They are promised certain minor appointive offices, and some contracts and emoluments. Accordingly, the Democrats do not nominate the distinguished citizen. The hardware man sees little choice between the two nominees for district attorney; at any rate, he will not vote for a machine Democrat, and he again votes for his party nominee. All the reform talk simmers down to silence. The Republicans are returned to power.

The town is now ruled by a Happy Family. Stable equilibrium has been reached at last. Commercialism is in control. Henceforth, the railroad company pays the bills for keeping up both party organizations, and it receives care and protection from whichever side is nominally in power.

The party leaders have by this time become the general utility men of the railroad; they are its agents and factotums. The boss is the handy man of the capitalist. So long as the people of the town are content to vote on party lines they cannot get away from the railroad. In fact, there are no national parties in the town. A man may talk about them,

but he cannot vote for one of them, because they do not exist. He can vote only for or against the railroad; and to do the latter, an independent ticket must be nominated.

It must not be imagined that any part of the general public clearly understands this situation. The state of mind of the Better Element of the Republican side has been seen. The good Democrats are equally distressed. The distinguished citizen ardently desires to oust the Republican ring. He subscribes year after year to the campaign fund of his own party, and declares that the defalcation of the town treasurer has given it the opportunity of a generation. The Democratic organization takes his money and accepts his moral support, and uses it to build up one end of the machine. It cries, "Reform! Reform! Give us back the principles of Jefferson and of Tilden!"

The Boss-out-of-Power must welcome all popular movements. He must sometimes accept a candidate from a citizens' committee, sometimes refuse to do it. He must spread his mainsail to the national party wind of the moment. His immense advantage is an intellectual one. He alone knows the principles of the game. He alone sees that the power of the bosses comes from party loyalty. Croker recently stated his case frankly thus: "A man who would desert his party would desert his country."

It may be remarked, in passing, that New York city reached the Happy Family stage many years ago. Tammany Hall is in power, being maintained there by the great mercantile interests. The Republican party is out of power, and its organization is kept going by the same interests. It has always been the earmark of an enterprise of the first financial magnitude in New York that it subscribed to both campaign funds. The Republican function has been to prevent any one from disturbing Tammany Hall. This has not been difficult; the Repub-

licans have always been in a hopeless minority, and the machine managers understood this perfectly. Now if, by the simple plan of denouncing Tammany Hall, and appealing to the war record of the Republican party, they could hold their constituency, Tammany would be safe. The matter is actually more complex than this, but the principle is obvious.

To return to our country town. It is easy to see that the railroad is pouring out its money in the systematic corruption of the entire community. Even the offices with which it has no contact will be affected by this corruption. Men put in office because they are tools will work as tools only. Voters once bribed will thereafter vote for money only. The subscribing and the voting classes, whose state of mind is outlined above, are not purely mercenary. The retired grocer, the florist, the druggist, are all influenced by mixed motives, in which personal interest bears a greater or a smaller share. Each of these men belongs to a party, as a Brahmin is born into a caste. His spirit must suffer an agony of conversion before he can get free, even if he is poor. If he has property, he must pay for that conversion by the loss of money, also.

Since 1865 the towns throughout the United States have been passing through this stage. A ring was likely to spring up wherever there was available capital. We hear a great talk about the failure of our institutions as applied to cities, as if it were our incapacity to deal with masses of people and with the problems of city expansion that wrecked us. It is nothing of the sort. There is intellect and business capacity enough in the country to run the Chinese Empire like clockwork. Philosophers state broadly that our people "prefer to live in towns," and cite the rush to the cities during the last thirty years. The truth is that the exploitation of the continent could be done most conveniently by the assembling of business men in towns; and

hence it is that the worst rings are found in the larger cities. But there are rings everywhere; and wherever you see one you will find a factory behind it. If the population had remained scattered, commerce would have pursued substantially the same course. We should have had the rings just the same. It is perfectly true that the wonderful and scientific concentration of business that we have seen in the past thirty years gave the chance for the wonderful and scientific concentration of its control over politics. The state machine could be constructed easily by consolidating local rings of the same party name.

The boss *par excellence* is a state boss. He is a comparatively recent development. He could exist only in a society which had long been preparing for him. He could operate only in a society where almost every class and almost every individual was in a certain sense corrupted. The exact moment of his omnipotence in the state of New York, for instance, is recorded in the actions of the state legislature. Less than ten years ago, the bribing of the legislature was done piecemeal and at Albany; and the great corporations of the state were accustomed to keep separate attorneys in the capitol, ready for any emergency. But the economy of having the legislature corrupted before election soon became apparent. If the party organizations could furnish a man with whom the corporation managers could contract directly, they and their directors could sleep at night. The boss sprang into existence to meet this need. He is a commercial agent, like his little local prototype; but the scope of his activities is so great and their directions are so various, the forces that he deals with are so complex and his mastery over them is so complete, that a kind of mystery envelops him. He appears in the newspapers like a demon of unaccountable power. He is the man who gives

his attention to aiding in the election of the candidates for state office, and to retaining his hold upon them after election. His knowledge of local politics all over a state, and the handling of the very large sums of money subscribed by sundry promoters and corporations, explain the miracle of his control.

The government of a state is no more than a town government for a wide area. The methods of bribery which work certain general results in a town will work similar results in a state. But the scale of operations is vastly greater. The state-controlled businesses, such as banking, insurance, and the state public works, and the liquor traffic, involve the expenditure of enormous sums of money.

The effect of commercialism on politics is best seen in the state system. The manner of nominating candidates shows how easily the major force in a community makes use of its old customs.

The American plan of party government provides for primaries, caucuses, and town, county, and state conventions. It was devised on political principles, and was intended to be a means of working out the will of the majority, by a gradual delegation of power from bottom to top. The exigencies of commerce required that this machinery should be made to work backwards, — namely, from top to bottom. It was absolutely necessary for commerce to have a political dictator; and this was found to be perfectly easy. Every form and process of nomination is gravely gone through with, the dictator merely standing by and designating the officers and committee men at every step. There is something positively Egyptian in the formalism that has been kept up in practice, and in the state of mind of men who are satisfied with the procedure.

The men who, in the course of a party convention, are doing this marching and countermarching, this forming and dissolving into committees and delegations, and who appear like acolytes go-

ing through mystical rites and ceremonies, are only self-seeking men, without a real political idea in their heads. Their evolutions are done to be seen by the masses of the people, who will give them party support if these forms are complied with.

We all know well another interesting perversion of function. A legislator is by political theory a wise, enlightened man, pledged to intellectual duties. He gives no bonds. He is responsible only under the constitution and to his own conscience. Therefore, if the place is to be filled by a dummy, almost anybody will do. A town clerk must be a competent man, even under boss rule; but a legislator will serve the need so long as he is able to say "ay" and "no." The boss, then, governs the largest and the most complex business enterprise in the state; and he is always a man of great capacity. He is obliged to conduct it in a cumbersome and antiquated manner, and to proceed at every step according to precedent and by a series of fictions. When we consider that the legislators and governors are, after all, not absolute dummies; that among them are ambitious and rapacious men, with here and there an enemy or a traitor to the boss and to his dynasty, we cannot help admiring in the boss his high degree of Napoleonic intellect. And remember this: he must keep both himself and his patrons out of jail, and so far as possible keep them clear of public reprobation.

We have not as yet had any national boss, because the necessity for owning Congress has not as yet become continuous; and the interests which have bought the national legislature at one time or another have done it by bribing individuals, in the old-fashioned way.

Turning now to New York city, we find the political situation very similar to that of the country town already described. The interests which actually control the businesses of the city are

managed by very few individuals. It is only that the sums involved are different. One of these men is president of an insurance company whose assets are \$130,000,000; another is president of a system of street railways with a capital stock of \$30,000,000; another is president of an elevated road system with a capital of the same amount; a fourth is vice-president of a paving company worth \$10,000,000; a fifth owns \$50,000,000 worth of real estate; a sixth controls a great railroad system; a seventh is president of a savings-bank in which \$5,000,000 are deposited; and so on. The commercial ties which bind the community together are as close in the city as in the country town. The great magnates live in palaces, and the lesser ones in palaces, also. The hardware-dealer of the small town is in New York the owner of iron-works, a man of stainless reputation. The florist is the owner of a large tract of land within the city limits, through which a boulevard is about to be cut. The retired merchant has become a partner of his nephew, and is developing one of the suburbs by means of an extension of an electric road system. But the commercial hierarchy does not stop here; it continues radiating, spreading downward. All businesses are united by the instruments and usages which the genius of trade has devised. All these interests together represent the railroad of the country town. They take no real interest in politics, and they desire only to be let alone.

For the twenty years before the Strong administration the government of the city was almost continuously under the control of a ring, or, accurately speaking, of a Happy Family. Special circumstances made this ring well-nigh indestructible. The Boss-out-of-Power of the Happy Family happens to be also the boss of the state legislature. He performs a double function. This is what has given Platt his extraordinary power. It will have been noticed that some of the masses of

wealth above mentioned are peculiarly subject to state legislation: they subscribe directly to the state boss's fund. Some are subject to interference from the city administration: they subscribe to the city boss's fund.

We see that by the receipt of his fund the state boss is rendered independent of the people of the city. He can use the state legislature to strengthen his hands in his dealings with the city boss. After all, he does not need many votes. He can buy enough votes to hold his minority together and keep Tammany safely in power, and by now and then taking a candidate from the citizens he advertises himself as a friend of reform.

As to the Tammany branch of the concern, the big money interests need specific and often illegal advantages, and pay heavily over the Tammany counter. But as we saw before, public officers, if once corrupted, will work only for money. Every business that has to do with one or another of the city offices must therefore now contribute for "protection." A foreign business that is started in this city subscribes to Tammany Hall just as a visitor writes his name in a book at a watering-place. It gives him the run of the town. In the same way, the state-fearing business man subscribes to Platt for "protection." No secret is made of these conditions. The business man regards the reformer as a monomaniac who is not reasonable enough to see the necessity for his tribute. In the conduct of any large business, this form of bribery is as regular an item as rent. The machinery for such bribery is perfected. It is only when some blundering attempt is made by a corporation to do the bribing itself, when some unbusinesslike attempt is made to get rid of the middleman, that the matter is discovered. A few boodle aldermen go to jail, and every one is scandalized. The city and county officers of the new city of New

York will have to do with the disbursing of \$70,000,000 annually, — fully one half of it in the conduct of administration. The power of these officers to affect or even control values, by manipulation of one sort or another, is familiar to us all from experience in the past.

So much for business. Let us look at the law. The most lucrative practice is that of an attorney who protects great corporate interests among these breakers. He needs but one client; he gets hundreds. The mind of the average lawyer makes the same unconscious allowance for bribery as that of the business man. Moreover, we cannot overlook the cases of simple old-fashioned bribery to which the masses of capital give rise. In a political emergency any amount of money is forthcoming immediately, and it is given from aggregations of capital so large that the items are easily concealed in the accounts. Bribery, in one form or another, is part of the unwritten law. It is atmospheric; it is felt by no one. The most able men in the community believe that society would drop to pieces without bribery. They do not express it in this way, but they act upon the principle in an emergency. A leader of the bar, at the behest of his Wall Street clients, begs the reform police board not to remove Inspector Byrnes, who is the Jonathan Wild of the period. The bench is able, and for the most part upright. But many of the judges on the bench have paid large campaign assessments in return for their nominations; others have given notes to the bosses. This reveals the exact condition of things. In a corrupt era the judges paid cash. Now they help their friends. The son or the son-in-law of a judge is sure of a good practice, and referees are appointed from lists which are largely dictated by the professional politicians of both parties.

It would require an encyclopædia to state the various simple devices by which

the same principle runs through every department in the life of the community. Such an encyclopædia for New York city would be the best picture of municipal misgovernment in the United States during the commercial era. But one main fact must again be noted: this great complex ring is held together by the two campaign funds, the Tammany Hall fund and the Republican fund. They are the two power-houses which run all this machinery.

So far as human suffering goes, the positive evils of the system fall largely on the poor. The rich buy immunity, but the poor are persecuted, and have no escape or redress. This has always been the case under a tyranny. What else could we expect in New York? The Lexow investigation showed us the condition of the police force. The lower courts, both criminal and civil, and the police department were used for vote-getting and for money-getting purposes. They were serving as instruments of extortion and of favoritism. But in the old police courts the foreigner and the honest poor were actually attacked. Process was issued against them, their business was destroyed, and they were jailed unless they could buy off. This system still exists to some extent in the lower civil courts.

It is obvious that all these things come to pass through the fault of no one in particular. We have to-day reached the point where the public is beginning to understand that the iniquity is accomplished by means of the political boss. Every one is therefore abusing the boss. But Platt and Croker are not worse than the men who continue to employ them after understanding their function. These men stand for the conservative morality of New York, and for standards but little lower than the present standards.

Let us now see how those standards came to exist. Imagine a community in which, for more than a generation, the

government has been completely under boss rule, so that the system has become part of the habits and of the thought of the people, and consider what views we might expect to find in the hearts of the citizens of such a community. The masses will have been controlled by what is really bribery and terrorism, but what appears in the form of a very plausible appeal to the individual on the ground of self-interest. For forty years money and place have been corrupting them. Their whole conception of politics is that it is a matter of money and of place. The well-to-do will have been apt to prosper in proportion as they have made themselves serviceable to the dominant powers, and become part and parcel of the machinery of the system. It is not to be pretended that every man in such a community is a rascal, but it is true that in so far as his business brings him into contact with the administrative officers every man will be put to the choice between lucrative malpractice and thankless honesty. A conviction will spread throughout the community that nothing can be done without a friend at court; that honesty does not pay, and probably never has paid in the history of the world; that a boss is part of the mechanism by which God governs mankind; that property would not be safe without him; and, finally, that the recognized bosses are not so bad as they are painted. The great masses of corporate property have owners who really believe that the system of government which enabled them to make money is the only safe government. These people cling to abuses as to a life-preserver. They fear that an honest police board will not be able to bribe the thieves not to steal from them, that an honest state insurance department will not be able to prevent the legislature from pillaging them. It is absolutely certain that in the first struggles for reform the weight of the mercantile classes will be thrown very largely on the side of conservatism.

Now, in a great city like New York the mercantile *bourgeoisie* will include almost every one who has an income of five thousand dollars a year, or more. These men can be touched by the bosses, and therefore, after forty years of tyranny, it is not to be expected that many of those who wear black coats will have much enthusiasm for reform. It is "impracticable;" it is "discredited;" it is "expensive;" it is "advocated by unknown men;" it speaks ill of the "respectable;" it "does harm" by exciting the poor against the rich; it is "unbusinesslike" and "visionary;" it is "self-righteous." We have accordingly had, in New York city, a low and perverted moral tone, an incapacity to think clearly or to tell the truth when we know it. This is both the cause and the consequence of bondage. A generation of men really believed that honesty is bad policy, and will continue to be governed by Tammany Hall.

The world has wondered that New York could not get rid of its infamous incubus. The gross evils as they existed at the time of Tweed are remembered. The great improvements are not generally known. Reform has been slow, because its leaders have not seen that their work was purely educational. They did not understand the political combination, and they kept striking at Tammany Hall. Like a child with a toy, they did not see that the same mechanism which caused Punch to strike caused Judy's face to disappear from the window.

It is not selfishness and treason that are mainly responsible for the discredit which dogs "reform." It is the inefficiency of upright and patriotic men. The practical difficulty with reform movements in New York has been that the leaders of such movements have clung to old political methods. These men have thought that if they could hire or imitate the regular party machinery, they could make it work for good. They would fight

the banditti with bravi. They would expel Tammany Hall, and lo, Tammany is within them.

Is it a failure of intellect or of morality which prevents the reformers from seeing that idealism is the shortest road to their goal? It is the failure of both. It is a legacy of the old tyranny. In one sense it is corruption; in another it is stupidity; in every sense it is incompetence. Political incompetence is only another name for moral degradation, and both exist in New York for the same reason that they exist in Turkey. They are the offspring of blackmail.

Well-meaning and public-spirited men, who have been engrossed in business for the best part of their lives, are perhaps excusable for not understanding the principles on which reform moves. Any one can see that if what was wanted was merely a good school board, the easiest way to get it would be to go to Croker, give him a hundred thousand dollars, and offer to let him alone if he gave the good board. But until very recently nobody could see that putting good school commissioners on Platt's ticket and giving Platt the hundred thousand dollars are precisely the same thing.

In an enterprise whose sole aim is to raise the moral standard idealism always pays. A reverse following a fight for principle, like the defeat of Low, is pure gain. It records the exact state of the cause. It educates the masses on a gigantic scale. The results of that education are immediately visible. They are visible in New York to-day in the revolt against the Republican machine and the determined fight for the reorganization of that party.

On the other hand, all compromise means delay. By compromise, the awakened faith of the people is sold to the politicians for a mess of reform. The failures and mistakes of Mayor Strong's administration were among the causes for Mr. Low's defeat. People said, "If this be reform, give us Tammany Hall."

Our reformers have always been in hot haste to get results. They want a balance-sheet at the end of every year. They think this will encourage the people. But the people recall only their mistakes. The long line of reform leaders in New York city are remembered with contempt. "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones."

That weakness of intellect which makes reformers love quick returns is twin brother to a certain defect of character. Personal vanity is very natural in men who figure as tribunes of the people. They say, "Look at Abraham Lincoln, and how he led the people out of the wilderness; let us go no faster than the people in pushing these reforms; let us accept half-measures; let us be Abraham Lincoln." The example of Lincoln has wrecked many a promising young man; for really Lincoln has no more to do with the case than Julius Cæsar. As soon as the reformers give up trying to be statesmen, and perceive that their own function is purely educational, and that they are mere anti-slavery agitators and persons of no account whatever, they will succeed better.

As to the methods of work in reform, — whether it shall be by clubs or by pamphlets, by caucus or by constitution, — they will be developed. Executive capacity is simply that capacity which is always found in people who really want something done.

In New York, the problem is not to oust Tammany Hall; another would arise in a year. It is to make the great public understand the boss system, of which Tammany is only a part. As fast as the reformers see that clearly themselves, they will find the right machinery to do the work in hand. It may be that, like the Jews, we shall have to spend forty years more in the wilderness, until the entire generation that lived under Pharaoh has perished. But education now-

adays marches quickly. The progress that has been made during the last seven years in the city of New York gives hope that within a decade a majority of the voters will understand clearly that all the bosses are in league.

In 1890, this fact was so little understood by the managers of an anti-Tammany movement which sprang up in that year that, after raising a certain stir and outcry, they put in the field a ticket made up exclusively of political hacks, whose election would have left matters exactly where they stood. The people at large, led by the soundest political instinct, reelected Tammany Hall, and gave to sham reform the rebuff that it deserved. In 1894, after the Lexow investigation had kept the town at fever-heat of indignation all summer, Mayor Strong was nominated by the Committee of Seventy, under an arrangement with Platt. The excitement was so great that the people at large did not examine Mr. Strong's credentials. He was a Republican merchant, and in no way identified with the boss system. Mayor Strong's administration has been a distinct advance, in many ways encouraging. Its errors and weaknesses have been so clearly traceable to the system which helped elect him that it has been in the highest degree valuable as an object-lesson. In 1895, only one year after Mayor Strong's election, the fruits of his administration could not yet be seen. In that year a few judges and minor local officers were to be chosen. By this time the "citizens' movement" had become a regular part of a municipal election. A group of radicals, the legatees of the Strong campaign, had for a year been enrolled in clubs called Good Government Clubs. These men took the novel course of nominating a complete ticket of their own. This was considered a dangerous move by the moderate reformers, who were headed by the Chamber of Commerce. The Chamber of Commerce and its well-meaning sup-

porters then took a step which, from an educational standpoint, turned out to be most important. In their terror lest Tammany Hall should gain the prestige of a by-election, they made an arrangement with Platt, and were allowed to name some candidates on his ticket. This was the famous "fusion," which the Good Government men attacked with as much energy as they might have expended on Tammany Hall. A furious campaign of crimination between the two reform factions followed, and of course Tammany was elected.

The difference between the Good Government men (the Goo-Goods, as they were called) and the Fusionists was entirely one of political education. The Goo-Goo mind had advanced to the point of seeing that Platt was a confederate of Tammany and represented one wing of the great machine. To give him money was useless; to lend him respectability was infamous. These ideas were disseminated by the press; and it was immaterial that they were disseminated in the form of denunciations of the Good Government Clubs. The people at large began to comprehend clearly what they had always instinctively believed. There was now a nucleus of men in the town who preferred Tammany Hall to any victory that would discredit reform.

It may be noted that the Good Government Clubs polled less than one per cent of the vote cast in that election; and that in the recent mayoralty campaign the Citizens' Union ran Mr. Low on the Good Government platform, and polled 150,000 votes. In this same election, the straight Republican ticket, headed by Tracy, polled 100,000 votes, and Tammany polled about as many as both its opponents together. A total of about 40,000 votes were cast for George and other candidates.

Much surprise has been expressed that there should be 100,000 Republicans in New York whose loyalty to the party made them vote a straight ticket with

the certainty of electing Tammany Hall ; but in truth, when we consider the history of the city, we ought rather to be surprised at the great size of the vote for Mr. Low. He was the man who arranged the fusion of 1895. It was entirely due to a lack of clear thinking and of political courage that such an arrangement was then made. Two years ago the Chamber of Commerce did not clearly understand the evils that it was fighting. Is it a wonder that 100,000 individual voters are still backward in their education ? If we discount the appeal of self-interest, which determined many of them, there are probably some 75,000 Republicans whose misguided party loyalty obscured their view and deadened their feelings. They cannot be said to hate bad government very much. They do not think Tammany Hall so very bad, after all. As the London papers said, the dog has returned to his vomit. It is unintelligent to abuse them. They are the children of the age. A few years ago we were all such as they. Of Mr. Low's 150,000 supporters, on the other hand, there are probably at least 40,000 who would vote through thick and thin for the principles which his campaign stood for.

Any one who is a little removed by time or by distance from New York knows that the city cannot have permanent good government until a clear majority of our 500,000 voters shall develop what the economists call an " effective desire " for it. It is not enough merely to want reform. The majority must know how to get it. For educational purposes, the intelligent discussion throughout the recent campaign is worth all the effort that it cost. The Low campaign was notable in another particular. The banking and the mercantile classes subscribed liberally to the citizens' campaign fund. They are the men who have had the most accurate knowledge of the boss system, because they support it. At last they have dared to expose it. Indeed, there was a

rent in Wall Street. The great capitalists and the promoters backed Tammany and Platt, as a matter of course ; but many individuals of power and importance in the street came out strongly for Low. They acted at personal risk, with courage, out of conscience. The great pendulum of wealth has swung toward decency, and henceforward the cause of political education will have money at its disposal. But the money is not the main point ; the personal influence of the men who give it operates more powerfully than the money. Hereafter reform will be respectable. The professional classes are pouring into it. The young men are reëntering politics. Its victory is absolutely certain, and will not be far distant.

The effect of public-spirited activity on the character is very rapid. Here again we cannot separate the cause from the consequence ; but it is certain that the moral tone of the community is changing very rapidly for the better, and that the thousands of men who are at this moment preparing to take part in the next citizens' campaign, and who count public activity as one of the regular occupations of their lives, are affecting the social and commercial life of New York. The young men who are working to reform politics find in it not only the satisfaction of a quasi-religious instinct, but an excitement which business cannot provide.

One effect of the commercial supremacy has been to make social life intolerably dull, by dividing people into cliques and trade unions. The millionaire dines with the millionaire, the artist with the artist, the hat-maker with the hat-maker, gentlefolk with gentlefolk. All of these sets are equally uninspiring, equally frightened at a strange face. The hierarchy of commerce is dull. The intelligent people in America are dull, because they have no contact, no social experience. Their intel-

ligence is a clique and wears a badge. They think they are not affected by the commercialism of the times; but their attitude of mind is precisely that of a lettered class living under a tyranny. They flock by themselves. It is certain that the cure for class feeling is public activity. The young jeweler, the young printer, and the golf-player, each, after a campaign in which they have been fighting for a principle, finds that social enjoyment lies in working with people unlike himself, for a common object. Reform movements bring men into touch, into struggle with the powers that are really shaping our destinies, and show them the sinews and bones of the social organism. The absurd social prejudices which unman the rich and the poor alike vanish in a six weeks' campaign. Indeed, the exhilaration of real life is too much for many of the reformers. Even bankers neglect their business, and dare not meet their partners, and a dim thought crosses their minds that perhaps the most enlightened way to spend money is, not to make it, but to invest it unearned in life.

The reasons for believing that the boss system has reached its climax are manifold. Some of them have been stated, others may be noted. In the first place, the railroads are built. Business is growing more settled. The sacking of the country's natural resources goes on at a slower pace. Concede, for the sake of argument, that it was an economic necessity for the New York Central Railroad to own the state legislature during the period of the building and consolidation of the many small roads which made up the present great system. The necessity no longer exists. Bribery, like any other crime, may be explained by an emergency; but every one believes that bribery is not a permanent necessity in the running of a railroad, and this general belief will determine the practices of the future. Public opinion will not stand

the abuses; and without the abuse where is the profit? In many places, the old system of bribery is still being continued out of habit, and at a loss. The corporations can get what they want more cheaply by legal methods, and they are discovering this. In the second place, the boss system is now very generally understood. The people are no longer deceived. The ratio between party feeling and self-interest is changing rapidly, in the mind of the average man. It was the mania of party feeling that supported the boss system and rendered political progress impossible, and party feeling is dying out. We have seen, for instance, that those men who, by the accident of the war, were shaken in their party loyalty have been the most politically intelligent class in the nation. The Northern Democrats, who sided with their opponents to save the Union, were the first men to be weaned of party prejudice, and from their ranks, accordingly, came civil service reformers, tariff reformers, etc.

It is noteworthy, also, that the Jewish mind is active in all reform movements. The isolation of the race has saved it from party blindness, and has given scope to its extraordinary intelligence. The Hebrew prophet first put his finger on blackmail as the curse of the world, and boldly laid the charge at the door of those who profited by the abuse. It was the Jew who perceived that, in the nature of things, the rich and the powerful in a community will be trammelled up and identified with the evils of the times. The wrath of the Hebrew prophets and the arraignments of the New Testament owe part of their eternal power to their recognition of that fact. They record an economic law.

Moreover, time fights for reform. The old voters die off, and the young men care little about party shibboleths. Hence these non-partisan movements. Every election, local or national, which causes a body of men to desert their party is a blow at the boss system. These move-

ments multiply annually. They are emanating the small towns throughout the Union, even as commerce was once disfranchising them. As party feeling dies out in a man's mind, it leaves him with a clearer vision. His conscience begins to affect his conduct very seriously, when he sees that a certain course is indefensible. It is from this source that the reform will come.

The voter will see that it is wrong to support the subsidized boss, just as the capitalist has already begun to recoil from the monster which he created. He sees that it is wrong at the very moment when he is beginning to find it unprofitable. The old trademark has lost its value.

The citizens' movement is, then, a purge to take the money out of politics. The stronger the doses, the quicker the cure. If the citizens maintain absolute standards, the old parties can regain their popular support only by adopting those standards. All citizens' movements are destined to be temporary; they will vanish, to leave our politics purified. But the work they do is as broad as the nation.

The question of boss rule is of national importance. The future of the country is at stake. Until this question is settled, all others are in abeyance. The fight against money is a fight for permission to decide questions on their merits. The last presidential election furnished an illustration of this. At a private meeting of capitalists held in New York city, to raise money for the McKinley campaign, a very important man fervidly declared that he had already subscribed \$5000 to "buy Indiana," and that if called on to do so he would subscribe \$5000 more! He was greeted with cheers for his patriotism. Many of our best citizens believe not only that money bought that election, but that the money was well spent, because it averted a panic. These men do not believe in republican institutions; they have found something better.

This is precisely the situation in New York city. The men who subscribed to the McKinley campaign fund are the same men who support Tammany Hall. In 1896 they cried, "We cannot afford Bryan and his panic!" In 1897 the same men in New York cried, "We cannot afford Low and reform!" That is what was decided in each case. Yet it is quite possible that the quickest, wisest, and cheapest way of dealing with Bryan would have been to allow him and his panic to come on, — fighting them only with arguments, which immediate consequences would have driven home very forcibly. That is the way to educate the masses and fit them for self-government; and it is the only way.

In this last election the people of New York have crippled Platt. It is a service done to the nation. Its consequences are as yet not understood; for the public sees only the gross fact that Tammany is again in power.

But the election is memorable. It is a sign of the times. The grip of commerce is growing weaker, the voice of conscience louder. A phase in our history is passing away. That phase was predestined from the beginning.

The war did no more than intensify existing conditions, both commercial and political. It gave sharp outlines to certain economic phenomena, and made them dramatic. It is due to the war that we are now able to disentangle the threads and do justice to the nation.

The corruption that we used to denounce so fiercely and understand so little was a phase of the morality of an era which is already vanishing. It was as natural as the virtue which is replacing it; it will be a curiosity almost before we have done studying it. We see that our institutions were particularly susceptible to this disease of commercialism, and that the sickness was acute, but that it was not mortal. Our institutions survived.

John Jay Chapman.

THE DANGER FROM EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY.

A SHORT time ago there appeared a new book which will find its way everywhere into the hands of teachers, and which will be welcomed heartily. I think that its attitude is dangerous, and that the ready acceptance of it arises from illusions and confusions; nevertheless, I am glad, too, that such a book has appeared, as I have always believed that, after the very best books, the worst books are those which can be most useful. They show the logical mistakes in a form so exaggerated and unmasked that nobody can help profiting from such a climax of blunders. If we cannot learn from a book, we may be warned by it, and in the present case it is high time to give the danger signal. A warning ought to be sounded to the teachers against their rush toward experimental psychology, — a rush stirred up by the hope that psychological facts will be measured by the new method, and that such an exact mathematical knowledge of mental life will become the long-desired vehicle for a real modern pedagogical scheme. This movement began as a scientific fashion. It grew into an educational sport, and it is now near the point of becoming a public danger. At such a point the discussion should no longer be confined to narrow educational quarters, as the whole country has to suffer for every educational sin.

The book I have in mind is called *The New Psychology*. Its birthplace is Yale. The name of the author has nothing to do with our arguments. The consistent idea he presents is this: The old psychology, of which the chief method was self-observation, gave only descriptions of mental facts and processes; the new psychology, of which the chief method is experimentation, gives at last measurements of such facts. The old psychology was qualitative; the new is quantitative. All other recent books on

psychology are mere compromises between the old and the new psychology. Here, the author thinks, is finally a book which is up to date, — a book which gets rid of all the old-fashioned scholastic headings, like Memory, Attention, Feeling, Emotion, Perception, Volition. All the new books have given qualitative descriptions, and have added to them the modern quantitative details, but from cover to cover this book consists of measurements, and its sections are therefore brought under the headings of those conceptions upon which every measurement in the universe depends, Space, Time, and Energy. Consequently, the teacher has here the safe ground of a real, exact psychology on which he can build up his system of pedagogics.

I am not a man whose heart belongs to an old-fashioned forgotten past, and who dislikes, as many do, the modern ways of experimental work. I speak, on the contrary, as the director of the Harvard Psychological Laboratory, — as a man who devotes his life to the most modern methods of psychology; nevertheless, I must say I have never measured a psychological fact, I have never heard that anybody has measured a psychological fact, I do not believe that in centuries to come a psychological fact will ever be measured. Let us consider what kind of measurements the book in question offers us.

As I have said, the author divides his psychology into three large parts, Space, Time, and Energy, after the analogy with physics. If we knew all about the space, the time, and the energy of physical things, natural science would have reached its ideal. How is it with the space, the time, and the energy of mental facts? Our book gives a nicely illustrated section on space. Has it found out the dimensions in feet and inches of our

feelings and emotions? Has it found whether our will is a square or a circle in space? No. The author does not speak about the space extension of mental facts at all, but partly about the dependence of mental facts on the space of the physical world, — that is, of the optical and tactual stimuli, — and partly about the constitution of our idea of space. We learn, for instance, how we come to see the flat pictures in the stereoscope as solid objects; that is, we have a qualitative analysis of our thought about the quantitative measurable physical space, but we have nowhere a spatial measurement of a psychical fact. We are promised the space of thought, and we get the thought of space. That is a juggling with words, and not a new science.

Exactly the same is true for that part of the book which deals with energy. Not the energy of the psychical facts is there in question, but those psychical facts are analyzed by which we are conscious of physical action and energy. The energy of our feelings is not measured, but our feelings of energy and effort are described, — certainly an important thing, but not the thing which is promised to us. To speak of a measurable energy of our psychical elements is absurd, as every energy can be measured only by its effect, and as the psychical products of mental action are inner states which cannot be added and multiplied, and which have no constant unities like the unities of weight and space and time, so that here again the effect can be determined only qualitatively, not quantitatively. But this absurdity, of course, disappears at once, if the analysis of the feeling of energy is substituted for the measurement of the energy of feelings: just this the author does, and he gives us, therefore, something which is possible, but which has no bearing on the promised treatment. Considered as a qualitative mental state, this feeling of effort is no more nearly related to the problem of measurable energy than is the

feeling of joy and grief, or the sensation of heat and cold.

To bring its principle fully *ad absurdum*, our book gives finally, under the heading Energy, two chapters more on sound and color, introducing them with a short but significant sentence: "One of the forms of energy which we perceive is that of color." Does it still need a word to show that the writer is speaking, not of the psychical energy of the perception, but of the perception of physical energy? Nobody ever doubted that space and energy of the physical world are measurable. The author offers, not measurement of psychical facts, but qualitative analysis of mental states which are related to measurable physical facts. With the same right with which he brings his report of experimental psychology under the titles Space, Time, and Energy, he might have brought it under the titles Iron, Wood, and Hard Rubber, after the different physical instruments we need for the study of psychical facts, and pretending that therefore the mental facts themselves are of hard rubber, wood, or iron.

Thus far we have not spoken about the time. The case is here a little more complicated. Of course, in dealing with this question the book rushes into the same mistake. It discusses chiefly the mental states by which we think about time periods. The time of the objects of our thought is not the time of our thought; we can think about a century in one second. Just as illogically included here is another problem, the time relations of our physical stimuli. How long must the physical process last to give us a sensation? It is clear that this is not time measurement of psychical facts. But can we deny that a real time measurement of mental life is possible? Some one may agree with me that mental elements have no space and energy, but he will say they fill time, they last through seconds and days and years; and modern psychology can

measure this time by thousandths of a second; can I deny even this measurement? Well, I confess it is true that our psychological laboratories are filled and overfilled with time-measuring machines,—with electric chronoscopes and chronographs and kymographs and sphygmographs and pneumographs and myographs and ergographs; and nevertheless I think that the time we measure is not the time of the primary mental experience, but the time of physical processes into which we project our mental states. Our real inner experience has time value in a double way. We have past, present, and future, as forms of subjective attitude: past is the reality on which we cannot act any more; present is the object of our real action; future is the reality for which we have still the possibility of planning our actions. These are three attitudes which as acts of our attention are in themselves not divisible.

But we find in our consciousness time in still another way. We feel the time qualities of our ideas. The rhythm, the duration, the interval, the succession of the psychical elements, are characteristics of our inner experience, but characteristics which are fully coördinated to the qualities of color and pitch and smell. They are a unique, indescribable, qualitative experience, which cannot be divided, and which is never identical with the sum of its elements. The tone lasting through a second, and the click filling a hundredth of a second, each gives an impression of time shape, but the one time feeling does not contain a hundred times the other. They are two different qualities, not quantities. The time shape of the inner experience is an absolutely indivisible quality, which therefore never can be measured,—not from lack of means, but from lack of meaning. To say that the time quality of one psychical fact contains five times the time quality of another is not less absurd than to pretend that one emotion or one virtue is

five times heavier or has five times more angles than another.

This changes at once, if we leave the standpoint of inner experience, and look on our mental life from the outside; that is, if we consider it as an accompaniment of our physical processes, as an experience of our physical organism. My organism belongs, of course, like every other physical body in the universe, to the physical objective time which can be divided into years and days and seconds; and as soon as I project my inner states into this empirical personality, my thoughts and feelings must take part in this objective scheme of time. Now, my thoughts and feelings, as they coincide with this or that physical experience of the organism, have duration in hours and minutes, are to-day or were yesterday, and may grow through years; if they last a minute they contain sixty times a second, and they can be measured in thousandths of a second.

If I make such a substitution of the psycho-physical organism for the original psychical experience, my mental states get space just as they get time. I can say, then, with the same right, that my ideas are now in this country, while three months ago they were in Germany; that they are in this room, that they are in this brain; and just as I measure them in fractions of a second, an ideal science which knows all about the functions of the ganglion cells in the brain could measure the distance of my thoughts in the brain by millionths of an inch. The time we really measure is the time of physical processes of our physiological body, but the psychological facts as such have as little measurable time as energy or space. In all three cases we measure physical facts which are in special relations to the psychical life, but we cannot measure the psychical facts themselves, and it remains an illusion to believe that a kind of mathematical psychology is the outcome of our laboratories.

To be sure, these most modern illusions of which the book under consideration is such a striking illustration are not without predecessors. Two of the greatest and most influential psychological systems of this century have tried already to introduce numerical measurements and mathematical methods, — the systems of Herbart and Fechner. Both attempts were of the highest importance for the progress of psychology. Herbart gave an impulse toward a careful analysis of the mental states, and Fechner started experimental work; both have even to-day plenty of followers, but the mathematical part of both systems is recognized everywhere as mistaken. Their psychical measurement was an illusion.

The logical error of Herbart and Fechner was not exactly the same as that of the tendencies of to-day. They did not substitute physical objects for psychical facts, but they gave to the psychical facts some features which belong in reality to physical objects only. Herbart treated the ideas like solid billiard-balls which are pushed into consciousness and out of consciousness. Certainly Herbart's mathematical presuppositions about the moving forces of ideas are the simplest possible; but the simplest are just as misleading as any others, if the objects are not measurable at all. Only by a thoroughgoing comparison of the mutual effects of ideas with bodily movements did his conjectures become possible. But a metaphor which is useful for the explanation cannot transform changes of mind into real mechanical statics and dynamics of psychical elements. The movements of ideas, if you call them movements, are not measurable. Of course, if you make any numerical presuppositions about the amount of these movements, you can build up a full mathematical system.

Still more natural appears the presupposition with which stands and falls the famous psycho-physical system of Fechner. Every part of it depends upon his

belief that a strong sensation is a multiple of a weak one; a weak sensation, a fraction of a stronger one. But have we a right to accept this assumption? Does a strong sound sensation contain so and so many weak sound sensations, just as a strong physical sound contains the weak sounds? Does our more intense light sensation contain two or ten or a million faint light sensations, in the way in which a physical light of ten-candle power contains five times the light of two-candle power? In other words, is white a multiple of light gray, light gray a multiple of dark gray, dark gray a multiple of black? Is hot sensation a multiple of lukewarm sensations? Is lukewarm sensation equal to so and so many cold sensations? Does a strong sensation of pressure contain x times the weak sensation of touch? By no means. All our inner experience revolts.

It is the old confusion between the sensation and the knowledge about the causes of the sensation. The white sunlight contains the red and green and violet sun-rays, but it is absurd if the psychologist pretends that therefore the white sensation contains the sensation red and the sensation green. Nothing of that kind is in our consciousness. White and red are psychologically two different qualities, and just so are white and gray, hot and cold, pressure and touch, strong sound and faint sound, psychologically only different qualities of which one never contains the other, notwithstanding that the physical stimuli contain one another. A sensation never consists of smaller sensations, as a foot consists of inches, or a minute of seconds, or a pound of ounces; and Fechner's fundamental mistake was to give to sensations this characteristic which belongs to the world of physics only. If we think a strong sensation made up of weak sensations, as a foot is made up of inches, the way is open to a brilliant mathematical construction.

We can say, then, that wherever psy-

chical facts have been measured, either physical facts were substituted, as in our most modern tendencies, or psychical facts themselves were falsely thought after the analogy with physical objects. Well, some one may say, granted that all the endeavors to measure psychical facts have been so far unsuccessful: is that a sufficient reason for giving up all attempts to measure them? Must we not be grateful for every new effort to reach mathematical exactitude in psychology? The north pole of our earth has not as yet been reached: is that a reason for saying that it cannot be reached? Certainly not. Send new ships and balloons to the north pole, but do not send ships to the fairyland of Utopia, as we know beforehand that it does not exist, and that it is therefore impossible to reach it. The land of measurable psychical facts is a Utopia which will never be reached because it cannot exist at all, and it cannot exist because it contradicts the antecedents with which psychology starts.

What should we think of an astronomer who had found with his telescope a place in the physical universe where no space exists, or of a geologist who had found a pre-glacial period in which no time existed, or of a physicist who had found a physical metal which does not underlie causality? We should say, with full right, that the assertion is absurd: space, time, and causality are the presuppositions for the existence of the physical world, and the naturalist has to take them for granted. He has not to investigate whether they exist or not. He has to think the world within these forms, and if he gives up these presuppositions he does not speak any more about the physical world. To examine the right and wrong of these conceptions, and therefore the right and wrong of the fundamentals of natural science, is not the business of the naturalist, but the task of the philosopher. Every special science has to start with assumptions which

it accepts. Philosophy has to examine them, and so to determine the field in which the special sciences can have free movement, but which they never are allowed to transcend.

The unmeasurable character of psychical facts belongs to those fundamental presuppositions with which the special science of psychology starts, and which therefore cannot be destroyed by any psychological discoveries. The psychologist who discovers a measurable sensation or feeling stands on the same level with the physicist who discovers that metal which is not in space and time and causality. This is not the place to give even in the most superficial outlines the arguments for this philosophical decision. I indicate briefly only the direction in which these arguments move forward.

The world in which we really live is primarily neither physical nor psychical. We do not know those atomistic objects of which mechanics tells us; those objects which have no colors and sounds and smells and temperatures, but are only moving ether atoms and molecules. And just so we do not know primarily the external objects as our perceptions in our own consciousness, those ideas about which psychology tells us. The book I am reading is to me in real life neither physical molecules only nor my own optical idea. It represents a kind of object which has objective and subjective characteristics at the same time. It is an object which is not differentiated into a physical thing and a psychical idea. In this world of undifferentiated objects we find ourselves as willing subjects, and the chain of our subjective attitudes and actions means our life. In this world we are free subjects, whose single acts are related to ends, and not determined by causes. In this world we are ourselves not physical and not psychical; we are subjects of will. And that is not a constructed metaphysical reality, but the only reality to which our

daily life and all history belong, and to which logic and ethics refer. It is a world of will, of action, of appreciation, of values.

But we willing subjects create by our will still another world, — a world of less reality, a world which is a logical construction only. We have an interest in thinking the objects of our will as independent of our will, and the real objects cut loose from the subjects cease to be in the world of values. They become existing objects. Out of the world of values we create the world of existence, — a world which is real only in our abstraction, and which is true only as it has a value for us to think the objects so, and not otherwise. But in creating such existing objects the subjects can think them in a double way. We separate on the one side the objects in so far as they are possible objects for every subject; on the other side, the same objects in so far as they are objects for one subjective act only. The first group contains the physical, the second group the psychological objects. Both represent, as we have seen, not realities, but complicated transformations of reality produced by abstractions made for a special purpose of the willing subjects. And if there were not a multitude of such subjects, the separation of physical facts and psychological facts would have no meaning. The physical world is a world for many; the psychological world is a world for one only, — not for one subject, but for one subjective attitude, one act only.

If that is so, we understand, first, that in psychology we must forever do without that necessary basis of every measuring science, the constant unity. We can measure the physical world and describe it in mathematical terms because we can agree there about units. My minute and hour, my inch and foot, my ounce and pound, are also yours. The physical world is made up of the objects in so far as they are given to all subjects. My mental objects are not ac-

cessible to any other subject. No psychological fact can be shared by one subject with another. That is the presupposition with which psychology starts.

But there is not only an impossibility of an objective measurement through lack of units. It is, secondly, just as impossible that a single subject should think one of his mental states as a multiple of another state. We have seen that we call a fact psychological if it is the object for one subjective act only. The consequence must be that physical matter lasts, and never disappears, — it is a possible object for every subject; while psychological facts cannot last, — they disappear with the single act, and can never be renewed. The one mental object can therefore never be repeated in another object. New objects must appear in consciousness which may be more or less similar, but the one can never be in the other; each must stand for itself; and the criterion of physical measurement, that every part having the dimensions of the given unit could be replaced by it, is *a priori* excluded.

The act by which we as willing subjects transform the real objects into physical and psychological objects, — that very act forbids for all time the measurement of psychological facts, and we must ignore our deepest presuppositions if we believe that we can measure them. Malicious persons have pretended that women often do not know the difference between a good conscience and a bad memory. The assertion is certainly more true as to some sciences. The experimental psychology which believes that it can have a good conscience in measuring mental states has really only a bad memory. It has forgotten all that it has promised in its presuppositions. Measure mental life, and it flows back to the logical primary state which did not know the differentiation of objects into physical and psychological facts. The real psychological facts cannot be anything else than a world of qualities.

All that may be granted, but nevertheless the energy may be censured with which I fight against these most modern tendencies. It will be said, perhaps: "Look on Herbart and Fechner. Their mathematical systems are blunders, and yet they were immensely productive, and gave everlasting impulses to modern thinking. Error is the most important source of knowledge. What is astronomy without foregoing astrology? What is chemistry without alchemy? Why fight against this new scheme? It may be erroneous, but it may also suggest new ways and new insights, and above all one great result is perceivable already: it has turned the attention of teachers toward experimental psychology. Is not that in itself something which excuses many defects?" Well, I do not deny in the least that the effects of a system may transcend the intentions of an author, that error may be productive, that Herbart and Fechner have helped us immensely, and that this new scheme attracts teachers toward experimental psychology; but I come to quite other conclusions. I acknowledge the pedagogical effect of the new scheme fully, but I do not excuse the theoretical wrong on account of the practical service. No; on the contrary, I fight against these pseudo-measurements in first line just on account of this practical outcome, as the effect upon teachers seems to me a confusion and a pedagogical blunder which is even worse than the psychological mistake. This brings me finally to the point toward which I started.

The teachers of this country instinctively feel that the educational system is still far from having reached its ideal shape. Much needs to be improved, and as the teachers are serious and conscientious, they stand on the lookout for new schemes and new ideas. There came a new science into the field, — experimental psychology. This experimental psychology said, in Sunday newspapers and elsewhere, with loud voice: Teachers,

the thing you lack is a scientific knowledge of the child's mind. How can you hope for a solid pedagogical system if it is not built up on the basis of a solid psychology? The old psychology was of no help to you. The old psychology was a dreamy thing for philosophers and ministers, filled with lazy self-observation. There was no exact measuring in it. The end of the century, our time of techniques and inventions, needs an exact measurement. We have captured it by our new laboratory methods. Come and measure the psychological facts, and the new era of exact treatment of the child's mind, on the basis of an exact knowledge of mind by accurate measurements, will begin.

Is it surprising that there set in a great rush for the benefactions of experimental psychology, that the laboratories have become for teachers the ideal goals, that experimenting with children has become the teacher's sport, and that contempt for the poor old psychology which did not measure has become the symbol of the rising generation? No, it is not surprising, but it is deplorable. And if this movement deserves to be stopped, some little advantage may be gained, perhaps, if teachers come to understand that those hopes are on a wrong track, that no laboratory and no experiment can ever measure a psychical fact, and that all hope for pedagogics on the basis of a mathematically exact psychology is and will be a perfect illusion.

I do not wish to discuss here the great question of child study, where the dangers are not less threatening. It has always been my conviction that love and tact and patience and sympathy and interest are more important for the teacher than any psychological observations he can make on children, and that these observations are natural enemies of his instinctive emotional attitudes because they dissolve the personality into elements, while love and tact have nothing to do with a bundle of elements. They turn to the personality as one unit. They mean

the child, and not its ganglion cells and its psychical atoms of sensation.

But I now leave child study aside. I look on psychology as a whole, and say with the fullest assurance to all teachers: This rush toward experimental psychology is an absurdity. Our laboratory work cannot teach you anything which is of direct use to you in your work as teachers; and if you are not good teachers it may even do you harm, as it may confuse you and inhibit your normal teacher's instincts. If you are interested in the subtle studies of modern laboratory psychology, devote your free time to it. Certainly, there are few sciences so attractive. Study it as you would study geology or astronomy or Greek history or German literature, but do not expect that it will help you in your work as teachers more than astronomy or geology would help you. You may collect thousands of experimental results with the chronoscope and the kymograph, but you will not find anything in our laboratories which you could translate directly into a pedagogical prescription. The figures deceive you. There is no measurement of psychical facts, and therefore no psychology which is antagonistic or in any contrast with the psychology of introspection. The methods are more developed, but the general aim is the same, — a purely qualitative analysis of the inner life; no quantitative calculation.

If teachers connected no hopes with the old self-observing psychology, there would be no reason to change the attitude. But that old distrust of psychology was unfair. Teachers ought always to have had confidence in a sound qualitative psychology. A serious understanding of the mental functions certainly will help them in their educational work. Only that kind of study which is added by the new experimental methods has no direct value for them. In the hands of the professional psychologists, experimental results are important suggestions for a more subtle and more re-

financed qualitative analysis than the pure observation allowed. In the hands of the outsider, in the hands of the teacher, those results are odd bits and ends which never form a whole and which have no meaning for real life. Far from being an exact science of measurable psychical facts, they would be to him a mass of disconnected, queer details, of which no one could be generalized for a practical purpose.

I know that if the flood of intellectual fashion is rising, one man's voice cannot do much. We must wait until the ebb tide comes. I am confident that this new educational sport must have and will have its reaction. The time must come when teachers will feel that it was a misled curiosity which made them expect pedagogical help from their own psychological experiments, and that it was a logical mistake to think that a quantitative psychology would be a better basis for education than a qualitative one. I believe this time will come soon as a result of the necessary disappointments which are already expressed in all educational quarters; but even if this reaction is near, it remains the duty of the psychologist to repeat and repeat his warning; he can at least aid in rendering the reaction less painful and less overwhelming. Above all, his warning may prevent the reaction from bringing us to the other extreme, which is wrong too, — the extreme view that because experimental psychology is not quantitative, therefore psychology in general is useless for the modern teacher. This view is mistaken. Let us keep in mind from the start that if the rush to the illusory measuring psychology is over, the teacher ought to go back to the solid, sober, qualitative analysis of the human mind; he will find there plenty of help for his sacred educational work.

To be sure, the future will transform the situation, and will connect the interests of both sides. As the anatomist, with his microscopical study of the stomach, may finally suggest the ways for

cooking more digestible food, so the experimental psychologist will combine and connect the detailed results more and more, till he is able to transform his knowledge into practical educational suggestions. But such suggestions are possible only for those who are able to consider the full totality of the facts. Single disconnected details are of no value for such a practical transformation; and even after all is done, this more highly developed knowledge will be but a more refined understanding of qualitative relations,—never the quantitative measurement which so many teachers now hopefully expect. Above all, that connection is a matter of the

future. To-day there is almost no sign of it, and I for one believe that that future will be a rather distant one, as experimental psychology is yet quite in the beginning, like physics in the sixteenth century.

I do hope for a high and great and brilliant progress of experimental psychology, and I do hope still more for a wonderful growth of the educational systems in this country; but I feel sure that the development of both will be the stronger and sounder and greater, the longer both education and experimental psychology go sharply separated ways, with sympathy, but without blind adoration for each other.

Hugo Münsterberg.

THE BEDS OF FLEUR-DE-LYS.

PRESIDIO, SAN FRANCISCO.

HIGH-LYING sea-blown stretches of green turf,

Wind-bitten close, salt-colored by the sea,
Low curve on curve spread far to the cool sky,
And, curving over them as long they lie,
Beds of wild fleur-de-lys.

Wide-flowing, self-sown, stealing near and far,

Breaking the green like islands in the sea,
Great stretches at your feet, and spots that bend
Dwindling over the horizon's end,—
Wilds beds of fleur-de-lys.

The light, keen wind streams on across the lifts,

Thin wind of western springtime by the sea;
The warm Earth smiles unmoved, but over her
Is the far-flying rustle and sweet stir
In beds of fleur-de-lys.

And here and there across the smooth low grass

Tall maidens wander, thinking of the sea;
And bend and bend, with light robes blown aside,
For the blue lily-flowers that bloom so wide,—
The beds of fleur-de-lys.

Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG.

V.

ELEVEN years passed.

The King of France was no longer sending adventurers to capture the outposts of England, but rather was beginning hopelessly to wind in again the coil of disaster which had spun out through the helpless fingers of Necker, Calonne, Brienne, and the rest, and in the end was to bind his own hands for the guillotine.

The island of Jersey, like a scout upon the borders of a foeman's country, looked out over St. Michael's Basin to those provinces where the war of the Vendée was soon to strike France from within, while England, and presently all Europe, should strike her from without.

War, or the apprehension of war, was in the air. The people of the little isle, always living within the influence of natural wonder and the power of the elements, were superstitious; and as news of dark deeds done in Paris crept across from Carteret or St. Malo, as men-of-war anchored in the tideway, and English troops, against the hour of trouble, came, transport after transport, into the harbor of St. Helier's, they began to see visions and dream dreams. One peasant heard the witches singing a chorus of carnage at Rocbert; another saw, toward the Minquiers, a great army, like a mirage, upon the sea; others declared that certain French refugees in the island had the evil eye and bewitched the cattle; and one peasant woman, wild with grief because her child had died of a sudden sickness, meeting a little Frenchman, the Chevalier Orvilliers du Champ-savoys de Beaumanoir, in the Rue des Très Pigeons, made a stroke at his face with a knitting-needle, and then, Protestant though she was, crossed herself several times, after the custom of her forefathers.

This superstition and fanaticism, so strong in the populace, now and then burst forth in untamable fury and riot; so that when, on the 16th of September, 1792, the gay morning was suddenly overcast and a black curtain was drawn over the bright sun, the people of Jersey, working in the fields, vraicking among the rocks, or knitting in their doorways, stood aghast, and knew not what was upon them.

Some began to say the Lord's Prayer. Some, in superstitious terror, ran to the secret hole in the wall, to the chimney, or to the bedstead, or dug up the earthen floor, to find the stocking full of notes and gold, which might perchance come with them safe through any cataclysm, or start them again in business in another world. Some began tremblingly to sing hymns, and a few to swear freely. The latter were mostly carters, whose salutations to one another were mainly oaths because of the extreme narrowness of the island roads, and sailors, to whom profanity was as daily bread.

In St. Helier's, after the first stupefaction, people poured into the streets. They gathered most where met the Rue d'Drière and the Rue d'Egypte. Here stood the old prison, and the spot was called the Place du Vier Prison.

Men and women, with their breakfasts still in their mouths, mumbled in terror to one another. A woman shrieked that the Day of Judgment was come, and instinctively straightened her cap, smoothed out her dress of molleton, and put on her sabots. A carpenter, hearing her terrified exclamations, put on his sabots also, stooped, whimpering, to the stream running from the Rue d'Egypte, and began to wash his face. Presently a dozen of his neighbors did the same. Some of the women, however, went on knitting hard as they gabbled prayers and

looked at the fast-blackening sun. Knitting was to Jersey women, like breathing or talebearing, life itself. With their eyes closing on earth, they would have gone on knitting and dropped no stitches.

A dusk came down like that over Pompeii and Herculaneum. The tragedy of fear went hand in hand with burlesque commonplace. The gray stone walls of the houses grew darker and darker, and seemed to close in on the dismayed, terrified, hysterical crowd. Here some one was shouting the word of command to an imaginary company of militia; there an aged crone was offering, without price, simnels and black butter, as a sort of propitiation for an imperfect past; and from a window a notorious evil liver was calling out in frenzied voice that she had heard the devil and the witches from Roberth reveling in the dungeons of the prison the night before. Thereupon, a disheveled, long-haired fanatic, once a barber, with a gift for mad preaching and a well-known hatred of the French, sprang upon the Pompe des Brigands, and, declaring that the Last Day had come, cried:—

"The spirit of the Lord is upon me! He hath sent me to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound!"

Some one thrust into his hand a torch. He waved it to and fro in his wild harangue; he threw up his arms toward the darkened sun and the ominous gloom, and with blatant fury commanded that the prison doors be opened. Other torches and candles appeared, and the mob trembled to and fro in their helpless delirium of excitement.

"The prison! Open the Vier Prison! Break down the doors! Gat'd'en'ale, drive out the devils! Free the prisoners, the poor vauriens!" the crowd shouted, and they rushed forward with sticks and weapons.

The prison arched the street as Temple Bar once spanned the Strand. They pressed through the archway, overpower-

ed the terror-stricken jailer, and, battering open the door in frenzy, called the prisoners forth.

They looked to see issue some sailor arrested for singing too loud of a Sabbath, some profane peasant who had presumed to wear patins in church, some profaner peasant who had not doffed his hat to the connétable, or some slipshod militiaman who had worn sabots on parade, thereby offending the red-robed dignity of the royal court.

Instead, there appeared a little Frenchman of the most refined and unusual appearance. The blue cloth of his coat set off the extreme paleness of his small but serene face and the high, round forehead. The hair, a beautiful silver gray, which time only had powdered, was tied in a queue behind. The little gentleman's hand was as thin and fine as a lady's; his shoulders were narrow and slightly stooped; his eyes were large, eloquent, and benign. His clothes were amazingly neat; they showed constant brushing, and here and there signs of the friendly repairing needle.

The whole impression was that of a man whom a whiff of wind would blow away, with the body of an ascetic and the simplicity of a child, while the face had some particular sort of wisdom, difficult to define and impossible to imitate. He held in his hand a small cane of the sort carried at the court of Louis XV. Louis Capet himself had given it to him; and you might have had the life of the little gentleman, but not this cane with the tiny golden bust of his unhappy monarch.

He stood on the steps of the prison and looked serenely on the muttering, excited crowd.

"I fear there is a mistake," said he, coughing slightly into his fingers. "You do not seek me. I—I have no claim upon your kindness. I am only the Chevalier Orvilliers du Champsavoys de Beaumanoir."

For a moment the mob had been

stayed in amazement by this small, rare creature stepping from the doorway, like a porcelain colored figure from a noisome wood in a painting by Boucher. In the instant's pause, the Chevalier Orvilliers du Champsavoys de Beaumanoir took from his pocket a timepiece and glanced at it; then looked over the heads of the crowd toward the hooded sun, which was beginning to show its face again.

"It was due at eight less seven minutes," said he; "clear sun again was set for ten minutes past. It is now upon the stroke of the hour!"

He seemed in no way concerned with the swaying crowd before him. Undoubtedly they wanted nothing of him, and therefore he did not take their presence seriously; but, of an inquiring mind, he was deeply interested in the eclipse. His obliviousness of them and their intentions was of short duration.

"He's a French sorcerer! He has the evil eye! Away with him to the sea!" shouted the fanatical preacher from the *Pompe des Brigands*.

"It's a witch turned into a man!" cried a drunken woman from her window. "Give him the wheel of fire at the blacksmith's forge."

"That's it! Gad'rabotin — the wheel of fire'll turn him back again to a hag!"

The little gentleman protested, but they seized him and dragged him from the steps. Tossed like a ball, so light was he, he grasped his gold-headed cane as one might cling to life, and declared that he was no witch, but a poor French exile, arrested the night before for being abroad after nine o'clock, against the orders of the royal court.

Many of the crowd knew him well enough by sight, but that natural barbarity which is in humanity, not far from the surface, was at work, and, like their far ancestors who, when in fear, sacrificed human victims, these children of Adam maltreated the refugee now. The mob was too delirious to act with intelli-

gence. The dark cloud was lifting from the sun, and the dread of the Judgment Day was declining; but as the pendulum swung back from that fear toward normal life again, it carried with it the one virulent and common prejudice of the country: radical hatred of the French, which often slumbered, but never died; which sometimes broke forth relentlessly and unreasoningly, as now it did against du Champsavoys de Beaumanoir.

The wife of an oyster-fisher from Rozel Bay, who lived in hourly enmity with the oyster-fishers of Carteret, gashed his cheek with the shell of an ormer. A potato-digger from Grouville parish struck at his head with a hoe, for the Granvilais had crossed the strait to the island the year before, to work in the harvest-fields for a smaller wage than the Jersiais, and this little French gentleman should be held responsible for that. The weapon missed the chevalier, but laid low a centenier, who, though a municipal officer, had lost his head, like his neighbors, in the excitement and terror. This only increased the rage of the mob against the foreigner, and was another crime to lay to his charge. A smuggler thereupon kicked him in the side.

At that moment there came a cry of indignation from a girl at an upper window of the Place. The chevalier evidently knew her, for even in his hard case he smiled; and then he heard another voice ring out over the heads of the crowd, strong, angry, determined.

From the Rue d'Drière a tall, athletic man was hurrying. He had on his shoulders a workman's basket, from which peeped a ship-builder's tools. Seeing the chevalier's danger, he dropped the basket through the open window of a house, and forced his way through the crowd, roughly knocking from under them the feet of two or three ruffians who opposed him. He reproached the crowd, he berated them, he handled them fiercely; with dexterous strength he caught the little gentleman up in his arms, and, driv-

ing straight on to the open door of the smithy, placed him inside, and blocked the passage with his own body.

Like all mobs, this throng had no reason, no sense. They were balked in their malign intentions, and this man, Maître Ranulph Delagarde, was the cause of it, — that was all they knew. It was a strange picture: the preacher in an ecstasy of emotion haranguing the foolish rabble, who now realized, with an unbecoming joy, that the Last Day was yet to face; the gaping, empty prison; the open windows crowded with excited faces; the church bell from the Vier Marchi ringing an alarm; Norman lethargy roused to froth and fury; one strong man holding two hundred back!

Above them all, at a hus in the gable of a thatched cottage, stood the girl whom the chevalier had recognized. She was leaning across the lower closed half of the door, her hands in apprehensive excitement clasping her cheeks, the fingers making deep indentations in the soft flesh. The eyes were bewildered, and, though quivering with pain, watched the scene below with an unwavering intensity.

A stone was thrown at Delagarde as he stood in the doorway, but it missed him.

"Oh — oh — oh!" the girl exclaimed, shrinking as if the stone had struck her. "Oh, shame! Oh, you cowards!" she added, her hands now indignantly beating the hus.

Three or four men rushed forward on Ranulph. He hurled them back. Others came on with weapons. The girl fled for an instant, then reappeared with a musket, as the people were crowding in on Delagarde with threats and execrations.

"Stop! stop!" she cried from above, and Ranulph seized a blacksmith's hammer to meet the onset.

"Stop, or I'll fire!" she called again, and she aimed her musket at the foremost assailants.

Every face turned in her direction, for her voice had rung out clear as music:

it had a note of power and resonance like an organ. There was a moment of silence; the leveled musket had a deadly look, and the girl seemed determined. Her fingers, her whole body, trembled; but there was no mistaking the strong will and the indignant purpose.

In the pause another sound was heard: it was a quick *tramp! tramp! tramp!* and suddenly through the prison archway came an officer of the King's navy with a company of sailors. The officer, with drawn sword, his men following with drawn cutlasses, drove a way through the mob, who scattered like sheep; for, at this time, far more dreaded and admired than the military were the sailors whom Howe and Nelson were soon to make still more famous throughout the world.

Delagarde threw aside his hammer, and saluted the officer. The little chevalier lifted his hat, made a formal bow, and begged to say that he was not at all hurt. With a droll composure he offered snuff to the officer, who nodded and accepted, and then looked up to the window where the girl stood, and saluted with confident gallantry.

"Why, it's little Guida Landresse!" he murmured under his breath. "I'd know her anywhere. Death and Beauty, what a face!" Then he turned to Ranulph in recognition. "Ranulph Delagarde, eh?" said he good-humoredly. "You've forgotten me, I see. I'm Philip d'Avranche, of the Narcissus."

Ranulph had forgotten. The slight lad, Philip, had grown bronzed and rosy-cheeked, and stouter of frame. In the eleven years since they had met at the battle of Jersey, events, travel, and responsibility had altered him vastly. Ranulph had changed only in growing very tall and athletic and strong; the look of him was still that of the Norman lad of the island of Jersey, though the power and intelligence of his face were most unusual.

The girl had not forgotten at all. The words that d'Avranche had said to her

years before, when she was a child, came to her mind: "My name is Philip. Won't you call me Philip?"

The recollection of that day when she snatched off the bailly's hat brought a smile to her lips, so quickly were her feelings moved one way or another. Then she grew suddenly serious, for the memory of the hour when Philip saved her from the scimiter of the Turk came to her, and her heart throbbed hotly; but she smiled again, though more gently and a little wistfully now.

Philip d'Avranche looked up toward her once more, and returned her smile. Then he addressed the awed crowd. He did not spare his language; he unconsciously used an oath or two. He ordered them off to their homes. When they hesitated (for they were slow to acknowledge any authority save their own sacred royal court) the sailors advanced on them with fixed bayonets, and a moment later the Place du Vier Prison was clear. Leaving a half dozen sailors on guard till the town corps should arrive, d'Avranche prepared to march.

"You have done me a good turn, Monsieur d'Avranche," said Ranulph.

D'Avranche smiled. "There was a time you called me Philip. We were lads together."

"It's different now," answered Delagarde.

"Nothing is different at all, of course," replied d'Avranche carelessly, yet with the slightest touch of condescension and vanity, as he held out his hand. Then he said to the chevalier, "Monsieur, I congratulate you on having such a champion," with a motion toward Ranulph. "And you, monsieur, on your brave protector." He again saluted the girl at the window above.

"I am the obliged and humble servant of monsieur — and monsieur," responded the little gentleman, turning from one to the other with a courtly bow, the three-cornered hat under his arm, the right foot forward, the thin fingers

making a graceful salutation. "But I — I think — I really think I must go back to prison. I was not formally set free. I was out last night beyond the hour set by the court. I lost my way, and" —

"Not a bit of it," d'Avranche interrupted. "The centeniers are too free with their jailing here. I'll be guarantee for you, monsieur."

The little man shook his head dubiously. "But, as a point of honor, I really think" —

D'Avranche laughed. "As a point of honor, I think you ought to breakfast. A la bonne heure, Monsieur le Chevalier!"

He looked up once more to the cottage window. Guida was still there. The darkness over the sun was withdrawn, and now the clear light began to spread itself abroad. It was like a second dawn after a painful night. It touched the face of the girl; it burnished the wonderful red-brown hair which fell loosely and lightly over her forehead; it gave her beauty a touch of luxuriance. D'Avranche thrilled at the sight of her.

"It's a beautiful face!" he said to himself, as their eyes met.

Ranulph had seen the glances that had passed between the two, and he winced. He remembered how, eleven years before, Philip d'Avranche had saved Guida from death. It galled him that then and now this young gallant should step in and take the game out of his hands. He was sure that he himself, and alone, could have mastered this crowd. It would seem that always he was destined to stand fighting in the breach, while another should hoist the flag of victory and win the glory.

"Monsieur! Monsieur le Chevalier!" the girl called down from the window. "Grandpèthe says you must breakfast with us. Oh, but you must come, or we shall be offended!" she added, as Champ-savoys shook his head in hesitation and glanced toward the prison.

"As a point of honor" — the little man still persisted, lightly touching his breast with the Louis-Quinze cane and taking a step toward the sombre prison archway.

But Ranulph interfered, hurried him inside the cottage, and, standing in the doorway, said to some one within, "May I come in also, *Sieur de Mauprat*?"

Above the pleasant answer of a quivering voice came another, soft and clear, in pure French: "Thou art always welcome, without asking, as thou knowest, *Ro.*"

"Then I'll go and fetch my tool-basket first," Ranulph said cheerily, his heart beating more quickly, and, turning, he walked across the Place.

VI.

The cottage in which Guida lived at the Place du Vier Prison was in jocund contrast to the dungeon from which the Chevalier Orvilliers du Champsavoys de Beaumanoir had complacently issued. Even in the hot summer the prison walls dripped moisture; for the mortar had been made of wet sea-sand which never dried, and beneath the gloomy tenement of crime a dark stream flowed to the sea. But the walls of the cottage were dry, for, many years before, Guida's mother had herself seen it built stone by stone, and every corner of it was as free from damp as the mielles which stretched in sandy desolation behind it to the Mont *ès Pendus*, where the law had its way with the necks of criminals. In early childhood Madame Landresse had come with her father into exile from the sunniest valley in the hills of *Chambéry*, where flowers and trees and sunshine had been her life; and here, in the midst of irregular grimness of architecture, her heart traveled back to the valley where she was born, and the *château* where she had lived before the storm of oppression and tyranny drove her forth.

She spent her heart and her days in making this cottage, upon the western border of *St. Helier's*, a delight to the quiet eye.

Yet it was a Jersey cottage, not French. There were scores like it throughout the island; but hers had a touch of unusual lightness and of taste, while it followed to the smallest detail every fashion of the life of the community. The people of the island had been good to her and her husband during the two short years of their married life, had caused her to love the land which necessity had made her home. Her child was brought up after the manner of the better class of Jersey children, — wore what they wore, ate what they ate, lived as they lived. She spoke the country patois in the daily life, teaching it to Guida at the same time that she taught her pure French and good English, which the mother had learned as a child, and cultivated later here. She did all in her power to make Guida a *Jersiaise* in instinct and habit, and to beget in her a contented disposition. There could be no future for her daughter outside this little green oasis of exile, she thought. Not that she lacked ambition, but she felt that in their circumstances ambition could yield only one harvest to her child, and that was marriage. She herself had married a poor man, a master builder of ships, like *Maitre Ranulph Delagarde*, and she had been very happy while he lived. Her husband had come of an ancient Jersey family, who were in Normandy before the Conqueror was born; scarcely a gentleman according to the standard of her father, the distinguished exile and retired watchmaker, but almost a man of genius in his craft. If Guida should chance to be as fortunate as herself, she could ask no more.

She had watched the child anxiously, for the impulses of Guida's temperament now and then broke forth in indignation as wild as her tears, and tears as mad as her laughter. As the girl grew in health and stature, she tried, tenderly, care-

fully, and strenuously, to discipline the sensitive nature, her heart bursting with grief at times because she knew that these high feelings and delicate powers came through a long line of refined ancestral tendencies, as indestructible as perilous and joyous.

Four things were always apparent in the girl's character : sympathy with suffering, kindness without partiality, a love of nature, and an intense candor.

Not a stray cat wandering into the Place du Vier Prison but found an asylum in the garden behind the cottage. Not a dog hunting for a bone, stopping at Guida's door, but was sure of one from a hiding-place in the hawthorn hedge of the garden. In the morning the little patch of gravel at the kitchen door was always white with crumbs for the birds, and they would be seen in fluttering, chirping groups upon the may-tree or the lilac-bushes, waiting for the tiny snow-storm of bread to fall. Was he good or bad, ragged or neat, honest or a thief, not a deserting sailor or a homeless lad, halting at the cottage, but was fed from the girl's private larder behind the straw beehives in the back garden, among the sweet lavender and the gooseberry-bushes. No matter how rough the vagrant, the sincerity and pure impulse of the child seemed to throw round him a sunshine of decency and respect.

The garden behind the house was the girl's Eden. She had planted upon the hawthorn hedge the crimson monthly rose, the fuchsia, and the jonquil, until at last the cottage was hemmed in by a wall of flowers. They streamed in profusion down the hedge, and the hedge expanded into clumps of peonies, white lilies, snowdrops, daffodils, dog-violets, and wild strawberries. The walls of the cottage were covered with vines, like a loggia in Sardinia, hung with innumerable clusters of white grapes. In this garden the child was ever as busy as the bees which hung humming on the sweet scabious and the wild thyme, until all the

villagers who were friendly, and even those who were envious, said of Guida's garden that it was "*fleuri comme un mai*."

In this corner was a little hut for rabbits and white mice; in that there was a hole dug in the bank for a porcupine; in the middle, a flower-grown inclosure for cats in various stages of health or convalescence, and a pond for frogs: amongst all of which wandered her faithful dog, Biribi by name, as master of the ceremonies.

Besides the mother, there had been one other proud but garrulous spectator of the growth of the child to girlhood and maidenhood. M. Larchant de Mauprat, the grandfather, was not less interested in Guida than her mother, but in a different way. He saw no fault, admitted no imperfection. He was rhetorical over her good qualities, indeed very demonstrative for a Huguenot, and confident that Guida would restore the humbled fortunes of his house.

Madame Landresse's one ambition was to live long enough to see her child's character well formed. She knew that her own years were numbered. Month by month she felt her strength going, but a beautiful tenacity kept her where she would be until Guida was fifteen years of age. Her great desire had been to live till the girl was eighteen. Then — well, then might she not perhaps leave her to the care of a husband? At best, M. de Mauprat could not live long. He had been forced to give up the little watchmaker's shop in the Vier Marchi, where for so many years, in simpleness and independence, he had wrought, always putting by secretly, from work done after hours, Jersey bank-notes and gold, to give Guida a *dot*, if not worthy of her, at least a guarantee against reproach when the great man came who should seek her in marriage. But at last his hands trembled among the tiny wheels, and his eyes failed. He had his dark hour by himself; then he sold the shop

and his tools and his stock to a native, who thenceforward sat in the ancient exile's place; the two brown eyes of the stooped, brown old man looked out no more from the window in the Vier Marchi; and then they all made their new home in the Place du Vier Prison.

Until she was fifteen Guida's life was unclouded. Once or twice her mother tried to tell her of a place that must soon be empty; that erelong the linked initials carved in stone above the cottage door (after the Jersey custom) would be but a monogram of death, an announcement to all who entered in that here had once lived Joseph and Josephine Landresse. But her heart failed her, and so at last the end came like a sudden wind out of the north.

One midnight the life of the woman chilled. She called aloud, "Guida! Guida! my child!" And when the sun crept again over the western heights the little fire of life had died down to ashes. Henceforth Guida Landresse de Landresse must fight the fight and finish the journey of womanhood alone.

When her trouble came, white and dazed in the fresh terror of loss, she went for comfort to her grandfather, but she ended by comforting him. He sat in his armchair looking straight before him, with close-pressed lips and hands clasped rigidly upon the ivory handle of his walking-stick, all the color gone from his dark eyes, the blood from his cheek, the sound from his voice,—he spoke only in whispers. He had been so long used to being cared for that the selfishness of the aged was developed in him more than he knew.

Though that which had bereaved them had taken the blood from his cheek, it had squeezed the blood from out the girl's heart. That octopus which we call nature, in the operation of its laws, had drawn from her the glow and pulse of life. Sometimes the house seemed weighing down on her, crushing her. Going to the door of the room where her

mother lay, and leaning against it with her head upon her arm, she would say in the homely and tender Jersey patois, "Ma mèthe! ma p'tite mèthe! mais que je t'aime, ma mèthe!" Then she would go into the little garden. There she was able to breathe; there the animals she had made her friends came about her softly, as if they knew; the birds peeped at her plaintively; the bees hummed around her, settling on her, singing in her ears. Did the bees understand, she wondered. She remembered the words which the old Huguenot preacher had once uttered in the little church in the Rue d'Drière: "The souls of men are as singing bees which God shall gather home in a goodly swarm." Who could tell? Perhaps these very bees were the busy souls of other people who had lived and had not fulfilled themselves, but here in her sweet-smelling garden were working out an industrious livelihood until their time might come again. Presently the thought linked itself to the ancient Jersey legend of telling the bees.

Remembering it, she went quietly into the house, and brought out several pieces of crape. Upon every beehive she tied crape, according to the legend. Then she told the bees of the cavalcade which had come in the last shadows of the night, and had ridden to and fro through the house with soft but furious impatience, until a beloved spirit, worn with the foot-travel of life, mounted the waiting chariot and was gone. And she said, according to the legend:—

"Gather you home, gather you home! Mèthe, ma mèthe, she is dead and gone! Honey is for the living; flowers are for the dead! Mèthe, ma mèthe, she is dead and gone! Gather you home!"

This time was the turning-point in Guida's life. What her mother had been to the Sieur de Mauprat she soon became. They had enough to live on simply. Every week her grandfather gave her a fixed sum for the household. Upon this she managed, so that the tiny

income left by her mother might not be touched. She shrank from using it yet; and besides, dark times might come when it would be needed. Death had surprised her once, but it should bring no more amazement. She knew that M. de Mauprat's days were numbered, and when he was gone she would be left without one near relative in the world. She realized how unprotected her position would be when death came knocking at the door again. What she would do she knew not. She thought long and hard. Fifty things occurred to her, and fifty were set aside. The immediate relatives of her mother in France were scattered or dead. There was no longer any interest at Chambéry in the watch-making exile, who had dropped like a cherry-stone from the beak of the black bird of persecution on one of the Iles de la Manche.

There remained the alternative which was whispered into the ears of Guida by the Sieur de Mauprat as the months grew into years after the mother died, — marriage, a husband, a notable and wealthy husband. That was the magic destiny M. de Mauprat figured for her. It did not elate her, it did not disturb her; she scarcely realized it. She loved animals, and she saw no reason to despise a stalwart youth. It had been her fortune to know two or three in the casual, unconventional manner of villages, and there were few in the land, great or humble, who did not turn twice to look at her as she passed through the Vier Marchi, so noble was her carriage, so graceful and buoyant her walk, so lacking in self-consciousness her beauty. More than one young gentleman of family had been known to ride down through the Place du Vier Prison, hoping to catch sight of her, and to afford her the view of a suggestively empty pillion behind him.

She understood it all in her own way. Her mind saw clearly, but it saw innocently. She would have been less than

human if she had not had in her a touch of coquetry, though she loathed deceit. She was forceful enough to like power, even in this small way of attracting admiration, yet she would not have gone far out of her path to receive incense or attention. She was at once proud and humble, and as yet she had not loved. She had never listened to flatterers, and she had never permitted young men to visit her — save one. Ranulph Delagarde had gone in and out at his will; but that was casually and not too often, and he was discreet and spoke no word of love. Sometimes she talked to him of things concerning the daily life with which she did not care to trouble M. de Mauprat.

The matter of the small income from her mother, — it was Ranulph who advised her to place it with the great fishing company whose ships he built in the little dockyard at St. Aubin's. In fifty other ways, quite unknown to Guida, he had made life easier for her. She knew that her mother had thought of Ranulph for her husband, although she blushed hotly whenever — and it was not often — the idea came to her. She remembered how her mother had said that Ranulph would be a great man in the island some day; that he had a mind above all the youths in St. Helier's; that she would rather see Ranulph a master ship-builder than a babbling écrivain in the Rue des Très Pigeons, a smirking leech, or a penniless seigneur with neither trade nor talent. Her own husband had been the laborious son of a poor, idle, and proud seigneur. Guida was attracted to Ranulph through his occupation; for she loved strength, she loved all clean and wholesome trades, — the mason's, the carpenter's, the blacksmith's, and most of all the ship-builder's. Her father, whom of course she did not remember, had been a ship-builder, and she knew that he had been a notable man, — every one had told her that.

But as to marriage, there was one in-

fluence — unconscious of it though she might be — which, balanced against all others, would weigh them down, rightly or wrongly: the love between man and woman, which so few profess to believe in, and so many waste lives and lands to attain.

"She has met her destiny," say the village gossips, when some man in the dusty procession of life sees a woman's face in the pleasant shadow of a home, and drops out of the ranks to enter at the doorway and cry, "*Mio destino!*"

Was Ranulph to be Guida's destiny? Fine and handsome though he looked, as he entered the cottage in the *Place du Vier Prison*, on that September morning after the rescue of the chevalier, his tool-basket on his shoulder, his brown face enlivened by one simple sentiment, she was far from sure that he was, — far from sure.

VII.

The little hallway into which Ranulph stepped from the street led through to the kitchen. Guida stood holding back the door for him to enter this real living-room of the house, which opened directly on the garden behind. It was so cheerful and secluded, looking out from the garden to the wide space beyond and the changeful sea, that since Madame Landresse's death the *Sieur de Mauprat* had made it reception-room, dining-room, and kitchen all in one. He would willingly have slept there, too, but noblesse oblige: the last glimmer of family pride, and the thought of what the Chevalier Orvilliers du Champsavoy de Beaumanoir might think, prevented him. There was something patriarchal, moreover, in a kitchen as a reception-room; and both he and the chevalier loved to watch Guida busy with her household duties: at one moment her arms in the dough of the kneading-trough; at another, rubbing the pewter plates or scouring the wooden trenchers; picking the cherries from

the garden for a jelly, or perchance casting up her weekly accounts with a little smiling and a little sighing too.

If by chance it had been proposed by *M. de Mauprat* to adjourn to the small sitting-room looking out upon the *Place du Vier Prison*, a gloom would instantly have settled upon them both.

On one memorable occasion the *sieur* had made a last attempt to revive the glory of bygone days. In the little front room there was an ancient armchair, over which hung the sword that the Comte Guilbert Mauprat de Chambéry had used at Fontenoy against the English. Here, then, one day, he received the chevalier, who on his part flourished the cane the gracious Louis had given him.

After an interchange of aristocratic passwords, as it were, they both became gloomy and irritable, they stiffened into bas-reliefs. Their excellent tempers developed a subacidity which might have spoiled at least one day of their lives, had it not been for the chevalier's ingenuity. He was suddenly stricken with a pain in his right leg, where, as he had often told the *sieur* in confidence, he had been wounded in a duel in youthful days. For so innocent a man, his unrehearsed dissimulation was good. He caught his knee with a hand, straightened up in his seat, compressed his lips, frowned, looked apprehensive, and the apprehension developed into a spasm.

That was enough: *de Mauprat* knew those signs of anguish. He begged his visitor to lean on him, and, with a flickering smile on the side of his face turned from the chevalier, he led his distinguished friend to the kitchen. There the well-known remedy was administered by Guida: three thimblefuls of cherry brandy, dashed with a little elderberry cordial, had never been known to fail. This day the cure was almost instantaneous. *De Mauprat* watched with grave solicitude the pouring of each thimbleful, and its absorption; and he sat back at last with a sense of almost jocund relief,

meeting the satisfied smile of du Champ-savoys; and the three smiled at one another in the simplicity of an elementary happiness.

So it was that this cheerful, house-wifely room became like one of those ancient corners of camaraderie in some exclusive inn where gentlemen of quality were wont to meet. The floor was paved with square flagstones and sanded. It was a spacious room, the full length of the cottage and more than half its depth. The fireplace was huge, and inside it were oak benches where one might sit on a cold winter night. At the left of the chimney was the great settle, or *veille*, padded with *baize*, flourished with *satinettes*, and spread with ferns and rushes. The spinning-wheel was in one corner of the room, to the right of the fireplace, with the bread-trough near it; and at the end was the *dreschiaux*, covered with pewter pots, hanaps, wooden trenchers, wooden spoons, and a little old china worth the ransom of a prince at least. Not far from it was the table, from which, looking out at the door, the hills and sea were in pleasant prospect. At the side of the table, opposite the doorway, were the two great armchairs where in summertime sat the chevalier and the sieur.

These, with a few constant visitors, formed a coterie or compact: the big, grizzly-bearded boatman, Jean Touzel, who wore spectacles, befriended smugglers, was approved of all men, and secretly worshiped by his wife; Amice Ingouville, the fat avocat, with a stomach of gigantic proportions, with the biggest heart and the tiniest brain in the world; Maître Ranulph Delagarde; and lastly, M. Yves Savary *dit* Détrican (in truth the Comte de Tournay, of the house of Vaufontaine), that officer of Rullecour's who, being released from the prison hospital, when the hour came for him to leave the country was too drunk to find the shore. By some whim of negligence the royal court was afterward too lethargic to remove him, and he stayed on, be-

tween successive carousals vainly making efforts to leave. In sober hours, which were none too frequent, he was rather sorrowfully welcomed by the sieur and the chevalier.

All these, if they came, — and when they came, — sat on the *veille*, loitered in the doorway, or used the three-legged stools scattered here and there. If it was winter, they all sat on the *veille* save the chevalier and the sieur; and Guida had her little straight-backed oak chair beside her grandfather. If they came while she was at work, it made no difference to her, for it was a rule with her that no one should suggest that he was in the way, nor offer help of any kind. At first, if by chance she wished to roll the churn from its corner near the dresser toward the oaken doorway, they would all move; the sieur putting his snuff-box carefully on the chair-arm, the chevalier laying his cane upon the table, Jean Touzel dropping his huge pipe on the sanded floor, and the fat avocat making apoplectic efforts to rise, — all producing a commotion of politeness quite disconcerting, till she insisted that no one should stir or lift a hand for her unless she requested it.

If she left the room, conversation flagged, although maybe she had had no part in it. If perchance she hummed a little to herself, conversation strayed after her, requiring all the elaborate and affected precision of the fat avocat's mind to get it to its natural amble again.

In winter, the fire of *vraic* and the little lozenge-paned windows of bottle-glass gave light enough in the daytime; and at night the *cresset* filled with *colza*, suspended by osier rings from the ceiling, lightened the darkness. Sometimes of a particular night, such as Christmas Eve or the birthday of M. de Mauprat, the two horn lanterns hanging from the *raclii* were lit also.

If Maître Ranulph chanced to be present on these fête nights, he became master of the ceremonies by virtue of

the favor of M. de Mauprat, who could not have endured him as the prospective husband of Guida, but admired him for his skill as a ship-builder and his ability to speak three languages, — French, English, and the Jersey patois.

When Ranulph entered the kitchen this morning, his greeting to the sieur and the chevalier was in French, but to Guida he said, rather stupidly, for late events had embarrassed him, "Ah bah ! es-tu gentiment ?"

"Gentiment," she repeated, with a queer little smile. "You'll have breakfast?" she said in English, for she spoke it better than he.

"Et ben !" Ranulph answered, still embarrassed ; "a bouchi, that's all."

He laid aside his tool-basket, shook hands with the sieur, and seated himself at the table. Looking at du Champsa-voys, he said, "I've just met the connétable, and he regrets the riot, chevalier, and says the royal court extends its mercy to you."

"I should prefer to accept no favors," answered the chevalier. "As a point of honor, I had thought that, after breakfast, I should return to prison, and" — He paused reflectively.

"Gentlemen of the Isle of Paris stand upon points of honor. If they break the law, they ask no favors. Punishment has its dignity as well as its indignity," interposed the sieur, helping out his friend's hesitation, for the chevalier seemed always searching in his mind for the exact meaning of his thoughts, often without immediate success.

"The connétable said it was cheaper to let the chevalier go free than to feed him in the Vier Prison," somewhat drolly explained Ranulph, helping himself meanwhile to roasted conger-eel, and eyeing hungrily the freshly made black butter which Guida was taking from a wooden trencher. "The royal court is stingy," he added, "'nearer than Jean Noé, who got married in his red que-minzolle,' as we say on Jersey."

"There's cause for it now, Maître Ranulph," answered the little brown watchmaker. "Two shiploads of our poor French refugees arrived from St. Malo yesterday, and corn is getting scarcer and scarcer."

"They must work, they must work," said the chevalier, drawing himself up. "You, de Mauprat, you and I have set the example to our race ; we, we have established the right of men of our class to labor with their hands." He spread out his thin, almost transparent hands before him, clasped them, and shook them with a gentle energy suitable to the filmy quality of the conception of labor in his mind. "We are all workers here, — you, de Mauprat, Maître Ranulph there, and this friend of each of us, the dear Guida, who has taught us so much, so much !"

He fixed his eyes on Guida with an expression at once benevolent and reflective. Guida would have smiled if she had dared. Often before had the chevalier spoken of this brotherhood of labor : it was a pleasant fiction with him. He talked with a warm, magnanimous simplicity of the joys of his own handiwork ; but not even the sieur knew what was this labor of which he spoke so eloquently. His suite of rooms was on the top floor of the house of one Elie Mattingley, — a fisherman by trade and a piratical smuggler by practice, with a daughter Carterette, whom he loved passing well.

"They must work, — our countrymen must work," repeated the chevalier. "Then the people of this amiable isle will have no reason to disturb us."

"Amiable isle — nannin-gia !" interjected Ranulph bitterly. "Yesterday two priests of your country were set upon in La Colomberie by a drunken quarryman. A lady — Madame la Marquise Vincennes de Miraman — was insulted in the Rue Trousse Cotillon the day before by drunken fishwomen from St. Clement's, and was only saved from vio-

lence by the brave Carterette Mattingley."

"Ah yes, the dear Carterette, — my brave young friend Carterette Mattingley," said the chevalier, with a reflective enthusiasm.

"As you were saying, chevalier" — began M. de Mauprat.

But he got no further at the moment, for shots rang out suddenly before the house. They all started to their feet, and Ranulph, running to the front door, threw it open. As he did so, a young man, with blood flowing from a cut on the temple, stepped inside.

VIII.

It was M. Savary *dit* Détrican.

"Whew! what a lot of fools there are in the world! Pish! you silly apes!" the young man said, glancing through the open doorway to where the connétable's men were dragging two vile-looking ruffians into the Vier Prison.

"What's happened, Monsieur Détrican?" said Ranulph, closing the door and bolting it.

Détrican did not reply at once. The kitchen door was open, and as he came toward it the anxious faces of the three occupants of the room drew back. The morning sun, streaming through the open doorway beyond, cast a brilliant light upon the young man, showing his pale face and the gash in his temple. He was smiling, however, and as he came toward them he nodded nonchalantly and good-naturedly.

"What was it? What was it, monsieur?" asked Guida tremulously, for painful events had crowded upon her too fast that morning.

Détrican was stanching the blood from his temple with the scarf he had snatched from his neck.

"Get him some cordial, Guida!" said de Mauprat. "He's wounded!"

Détrican waved a hand almost im-

patiently, and dropped lightly upon the veille.

"It's nothing, I protest, — nothing whatever; and I'll have no cordial, — no, not a drop. A drink of water, — a little of that, if I must drink."

Guida caught up a hanap from the dresser, filled it with water, and passed it to him. Her fingers trembled a little. His were steady enough as he took the hanap and drank the water off at a gulp. Again she filled it, and again he drank. The blood was running in a tiny stream down his cheek. She caught her handkerchief from her girdle impulsively, and gently wiped away the blood.

"Let me wash and bandage the wound," she said. Her eyes were alight with compassion, not because it was the dissipated, reckless French invader, M. Savary *dit* Détrican, — no one knew that he was the young Comte de Tournay, — who had come over with Rullecour eleven years before, but because he was a wounded fellow creature. She would have done the same for the poor *béganne* Dormy Jamais, who still prowled the purlieus of St. Helier's, or for Elie Mattingley, or for any criminal, for that matter, who needed medicament and care.

It was quite clear, however, that Détrican felt differently. The moment she touched him he became suddenly still. He permitted her to wash the blood from his temple and cheek, to stanch it first with *jèru* leaves preserved in brandy, then with cobwebs, and afterward to bind it with her own kerchief.

Ranulph had offered to help her, but his hands were big and clumsy, and in any case she needed no help. So the others looked on with an admiring simplicity which suggested almost a cult of worship, while Détrican thrilled at the touch of the warm, still slightly trembling fingers. He had never been quite so near her before. His face was not far from hers. Now her breath touched him. As he bent his head for her to bind his temple, he could see the soft

pulsing of her bosom and hear the beating of her heart. Her neck was so full and round and soft, and her voice — surely he had never heard a voice so sweet and strong, a tone so well poised and so resonantly pleasant to the ear.

When she had finished, he had an impulse to catch the hand as it dropped away from his forehead and kiss it, — not as he had kissed many a hand, hotly one hour and coldly the next, but with an unpurchasable kind of gratitude which is the characteristic of this especial sort of sinner. He was young enough and there was still enough natural health in him to know the healing touch of a perfect decency and a pure truth of spirit. Yet he had been drunk the night before, drunk with three non-commissioned officers, — and he a gentleman in spite of everything, as could be plainly seen.

He turned his head away from the girl quickly, and looked straight into the eyes of her grandfather.

"I'll tell you how it was, *Sieur de Mauprat*," said he. "I was crossing the *Place du Vier Prison* when a brute threw a cleaver at me from a window. If it had struck me on the head — well, the royal court would have buried me, and without a slab like *Rullecour's*. I burst open the door of the house, ran up the stairs, gripped the ruffian, and threw him from the window into the street. As I did so a door opened behind, and another cut-throat came at me with a pistol. He fired, — fired wide. I ran in on him, and before he had time to think he was through the window, also. Then the other brute below fired up at me. The bullet gashed my temple, as you see. After that it was an affair of the *connétable* and his men. I had had enough fighting before breakfast. I saw an open door — and here I am — *monsieur, monsieur, monsieur, mademoiselle!*" He bowed to each of them, and glanced toward the table hungrily.

Ranulph placed a seat for him. He viewed the conger-eel and limpets with

an avid eye, but waited for the *chevalier* and *de Mauprat* to sit. He had hardly taken a mouthful, however, and thrown a piece of bread to *Biribi*, the dog, when, starting again to his feet, he said: —

"Your pardon, *Monsieur le Chevalier*, — that brute in the *Place* seems to have knocked all sense from my head! I've a letter for you, brought from *Rouen* by one of our countrymen who came yesterday." He drew forth a packet and handed it over. "I went out to their ship in the harbor last night, and this was given to me for you."

The *chevalier* looked with surprise and satisfaction at the seal on the letter, and, breaking it, spread open the paper, fumbled for the eyeglass which he always carried in his vest, and began reading diligently. Presently, under his breath he made exclamations, now of surprise, again of pain. It was clear that the letter contained unpleasant things.

Meanwhile *Ranulph* turned to *Guida*. "To-morrow *Jean Touzel*, his wife, and I go to the *Ecréhos* rocks in *Jean's* boat," said he. "A vessel was driven ashore there three days ago, and my carpenters are at work on her. If you can go and the wind holds fair, you shall be brought back safe by sundown."

Guida looked up quickly at her grandfather. She loved the sea; she could sail a boat, and knew the tides and currents of the south coast as well as most fishermen. *Jean Touzel* had taken her out numberless times even while her mother was alive; for *Madame Landresse*, if solicitous for her daughter's safety, had been concerned that she should be fearless, though not reckless. Of all boatmen and fishermen on the coast, *Jean Touzel* was most to be trusted. No man had saved so many shipwrecked folk, none risked his life so often, and he had never had a serious accident at sea. To go to sea with *Jean Touzel*, people said, was safer than living on land.

M. de Mauprat met the inquiring glance of *Guida* and nodded assent, and

she then said gayly to Ranulph, "I shall sail her, shall I not?"

"Every foot of the way," he answered.

She laughed and clapped her hands. Suddenly the little chevalier broke in. "By the head of John the Baptist!" exclaimed he.

So unusual was strong language with him that Détricand put down his knife and fork in amazement, and Guida almost blushed, the words sounded so improper upon the chevalier's lips.

Du Champsavoys held up his eyeglass, and, turning from one to the other, looked at each of them imperatively, yet abstractedly too. Then pursing up his lower lip, and with an air of growing amazement which carried him to a distant height of reckless language, he said again, "By the head of John the Baptist on a charger!"

He looked at Détricand with a fierceness which was merely the tension of his thought. If he had looked at a wall, it would have been the same. But Détricand, who had an almost whimsical sense of humor, — when sober and in his right mind, — felt his neck in an affected concern as though to be quite sure of it.

"Chevalier," said he, "you shock us, — you shock us, Monsieur le Chevalier!"

"The most painful things, and the most wonderful too," said the chevalier, tapping the letter with his eyeglass, "the most terrible and yet the most romantic things are here. A drop of cider, if you please, mademoiselle, before I begin to read it to you, if I may — if I may — eh?"

They all nodded eagerly. Guida brought a hanap of cider, and the little gray thrush of a man sipped it, and in a voice no bigger than a bird's began: —

From Lucillien du Champsavoys, Comte de Chanier, by the hand of a most faithful friend, who goeth hence from among divers dangers, unto my cousin, the Chevalier du Champsavoys

de Beaumanoir, late Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the best of monarchs, Louis XV., this writing:

MY DEAR AND HONORED COUSIN [the chevalier paused, frowned a trifle, and tapped his lips with his finger in a little lyrical emotion], — My dear and honored cousin, all is lost. The France we loved is no more! The 20th of June saw the last vestige of Louis' power pass forever. That day ten thousand of the sans-culottes forced their way into the palace to kill him. A faithful few surrounded him. In the mad turmoil, we were fearful, he was serene. "Feel," said Louis, placing his hand on his bosom, "feel whether this is the beating of a heart shaken by fear." Ah, my friend, *your* heart would have clamped in misery to hear the Queen cry, "What have I to fear? Death? It is as well to-day as to-morrow. They can do no more!" Their lives were saved, the day passed, but worse came after.

The 10th of August came. With it, too, the end — the dark and bloody end — of the Swiss Guards. The Jacobins had their way at last. The Swiss Guards died in the court of the Carrousel as they marched to the Assembly to save the King. Thus the last circle of defense round the throne was broken. The palace was given over to flame and the sword. Of twenty nobles of the palace I alone escaped. France became a slaughter-house. The people cried out for more liberty, and their liberators gave them the freedom of death. A fortnight ago, Danton, the incomparable fiend, let loose his assassins upon the priests of God, and Paris is made a theatre where the people whom Louis and his nobles would have died to save have turned every street into a stable of carnage, every prison and hospital into a vast charnel-house. One last revolting thing remains to be done, — the murder of the King; then this France that we have loved will have no name and no place in our generation. She will rise

again, but we shall not see her, for our eyes have been blinded with blood, forever darkened by disaster. Like a mistress upon whom we have lavished the days of our youth and the strength of our days, she has deceived us; she has stricken us while we slept. Behold a Caliban now for her paramour.

Weep with me, for France has robbed me and has tricked me. One by one my friends have fallen beneath the axe. Of my four sons but one remains. Henri was stabbed by Danton's ruffians at the Hôtel de Ville; Gaston fought and died with the Swiss Guards, whose hacked and severed limbs were broiled and eaten in the streets by the monsters who mutilate the land; Isidore, the youngest, defied a hundred of Robespierre's cowards on the steps of the Assembly, and was torn to pieces by the mob. Etienne alone is left. But for him and for the honor of my house I too would find a place beside the King and die with him. Etienne is with de la Rochejaquelein in Brittany. I am here at Rouen.

Brittany and Normandy still stand for the King. In these two provinces begins the regeneration of France: we call it the war of the Vendée. On that Isle of Jersey there you should almost hear the voice of de la Rochejaquelein and the marching cries of our loyal legions. If there be justice in God, we shall conquer. But there will be joy no more for such as you or me, nor hope, nor any peace. We live only for those who come after. Our duty remains; all else is dead. You did well to go, and I do well to stay.

By all these piteous relations you shall know the importance of the request I now set forth.

My cousin by marriage of the house of Vaufontaine has lost all his sons. With the death of the Prince of Vaufontaine there is in France no heir to the house, nor can it by the law revert to my house or my heirs. Now of late the prince hath urged me to write to you, — for he

is here in seclusion with me, — and to unfold to you what has hitherto been secret. Eleven years ago, the only nephew of the prince, after some compromising escapades, disappeared from the court with Rullecour, the adventurer, who invaded the Isle of Jersey. From that hour he has been lost to France. Some of his companions in arms returned after a number of years. All, with one exception, declared that he was killed in the battle at St. Helier's. One, however, strongly maintains that he was still living and in the prison hospital when his comrades were released from confinement.

It is of him I write to you. His name — as you will know — is the Comte de Tournay. He was then not more than seventeen years of age, slight of build, with brownish hair, dark gray eyes, and had over the right shoulder a scar from a sword-thrust. It seemeth little possible that, if living, he should still remain in the Isle of Jersey, but would rather have returned to obscurity in France, or have gone to England to be lost to name and remembrance, — or indeed to America.

That you may perchance give me word of him is the object of my letter, written in no more hope than I live, and you can guess well how faint that is. One young nobleman preserved to France may be the great unit that will save her.

Greet my poor countrymen yonder in the name of one who still waits at a desecrated altar; and for myself, you must take me as I am, with the remembrance of what I was, even

Your faithful friend and loving kinsman,
DE CHANIER.

All this, though in the chances of war you read it not till wintertide come, was told you at Rouen this first day of September, 1792.

During the reading of this letter, which was broken by many feeling and reflective pauses on the chevalier's part, the

listeners showed emotion after the nature of each. The *Sieur de Mauprat's* fingers clasped and unclasped on the top of his cane, little explosions of breath came from his compressed lips, his eyebrows beetled over till the eyes themselves seemed like two small glints of flame. Delagarde dropped a fist heavily upon the table, and held it there clinched, while his heel beat a tattoo of excitement upon the floor. Guida's breath came quick and fast; as Ranulph said afterward, she was "*blanc comme un linge*." She shuddered painfully when she heard of the slaughter and burning of the Swiss Guards. Her brain was so confused with the horrors of anarchy that the latter part of the letter, dealing with the vanished *Comte de Tournay*, was almost unheeded.

But this matter interested Delagarde and *de Mauprat* greatly. They both leaned forward eagerly, seizing every word, and both instinctively turned toward *Détricand* when the description of the *Comte de Tournay* was read.

As for *Détricand* himself, he listened to the first part of the letter like a man suddenly roused out of a dream. For the first time since the Revolution had begun, the horror of it and the meaning of it were brought home to him. He had been so long expatriated and so busy in dalliance and dissipation, had loitered so long in the primrose path of daily sleep and nightly revel, had fallen so far, that he had not realized how the fiery wheels of Death were spinning in France, and how black was the smoke of the torment of the people. His face turned scarlet as the thing came home to him. Once during the reading his features seemed to knot with a spasm of pain. Conscience, ghostlike, rising from the ghastly pictures drawn by the aged fugitive at Rouen, struck him in the face, and he winced from the blow. He dropped his head in his hand as if to listen more attentively, but it was, in truth, to hide his emotion. When the names of the Prince of Vau-

fontaine and of the *Comte de Tournay* were mentioned, he gave a little start, then suddenly ruled himself to a strange stillness and listened with intentness. His face seemed all at once to clear; he even smiled a little. But at last, conscious that *de Mauprat* and Delagarde were watching him, he appeared to listen with an inquisitive but impersonal interest, not without its effect upon his scrutinizers. He nodded his head as though he understood the situation. He acted very well; he bewildered the onlookers. They might think he tallied with the description of the *Comte de Tournay*, yet he gave the impression that the matter was not vital to himself. But when the little chevalier stopped and turned his eyeglass upon him with a sudden startled inquiry, he found it harder to preserve his composure.

"Singular! singular!" said the old man, and returned to the reading of the letter.

When it was finished there was absolute silence for a moment. Then the chevalier lifted his eyeglass again and looked at *Détricand* intently.

"Pardon me, monsieur," he said, "but you were with *Rullecour*—as I was saying."

Détricand nodded with a droll sort of helplessness, and answered, "In Jersey I never have chance to forget it, *Monsieur le Chevalier*."

Du Champsavoys, with a naïve and obvious attempt at playing counsel, fixed him again with the glass, pursed his lips, and, with the importance of the greffier at the ancient *Cour d'Héritage*, came one step nearer to his goal.

"Have you knowledge of the *Comte de Tournay*, *Monsieur Détricand*?"

"I knew him—as you were saying, chevalier," answered *Détricand* lightly.

Then the chevalier struck home. He dropped his fingers upon the table, stood up, and, looking straight into *Détricand's* eyes, exclaimed, "*Monsieur*, you are the *Comte de Tournay*!"

The chevalier involuntarily held the situation for an instant. Nobody stirred. De Mauprat dropped his chin upon his hands, and his eyebrows contracted in excitement. Guida gave a little cry of astonishment. But Détricand answered the chevalier with a look of blank surprise and a shrug of the shoulders, which had the effect desired.

"Thank you, chevalier," said he, with a quizzical humor. "Now I know who I am, and if it is n't too soon to presume upon the relationship, I shall dine with you to-day, chevalier. I spent my last sou yesterday. One can't throw one's self upon charity; but since we are distant cousins I may claim grist at the family mill, eh?"

The chevalier dropped into his chair again. "Then you are not the Comte de Tournay, monsieur!" he said hopelessly.

"Then I shall not dine with you to-day," said Détricand gayly.

"You answer the description," remarked de Mauprat dubiously.

"Let me see," rejoined Détricand. "I've been a donkey-farmer, a ship-master's assistant, a tobacco-peddler, a quarryman, a miner, a wood-merchant, an interpreter, a fisherman: that's very like the Comte de Tournay! On Monday night I supped with a smuggler; on Tuesday I breakfasted on soupe à la graisse and limpets with Manon Moignard, the witch; on Wednesday I dined with Dormy Jamais and an avocat disbarred for writing lewd songs for a chocolate-house; on Thursday I went oyster-fishing with a native who has three wives, and a butcher who has been banished four times for not keeping holy the Sabbath Day; and I drank from eleven o'clock till sunrise this morning with three Scotch sergeants of the line: which is very like the Comte de Tournay — as you were saying, chevalier! I am five feet eleven, and the Comte de Tournay was five feet ten — which is no lie," he said under his breath. "I have

a scar, but it's over my left shoulder, and not over my right — which is also no lie," he said under his breath. "De Tournay's hair was brown, and mine, you see, is almost a dead black — fever did that," he said under his breath. "De Tournay escaped the day after the battle of Jersey from the prison hospital; I was left, and here I've been ever since, — Yves Savary *dît* Détricand, at your service, Monsieur le Chevalier!"

A pained expression crossed the chevalier's face. "I am most sorry, — I am most sorry," he said hesitatingly. "I had no wish to wound your feelings."

"Ah, it is the Comte de Tournay to whom you must apologize," returned Détricand, with a droll look.

"It is a pity," continued the chevalier, "for somehow all at once I recalled a resemblance. I saw de Tournay when he was fourteen, — yes, I think it was fourteen, — and when I looked at you, monsieur, his face came back to me. It would have made my cousin so happy if you had been the Comte de Tournay, and I had found you here." The old man's voice trembled a little. "We are growing fewer every day, we Frenchmen of the noble families. And it would have made my cousin so happy — as I was saying, monsieur."

Détricand's manner changed; he became serious. The devil-may-care, irresponsible shamelessness of his face dropped away like a mask. Something had touched him. His voice changed, too.

"De Tournay was a much better fellow than I am, chevalier — and that's no lie," he said under his breath. "De Tournay was a brave, fiery, ambitious youngster, with bad companions. De Tournay told me that he repented of coming with Rullecour, and he felt he had spoilt his life, — that he could never return to France again and to his people."

The old chevalier shook his head sadly. "Is he dead?" he asked.

There was a slight pause, and then Détricand answered, "No, he is living."

"Where is he?"

"I promised de Tournay that I would never reveal that."

"Might I not write to him?"

"Assuredly, Monsieur le Chevalier."

"Could you — will you — deliver a letter to him from me, monsieur?"

"Upon my honor, yes!"

"I thank you, I thank you, monsieur; I will write it to-day."

"As you will, chevalier. I will ask you for it to-night," rejoined Détricand. "It may take some time to reach the Comte de Tournay; but he shall receive it into his own hands."

De Mauprat tremblingly asked the question which he knew the chevalier dreaded to ask: "Do you think that Monsieur le Comte will return to France?"

"I think he will," answered Détricand slowly.

"It will make my cousin so happy, so happy!" sighed the little chevalier, and his voice quavered. "Will you take snuff with me, monsieur?" He took out his silver snuff-box and offered it to his vagrant countryman. This was a mark of favor which the chevalier had seldom shown to any one save M. de Mauprat since he came to Jersey.

Détricand bowed, accepted, and took a pinch. "I must be going," he said.

Gilbert Parker.

(To be continued.)

IN DOVE COTTAGE GARDEN.

ON the terrace lies the sunlight,
Fretted by the shade
Of the wilding apple-orchard
Wordsworth made.

Sunlight falls upon the aspen,
And the cedar glows
Like the laurel or the climbing
Christmas rose.

Downward through green-golden windows
Let your glances fall;
You'd not guess there was a cottage
There at all.

Bines of bryony and bramble
Overhang the green
Of the crowding scarlet-runner,
And the bean.

But I mark one quiet casement,
Ivy-covered still.
There he sat, I think, and loved this
Little hill;

Loved the rocky stair that led him
Upward to the seat
Coleridge fashioned ; loved the fragrant,
High retreat

In the wood above the garden.
There he walked, and there
In his heart the beauty gathered
To a prayer.

Looking down into the garden,
I can seem to see,
In among her Christmas roses,
Dorothy.

Deeper joy and truer service,
Fuller draught of life,
Came, I doubt not, to the sister
And the wife.

Laurel, it may be, too early
On his brow he set ;
And the thorn of life too lightly
Could forget.

Dorothy, wild heart and woman,
Chose the better way,
Met the world with love and service
Every day.

Life for love, and love for living ;
And the poet's part
Is to give what cometh after
To his art.

But the shadow from the fellside
Falls, and all the scene
Melts to indistinguishable
Golden-green.

Showers of golden light on Grasmere
Tremble into shade ;
While the garden grasses gather
Blade with blade ;

And one patient robin-redbreast,
Waiting, waiting long,
Seals the twilight in the garden
With a song.

P. H. Savage.

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF PUBLIC LIFE.

LIVING in a university city, I am occasionally asked by students how they can best train themselves for public speaking; and I always begin with one bit of counsel, based on half a century's experience: "Enlist in a reform." Engage in something which you feel for the moment so unspeakably more important than yourself as wholly to dwarf you, and the rest will come. No matter what it is, — tariff or free trade, gold standard or silver, even communism or imperialism, — the result is the same as to oratory, if you are only sincere. Even the actor on the dramatic stage must fill himself with his part, or he is nothing, and the public speaker on the platform must be more than a dramatic actor to produce the highest effects. When the leading debater in an intercollegiate competition told me, the other day, that he did not believe in the cause which he was assigned to advocate, my heart sank for him, and I dimly foresaw the defeat which came. There is an essential thing wanting to the eloquence of the men who act a part; but given a profound sincerity, and there is something wonderful in the way it overcomes the obstacles of a hoarse voice, a stammering tongue, or a feeble presence.

On the anti-slavery platform, where I was reared, I cannot remember a really poor speaker; as Emerson said, "eloquence was dog-cheap" there. The cause was too real, too vital, too immediately pressing upon heart and conscience, for the speaking to be otherwise than alive. It carried men away as with a flood. Fame is never wide or retentive enough to preserve the names of more than two or three leaders: Bright and Cobden in the anti-corn-law movement; Clarkson and Wilberforce in the West India Emancipation; Garrison, Phillips, and John Brown in the great

American agitation. But there were constantly to be heard in anti-slavery meetings such minor speakers as Parker, Douglass, William Henry Channing, Burleigh, Foster, May, Remond, Pillsbury, Lucretia Mott, Abby Kelley, — each one holding the audience, each one making converts. How could eloquence not be present there, when we had no time to think of eloquence? — as Clarkson under similar circumstances said that he had not time to think of the welfare of his soul. I know that my own teachers were the slave women who came shyly before the audience, women perhaps as white as my own sisters, — Ellen Craft was quite as white, — women who had been stripped and whipped and handled with insolent hands and sold to the highest bidder as unhesitatingly as the little girl whom I had seen in the St. Louis slave-market; or women who, having once escaped, had, like Harriet Tubman, gone back again and again into the land of bondage to bring away their kindred and friends. My teachers were men whom I saw first walking clumsily across the platform, just arrived from the South, as if they still bore a hundred pounds weight of plantation soil on each ankle, and whom I saw develop in the course of years into the dignity of freedom. What were the tricks of oratory in the face of men and women like these? We learned to speak because their presence made silence impossible.

All this, however, I did not recognize at the time so clearly as I do now; nor was I sure that I, at least, was accomplishing much for the cause I loved. In one respect the influence of Wendell Phillips did me harm for a time, as to speaking in public, because it was his firm belief that the two departments of literature and oratory were essentially distinct, and could not well be combined in the same

person. He had made his choice, he said, and had abandoned literature. It was hard to persuade him to write even a pamphlet or a circular, although when he did it was done with such terseness and vigor as to refute his theory. Of this I was gradually convinced, but there was a long period during which I accepted the alternative offered by him, and therefore reasoned that because literature was my apparent vocation, oratory was not. Of course it was often necessary for me to appear on the platform, but I did it at first only as a duty, and did not feel sure of myself in that sphere. Little by little the impression passed away, and I rejected Phillips's doctrine. Since the civil war, especially, I have felt much more self-confidence in public speaking; and it is one sign of this that I have scarcely ever used notes before an audience, and have long since reached the point where they would be a hindrance, not a help. Indeed, I believe that most young speakers can reach this point much earlier than they suppose; and in my little book, *Hints on Writing and Speech-making*, I have indicated how this can be done. A speaker's magnetic hold upon his audience is unquestionably impaired by the sight of the smallest bit of paper in his hand.

During a long intervening period, however, I lectured a great deal in what were then called "lyceum" courses, which stretched over the northern half of the United States, forty years ago, to an extent now hardly conceivable. There were two or three large organizations, or bureaus, which undertook systematically the task of bringing speaker and audience together, with the least possible inconvenience to both. One of these, whose centre was Dubuque, Iowa, negotiated in 1867 for thirty-five lecturers and one hundred and ten lecture courses; undertaking to distribute the one with perfect precision, and to supply the other. As a result, the lecturer left home with a printed circular in his

pocket assigning his dozen or his hundred engagements, as the case might be. Many of these might be in towns of which he had never heard the names. No matter; he was sure that they would be there, posted a day's journey apart, and all ready to receive him. As a rule, he would meet in each new place what looked like the same audience, would make the same points in his lecture as before, would sleep at what seemed the same hotel, and breakfast on the same tough beefsteak. He would receive the usual compliments, if any, and make the same courteous reply to the accustomed questions as to the acoustics of the hall and the intelligence of the audience. In the far West he would perhaps reach villages where, as the people came twenty miles for their entertainments, a dance might be combined with the lecture, — "tickets to Emerson and ball, one dollar." I have still a handbill, printed in some village in Indiana in 1867, wherein Mr. J. Jackson offers to read Hamlet for twenty-five cents admission, ladies free. He adds that after the reading he will himself plan for the formation of a company, with a small capital, for the manufacture of silk handkerchiefs of a quality superior to anything in the market, and will relate some incidents of his early life in connection with this particular article. Thus having administered Hamlet once, he would prepare his audience to shed the necessary tears on a second hearing.

To the literary man, ordinarily kept at home by task work or by domestic cares, — and both of these existed in my own case, — there was a refreshing variety in a week or two, possibly a month or more, of these lecturing experiences. Considered as a regular vocation, such lecturing was benumbing to the mind as well as exhausting to the body, but it was at any rate an antidote for provincialism. It was a good thing to be entertained, beyond the Mississippi, at a house which was little more than a log

cabin, and to find, as I have found, Longfellow's Dante on the table and Millais' Huguenot Lovers on the wall; or to visit, as I once visited, a village of forty houses, in the same region, in nineteen of which *The Atlantic Monthly* was regularly taken. After such experiences a man could go back to his writing or his editing with enlarged faith. He would get new impressions, too, of the dignity and value of the lecture system itself. In one of my trips, while on a small branch railway in New England, I found everybody talking about the prospective entertainment of that evening, — conductor, brakemen, and passengers all kept recurring to the subject; everybody was going. As we drew near the end, the conductor singled me out as the only stranger and the probable lecturer, and burst into eager explanation. "The president of the lyceum," he said, "is absent from the village, and the vice-president, who will present you to the audience, is the engineer of this very train." So it turned out: the engineer introduced me with dignity and propriety. He proved to be a reader of Emerson and Carlyle, and he gave me a ride on his locomotive the next morning.

There was something pleasant, also, in the knowledge that the lecturer himself met the people as man to man; that he stood upon the platform to be judged and weighed. From the talk of his fellow travelers in the train, beforehand, he could know what they expected of him; and from the talk next morning, how he had stood the test. Wendell Phillips especially dreaded this ordeal, and always went home after lecturing, if his home could by any possibility be reached, in order to avoid it. The lecturer, often unrecognized in his traveling garb, might look through the eyes of others on his own face and figure; might hear his attitudes discussed, or his voice, or his opinions. Once, after giving a lecture on physical education, I heard it talked over between two respectable la-

dies, with especial reference to some disrespectful remarks of mine on the American pie. I had said, in a sentence which, though I had not really reduced it to writing, yet secured a greater circulation through the newspapers than any other sentence I shall ever write, that the average pie of the American railway station was "something very white and indigestible at the top, very moist and indigestible at the bottom, and with untold horrors in the middle." I had given this lecture at Fall River, and was returning by way of the steamboat to Providence, when I heard one of my neighbors ask the other if she heard the lecture.

"No," she answered, "I did n't. But Mis' Jones, she come home that night, and she flung her hood right down on the table, and says she, 'There,' says she, 'Mr. Jones, I 'm never goin' to have another o' them mince pies in the house just as long as I live,' says she. 'There was Sammy,' says she, 'he was sick all last night, and I do believe it was nothin' in all the world but just them mince pies,' says she."

"Well," said the other lady, a slow, deliberate personage, "I do suppose that them kind of concomitants ain't good things."

Here the conversation closed, but Mr. Weller did not feel more gratified when he heard the Bath footmen call a boiled leg of mutton a "swarry," and wondered what they would call a roast one, than I when my poor stock of phrases was reinforced by this unexpected polysyllable. Instead of wasting so many words to describe an American railway pie, I should have described it, more tersely, as a "concomitant."

The lecture system was long since shaken to pieces in America by the multiplying of newspapers and the growth of musical and dramatic opportunities. The "bureaus" now exist mainly for the benefit of foreign celebrities; and the American lecturer has come to concern himself more and more with ques-

tions of public policy and morals, while literature and science have receded more into the background. The transition was easy from the lyceum course to the political platform, and this, at least, has held its own. No delusion is harder to drive out of the public mind than the impression that college-bred American men habitually avoid public duties. It may hold in a few large cities, but is rarely the case in country towns, and in New England generally is quite untrue. In looking back fifty years, I cannot put my finger on five years when I myself was not performing some official service for the city or state, or both simultaneously. In each of the four places where I have resided I have been a member of some public school committee; and in three of these places a trustee of the public library, there being then no such institution in the fourth town, although I was on a committee to prepare for one.

As to service to the commonwealth, since my return to my native state — twenty years ago — I have spent thirteen years in some public function, one year as chief of the governor's personal staff, two years as member of the state House of Representatives, three years on the State Board of Education, and seven years as state military and naval historian. How well I did my duty is not the question; we are dealing with quantity of service, not quality. Besides all this, I have almost invariably voted when there was any voting to be done, have repeatedly been a delegate to political conventions, and have commonly attended what are called primary meetings, often presiding at them. There is nothing exceptional in all this; it is a common thing for American citizens to have rendered as much service as is here stated, and in the university city where I dwell it is the rule, and not the exception, for professors and instructors to take their share in public duties. Some of those most faithful in this respect have been among the most typical and

fastidious scholars, such as Professor Charles Eliot Norton and the late Professor Francis James Child. I confess that it makes me somewhat indignant to hear such men stigmatized as mere idealists and dilettantes by politicians who have never in all their lives done so much to purify and elevate politics as these men have been doing daily for many years.

Side by side with this delusion there is an impression, equally mistaken, that college-bred men are disliked in politics, and have to encounter prejudice and distrust, simply by reason of education. They do indeed encounter this prejudice, but it comes almost wholly from other educated men who think that they can make a point against rivals by appealing to some such feeling. Nobody used this weapon more freely, for instance, than the late Benjamin F. Butler, who was himself a college graduate. He was always ready to deride Governor John D. Long for having translated Virgil; while his audiences, if let alone, would have thought it a creditable performance. As a rule, it may be assumed that any jeer at a "scholar in politics" proceeds from some other scholar in politics. It was almost pathetic to me to see, while in the Massachusetts legislature, the undue respect and expectation with which the more studious men in that body were habitually treated by other members, who perhaps knew far more than they about the matters of practical business with which legislatures are mainly occupied. It was, if analyzed, a tribute to a supposed breadth of mind which did not always exist, or to a command of language which proved quite inadequate. Many a college graduate stammers and repeats himself, while a man from the anvil or the country store says what he has to say and sits down. Again and again, during my service in the legislature, when some man had been sent there by his town, mainly to get one thing done, — a boundary changed or a local

railway chartered, — he has come to me with an urgent request to make his speech for him; and I have tried to convince him of the universal truth that a single-speech man who has never before opened his lips, but who understands his question through and through, will be to other members a welcome relief from a voice they hear too often. Wordsworth says: —

"I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning."

I have much oftener been saddened by the too great deference of men who were my superiors in everything but a diploma than I have been amazed by their jealousy or distrust.

It is my firm conviction that there never was an honester body of men, on the whole, than the two Massachusetts legislatures with which I served in 1880 and 1881. If there has been a serious change since, which I do not believe, it has been a very rapid decline. Doubtless the legislature was extremely liable to prejudice and impatience; it required tact to take it at the right moment, and also not to bore it. I had next me, for a whole winter, a politician of foreign birth, so restless that he never could remain half an hour in his seat, and who took such an aversion to one of the ablest lawyers in the house, because of his long and frequent speeches, that he made it a rule to go out whenever this orator began, and to vote against every motion he made. This was an individual case; yet personal popularity certainly counted for a great deal, up to the moment when any man trespassed upon it and showed that his head was beginning to be turned; from that moment his advantage was gone. Men attempting to bully the House usually failed; so did those who were too visibly wheedling and coaxing, or who struck an unfair blow at an opponent, or who aspersed the general integrity of the body they addressed, or

who even talked down to it too much. On the other hand, there existed among the members certain vast and inscrutable undercurrents of prejudice; as, for instance, those relating to the rights of towns, or the public school system, or the law of settlement, or perhaps only questions of roads and navigable streams, or of the breadth of wheels or the close time of fishing, — points which could never be comprehended by academic minds or even city-bred minds, and which yet might at any moment create a current formidable to encounter, and usually impossible to resist. Every good debater in the House and every one of its recognized legal authorities might be on one side, and yet the smallest contest with one of these latent prejudices would land them in a minority.

There were men in the House who scarcely ever spoke, but who comprehended these prejudices through and through; and when I had a pet measure to support, I felt more alarmed at seeing one of these men passing quietly about among the seats, or even conversing with a group in the cloak-room, than if I had found all the leaders in the legislature opposed to me. Votes were often carried against the leaders, but almost never against this deadly undertow of awakened prejudice. No money could possibly have affected it; and indeed the attempt to use money to control the legislature must then have been a very rare thing. There was not then, and perhaps is not to this day, any organized corporation which had such a controlling influence in Massachusetts as have certain railways, according to rumor, in Connecticut and Pennsylvania. Something of this power has been attributed, since my time, perhaps without reason, to the great West End Railway; but there was certainly only one man in the legislature, at the time I describe, who was generally believed to be the agent of a powerful corporation; and although he was one of the most formidable de-

baters in the house, by reason of wit and brilliancy, he yet failed to carry votes through this general distrust. Men in such bodies often listen eagerly, for entertainment, to an orator who commands after all but few votes, while they are perhaps finally convinced, nevertheless, by some dull or stammering speaker who thoroughly comprehends what he is discussing and whose sincerity is recognized by all.

Perhaps the most tedious but often the most amusing part of legislative life consists in the hearings before committees. I was at different times House chairman of committees on constitutional amendments, on education, on woman suffrage, and on "expediting the business of the House." All these were liable to be the prey of what are called cranks, but especially the first of these, which gathered what Emerson once called "the soul of the soldiery of dissent." There were men and women who haunted the State House simply to address the sessions of the Committee on Constitutional Amendments, and who would have been perfectly ready to take all that part of the business off our hands. I find in my notebook that one of these, an Irishman, once said to us, with the headlong enthusiasm of his race, "Before I say anything on this subject, let me say a word or two! In a question of integral calculus, you must depend on some one who can solve it. Now I have solved this question of Biennial Sessions," — this being the subject under consideration, — "and you must depend on me. Working men, as a rule, have what may be called a moral sense. Moral sense is that which enables us to tell heat from cold, to tell white from yellow: that is moral sense. Moral sense tells us right from wrong." Then followed an address with more of fact and reasoning than one could possibly associate with such an introduction, but ending with the general conclusion, "It [the biennial method] would give more power to the

legislature, for they would centralize more money into their pockets. I hope every member of the legislature, when this matter comes up, will be voted down." All these flowers of speech are taken from my own notebook as kept in the committee.

I always rather enjoyed being contradicted in the legislature or being cross-examined on the witness-stand: first, because the position gives one opportunity to bring in, by way of rejoinder, points which would not have fitted legitimately into one's main statement, thus approaching the matter by a flank movement, as it were; and again because the sympathy of the audience is always with the party attacked, and nothing pleases the spectators better, especially in the court-room, than to have a witness turn the tables on the lawyer. It is much the same in legislative bodies, and nothing aided the late General Butler more than the ready wit with which he would baffle the whole weight of argument by a retort. The same quality belonged to the best rough-and-ready fighter in the Massachusetts legislature of 1881, — a man to whom I have already referred as lacking the confidence of the House. He was a man who often hurt the cause he advocated by the brutality of his own argument, and was never so formidable as when he was driven into a corner, and suddenly, so to speak, thrèw a somerset over his assailant's head and came up smiling. I remember to have been once the victim of this method when I felt safest. I was arguing against one of those bills which were constantly reappearing for the prohibition of oleomargarine, and which usually passed in the end, from a sheer desire to content the farmers. I was arguing — what I have always thought to this day — that good oleomargarine was far better than bad butter, and should not be prohibited; and I fortified this by a story I had just heard of a gentleman in New York city, who had introduced the substitute without

explanation at a lunch he had lately given, and who, on asking his guests to compare it with the best butter, also on the table, found them all selecting the oleomargarine. The House had seemed about equally divided, and I thought my little anecdote had carried the day, when Mr. ——— arose and with the profoundest seriousness asked, "Will the gentleman kindly inform us at what precise stage of the lunch party this test was applied?" The retort brought down the house instantly, and the rout which followed was overwhelming. It readily occurred to the experienced, or even to the inexperienced, that at a convivial party in New York there might arrive a period when the judgment of the guests would lose some of its value.

I had, in the legislature, my fair share of successes and failures, having the pleasure, for instance, of reporting and carrying through the present law which guarantees children in public schools from being compelled to read from the Bible against the wish of their parents, and also the bill giving to the Normal Art School a dwelling-place of its own. I contributed largely, the reporters thought, to the defeat of a measure which my constituents generally approved, the substitution of biennial sessions for annual; and have lived to see it finally carried through the legislature, and overwhelmingly defeated by the popular vote. I supported many propositions which required time to mature them and have since become laws; as the abolition of the poll tax qualification for voting, and the final abolition of the school district system. Other such measures which I supported still require farther time for agitation, as woman suffrage and the removal of the stigma on atheist witnesses. The latter, as well as the former, was very near my heart, since I think it an outrage first to admit the evidence of atheists, and then admit evidence to show that they are such, — a contradiction which Professor Longfel-

low described as "allowing men to testify, and then telling the jury that their testimony was not worth having." This measure was defeated, not by the Roman Catholics in the House, but by the Protestants, the representatives of the former being equally divided; a result attributed mainly to my having a certain personal popularity among that class. A more curious result of the same thing was when the woman suffrage bill was defeated, and when four Irish-American members went out and sat in the lobby, — beside Mr. Plunkett, the armless sergeant-at-arms, who told me the fact afterwards, — not wishing either to vote for the bill or to vote against what I desired. I rejoice to say that I had the same experience described by Theodore Roosevelt, in finding my general liking for the Irish temperament confirmed by seeing men of that race in public bodies. Often unreasonable, impetuous, one-sided, or scheming, they produce certainly some men of a high type of character. There was no one in the legislature for whose motives and habits of mind I had more entire respect than for those of a young Irish-American lawyer, since dead, who sat in the next seat to mine during a whole session. I believe that the instinct of this whole class for politics is on the whole a sign of promise, although producing some temporary evils; and that it is much more hopeful, for instance, than the comparative indifference to public affairs among our large French-Canadian population.

The desire for office, once partially gratified, soon becomes very strong, and the pride of being known as a "vote-getter" is a very potent stimulus to Americans, and is very demoralizing. Few men are willing to let the offices come to them, and although they respect this quality of abstinence in another, if combined with success, they do not have the same feeling for it *per se*. They early glide into the habit of regarding office as a perquisite, and as something to be

given to the man who works hardest for it, not to the man who is fitted for it. Money too necessarily enters into the account, as is shown by the habit of assessing candidates in proportion to their salaries, a thing to which I have always refused to submit. Again, I am sorry to say, there is a certain amount of hypocrisy on the subject, and men often carry on a still hunt, as it is technically called, and do not frankly own their methods. I remember when, some thirty years ago, a man eminent in our public life was boasting to me of the nomination of his younger brother for Congress, and this especially on the ground that whereas his competitor for the nomination had gone about promising offices and other rewards to his henchmen, the successful candidate had entirely refused to do anything of the kind, and had won on his merits alone. Afterward, on my asking the manager of the latter's campaign whether there was really so much difference in the methods of the two, he said with a chuckle, "Well, I guess there was n't much left undone on either side." The whole tendency of public life is undoubtedly to make a man an incipient boss, and to tempt him to scheme and bargain; and it is only the most favorable circumstances which can enable a man to succeed without this; it is mainly a question whether he shall do it in person or through an agent or "wicked partner." The knowledge of this drives from public life some men well fitted to adorn it, and brings in many who are unfit. The only question is whether there is much variation in this respect between different countries, and whether the process by which a man takes a step of rank in England, for instance, differs always essentially from the method by which position is gained in American public life. It is my own impression that this is also a case where there is not much left undone on either side.

Here is one plain advantage in the

hands of the literary man: that he is in a world where these various devices are far less needful. The artist, said Goethe, is the only man who lives with unconcealed aims. Successes are often won by inferior productions, no doubt, but it is because these are in some way better fitted to the current taste, and it is very rarely intrigue or pushing which secures fame. It is rare to see a book which has a merely business success; and if such a case occurs, it is very apt to be only a temporary affair, followed by reaction. This, therefore, is an advantage on the side of literature; but, on the other hand, the direct contact with men and the sense of being uncloistered is always a source of enjoyment in public life, and I should be sorry to go altogether without it. Presiding at public meetings, for instance, is a position which affords positive enjoyment to any one to whom it comes easily; it demands chiefly a clear head, prompt decision, absolute impartiality, and tolerable tact. An audience which recognizes these qualities will almost invariably sustain the chairman; those present have come there for a certain purpose, to carry the meeting fairly through, and they will stand by a man who helps to this, though if he is tricky they will rebel, and if he is irresolute they will ride over him. The rules of order are really very simple, and are almost always based on good common sense; and there is the same sort of pleasure in managing a somewhat turbulent meeting that is found in driving a four-in-hand. At smaller meetings of committees and the like, an enormous amount can be done by conciliation; nine times out of ten the differences are essentially verbal, and the suggestion of a word, the substitution of a syllable, will perhaps quell the rising storm. People are sometimes much less divided in purpose than they suppose themselves to be, and an extremely small concession will furnish a sufficient relief for pride. There is much, also, in watching the temper of

those with whom you deal, and in choosing the fortunate moment, — a thing which the late President Garfield, while leader of the House of Representatives at Washington, pointed out to me as the first essential of success. There were days, he said, when one could carry through almost without opposition measures that at other times would have to be fought inch by inch; and I afterward noticed the same thing in the Massachusetts legislature. It is so, also, I have heard the attendants say, even with the wild beasts in a menagerie: there are occasions when the storm signals are raised, and no risks must be taken, even with the tameest.

Probably no other presidential election which ever took place in this country showed so small a share of what is base or selfish in politics as the first election of President Cleveland; and in this I happened to take a pretty active part. I spoke in his behalf in five different states, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, and New Jersey, and was brought closely in contact with the current of popular feeling, which I found a sound and wholesome one. The fact that he was a new man kept him singularly free from personal entanglements until actually in office; and his rather deliberate and stubborn temperament, with the tone of his leading supporters, gave an added safeguard. On the other hand, the same slowness of temperament made it impossible for him to supervise all departments at once, and he had to leave some of them in the hands of old-fashioned spoilsmen. There was among those who originally brought him forward — the so-called Mugwumps — an almost exaggerated unselfishness, at least for a time; in Massachusetts, especially, it was practically understood among them that they were to ask for nothing personally; and they generally got what they asked for. Mr. Cleveland's administration, with all its strength and weakness, has gone into history; he had,

if ever a man had, *les défauts de ses qualités*, but I cannot remember any President whose support implied so little that was personally unsatisfactory. This I say although I was led by my interest in him to accept, rather against my will, a nomination for Congress on the Democratic ticket at the time when Mr. Cleveland failed of reelection (1888). I made many speeches in my own district, mainly in his behalf; and although I was defeated, I had what is regarded in politics as the creditable outcome of having more votes in the district than the head of the ticket.

There are always many curious experiences in campaign-speaking. It will sometimes happen that the orators who are to meet on the platform have approached the matter from wholly different points of view, so that each makes concessions which logically destroy the other's arguments, were the audience only quick enough to find it out; or it may happen — which is worse — that the first speaker anticipates the second so completely as to leave him little to say. It is universally the case, I believe, that toward the end of the campaign every good point made by any speaker, every telling anecdote, every neat repartee, is so quoted from one to another that the speeches grow more and more identical. One gets acquainted, too, with a variety of prejudices, and gets insight into many local peculiarities and even accents. I remember that once, when I was speaking on the same platform with an able young Irish lawyer, he was making an attack on the present Senator Lodge, and said contemptuously, "Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge of Nâhânt" — and he paused for a response which did not adequately follow. Then he repeated more emphatically, "Of Nâhânt! He calls it in that way, but common people say Nâhânt!" Then the audience took the point, and, being largely Irish, responded enthusiastically. Now, Mr. Lodge had only pronounced the name of his place of re-

sidence as he had done from the cradle, as his parents had said it before him, and as all good Bostonians had habitually pronounced it, with the broad sound universal among Englishmen, except — as Mr. Thomas Hardy has lately assured me — in the Wessex region; while this sarcastic young political critic, on the other hand, representing the Western and Southern and Irish mode of speech, treated this tradition of boyhood as a mere affectation.

One forms unexpected judgments of characters, also, on the platform. I can remember one well-known lawyer, — not now living, — whose manner to an audience, as to a jury, was so intolerably coaxing, flattering, and wheedling that it always left me with a strong wish that I could conscientiously vote against him. I remember also one eminent clergyman and popular orator who spoke with me before a very rough audience at Jersey City, and who so lowered himself by his tone on the platform, making allusions and repartees so coarse, that I hoped I might never have to speak beside him again. Of all the speakers with whom I have ever occupied the platform, the one with whom I found it pleasantest to be associated was the late Governor William Eustis Russell of Massachusetts. Carrying his election three successive times in a state where his party was distinctly in the minority, he yet had, among all political speakers whom I ever heard, the greatest simplicity and directness of statement, the most entire absence of trick, of claptrap, or of anything which would have lowered him. Striking directly at the main line of his argument, always well fortified, making his points uniformly clear, dealing sparingly in joke or anecdote, yet never failing to hold his audience, he was very near the ideal of a political speaker; nor has the death of any man in public life appeared so peculiar and irremediable a loss.

On the election of John Davis Long,

now Secretary of the Navy, as governor of Massachusetts in 1880, he asked me to act on his military staff; and although I had not known him personally, I felt bound to accept the post. The position is commonly regarded in time of peace as merely ornamental, but I had learned during the civil war how important it might become at any moment; and as nearly all his staff had seen some military service, I regarded the appointment as an honor. So peaceful was his administration that my chief duty was in representing him at public dinners and making speeches in his place. Sometimes, however, I went with him, and could admire in him that wondrous gift, which is called in other countries "the royal faculty," of always remembering the name of every one. With the utmost good will toward the human race, I never could attain to this gift of vivid personal recollection, and could only admire in my chief the unerring precision with which he knew in each case whether it was his constituent's wife or grandaunt who had been suffering under chronic rheumatism last year, and must now be asked for with accuracy. He had, too, the greatest tact in dealing with his audiences, not merely through humor and genial good sense, but even to the point of risking all upon some little stroke of audacity. This happened, for instance, when he delighted the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, a body made up from various military and non-military ingredients, by complimenting them on their style of marching, — which was rarely complimented by others, — and this on the ground that he did "not remember ever to have seen just such marching." The shot told, and was received with cheer upon cheer. Almost the only mistake I ever knew this deservedly popular official to make in dealing with an audience was when he repeated the same stroke soon after upon a rural semi-military company of somewhat similar description, which received it in stern and

unsympathetic silence; for it was their marching upon which these excellent citizens had prided themselves the most.

The Nemesis of public speaking—the thing which makes it seem almost worthless in the long run—is the impossibility of making it tell for anything after its moment is past. A book remains always in existence, — *litera scripta manet*, — and long after it seems forgotten it may be disinterred from the dust of libraries, and be judged as freshly as if written yesterday. The popular orator soon disappears from memory, and there is perhaps substituted in his place some solid thinker like Burke, who made speeches, indeed, but was called “the Dinner Bell,” because the members of Parliament scattered themselves instead of listening when he rose. Possibly this briefer tenure of fame is nature’s compensation for the more thrilling excitement of the orator’s life as compared with the author’s. The poet’s eye may be in never so fine a frenzy rolling, but he enjoys himself alone; he can never wholly trust his own judgment, nor even that of his admiring family. A perceptible interval must pass before he hears from his public. The orator’s appreciation, on the other hand, comes back as promptly as an answering echo: his hearers sometimes hardly wait for his sentence to be ended. In this respect he is like the actor, and enjoys, like him, a life too exciting to be quite wholesome. There are moments when every orator speaks, as we may say, above himself. Either he waked that morning fresher and more vigorous than usual, or he has had good news, or the audience is particularly sympathetic; at any rate, he surprises himself by going beyond his accustomed range. Or it may be, on the other hand, that he has heard bad news, or the audience is particularly antagonistic, so that he gets the warmth by reaction, as from a cold bath. When Wendell Phillips was speaking more tamely than usual, the younger Aboli-

tionists would sometimes go round behind the audience and start a hiss, which roused him without fail. The most experienced public speaker can never fully allow for these variations, or foretell with precision what his success is to be. No doubt there may be for all grades of intellect something akin to inspiration, when it is the ardor of the blood which speaks, and the orator himself seems merely to listen. Probably a scolding fishwoman has her days of glory when she is in remarkably good form, and looks back afterward in astonishment at her own flow of language. Whatever surprises the speaker is almost equally sure to arrest the audience; his prepared material may miss its effect, but his impulse rarely does. “Indeed,” as I wrote elsewhere long ago, “the best hope that any orator can have is to rise at favored moments to some height of enthusiasm that shall make all his previous structure of preparation superfluous; as the ship in launching glides from the ways, and scatters cradle-timbers and wedges upon the waters that are henceforth to be her home.”

The moral of my whole tale is that while no man who is appointed by nature to literary service should forsake it for public life, yet the experience of the platform, and even of direct political service, will be most valuable to him up to a certain point. That neither of these avenues leads surely to fame or wealth is a wholly secondary matter. Gibbon says of himself that “in circumstances more indigent or more wealthy” he “should never have accomplished the task or acquired the fame of an historian.” For myself, I have always been very grateful, first for not being rich, since wealth is a condition giving not merely new temptations, but new cares and responsibilities, such as a student should not be called upon to undertake; and secondly, for having always had the health and habits which enabled me to earn an honest living by literature, and this without actual drudg-

ery. Drudgery in literature is not simply to work hard, which is a pleasure, but to work on unattractive material. If one escapes drudgery, it seems to me that he has in literature the most delightful of all pursuits, especially if he can get the added variety which comes from having the immediate contact with life which occasional public speaking gives. The writer obtains from such intercourse that which Selden, in his *Table Talk*, attributes to the habit of dining in public as practiced by old English sovereigns: "The King himself used to eat in the hall, and his lords with him, and then he understood men." It is, after all, the orator, not the writer, who meets men literally face to face; beyond this their functions are much alike. Of course neither of them can expect to win the vast prizes of wealth or power which commerce sometimes gives; and one's best preparation is to have looked poverty and obscurity in the face in youth, to have taken its measure and accepted it as a possible alternative, — a thing insignificant to a man who has, or even thinks he has, a higher aim.

No single sentence, except a few of Emerson's, ever moved me so much in youth as did a passage translated in Mrs. Austen's *German Prose Writers* from Heinzelmann, an author of whom I never read another word: "Be and continue poor, young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and disloyalty; be without place or power, while others beg their way upward; bear the pain of disappointed hopes, while others gain the accomplishment of theirs by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand, for which others cringe and crawl; wrap yourself in your own virtue, and seek a friend, and your daily bread. If you have, in such a course, grown gray with unblenched honor, bless God, and die." This should be learned by heart by every young man; but he should also temper it with the fine saying of Thoreau,

that he "did not wish to practice self-denial unless it was quite necessary." In other words, a man should not be an ascetic for the sake of asceticism, but he should cheerfully accept that attitude if it proves to be for him the necessary path to true manhood. It is not worth while that he should live, like Spinoza, on five cents a day. It is worth while that he should be ready to do this, if needful, rather than to forego his appointed work, as Spinoza certainly did not. If I am glad of anything, it is that I learned in time, though not without some early stumblings, to adjust life to its actual conditions and to find it richly worth living.

After all, no modern writer can state the relative position of author and orator, or the ultimate aims of each, better than it was done eighteen centuries ago in that fine dialogue which has been variously attributed to Quintilian and Tacitus, in which the representatives of the two vocations compare their experience. Both agree that the satisfaction of exercising the gift and of knowing its usefulness to others provides better rewards than all office, all wealth. Aper, the representative orator, says that when he is called on to plead for the oppressed or for any good cause, he rises above all places of high preferment, and can afford to look down on them all. ("Tum mihi supra tribunatus et præturas et consulatus ascendere videor.") Maternus, who has retired from the public forum to write tragedies, justifies his course on the ground that the influence of the poet is far more lasting than that of the orator; and he is so far from asking wealth as a reward that he hopes to leave behind him, when he shall come to die, only so much of worldly possessions as may provide parting gifts for a few friends. ("Nec plus habeam quam quod possim cui velim relinquere.") If ancient Rome furnished this lofty standard, cannot modern Christendom hope at least to match it?

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

CALEB WEST.

XV.

A NARROW PATH.

WHEN Sanford rang her bell, Mrs. Leroy was seated on the veranda that overlooked the garden, — a wide and inviting veranda, always carpeted in summer with mats and rugs, and made comfortable with cane chairs and straw divans that were softened into luxurious delights by silk cushions. During the day the sunshine filtered its way between the thickly matted vines, lying in patterns on the floor, or was held in check by thin Venetian blinds. At night the light of a huge eight-sided lantern festooned with tassels shed its glow through screens of colored gauze.

Mrs. Leroy was dressed in a simple gown of white crêpe, which clung and wrinkled about her slight figure, leaving her neck and arms bare. On a low table beside her rested a silver tray with a slender-shaped coffee-pot and tiny egg-shell cups and saucers.

She looked up at him, smiling, as he pushed aside the curtains. "Two lumps, Henry?" she called, holding the sugar-tongs in her hand. Then, as the light of the lantern fell upon his face, she exclaimed, "Why, what's the matter? You are worried: is there fresh trouble at the Ledge?" and she rose from her chair to lead him to a seat beside her.

"No; only Carleton. He holds on to that certificate, and I can get no money until he gives it up; yet I have raised the concrete six inches to please him. I wired Captain Joe yesterday to see him at once and to get his answer, — yes or no. What do you suppose he replied? 'Tell him he don't own the earth. I'll sign it when I get to it.' Not another word, nor would he give any reason for not signing it."

"Why don't you appeal to the Board?

General Barton would not see you suffer an unjust delay. I'll write him myself."

Sanford smiled. Her rising anger soothed him as flattery might have done at another time. He felt in it a proof of how close to her heart she really held his interests and his happiness.

"That would only prolong the agony, and might lose us the season's work. The Board is always fair and honest, only it takes so long for it to move." As he spoke he piled the cushions of the divan high behind Kate's head, and drew a low chair opposite to her. "It's torture to a contractor who is behind time," he continued, flecking the ashes of his cigar into his saucer. "It means getting all tangled up in the red tape of a government bureau. I must give up my holiday and find Carleton; there is nothing else to be done now. I leave on the early train to-morrow. But what a rest this is!" he exclaimed, breaking into the strained impetuosity of his own tone with a long-drawn sigh of relief, as he looked about the dimly lighted veranda. "Nothing like it anywhere. Another new gown, I see?"

His eyes wandered over her dainty figure, half reclining beside him, — the delicately modeled waist, the shapely wrists, and the tiny slippers peeping beneath the edge of her dress that fell in folds to the floor.

"Never mind about my gown," she said, her face alight with the pleasure of his tribute. "I want to hear more about this man Carleton," — she spoke as though she had hardly heard him. "What have you done to him to make him hate you?"

"Nothing but try to keep him from ruining the work."

"And you told him he was ruining it?"

"Certainly; there was nothing else to do. He's got the concrete now six inches out of level; you can see it plainly at low water."

"No wonder he takes his revenge," she said, cutting straight into the heart of the matter with that marvelous power peculiar to some women. "What else has gone wrong?" She meant him to tell her everything, knowing that to let him completely unburden his mind would give him the only real rest that he needed. She liked, too, to feel her influence over him. That he always consulted her in such matters was to Kate one of the keenest pleasures that his friendship brought.

"Everything, I sometimes think. We are very much behind. That concrete base should have been finished two weeks ago. The equinoctial gale is nearly due. If we can't get the first two courses of masonry laid by the middle of November, I may have to wait until spring for another payment, and that about means bankruptcy."

"What does Captain Joe think?"

"He says we shall pull through if we have no more setbacks. Dear old Captain Joe! nothing upsets him. We certainly have had our share of them this season: first it was the explosion, and now it is Carleton's spite."

"Suppose you *do* lose time, Henry, and *do* have to wait until spring to go on with the work. It will not be for the first time." There was a sympathetic yet hopeful tone in her voice. "When you sunk the coffer-dam at Kingston, three years ago, and it lay all winter in the ice, didn't you worry yourself half sick? And yet it all came out right. Oh, you need n't raise your eyebrows; I saw it myself. You know you are better equipped now, both in experience and in means, than you were then. Make some allowance for your own temperament, and please don't forget the nights you have lain awake worrying over nothing. It will all come out right." She laid her hand on his,

as an elder sister might have done, and in a gayer tone added, "I'm going to Medford soon, myself, and I'll invite this dreadful Mr. Carleton to come over to luncheon, and you'll get your certificate next day. What does he look like?"

Sanford broke into a laugh. "You would n't touch him with a pair of tongs, and I would n't let you, — even with them."

"Then I'll do it, anyway, just to show you how clever I am," she retorted, with a pretty, bridling toss of her head. She had taken her hand away, while Sanford, smiling still, held his own extended.

Kate's tact was having its effect. Under the magic of her sympathy his cares had folded their tents. Carleton was fast becoming a dim speck on the horizon, and his successive troubles were but a string of camels edging the blue distance of his thoughts.

It was always like this. She never failed to comfort and inspire him. Whenever his anxieties became unbearable it was to Kate that he turned, as he had done to-night. The very touch of her soft hand, so white and delicate, laid upon his arm, and the exquisite play of melody in her voice, soothed and strengthened him. Things were never half so bad as they seemed, when he could see her look at him mischievously from under her lowered eyelids as she said, "Mercy, Henry! is that all? I thought the whole lighthouse had been washed away." And he never missed the inspiration of the change that followed, — the sudden quiet of her face, the very tensivity of her figure, as she added in earnest tones, instinct with courage and sympathy, some word of hopeful interest that she of all women best knew how to give.

With the anxieties dispelled which had brought him hurrying to-night to Gramercy Park, they both relapsed into silence, — a silence such as was common to their friendship, one which was born

neither of ennui nor of discontent, the boredom of friends nor the poverty of meagre minds, but that restful silence which comes only to two minds and hearts in entire accord, without a single spoken word to lead their thoughts; a close, noiseless fitting together of two temperaments, with all the rough surfaces of their natures worn smooth by long association each with the other. In such accord is found the strongest proof of true and perfect friendship. It is only when this estate no longer satisfies, and one or both crave the human touch, that the danger-line is crossed. When stealthy fingers set the currents of both hearts free, and the touch becomes electric, discredited friendship escapes by the window, and triumphant love enters by the door.

The lantern shed its rays over Kate's white draperies, warming them with a pink glow. The smoke of Sanford's cigar curled upward in the still air and drifted out into the garden, or was lost in the vines of the jessamine trailing about the porch. Now and then the stillness was broken by some irrelevant remark suggested by the perfume of the flowers, the quiet of the night, the memory of Jack's and Helen's happiness; but silence always fell again, except for an occasional light tattoo of Kate's dainty slipper on the floor. A restful lassitude, the reaction from the constant hourly strain of his work, came over Sanford; the world of perplexity seemed shut away, and he was happier than he had been in weeks. Suddenly and without preliminary question, Mrs. Leroy asked sharply, with a strange, quivering break in her voice, "What about that poor girl Betty? Has she patched it up yet with Caleb? She told me, the night she stayed with me, that she loved him dearly. Poor girl! she has nothing but misery ahead of her if she does n't." She spoke with a certain tone in her voice that showed but too plainly the new mood that had taken possession of her.

"Pity she did n't find it out before she left him!" exclaimed Sanford.

"Pity he did n't do something to show his appreciation of her, you mean!" she interrupted, with a quick toss of her head.

"You are all wrong, Kate. Caleb is the gentlest and kindest of men. You don't know that old diver, or you would n't judge him harshly."

"Oh, he did n't beat her, I suppose. He only left her to get along by herself. I wish such men would take it out in beating. Some women could stand that better. It's the cold indifference that kills." She had risen from her seat, and was pacing the floor of the veranda.

"Well, that was not his fault, Kate. While the working season lasts he must be on the Ledge. He could n't come in every night."

"That's what they all say!" she cried restlessly. "If it's not one excuse, it's another. I'm tired to death of hearing about men who would rather make money than make homes. Now that he has driven her out of her wits by his brutality, he closes his door against her, even when she crawls back on her knees. But don't *you* despise her." She stood before him, looking down into his face for a moment. "Be just as sweet and gentle to her as you can," she said earnestly. "If she ever goes wrong again, it will be the world's fault or her husband's, — not her own. Tell her from me that I trust her and believe in her, and that I send her my love."

Sanford listened to her with ill-concealed admiration. It was when she was defending or helping some one that she appealed to him most. At those times he recognized that her own wrongs had not embittered her, but had only made her the more considerate.

"There's never a day you don't teach me something," he answered quietly, his eyes fixed on her moving figure. "Perhaps I have been a little hard on Betty, but it's because I've seen how Caleb suffers."

She stopped again in her walk and leaned over the rail of the veranda, her chin on her hand. Sanford watched her, following the bend of her exquisite head and the marvelous slope of her shoulders. He saw that something unusual had stirred her, but he could not decide whether it was caused by the thought of Betty's misery or by some fresh sorrow of her own. He threw away his cigar, rose from his chair, and joined her at the railing. He could be unhappy himself and stand up under it, but he could not bear to see a shade of sorrow cross her face.

"You are not happy to-night," he said.

She did not answer.

Sanford waited, looking down over the garden. He could see the shadowy outlines of the narrow walks and the white faces of the roses drooping over the gravel. When he spoke again there were hesitating, halting tones in his voice, as if he were half afraid to follow the course he had dared to venture on.

"Is Morgan coming home, Kate?"

"I don't know," she replied dreamily, after a pause.

"Did n't he say in his last letter?"

"Oh yes; answered as he always does, — when he gets through."

"Where is he now?"

"Paris, I believe."

She had not moved nor lifted her chin from her hand. The click of the old clock in the hall could be distinctly heard. Her curt, almost unwilling replies checked for an instant the words of sympathy that were on his tongue. He had asked the question hoping to probe the secret of her mood. If it were some new phase of the old sorrow, his sympathies, he knew, could not reach her; with that it must always be as though she had gone into a room with her grief and locked the door between them. He could hear her sobs inside, but could not get within to help her. If it were anything else, he stood ready to give her all his strength.

To-night, however, there was an added pathos, a hopeless weariness, in her tones, that vibrated through him. He looked at her intently; she had never seemed to him so beautiful, so pathetic. A great rush of feeling surged over him. He stepped closer to her, lifting his hand to lay on her head. Then, with an abrupt gesture, he turned and began pacing the veranda, his head bowed, his hands clasped behind his back. Strange, unutterable thoughts whirled through his brain; unbidden, unspeakable words crowded in his throat. All the restraint of years seemed slipping from him. With an effort he stopped once more, and this time laid his hand upon her shoulder. He felt in his heart that it was the same old sorrow which now racked her, but an uncontrollable impulse swept him on.

"Kate, what is it? You break my heart. Is there something else to worry you, — something you have n't told me?"

She shivered slightly as she felt the hand tighten on her shoulder. Then a sudden, tingling thrill ran through her.

"I have never any right to be unhappy when I have you, Henry. You are all the world to me, — all I have."

It was not the answer he had expected. For an instant the blood left his face, his heart stood still.

Kate raised her head, and their eyes met.

There are narrow paths in life where one fatal step sends a man headlong. There are eyes in women's heads as deep as the abyss below. Hers were wide open, with the fearless confidence of an affection she was big enough to give. He saw down into their depths, and read there — as they flashed toward him in intermittent waves over the barrier of the reserve she sometimes held — love, truth, and courage. To disturb these, even by the sympathy she longed for and that he loved to give, might, he knew, endanger the ideal of loyalty in her that he venerated most.

To go behind it and break down the wall of that self-control of hers which held in check the unknown, untouched springs of her heart might loosen a flood that would wreck the only bark which could keep them both afloat on the troubled waters of life,—their friendship.

Sanford bent his head, raised her hand to his lips, kissed it reverently, and without a word walked slowly toward his chair.

As he regained his seat the butler pushed aside the light curtains of the veranda, and in his regulation monotone announced, "Miss Shirley, Major Slocomb, and Mr. Hardy."

"My dear madam," broke out the major in his breeziest manner, before Mrs. Leroy could turn to greet him, "what would life be in this bake-oven of a city but for the joy of yo'r presence? And Henry! You here, too? Do you know that that rascal Jack has kept me waiting for two hours while he took Helen for a five minutes' walk round the square, or I would have been here long ago. Where are you, you young dog?" he called to Jack, who had lingered in the darkened hall with Helen.

"What's the matter now, major?" inquired Jack. He shook hands with Mrs. Leroy, and turned again toward the major. "I asked your permission. What would you have me do? Let Helen see nothing of New York, because you" —

"Do hush up, cousin Tom," said Helen, pursing her lips at the major. "We stayed out because we wanted to, did n't we, Jack? Don't you think he is a perfect ogre, Mrs. Leroy?"

"He forgets his own younger days, my dear Miss Shirley," she answered. "He shan't scold you. Henry, make him join you in a cigar, while I give Miss Helen a cup of coffee."

"They are both forgiven, my dear madam, when so lovely an advocate

pleads their cause," said the major grandiloquently, bowing low, his hand on his chest. "Thank you; I will join you." He leaned over Sanford as he spoke, and lighted a cigar in the blue flame of the tiny silver lamp.

It was delightful to note how the coming alliance of the Hardy and Slocomb families had developed the paternal, not to say patriarchal attitude of the major toward his once boon companion. He already regarded Jack as his own son, — somebody to lean upon in his declining years, a prop and a staff for his old age. He had even sketched out in his mind a certain stately mansion on the avenue, to say nothing of a series of country-seats, — one on Crab Island in the Chesapeake, — all with porticoes and an especial suite of rooms on the ground floor; and he could hear Jack say, as he pointed them out to his visitors, "These are for my dear old friend Major Slocomb of Pocomoke, — member of my wife's family." He could see his old enemy, Jefferson, Jack's servant, cowed into respectful obedience by the new turn in his master's affairs, in which the Pocomokian had lent so helpful a hand.

"She is the child of my old age, so to speak, suh, and I, of co'se, gave my consent after great hesitation," he would frequently say, fully persuading himself that Helen had really sought his approbation, and never for one moment dreaming that, grateful as she was to him for his chaperonage of her while in New York, he was the last person in the world she would have consulted in any matter so vital to her happiness.

Jack accepted the change in the major's manner with the same good humor that seasoned everything that came to him in life. He had known the Pocomokian too many years to misunderstand him now, and this new departure, with its patronizing airs and fatherly oversight, only amused him.

Mrs. Leroy had drawn the young girl

toward the divan, and was already discussing her plans for the summer.

"Of course you are both to come to me this fall, when the beautiful Indian summer weather sets in. The Pines is never so lovely as then. You shall sail to your heart's content, for the yacht is in order; and we will then see what this great engineer has been doing all summer," she added, glancing timidly from under her dark eyelashes at Sanford. "Mr. Leroy's last instructions were to keep the yacht in commission until he came home. I am determined you shall have one more good time, Miss Helen, before this young man ties you hand and foot. You will come, major?"

"I cannot promise, madam. It will depend entirely on my arrangin' some very important matters of business. I hope to be able to come for perhaps a day or so."

Jack looked at Sanford and smiled. Evidently Mrs. Leroy did not know the length of the major's "day or so." It generally depended upon the date of the next invitation. He was still staying with Jack, and had been there since the spring.

Buckles, the butler, had been bending over the major as that gentleman delivered himself of this announcement of his hopes. When he had filled to the brim the tiny liqueur glass, the major — perhaps in a moment of forgetfulness — said, "Thank you, suh," at which Buckles's face hardened. Such slips were not infrequent. The major was, in fact, always a little uncomfortable in Buckles's presence. Jack, who had often noticed his attitude, thought that these conciliatory remarks were intended as palliatives to the noiseless English flunky with the immovable face and impenetrable manner. He never extended such deference to Sam, Sanford's own servant, or even to Jefferson. "Here, Sam, you black scoundrel, bring me my hat," he would say whenever he was leaving Sanford's apart-

ments, at which Sam's face would relax quite as much as Buckles's had hardened. But then the major knew Sam's kind, and Sam knew the major, and, strange to say, believed in him.

When Buckles had retired, Sanford started the Pocomokian on a discussion in which all the talking would fall to the latter's share. Mrs. Leroy turned to Helen and Jack again. There was no trace, in voice or face, of the emotion that had so stirred her. All that side of her nature had been shut away the moment her guests entered.

"Don't mind a word Jack says to you, my dear, about hurrying up the wedding-day," she laughed, in a half-earnest and altogether charming way, — not cynical, but with a certain undercurrent of genuine anxiety in her voice, all the more keenly felt by Sanford, who waited on every word that fell from her lips. "Put it off as long as possible. So many troubles and disappointments come afterwards, and it is so hard to keep everything as it should be. There is no happier time in life than that just before marriage. Oh, you need n't scowl at me, you young Bluebeard; I know all about it, and you don't know one little bit."

Helen looked at Jack in some wonder. She was at a loss to know how much of the talk was pure badinage, and how much, perhaps, the result of some bitter worldly experience. She shuddered, yet without knowing what inspired the remark or what was behind it. She laughed, though, quite heartily, as she said, "It is all true, no doubt; only I intend to begin by being something of a tyrant myself, don't I, Jack?"

Before Jack could reply, Smeary, who had hurried by Buckles, entered unannounced, and with a general smile of recognition, and two fingers to the major, settled himself noiselessly in an easy-chair, and reached over the silver tray for a cup. It was a house where such freedom was not commented on,

and Smearly was one of those big Newfoundland-dog kind of visitors who avail themselves of all privileges.

"What is the subject under discussion?" the painter asked, as he dropped a lump of sugar into his cup and turned to his hostess.

"I have just been telling Miss Shirley how happy she will make us when she comes to The Pines this autumn."

"And you have consented, of course?" he inquired carelessly, lifting his bushy eyebrows.

"Oh yes," answered Helen, a faint shadow settling for a moment on her face. "It's so kind of Mrs. Leroy to want me. You are coming, too, are you not, Mr. Sanford?" and she moved toward Henry's end of the divan, where Jack followed her. She had never liked Smearly. She did not know why, but he always affected her strangely. "He looks like a bear," she once told Jack, "with his thick neck and his restless movements."

"Certainly, Miss Helen, I am going, too," replied Sanford. "I tolerate my work all summer in expectation of these few weeks in the autumn."

The young girl raised her eyes quickly. Somehow it did not sound to her like Sanford's voice. There was an unaccustomed sense of strain in it. She moved a little nearer to him, however, impelled by some subtle sympathy for the man who was not only Jack's friend, but one she trusted as well.

"Lovely to be so young and hopeful, is n't it?" said Mrs. Leroy to Smearly, with a movement of her head toward Helen. "Look at those two. Nothing but rainbows for her and Jack."

"Rainbows come after the storm, my dear lady, not before," rejoined Smearly. "If they have any prismatics in theirs, they will appear in a year or two from now." He had lowered his voice so that Helen should not hear.

"You never believe in anything. You hate women," said Mrs. Leroy in an undertone and half angrily.

"True, but with some exceptions; you, for instance. But why fool ourselves? The first year is one of sugar-plums, flowers, and canary-birds. They can't keep their hands off us; they love us so they want to eat us up."

"Some of them wish they had," interrupted Mrs. Leroy, with a half-laugh, her head bent coquettishly on one side.

"The second year both are pulling in opposite directions. Then comes a snap of the matrimonial cord, and over they go. Of course, neither of these two turtle-doves has the slightest idea of anything of the kind. They expect to go on and on and on, like the dear little babes in the wood; but they won't, all the same. Some day an old crow of an attorney will come and cover them over with dried briefs, and that will be the last of it."

Sanford took no part in the general talk. He was listless, absorbed. He felt an irresistible desire to be alone, and stayed on only because Helen's many little confidences, told to him in her girlish way, as she sat beside him on the divan, required but an acquiescing nod now and then, or a random reply, which he could give without betraying himself.

He was first of all the guests to rise. In response to Mrs. Leroy's anxious glance, as he bade her good-night between the veranda curtains, he explained, in tones loud enough to be heard by everybody, that it was necessary to make an early start in the morning for the Ledge, and that he had some important letters to write that night.

"Don't forget to telegraph me if you get the certificate," was all she said.

Helen and Jack followed Sanford. They too wanted to be alone; that is, together, — in their case the same thing.

Once outside and under the trees of the park, Helen stopped in a secluded spot, the shadows of the electric light flecking the pavement, took the lapels of Jack's coat in her hands, and said,

"Jack, dear, I was n't happy there to-night. She never could have loved anybody."

"Who, darling?"

"Why, Mrs. Leroy. Did you hear what she said?"

"Yes, but it was only Kate. That's her way, Helen. She never means half she says."

"Yes, but the *way* she said it, Jack. She does n't know what love means. Loving is not being angry all the time. Loving is helping, — helping everywhere and in everything. Whatever either needs the other gives. I can't say it just as I want to, but you know what I mean. And that Mr. Smearly; he did n't think I heard, but I did. Why, it's awful for men to talk so."

"Dear heart," said Jack, smoothing her cheek with his hand, "don't believe everything you hear. You are not accustomed to the ways of these people. Down in your own home in Maryland people mean what they say; here they don't. Smearly is all right. He was 'talking through his hat,' as the boys say at the club, — that's all. You'd think, to hear him go on, that he was a sour, crabbed old curmudgeon, now, would n't you? Well, you never were more mistaken in your life. Every penny he can save he gives to an old sister of his, who has n't seen a well day for years. That's only his talk."

"But why does he speak that way, then? When people love as they ought to love, every time a disappointment in the other comes, it is just one more opportunity to help, — not a cause for ridicule. I love you that way, Jack; don't you love me so?" and she looked up into his eyes.

"I love you a million ways, you sweet girl," and, with a rapid glance about him to see that no one was near, he slipped his arm about her and held her close to his breast.

He felt himself lifted out of the atmosphere of romance in which he had lived for months. This gentle, shrink-

ing Southern child whom he loved and petted and smothered with roses, this tender, clinging girl who trusted him so implicitly, was no longer his sweetheart, but his helpmate. She had suddenly become a woman, — strong, courageous, clear-minded, helpful.

A new feeling rose in his heart and spread itself through every fibre of his being, — a feeling without which love is a plaything. It was reverence.

When Sanford reached his apartments Sam was waiting for him, as usual. The candles were lighted instead of the lamp. The windows of the balcony were wide open.

"You need not wait, Sam; I'll close the blinds," he said, as he stepped out and sank into a chair.

Long after Sam had gone he sat there without moving, his head bent, his forehead resting on his hand. He was trying to pick up the threads of his life again, to find the old pattern which had once guided him in his course, and to clear it from the tangle of lines that had suddenly twisted and confused him.

For a long time he saw nothing but Kate's eyes as they had met his own, with the possibilities which he had read in their depths. He tried to drive the picture from him; then baffled by its persistence he resolutely faced it; held it as it were in his hands, and, looking long and unflinchingly at it, summoned all his courage.

He had read Kate's heart in her face. He knew that he had revealed his own. But he meant that the future should be unaffected by the revelations made. The world must never share her confidence nor his, as it would surely do at their first false step. It should not have the right to turn and look, and to wonder at the woman whom he was proud to love. That open fearlessness which all who knew her gloried in should still be hers. He knew the value of it to her, and what its loss would entail should a spoken word of

his rob her of it, or any momentary weakness of theirs deprive her of the strength and comfort which his open companionship could give. No! God helping him, he would stand firm, and so should she.

An hour later he was still there, his unlighted cigar between his lips, his head on his hands.

XVI.

UNDER THE WILLOWS.

The mile or more of shore skirting the curve of Keyport harbor from Keyport village to Captain Joe's cottage was lighted by only four street lamps. Three of these were hung on widely scattered telegraph-poles; the fourth was nailed fast to one end of old Captain Potts's fish-house.

When the nights were moonless, these faithful sentinels, with eyes alert, scanned the winding road, or so much of it as their lances could protect, watching over deep culverts, and in one place guarding a treacherous bridge without a rail.

When the nights were cloudy and the lantern-panes were dimmed by the driving sleet, these beacons confined their efforts to pointing out for the stumbling wayfarer the deep puddles or the higher rows of soggy seaweed washed up by the last high tide into the highway itself. Only on thick nights, when the fog-drift stole in from the still sea and even Keyport Light burned dim, did their scouting rays retreat discomforted, illumining nothing but the poles on which the lanterns hung.

Yet in spite of this vigilance there were still long stretches of road between, which even on clear nights were dark as graveyards and as lonesome. Except for the ruddy gleam slanted across the path from some cabin window, or the glare of a belated villager's swinging lantern flecking the pale, star-

ing fences with seesawing lights and shadows, not a light was visible.

Betty knew every foot of this road. She had trundled her hoop on it, her hair flying in the wind, when she first came to Keyport to school. She had trodden it many a time with Caleb. She had idled along its curves with Lacey before the day when her life came to an end, and had plodded over it many a weary hour since, as she went to her work in the village or returned to Captain Joe's. She knew every stone and tree and turn. She could have found her way in the pitch-dark to the captain's or to Caleb's, just as she had done again and again in the days before the street lights were set, and when Caleb would be standing on the porch, if she was late, shading his eyes and peering down the road, the kitchen lamp in his hand. "I was gittin' worried, little woman; what kep' ye?" he would say. She had never been afraid in those days, no matter what the hour. Everybody knew her. "Oh, that's you, Mis' West, is it? I kind o' mistrusted it was," would come from some shadowy figure across the road.

All this was changed now. There were places along the highway that made her draw her shawl closer, often half hiding her face. She would shudder as she turned the corner of the church, the one where the captain and Aunt Bell had taken her the first Sunday after her coming back. The big, gloomy oil warehouse where she had nursed Lacey seemed to her haunted and uncanny, and at night more gloomy than ever without a ray of light in any one of its broken, staring windows. Even the fishing-smacks, anchored out of harm's way for the night, looked gruesome and mysterious, with single lights aloft, and black hulls and masts reflected in the water. It was never until she reached the willows that her agitation disappeared. These grew just opposite Captain Potts's fish-house. There were three of them, and their

branches interlocked and spread across the road, the spaces between the trunks being black at night despite the one street lamp nailed to the fish-house across the way. When Betty gained these trees her breath always came freer. She could see along the whole road, away past Captain Joe's, and up the hill as far as Caleb's gate. She could see, too, Caleb's cabin from this spot, and the lamp burning in the kitchen window. She knew who was sitting beside it. From these willows, also, she could run for Captain Joe's swinging gate with its big ball and chain, getting safely inside before Caleb could pass and see her, if by any chance he should be on the road and coming to the village. Once she had met him this side of their dark shadows. It was on a Saturday, and he was walking into the village, his basket on his arm. He was going for his Sunday supplies, no doubt. The Ledge gang must have come in sooner than usual, for it was early twilight. She had seen him coming a long way off, and had looked about for some means of escape. There was no mistaking his figure; no change of hat or tarpaulin could conceal his identity. She would know him as far as she could see him,—that strong, broad figure, with the awkward, stiff walk peculiar to so many seafaring men, particularly lightship-keepers like Caleb, who have walked but little. She knew, too, the outline of the big, fluffy beard that the wind caught and blew over his ruddy face. No one could be like her Caleb but himself.

These chance meetings she dreaded with a fear she could not overcome. On this last occasion, finding no concealing shelter, she had kept on, her eyes on the ground. When Caleb had passed, his blue eyes staring straight ahead, his face drawn and white, the lips pressed close, she turned and looked after him, and he turned, too, and looked after her,—these two, man and wife, within reach of each other's arms and lips, yet

with only the longing hunger of a dead happiness in their eyes. She could have run toward him, and knelt down in the road, and begged him to forgive her and take her home again, had not Captain Joe's words restrained her: "Caleb says he ain't got nothin' agin ye, child, but he won't take ye back s' long 's he lives."

Because, then, of the dread of these chance meetings, and because of the shy looks of many of the villagers, who, despite Captain Joe's daily fight, still passed her with but a slight nod of recognition, she was less unhappy when she walked out and in at night than in the daylight. The chance of being recognized was less. Caleb might pass her in the dark and not see her, and then, too, there were fewer people along the road after dark.

On the Saturday night succeeding that on which she had met him, she determined to wait until it was quite dark. He would have come in then, and she could slip out from the shop where she worked and gain the shore road before he had finished making his purchases in the village.

Her heart had been very heavy all day. The night before she had left her own bed and tapped at Aunt Bell's door, and had crept under the coverlid beside the little woman, the captain being at the Ledge, and had had one of her hearty cries, sobbing on the elder woman's neck, her arms about her, her cheek to hers. She had gone over with her for the hundredth time all the misery of her loneliness, wondering what would become of her; and how hard it was for Caleb to do all his work alone,—washing his clothes and cooking his meals just as he had done on board the lightship; pouring out her heart until she fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. All of her thoughts were centred in him and his troubles. She longed to go back to Caleb to take care of him. It was no longer to be taken care of, but to care for him.

As she hurried through the streets, after leaving the shop, and gained the corner leading to the shore road, she glanced up and down, fearing lest her eyes should fall upon the sturdy figure with the basket. But there was no one in sight whom she knew. At this discovery she slackened her steps and looked around more quickly. When she reached the bend in the road, a flash of light from an open door in a cabin near by gave her a momentary glimpse of a housewife bending over a stove and a man putting a dinner-pail on the kitchen table. Then all was dark again. It was but a momentary glimpse of a happiness the possibility of which in her own life she had wrecked. She stopped, steadying herself by the stone wall. She would soon be at the willows, within a hundred yards of Captain Joe's gate, and all danger would be over. So far Caleb was nowhere in sight.

With these thoughts in her mind she passed into the black shadows of the overhanging willows. As she came to them a man stepped from behind a tree-trunk.

"Are n't you rather late this evening?" he asked.

Betty stood still, the light of the street lamp full on her face. The abruptness of the sound, breaking into the quiet of her thoughts, startled her.

"Oh, you need n't be afraid; I'm not going to hurt you."

The girl peered into the gloom. She thought the voice was familiar, though she was not sure. She could distinguish only a white shirt and collar, and a shadowy face with a mustache.

"What makes you so skittish, anyhow?" the man asked again, — in a lower tone this time. "You did n't use to be so. I thought maybe you might like to drive over to Medford and see the show to-night."

Betty made no answer, but she took a step nearer to him, trying to identify him. She was not afraid; only curious. All at once it occurred to her that

it could be for no good purpose he had stopped her. None of the men had spoken to her in the street, even in the daytime, since her return home.

"Please let me pass," she said quietly and firmly.

"Oh, you need n't be in a hurry. We've got all night. Come along, now, won't you? You used to like me once, before you shook the old man."

Betty knew him now!

The terror of her position overcame her; a deathly faintness seized her.

She saw it all; she knew why this man dared. She realized the loneliness and desolation of her position. Every cabin near her filled with warmth and cheer and comfort, and she friendless and alone. Not a woman she knew without some strong arm of husband or brother to help and defend. The very boats in the harbor, with their beacon-lights aloft, protected and safe. Only she in danger; only she unguarded, waylaid, open to insult, even by a man like this.

She stood shivering, looking into his cowardly face. Then rousing herself to her peril, she sprang toward the road. In an instant the man had seized her wrist. She felt his hot breath on her face.

"Oh, come now, none of that! Say, why ain't I as good as Bill Lacey? Give me a kiss."

"Let me go! Let me go! How dare you!" she cried, struggling in his grasp. When she found his strength gaining on her, she screamed.

Hardly had she made her outcry, when from behind the fish-house a tall man with a flowing beard darted into the shadows, flung himself on Betty's assailant, and dragged him out under the glare of the street lamp. The girl fled up the road without looking behind.

"That's what ye're up to, is it, Mr. Carleton?" said the tall man, holding the other with the grip of a steel vise. "I 'spected as much when I see

ye passin' my place. Damn ye! If it wa'n't that it would be worse for her, I'd kill ye!"

Every muscle in the speaker's body was tense with anger. Carleton's head was bent back, his face livid from the pressure of the fingers twisted about his throat.

The diver slowly relaxed his hold. "Ain't she got trouble 'nough without havin' a skunk like you a-runnin' foul o' her?"

Carleton made a quick gesture as if to spring aside and run. The other saw the movement and edged closer.

"Ain't ye ashamed o' yerself? Ain't it mean o' ye to make up to a gal like Betty?" His voice was low and measured, — a thin, bitter, cutting voice.

"What's it your business, anyhow?" Carleton gasped between his breaths, shaking himself like a tousled dog. "What are you putting on frills about her for, anyhow? She's nothing to you, if she is your wife. I guess I know what I'm doing."

Caleb's fingers grew hard and rigid as claws.

"So do I know what ye're a-doin'. Ye'd drag that child down an' stomp on her, if ye could. Ye'd make a *thing* of her," — the words came with a hiss, — "you — you — callin' yerself a man!"

"Why don't you take care of her, then?" snarled Carleton, with an assumed air of composure, as he adjusted his collar and cuffs.

"That's what I'm here for; that's why I follered ye; there ain't a night since it begun to git dark I ain't watched her home. She's not yourn; she's mine. Look at me," — Caleb stepped closer and raised his clinched fist. "If ever ye speak to her agin, so help me God, I *will* kill ye!"

With one swing of his arm he threw the superintendent out of his way, and strode up the street.

Carleton staggered from the blow, and would have fallen but for the wall

of the fish-house. For a moment he stood in the road looking after Caleb's retreating figure. Then, with a forced bravado in his voice, he called out in the darkness, "If you think so damn much of her, why don't you take her home?" and slunk away toward the village.

The old man did not turn. If he heard, he made no sign. He walked on, with his head down, his eyes on the road. As he passed Captain Joe's he loitered at the gate until he saw the light flash up in Betty's bedroom; then he kept on to his own cabin.

XVII.

THE SONG OF THE FIRE.

The fire was nearly out when Caleb entered his kitchen door and sank into a chair. Carleton's taunting words, "Why don't you take her home?" rang in his ears. Their sting hurt him. Everything else seemed to fall away from his mind. He knew why he did not take her home, he said to himself; every one else knew why, — every one up and down Keyport knew what Betty had done to ruin him. If she was friendless, tramping the road, within sight of her own house, whose fault was it? Not his. He had never done anything but love her and take care of her.

He reached for a pair of tongs, stirred the coals, and threw on a single piece of driftwood. The fire blazed up brightly at once, its light flickering on the diver's ruddy face, and as quickly died out.

"Why don't I take care of 'er, eh? Why did n't she take care of herself?" he said aloud, gazing into the smouldering embers. "She sees what it is now trampin' the road nights, runnin' up agin such curs as him. He's a nice un, he is. I wish I'd choked the life out'er him; such fellers ain't no right to live," looking about him as if he expected to find Carleton behind the

door, and as quickly recovering himself. "I wonder if he hurt 'er," — his voice had softened. "She screamed terrible. I ought, maybe, to 'a' ketched up to her. Poor little gal, she ain't used to this." He was silent awhile, his head bent, his shoulders updrawn, his big frame stretched out in the chair.

"She ain't nothin' but a child, anyhow," he broke out again, — "Cap'n Joe says so. He says I don't think o' this; maybe he's right. He says I'm bigger an' twice as old's she be, an' ought'er know more; that it ain't me she's hurted, — it's herself; that I married her to take care of 'er; and that the fust time she got in a hole I go back on 'er, 'cause she's dragged me in arter 'er. Well, ain't I a-takin' care of 'er? Ain't I split squar' in two every cent I've earned since she run away with that" —

Caleb paused abruptly. Even to himself he never mentioned Lacey's name. Bending forward he poked the fire vigorously, raking the coals around the single stick of driftwood. "It's all very well for th' cap'n to talk; he ain't gone through what I have."

Pushing back his chair he paced the small room, talking to himself as he walked, pausing to address his sentences to the several articles of furniture, — the chairs, the big table, the kitchen sink, whatever came in his way. It was an old trick of his when alone. He had learned it aboard the light-ship. "I ain't a-goin' to have 'er come home so late no more," he continued. His voice had sunk to a gentle whisper. "I'm goin' to tell them folks she works for that they've got to let 'er out afore dark, or she shan't stay." He was looking now at an old rocker as if it were the shopkeeper himself. "She'll be so scared arter this she won't have a minute's peace. She need n't worrit herself, though, 'bout that skunk. She's shut o' *him*. But there'll be more of 'em. They all think that now I've throwed 'er off

they kin do as they've a mind to." He stopped again and gazed down at the floor, seemingly absorbed in a hole in one of the planks. "Cap'n Joe sez I ain't got no business to throw 'er off. He would n't treat a dog so, — that's what ye said, cap'n; I ain't never goin' to forget it." He spoke with as much earnestness as though the captain stood before him. "I ain't throwed *her* off. She throwed *me* off, — lef' me here without a word; an' ye know it, cap'n. Ye want me to take 'er back, do ye? S'pose I do, an' she finds out arter all that her comin' home was 'cause she was skeared of it all, and that she still loved" —

He stopped and seated himself in his chair. He picked up another stick and threw it on the fire, snuggling the two together. The sticks, cheered by each other's warmth, burst into a crackling flame.

"Poor little Betty!" he began again aloud. "I'm sorry for ye. Everybody's agin ye, child, 'cept Cap'n Joe's folks. I know it hurts ye terrible to have folks look away from ye. Ye always loved to have folks love ye. I ain't got nothin' agin ye, child, indeed I ain't. It was my fault, not yourn. I told Cap'n Joe so; ask him, — he'll tell ye." He turned toward the empty chair beside him, as if he saw her sad face there. "I know it's hard, child," shaking his head. "Ain't nobody feels it more 'n me, — ain't nobody feels it more 'n me. I guess I must take care o' ye; I guess there ain't nobody else but me kin do it."

The logs blazed cheerily; the whole room was alight. "I wish ye loved me like ye did onct, little woman, — I would n't want no better happiness; jest me an' you, like it useter was. I wonder if ye do? No, I know ye don't." The last words came with a positive tone.

For a long time he remained still. Now he gazed at the blazing logs locked together, the flames dancing about them.

Then he got up and roamed mechanically around the room, his thoughts away with Betty and her helpless condition, and her rightful dependence on him. In the same dreary way he opened the cupboard, took out a piece of cold meat and some slices of stale bread, laying them on the table, poured some tea into a cup and put it on the stove; it was easier making the tea that way than in a pot. He drew the table toward the fire, so that his supper would be within reach, stirring the brewing tea meanwhile with a fork he had in his hand, and began his frugal meal. Since Betty left he had never set the table. It seemed less lonely to eat this way.

Just as he had finished there came a knock at the front door. Caleb started, and put down his cup. Who could come at this hour? Craning his head toward the small open hall, he saw through the glass in the door the outlines of a woman's figure approaching him through the hall. His face flushed, and his heart seemed to jump in his throat.

"It's me, Caleb," said the woman. "It's Aunty Bell. The door was open, so I did n't wait. Cap'n sent me up all in a hurry. He's jes' come in from the Ledge, and hollered to me from the tug to send up and get ye. The pump's broke on the big h'ister. A new one's got to be cast to-night and bored out to-morrer, if it is Sunday. Cap'n says everything's stopped at the Ledge, and they can't do another stroke till this pump's fixed. Were n't nobody home but Betty, and so I come myself. Come right along; he wants ye at the machine shop jes' 's quick as ye kin git there."

Caleb kept his seat and made no reply. Something about the shock of finding who the woman was had stunned him. He did not try to explain it to himself, and was conscious only of a vague yet stinging sense of disappointment. Automatically, like a trained

soldier obeying a command, he bent forward in his chair, drew his thick boots from under the stove, slipped his feet into them, and silently followed Aunty Bell out of the house and down the road. When they reached Captain Joe's gate he looked up at Betty's window. There was no light.

"Has Betty gone to bed?" he said quietly.

"Yes, more 'n an hour ago. She come home late, all tuckered out. I see 'er jes' before I come out. She said she warn't sick, but she would n't eat nothin'."

Caleb paused, looked at her as if he were about to speak again, hesitated, then, without a word, walked away.

"Stubborn as a mule," said Aunty Bell, looking after him. "I ain't got no patience with such men."

XVIII.

THE EQUINOCTIAL GALE.

When Sanford arrived at Keyport, a raw, southeast gale whirled through the deserted streets. About the wharves of the village itself idle stevedores lounged under dripping roofs, watching the cloud-rack and speculating on the chances of going to work. Out in the harbor the fishing-boats rocked uneasily, their long, red pennants flattened against the sky. Now and then a frightened sloop came hurrying in with close-reefed jib, sousing her bow under at every plunge.

Away off in the open a dull gray mist, churned up by the tumbling waves, dimmed the horizon, blurring here and there a belated coaster laboring heavily under bare poles, while from Crotch Island way came the roar of the pounding surf thrown headlong on the beach. The long-expected equinoctial storm was at its height.

So fierce and so searching were the wind and rain that Sanford was thor-

oughly drenched when he reached Captain Joe's cottage.

"For the land's sake, Mr. Sanford, come right in! Why, ye're jest's soakin' as though ye'd fell off the dock. Cap'n said ye was a-comin', but I hoped ye would n't. I ain't never see it blow so terrible, I don't know when. Gimme that overcoat," slipping it from his shoulders and arms. "Be yer feet wet?"

"Pretty wet, Mrs. Bell. I'll go up to my room and get some dry socks" —

"Ye ain't a-goin' to move one step. Set right down an' get them shoes off. I'll go for the socks myself. I overhauled 'em last week with the cap'n's, and sot a new toe in one o' them. I won't be a minute!" she cried, hurrying out of the room, and returning with heavy woolen socks and a white worsted sweater.

"Guess ye'll want these, too, sir," she said, picking up a pair of slippers.

"Where is Captain Joe?" asked Sanford, as he pulled off his wet shoes and stockings and moved closer to the fire. It was an every-day scene in Auntie Bell's kitchen, where one half of her visitors were wet half the time, and the other half wet all the time.

"I don't jes' know. He ain't been home sence Saturday night but jes' long 'nough to change his clothes an' git a bite to eat. Come in from the Ledge Saturday night on the tug two hours after the Screamer brought in the men, an' hollered to me to go git Caleb an' come down to the machine shop. You heard they broke the pump on the h'istin'-engine, did n't ye? They both been a-workin' on it pretty much ever sence."

"Not the big hoister?" Sanford exclaimed, with a start, turning pale.

"Well, that's what the cap'n said, sir. He an' Caleb worked all Saturday night an' got a new castin' made, an' bored it out yesterday. I told him he would n't have no luck, workin' on

Sunday, but he did n't pay no more 'tention to me than th' wind a-blowin'. It was to be done this mornin'. He was up at five, an' I ain't seen him sence. Said he was goin' to git to the Ledge in Cap'n Potts' cat-boat, if it mod'rated."

"He won't go," said Sanford, with a sigh of relief now that he knew the break had been repaired without delay.

"No cat-boat can live outside to-day."

"Well, all I know is, I heard him tell Lonny Bowles to ask Cap'n Potts for it 'fore they went out," she replied, as she hung Sanford's socks on a string especially reserved for such emergencies. "Said they had two big cut stone to set, an' they could n't get a pound o' steam on the Ledge till he brought the pump back."

Sanford instinctively looked out of the window. The rain still beat against the panes. The boom of the surf sounded like distant cannon.

"Ye can't do nothin' with him when he gits one o' his spells on, noways," continued Auntie Bell, as she raked out the coals. "Jes' wait till I grind some fresh coffee, — won't take a minute. Then I'll git breakfast for ye."

Sanford stepped into the sitting-room, closed the door, took off his coat and vest, loosened his collar, pulled on the sweater, and came back into the kitchen, looking like a substitute in a game of football. He always kept a stock of such dry luxuries in his little room upstairs, Auntie Bell looking after them as she did after the captain's, and these rapid changes of dress were not unusual.

"How does Betty get on?" asked Sanford, drawing up a chair to the table. The bustling little woman was bringing relays of bread, butter, and other comforts, flitting between the pantry and the stove.

"Pretty peaked, sir; ye would n't know her, poor little girl; it'd break yer heart to see her," she answered, as she placed a freshly baked pie on the

table. "She's upstairs now. Cap'n would n't let her git up an' go to work this mornin', it blowed so. That's her now a-comin' downstairs."

Sanford rose and held out his hand. He had not seen Betty since the memorable night when she had stood in his hallway, and he had taken her to Mrs. Leroy's. He had been but seldom at the captain's of late, going straight to the Ledge from the train, and had always missed her.

Betty started back, and her color came and went when she saw who it was. She did n't know anybody was downstairs, she said half apologetically, addressing her words to Aunt Bell, her eyes averted from Sanford's face.

"Why, Betty, I'm glad to see you!" exclaimed Sanford in a cheery tone, his mind going back to Mrs. Leroy's admonition.

Betty raised her eyes with a timid, furtive glance, her face flushed scarlet, but, reading Sanford's entire sincerity in his face, she laid her hand in his, saying it was a bad day, and that she hoped he was not wet. Then she turned to help Mrs. Bell with the table.

Sanford watched her slight figure and careworn face as she moved about the room. When Aunt Bell had gone down into the cellar, he called Betty to him and said in a low voice, "I have a message for you."

She turned quickly, as if anticipating some unwelcome revelation.

"Mrs. Leroy told me to give you her love."

Betty's eyes filled. "Is that what she said, Mr. Sanford?"

"Every word, Betty, and she means it all."

The girl stood fingering the handles of the knives she had just laid upon the cloth. After a pause, Sanford's eyes still upon her face, she answered slowly, with a pathos that went straight home to his heart:—

"Tell her, please, sir, that I thank her so much, and that I never forget

her. I am trying so hard—so hard—I promised her I would. You don't know, Mr. Sanford,—nobody won't never know how good she was to me. If I'd been her sister she could n't 'a' done no more."

It was but a slight glimpse of the girl's better nature, but it settled for Sanford all the misgivings he had had. He was about to tell her of Mrs. Leroy's expected arrival at Medford, and urge her to go over some Sunday, when Aunt Bell bustled in with a covered dish.

"Come, child," she said, "sit right down alongside o' Mr. Sanford an' git your breakfas'. You ain't eat a morsel yet."

There were no seats of honor and no second table in this house, except perhaps for those who came late.

Here a sharp, quick knock sounded on the outer door, and in stalked Captain Bob Brandt, six feet or more of wet oilskins, the rain dripping from his sou'wester, his rosy, good-natured face peering out from under the puckered brim.

"Cap'n Joe sent me down to the station for ye, sir, in case ye come, but I missed ye, somehow. Mr. Carleton was on the platform, an' said he see ye git off. Guess ye must 'a' come cross-lots."

"Did Mr. Carleton mention anything about receiving a telegram from me, saying I wanted to see him?" inquired Sanford, as he shook the skipper's hand.

"Yes, sir; said he knew ye was comin', but that he was goin' over to Medford till the storm was over."

Sanford's brow knit. Carleton had evidently avoided him.

"Did he leave any message or letter with Captain Joe?" Sanford asked, after a pause. He still hoped that the coveted certificate had finally been signed.

"Guess not, sir. Don't think he see 'im. I suppose ye know Cap'n

Joe's gone to the Ledge with the new pump?"

"Not in this storm?" cried Sanford, a look of alarm overspreading his face.

"Yes, sir, half an hour ago, in Cap'n Potts' Dolly. I watched 'em till they run under the P'int, then I come for you; guess that's what got me late. She was under double reefs then, an' a-smashin' things for all she was worth. I tell ye, 't ain't no good place out there for nobody, not even Cap'n Joe." As he spoke he took off his hat and thrashed the water from it against the jamb of the door. "No, thank ye, ma'am," with a wave of his hand in answer to Mrs. Bell's gesture to sit down opposite Betty. "I had breakfast 'board the Screamer."

"Who's with him?" said Sanford, now really uneasy. Captain Joe's personal safety was worth more to him than the completion of a dozen light-houses.

"Caleb and Lonny Bowles. They'd go anywheres cap'n told 'em. He was holdin' tiller when I see him last; Caleb layin' back on the sheet and Lonny bailin'. Cap'n said he wouldn't 'a' risked it, only we was behind an' he did n't want ye worried. I'm kind'er sorry they started; it ain't no picnic, I tell ye."

Betty gave an anxious look at Aunty Bell.

"Is it a very bad storm, Cap'n Brandt?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

"Wust I ever see, Mis' West, since I worked round here," nodding kindly to Betty as he spoke, his face lighting up. He had always believed in her because the captain had taken her home. "Everything comin' in under double reefs, — them that is a-comin' in. They say two o' them Lackawanna coal-barges went adrift at daylight an' come ashore at Crotch Island. Had two men drowned, I hear."

"Who told you that?" said Sanford. The news only increased his anxiety.

"The cap'n of the tow line, sir. He's just telegraphed to New Haven for a big wreckin'-tug."

Sanford told Captain Brandt to wait, ran upstairs two steps at a time, and reappeared in long rubber boots and mackintosh.

"I'll walk up toward the lighthouse and find out how they are getting on, Mrs. Bell," he said. "We can see them from the lantern deck. Come, Captain Brandt, I want you with me." A skilled seaman like the skipper might be needed before the day was over.

Betty and Aunty Bell looked after them until they had swung back the garden gate with its clanking ball and chain, and had turned to breast the gale in their walk of a mile or more up the shore road.

"Oh, aunty," said Betty, with a tremor in her voice, all the blood gone from her face, "do you think anything will happen?"

"Not's long's Cap'n Joe's aboard, child. He ain't a-takin' no risks he don't know all about. Ye need n't worry a mite. Set down an' finish yer breakfas'. I believe Mr. Sanford ain't done more'n swallow his coffee," she said, with a pitying look, as she inspected his plate.

The fact that her husband was exposed in an open boat to the fury of a southeaster made no more impression upon her mind than if he had been reported asleep upstairs. She knew there was no storm the captain could not face.

XIX.

FROM THE LANTERN DECK.

Tony Marvin, the keeper of Keyport Light, was in his little room next the fog-horn when Sanford and the skipper, wet and glistening as two seals, knocked at the outer door of his quarters.

"Well, I want to know!" broke out Tony in his bluff, hearty way, as he

opened the door. "Come in,—come in! Nice weather for ducks, ain't it? Sunthin' 's up, or you fellers would n't be out to-day," leading the way to his room. "Anybody drowned?" with a half-laugh.

"Not yet, Tony," said Sanford in a serious tone. He had known the keeper for years,—had, in fact, helped him get his appointment at the Light. "But I'm worried about Captain Joe and Caleb." He opened his coat, and walked across the room to a bench set against the whitewashed wall, little puddles of water forming behind him as he moved. "Did you see them go by? They're in Captain Potts's Dolly Varden."

"Gosh hang, no! Ye ain't never tellin' me, be ye, that the cap'n's gone to the Ledge in all this smother? And that fool Caleb with him, too?"

"Yes, and Lonny Bowles," interrupted the skipper. As he spoke he pulled off one of his water-logged boots and poured the contents into a fire-bucket standing against the wall.

"How long since they started?" said the keeper anxiously, taking down his spyglass from a rack above the buckets.

"Half an hour ago."

"Then they're this side of Crotch Island yit, if they're anywhere. Let's go up to the lantern. Mebbe we can see 'em," he said, unlatching the door of the tower. "Better leave them boots behind, Mr. Sanford, and shed yer coat. A feller's knees git purty tired climbin' these steps, when he ain't used to 't; there's a hundred and ten of 'em. Here, try these slippin's of mine," and he kicked a pair of slippers from under a chair. "Guess they'll fit ye. Seems to me Caleb's been doin' his best to git drowned since that high-flier of a gal left him. He come by here daylight, one mornin' awhile ago, in a sharpie that you would n't cross a creek in, and it blowin' half a gale. I ain't surprised o' nothin' in Caleb, but Cap'n Joe ought'er have more sense. What's he goin' for, anyhow, to-day?" he added,

as he placed his foot on the first iron step of the spiral staircase.

"He's taken the new pump with him," said Sanford, as he followed the keeper up the spiral stairway, the skipper close behind. "They broke the old pump on Saturday, and everything is stopped on the Ledge. Captain knows we're behind, and he does n't want to lose an hour. But it was a foolish venture. He had no business to risk his life in a blow like this, Tony." There was a serious tone in Sanford's voice, which quickened the keeper's step.

"What good is the pump to him, if he does get it there? Men can't work to-day," Tony answered. He was now a dozen steps ahead, his voice sounding hollow in the reverberations of the round tower.

"Oh, that ain't a-goin' to stop us!" shouted the skipper from below, resting a moment to get his breath as he spoke. "We've got the masonry clean out o' water; we're all right if Cap'n Joe can git steam on the h'ister."

The keeper, whose legs had become as supple as a squirrel's in the five years he had climbed up and down these stairs, reached the lantern deck some minutes ahead of the others. He was wiping the sweat from the lantern glass with a clean white cloth, and drawing back the day curtains so that they could see better, when Sanford's head appeared above the lens deck.

Once upon the iron floor of the deck, the roar of the wind and the dash of the rain, which had been deadened by the thick walls of the structure surrounding the staircase below, burst upon them seemingly with increased fury. A tremulous, swaying motion was plainly felt. A novice would have momentarily expected the structure to measure its length on the rocks below. Above the roar of the storm could be heard, at intervals, the thunder of the surf breaking on Crotch Island beach.

"Gosh A'mighty!" exclaimed the keeper, adjusting the glass, which he

had carried up in his hand. "It's a-humpin' things, and no mistake. See them rollers break on Crotch Island," and he swept his glass around. "I see 'em. There they are, — three o' them. There's Cap'n Joe, — ain't no mistake in' him. He's got his cap on, same 's he allers wears. And there's Caleb; his beard's a-flyin' straight out. Who's that in the red flannen shirt?"

"Lonny Bowles," said the skipper.

"Yes, that's Bowles. He's a-bailin' for all he's worth. Cap'n Joe's got the tiller and Caleb's a-hangin' on the sheet. Here, Mr. Sanford," and he held out the glass, "ye kin see 'em plain's day."

Sanford waved the glass away. The keeper's eyes, he said, were better accustomed to scanning a scene like this. He would rather take Marvin's reports than rely on his own eyesight. He himself could see the Dolly, a mile or more this side of Crotch Island Point, and nearly two miles away from where the three watchers stood. She was hugging the inside shore-line, her sail close-reefed. He could even make out the three figures, which were but so many black dots beaded along her gunwale. All about the staggering boat seethed the gray sea, mottled in wavy lines of foam. Over this circled white gulls, shrieking as they flew.

"He's gittin' ready to go about," continued the keeper, his eye still to the glass. "I see Caleb shiftin' his seat. They know they can't make the P'int on that leg. Jiminy-whiz, but it's soapy out there! See 'er take that roller! Gosh!"

As he spoke the boat careened, the dots crowded together, and the Dolly bore away from the shore. It was evidently Captain Joe's intention to give Crotch Island Point a wide berth and then lay a straight course for the Ledge, now barely visible through the haze, the derricks and masonry alone showing clear above the fringe of breaking surf tossed white against the dull gray sky.

All eyes were now fixed on the Dolly. Three times she laid a course toward the Ledge, and three times she was forced back behind the island.

"They've got to give it up," said the keeper, laying down his glass. "That tide cuts round that 'ere p'int like a mill-tail, to say nothin' o' them smashers that's rollin' in. How she keeps afloat out there is what beats me."

"She would n't if Cap'n Joe was n't at the tiller," said the skipper, with a laugh. "Ye can't drown him no more 'n a water-rat." He had an abiding faith in Captain Joe.

Sanford's face brightened. An overwhelming anxiety for the safety of the endangered men had almost unnerved him. It was some comfort to feel Captain Brandt's confidence in Captain Joe's ability to meet the situation; for that little cockle-shell battling before him as if for its very life — one moment on top of a mountain of water, and the next buried out of sight — held between its frail sides not only two of the best men whom he knew, but really two of the master spirits of their class. One of them, Captain Joe, Sanford admired more than any other man, loving him, too, as he had loved but few.

With a smile to the skipper, he looked off again toward the sea. He saw the struggling boat make a fourth attempt to clear the Point, and in the movement lurch wildly; he saw, too, that her long boom was swaying from side to side. Through the driving spray he made out that two of the dots were trying to steady it. The third dot was standing in the stern.

Here some new movement caught his eye, and the color left his face. He strained his neck forward; then taking the glass from the skipper watched the little craft intently.

"There's something the matter," he said nervously, after a moment's pause. "That's Captain Joe waving to one of those two smashers out there scudding in under close reefs. Look yourself; am

"I right, Tony?" and he passed the glass to the keeper again.

"Looks like it, sir," replied Tony in a low tone, the end of the glass fixed on the tossing boat. "The smack sees 'em now, sir. She's goin' about."

The fishing-smack careened, fluttered in the wind like a baffled pigeon, and bore across to the plunging boat.

"The spray's a-flyin' so ye can't see clear, sir," said the keeper, his eye still at the glass. "She ain't actin' right, somehow; that boom seems to bother 'em. Cap'n Joe's runnin' for'ard. Gosh! that one went clean over 'er. Look out! *Look out!*" in quick crescendo, as if the endangered crew could have heard him. "See 'er take 'em! There's another went clean across. My God, Mr. Sanford! she's over, — cap-sized!"

Sanford made a rush for the staircase, a rash, unreasonable impulse to help taking possession of him. The keeper caught him firmly by the arm.

"Come back, sir! You're only wastin' yer breath. That smack'll get 'em."

Captain Brandt picked up the glass that the keeper had dropped. His hands shook so he could hardly adjust the lens.

"The boom's broke," he said in a trembling voice; "that's what ails 'em. She's bottom side up. Lord, if she ain't a-wallowin'! I never 'spected to see Cap'n Joe in a hole like that. They're all three in th' water; ain't a man livin' can swim ashore in that sea! Why don't that blamed smack go about? They'll sink 'fore she can get to 'em."

Sanford leaned against the brass rail of the great lens, his eyes on the fishing-smack swooping down to the rescue. The helplessness of his position, his absolute inability to help the drowning men, overwhelmed him: Captain Joe and Caleb perishing before his eyes, and he powerless to lift a hand.

"Do you see the captain anywhere?" he said, with an effort at self-control. The words seemed to clog his throat.

"Not yet, sir, but there's Lonny, an' there's Caleb. You look, Mr. Marvin," he said, turning to the keeper. He could not trust himself any longer. For the first time his faith in Captain Joe had failed him.

Marvin held the glass to his eye and covered the boat. He hardly dared breathe.

"Can't see but two, sir." His voice was broken and husky. "Can't make out the cap'n nowheres. Something must 'a' struck him an' stunned him. My — my — ain't it a shame for him to cut up a caper like this! I allers told Cap'n Joe he'd get hurted in some foolish kick-up. Why in hell don't them fellers do something? If they don't look out, the Dolly'll drift so far they'll lose him, — standin' there like two dummies an' lettin' a man drown! Lord! Lord! ain't it too bad!" The keeper's eyes filled. Everything was dim before him.

The skipper sank on the oil-chest and bowed his head. Sanford's hands were over his face. If the end had come, he did not want to see it.

The small, close lantern became as silent as a death-chamber. The keeper, his back against the lens rail, folded his arms across his chest and stared out to sea. His face bore the look of one watching a dying man. Sanford did not move. His thoughts were on Auntie Bell. What should he say to her? Was there not something he could have done? Should he not, after all, have hailed the first tug in the harbor and gone in search of them before it was too late?

The seconds dragged. The silence in its intensity became unbearable. With a deep indrawn sigh, Captain Brandt turned toward Sanford and touched him. "Come away," he said, with the tenderness of one strong man who suffers and is stirred with greater sorrow by another's grief. "This ain't no place for you, Mr. Sanford. Come away."

Sanford raised his eyes and was about

to speak, when the keeper threw up his arms with a joyous shout and seized the glass. "There he is! I see his cap! That's Cap'n Joe! He's holdin' up his hands. Caleb's crawlin' along the bottom; he's reachin' down an' haulin' Cap'n Joe up. Now he's on 'er keel."

Sanford and Captain Brandt sprang to their feet, crowding close to the lantern glass, their eyes fastened on the Dolly. Sanford's hands were trembling. Hot, quick tears rolled down his cheek and dropped from his chin. The joyful news had unnerved him more than the horror of the previous moments. There was no doubt of its truth; he could see, even with the naked eye, the captain lying flat on the boat's keel. He thought he could follow every line of his body, never so precious to him as now.

"He's all right," he said in a dazed way — "all right — all right," repeating it over and over to himself, as a child would do. Then, with a half-stagger, he turned and laid his hand on the keeper's shoulder.

"Thank God, Tony! Thank God!"

The keeper's hand closed tight in Sanford's. For a moment he did not speak.

"Almighty close shave, sir," he said slowly in a broken whisper, looking into Sanford's eyes.

Captain Brandt's face was radiant. "Might 'a' knowed he'd come up some-ers, sir. Did n't I tell ye ye could n't drown him? But where in thunder has he been under water all this time?" with a forced, half-natural laugh. The laugh not only expressed his joy at the great relief, but carried with it a reminder that he had never seriously doubted the captain's ability to save himself.

All eyes were now fastened on the smack. As she swept past the cap-sized boat her crew leaned far over the side, reached down and caught two of the shipwrecked men, leaving one man still clinging to the keel, the sea breaking over him every moment. San-

ford took the glass, and saw that this man was Lonny Bowles, and that Captain Joe, now safe aboard the smack, was waving his cap to the second smack, which hove to in answer. Presently the hailed smack rounded in, lowered her mainsail, and hauled Lonny aboard. She then took the overturned Dolly in tow, and made at once for the harbor. When this was done, the first smack, with Captain Joe and Caleb on board, shook a reef from its mainsail, turned about, and despite the storm laid a straight course back to the Ledge.

This daring and apparently hopeless attempt of Captain Joe to carry out his plan of going to the Ledge awoke a new anxiety in Sanford. There was no longer the question of personal danger to the captain or the men; the fishing-smack was a better sea boat than the Dolly, of course, but why make the trip at all when the pump had been lost from the overturned boat, and no one could land at the Ledge? Even from where they all stood in the lantern they could see the big rollers flash white as they broke over the enrockment blocks, the spray drenching the tops of the derricks. No small boat could live in such a sea, — not even the life-boat at the Ledge.

As the incoming smack drew near, Sanford, followed by the keeper and Captain Brandt, hurried down the spiral staircase and into the keeper's room below, where they drew on their oil-skins and heavy boots, and made their way to the lighthouse dock.

When she came within hailing distance, Captain Brandt mounted a spile and shouted above the roar of the gale, "Bowles, ahoy! Anybody hurt, Lonny?"

A man in a red shirt detached himself from among the group of men huddled in the smack's bow, stepped on the rail, and, putting his hands to his mouth, trumpeted back, "No!"

"What's the cap'n gone to the Ledge for?"

"Gone to set the pump!"

"Thought the pump was lost overboard!" cried Sanford.

"No, sir; Cap'n Joe dived under the Dolly an' found it caught fast to the seat, jes' 's he 'spected, an' Caleb hauled it aboard. Cap'n tol' me to tell ye, sir, if ye came up, that he 'd hev it set all right to-day, blow or no blow."

"Ain't that jes' like the cap'n?" said the keeper, with a loud laugh, slapping his thigh with his hand. "That 's where he was when we thought he was drowned, — he was a-divin' fer that pump. Land o' Moses, ain't he a good un!"

Captain Brandt said nothing, but a smile of happy pride overspread his face. Captain Joe was still his hero.

Sanford spent the afternoon between Aunt Bell's kitchen and the paraphernalia dock, straining his eyes seaward in search of an incoming smack which would bring the captain. The wind had shifted to the northwest, sweeping out the fog and piling the low clouds in heaps. The rain had ceased, and a dash of pale lemon light shone above the blue-gray sea.

About sundown his quick eye detected a tiny sail creeping in behind Crotch Island. As it neared the harbor and he made out the lines of the fishing-smack of the morning, a warm glow tingled through him; it would not be long now before he had his hands on Captain Joe.

When the smack came bowling into the harbor under doublereefs, her wind-blown jib a cup, her sail a saucer, and rounded in as graceful as a skater on the outer edge, Sanford's hand was the first that touched the captain's as he sprang from the smack's deck to the dock.

"Captain Joe," he said. His voice broke as he spoke; all his love was in his eyes. "Don't ever do that again. I saw it all from the lighthouse lantern.

You have no right to risk your life this way."

"'Tain't nothin', Mr. Sanford."

His great hand closed tight over that of the young engineer. "It 's all right now, and the pump 's screwed fast. Caleb had steam up on the h'ister when I left him on the Ledge. Boom had n't 'a' broke short off, we 'd 'a' been there sooner."

"We thought you were gone, once," continued Sanford, his voice full of anxiety, still holding to the captain's hand as they walked toward the house.

"Not in the Dolly, sir," in an apologetic tone, as if he wanted to atone for the suffering he had caused his friend.

"She 's got wood enough in 'er to float anywhere. That 's what I took 'er out for."

Aunt Bell met them at the kitchen door.

"I hearn ye was overboard," she said quietly, no more stirred over the day's experience than if some child had stepped into a puddle and had come in for a change of shoes. "Ye 're wet yet, be n't ye?" patting his big chest to make sure.

"Yes, guess so," he answered carelessly, feeling his own arms as if to confirm his wife's inquiry. "Got a dry shirt?"

"Yes; got everything hangin' there on a chair 'fore the kitchen fire," and she closed the door upon him and Sanford.

"Beats all, Mr. Sanford, don't it?" the captain continued in short sentences, broken by breathless pauses, as he stripped off his wet clothes before the blazing fire, one jerk for the suspenders, another for the trousers, Sanford handing him the dry garments one after another. He was so jubilant over the captain's safety that he was eager to do him any service.

"Beats all, I say; don't it, now? There 's that Cap'n Potts: been a seaman, man an' boy, all his life," — here the grizzled wet head was hidden for a

moment as a clean white shirt was drawn over it,—"yet he ain't got sense 'nough to keep a boom from rottin' 'board a cat-boat,"—the head was up now, and Sanford, fumbling under the chin whisker, helped the captain with the top button,—"an' snappin' square off in a little gale o' wind like that. There, thank ye, guess that 'll do."

When he had seated himself in his chair, his sturdy legs—stout and tough as two dock-logs—stretched out before the fire, his rough hands spread to the blaze, warming the big, strong body that had been soaking wet for ten consecutive hours, Sanford took a seat beside him, and, laying his hand on the captain's knee, said in a gentle voice,

"Why did you risk your life for that pump?"

"'Cause she acted so durned ornery," he blurted out in an angry tone. "Jes' see what she did: gin out night 'fore last jes' 's we was gittin' ready to h'ist that big stretcher; kep' me an' Caleb up two nights a-castin' an' borin' on 'er out; then all of a sudden she thought she'd upset an' fool us. I tell ye, ye've got to take hold of a thing like that good an' early, or it 'll git away from ye." He swung one hand high over his head as if it had been a sledge-hammer. "Now she 'll stay put till I git through with her. I ain't a-goin' to let no damned pump beat me!"

F. Hopkinson Smith.

(To be continued.)

THE LABOR UNIONS AND THE NEGRO.

PERHAPS he used it from choice. It may have been the rule of the company that he should use it. However that may be, I could not do otherwise than remark the fact that the porter deferentially held out a silver tray to receive the chair-checks from passengers. It was the nicest act of discrimination I had ever observed in the workday world. I was on a train between New York and Boston. The porter was only an agent in a business transaction of a corporation; but the agent at the station who had thrown out the check with businesslike deftness, and the conductor who had briskly exchanged that check for another, were also only agents in the transaction. In their daily intercourse with the public they must make friends; and, with the faithful performance of their duties, they very properly look forward to advancement in their chosen career. The silver salver, however, marks the porter; it is the badge of all his tribe. He may be an educated

man, as ambitious and as intelligent as the baggage agent or as the conductor; but he must keep his place, and that place is at the bottom, and his color fixes it. He is an American citizen, and theoretically he enjoys inalienable rights, among which are liberty and the pursuit of happiness; but in his case liberty and the pursuit of happiness have their limits, fixed rigidly by a sentiment,—the sentiment of organized labor in the United States.

If the corporation insists on the silver salver, it only frankly indicates to the porter his place, and warns him not to aspire to a higher one. A corporation is organized to make money along the lines of least resistance, and not to promote democratic principles. When one remembers the controversies with Walking Delegates, Master Workmen, Grand Organizers, and Chiefs of Brotherhoods which the officers of the company must constantly endure, one can-

not blame them if they refuse to provoke any trouble that can be avoided. If the porter uses his tray from choice, and not in obedience to a formal order from his employer, he frankly indicates that he knows his place, and that he defers to a feeling too powerful to oppose. His wages are very small, for he is expected to live on the generosity of the traveling public. The tray is the badge of deference: he philosophically keeps himself in his place and makes the best of it.

The sentiment which denies him promotion and his own deference to it are the result of two separate social developments which it is the purpose of this paper to point out. They present a grave, neglected problem. The subject does not suggest to my mind merely an appeal for sympathy or justice. It suggests this less dignified but more important inquiry: How long can the community afford to deny equality of opportunity to more than one tenth of its population, while it makes the most active efforts to educate them?

If this hostility to the negro could be traced to an innate social antipathy, one might consider it hopeless to try to eradicate it. But it cannot be so traced. His industrial advancement is now checked by the interference of the labor organizations. In the labor movement, the old guild idea of exclusiveness is yet opposed to the more recent idea of inclusiveness; and the negro's fate is involved in this struggle. In order to make the subject clear, it is necessary briefly to review the labor movement in the United States with reference to the career of the negro as a handicraftsman.

In a very clear analysis of the conditions of laboring men in Philadelphia a century ago, Mr. Talcott Williams has shown that "side by side with the slave of color labored the 'white redemptioner,' not the less a slave. The little city of 30,000 inhabitants, with 7000 or 8000 wage-earners, yearly saw from 2000 to 3000 white men and women land whose

labor for six and eight years to come was sold on the auction-block to the highest bidder to pay the cost of passage. This white slavery . . . was the rule for all the immigration of a century ago." With irregular work and with a depreciated, varying currency, a laborer received forty-three cents a day. A carpenter or a blacksmith worked a month for a suit of clothes, and two weeks for a pair of boots. In other words, at the beginning of the American Revolution common labor was degraded to the slave standard. The workmen were slaves, a few free negroes, "redemptioners," and "poor whites." They worked side by side. No social antipathies seem to have disturbed the miserable monotony of their service, though there are many evidences that the white workmen instinctively felt that the cause of their wretchedness was the existence of slavery.

Already in the slave population there had appeared three distinct classes, and the field-hands, the mansion-house servants, and the handicraftsmen were clearly separated groups. The agricultural laborers were herded in the quarters, subject to a system of repression which varied with the ratio of white to black population in the several colonies. In New Hampshire, for instance, where the ratio was one black to one hundred whites, the blacks enjoyed comparative freedom. They learned to read and they organized their own societies. In South Carolina, where there were two blacks to one white, such freedom would have been dangerous; and the sense of self-protection naturally impelled the master class to enact a "black" code, and to punish severely any one who should try to teach the slaves or to effect an organization among them. This code was directed particularly against the field-hands, because of the great number of them.

The servants at the "great house" were taken from the quarters. Tidy and bright men and women were selected, and this service soon developed a distinct

class. The men came in touch with their masters only where the masters' luxuries and indulgences began. The women were exposed to the masters' will. These servants became a highly favored class, but they were the bearers of the silver salver. They had no opportunity to learn by example or by precept those habits of application, frugality, and morality which are so important in the formative period of a dependent race. Indulgence and extravagance were the marks of the fine gentleman as the mansion-house servants saw him, and their contact with him did not extend to the work whereby he made his contribution to the real progress of the community.

Now, while the farm-hand has been working out slowly his own elevation, and is not far removed from his African progenitors, and while the great-house servant has developed into the luxury-loving menial type of to-day, the development of the laborer and skilled workman has been checked. There were skilled workmen even among the slaves. Apt men were selected from the farm-hands to raise barns, to mend harness, to put on tires. At the seaports sailing vessels required skilled work. General mending soon became specialized, and the learning of trades followed. At the beginning of the Revolution, almost every community had its slave blacksmiths, carpenters, and laborers, while at the seaports slave calkers and stevedores worked with redemptioners and poor whites. The skilled workman, besides, enjoyed privileges which developed his character. While other slaves were not permitted to pass the limits of the plantation except under strict surveillance, he enjoyed comparative freedom in going and coming. He sometimes worked miles away from his master. Often he was permitted to "hire his time." By this arrangement, he paid his master a fixed sum weekly, and retained as his own whatever surplus he could earn. He was daily testing his skill against that of other men. The con-

fidence of his master inspired self-confidence. More important than all else, he was permitted, as a rule, to have his own little hut, where he lived with the mother of his children, removed alike from the degradation of the field-hands' quarters and the corruption of the great house. This little hut, the negro's first home, was a centre of moral impulse for the growth of the best type of the colored American of to-day.

At first this hard school of industrial education was under the direction of white mechanics, and whites and blacks worked together. The result was low wages for the whites and free blacks; for public sentiment rated labor by the slave standard of value. When, early in this century, white workmen began to organize, they instinctively struck at slavery as the cause of their low wages. Black workmen, though free, were not permitted to organize against the employing class, and the distinction between black workmen and white workmen really began when the organization of white laborers began. Nevertheless, this distinction was not felt by the one nor made oppressive by the other. The blacks continued to work at trades. But in the idea of exclusion which animated the early labor organizations lay the germ of the present discrimination against the black workman, though the first leaders seem not to have understood it.

Indeed, the early labor movement was naturally closely allied to the anti-slavery movement. The Voice of Industry, one of the first labor journals, referring to the existence of slavery, declared in its salutatory that "under the present state of society labor becomes disreputable." Young America, another early labor journal, printed the "demands" of the workmen at the head of its editorial page. Among them was "the abolition of chattel slavery and wages slavery." The close sympathy of the two movements was shown by the active participation of William Lloyd Garrison, Charles

A. Dana, Wendell Phillips, and Henry Wilson, at a meeting of the Workingmen's Party held in Boston. Among the resolutions passed was one denouncing the system which held "three millions of our brethren and sisters in bondage." Although negroes were not active in the labor associations, the early organizers had no idea of denying equal opportunity to them in the workday world. They continued to work with white men, and there seems to have existed a human sympathy between the two classes. The organizations were agitating for higher wages and a ten-hour day. They struck at negro slavery; and it was near the middle of the century before they struck the negro man.

As organization went on, the idea of exclusion, of obstruction, became more and more prominent. Union workmen were not satisfied merely to refrain from working when they had declared a strike. They determined to prevent other men from taking the places made vacant. Throughout the South and the North protests began to appear against slave workmen doing the work for which free-men should be well paid. Immigration, not of the redemptioners of a half-century before, but of the "assisted" class from Europe, set in; and the opening of the Mexican war found the unions protesting against free blacks and foreigners. They had reached the point where the exclusive idea was directing the power of organization against any man who could be distinctively marked.

Some of the friends of equality of opportunity for colored workmen have felt impelled to denounce the trade unions; unfortunately, I think, because they provoke resentment by the labor leaders against the colored man, and by inference, at least, accuse the unions of discrimination as if it were a conscious act deliberately aimed at the colored man. The unions have simply followed the development of the idea of exclusion. They have discriminated also against women of the

white race, and, by the limitation of apprenticeships, against their own children.

Although exclusion is the method of the labor unions, the Knights of Labor, established about a quarter of a century ago, promulgated the idea that all people who work should be organized, all fields of human activity opened to competition, and a universal system of education established with a view to the general improvement of the masses. The ultimate object was to secure the betterment of the wage-earners' condition. Colored workmen were welcomed into this organization; and when its General Assembly met at Richmond, in 1887, there were in that city alone more than ten thousand members. A controversy arose as to what rights and privileges should be given to colored delegates at this meeting in a Southern city. Mr. Powderly stood against discrimination, and maintained that the standard by which labor is measured is the standard of the lowest workman. He carried the Assembly, but he never recovered his former prestige in the order. Recently, when he received a nomination for an important government office, labor leaders throughout the country opposed his appointment; and as the leading exponent of the "inclusive" idea in labor organization he has been driven from his chosen field of work. During the past ten years there has been no radical utterance from any leader of authority advocating equality of opportunity for the negro.

The labor movement, therefore, distinctly denies equality to the colored workman, and the three classes of negroes are to-day moving along the old lines of life. The field-hands, left to themselves, without civilizing contact with other classes, are the least removed from the standard of life of their African progenitors. Unfortunately, they are now moving in large numbers into the great centres of population, North and South, and passing under the great-house influ-

ence. Because they are unprepared for competition and lack the moral development to face the temptations of city life, their increase presents a serious problem. The mansion-house servant class has grown larger, for it has been replenished from the other two classes. This tendency has seriously affected the character of the great majority of the colored people throughout the country; and American sentiment has come habitually to regard the negro chiefly as the domestic servant type.

The handicraftsmen and laborers continued to increase so long as labor organizations gave them opportunity; but the exclusive idea led to discouragement that checked a natural growth and stifled the colored citizen's best aspirations. In the city of Washington, for example, at one period, some of the best buildings were constructed by colored workmen. Their employment in large numbers continued some time after the war. The British Legation, the Centre Market, the Freedmen's Bank, and at least four well-built schoolhouses are monuments to the acceptability of their work under foremen of their own color. To-day, apart from the hod-carriers, not a colored workman is to be seen on new buildings, and a handful of jobbers and patchers, with possibly two carpenters who can undertake a large job, are all who remain of the body of colored carpenters and builders and stone-cutters who were generally employed a quarter of a century ago. I talked recently with a mother who had done her best to secure an apprenticeship for her boy to learn the confectionery trade. She told me that the uniform reply was that employers had no objection, but that they feared the resentment of their white workmen. Yet the man who gave his name to Wormley's Hotel started as a pastry baker, and was one of the best confectioners in Washington before the war. If a colored man learns the trade of printer or bookbinder and works at the Government Printing Office, the

union will admit him to membership, and allow him to remain so long as he continues in the government's employment. But once out of the public service, he finds it impossible to secure work on a union newspaper or in a union office. A colored man may make an excellent record in the departments as a bookkeeper, an accountant, a pension or patent examiner. Such experts, if they be white, are sought by large business and professional firms. The negro, whatever his record, finds all doors closed against him. Thus, in our national capital may be observed the effects of the discrimination of labor organizations against the negro. It has entered into the very soul of the workday world, and infected even those workmen who are not organized.

Throughout the South the same change of sentiment is to be observed. Formerly negro stevedores worked on the wharves at New Orleans, and white laborers experienced no inconvenience in working with them. The effective organization of white laborers was closely followed by the driving of negroes from the levees at the muzzles of loaded rifles. The iron industry is passing through the same experience, and though white and black builders are still to be seen working together in some places, wherever the union develops effective strength the black workmen must put down the trowel and take up the tray. I think that the Cigar Makers' Union is the only national labor organization which has consistently and firmly repelled all attempts looking toward the exclusion of colored skilled workmen. Indeed, ability to work, the negro's sole heritage from slavery and his only hope as a freedman, does not secure him opportunity. The results have been a lack of incentive to the young generation to learn trades, a general entry into domestic service by many of the men who would have been the race's best representatives, and the entry of a disproportionate number into the learned professions. Many men who would have

been successful mechanics and honorable citizens are now mediocre lawyers, preachers, and teachers, exposed to the temptation to live by their wits. Every day Northern philanthropists learn from experience the advisability of looking into the antecedents of the promoters of schemes for the improvement of the negro race.

It was to offset these effects that the work of Hampton, Tuskegee, and other trade schools of the South was organized on special lines. General Armstrong insisted that his boys should not be discouraged by the outlook, and that they must learn trades while following the regular curriculum. Mr. Frissell, his successor, and Mr. Washington of Tuskegee, his disciple, are carrying out the idea. This system of education has been the great counterforce to the tendencies that I have been describing; not infrequently attention is called in the South to the advantages which negro youth are enjoying, by reason of it, over the white youth of some of the states where there are few trade schools. Yet an incident once occurred at Tuskegee itself which is a sharp reminder of the labor unions' discrimination against colored workmen. The school had a contract in tinsmithing which required that the work should be done in a shorter time than it was possible for the students to do it alone. The manager of the tin-shop sent to Montgomery for tinsmiths. They came, but when they found that they would have to work with the colored students, who had already begun the job, they declined, explaining that the rule of their union forbade their working with colored men. The manager firmly declared that they must work with the students or not at all. They had spent their money to come to Tuskegee, and they were indignant that they were bound by such a rule; but fearing the subsequent resentment of their fellow craftsmen at Montgomery, they passed the day in idleness, and at night went home. The union offered

no obstacles to their working for a colored man's money. The men personally, in this instance, had no feeling against the students. There was no race antipathy shown by the incident: it was simply the ancient idea of exclusion, of obstruction, asserting itself through the union with perfect, and in this case disastrous consistency.

There are now in Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, the Carolinas, and Virginia between four hundred and five hundred cotton-mills, besides about seventy-five knitting-mills. Yet if organized labor succeed in its present agitation, the colored men and women, the cheapest and the most natural working class in these states, who, moreover, it is admitted, are as deft and trustworthy as the average factory operative, will be excluded from their share in this department of activity. Southern sentiment as expressed by the newspapers is almost unanimously opposed to this injustice, and the real struggle of the unions is in opposition to the general desire of the employing class of the South to give the negro whatever work he is capable of doing.

As we extend our inquiry into the Northern states, the effects of the exclusive policy of the unions become more manifest. When a philanthropic movement was started in Philadelphia, recently, to investigate the condition of the colored people, it was suggested that the work should be begun, not in the localities inhabited by large numbers of negroes, but in the workshops and factories, stores and counting-houses, in which colored people are uniformly denied equality of opportunity. The suggestion was not adopted. To the people of the North, whose attitude is so different from the attitude of the people of the South, whom they sometimes criticise, this phase of the color question is particularly unattractive; and even our sociological students, whose work is endowed by men who practice this discrimination, seem to shrink

from the sweeping criticism which this line of investigation must inevitably direct against their patrons.

The Society of Friends, more than sixty years ago, saw the importance of this phase of the question, and with characteristic directness and sagacity it compiled some records which are very important as the basis for comparisons. In the year 1838, the state of Pennsylvania adopted a constitution which deprived the negroes of the right of suffrage which they had enjoyed forty-seven years. In that year, members of the Society employed Benjamin C. Bacon to compile a directory showing the occupations in which colored men and women were employed. There are men who remember Mr. Bacon and the great care with which he secured his data. Among the occupations which he enumerates are baker, basket-maker, blacksmith, black and white smith, bleacher and hair-dresser, bleeder, boat-maker, brass-founder, brewer, bricklayer and plasterer, brush-maker, cabinet-maker, calker, chair-bottomer, confectioner, cooper, currier, dyer and scourer, fuller, hair-worker, iron-forger, mason, milliner, nail-maker, painter, painter and glazier, paper-maker, plasterer, plumber, potter, printer, rope-maker, sail-maker, scythe and sickle maker, ship carpenter, stone-cutter, sugar-refiner, tanner, tobacconist, turner, weaver, wheelwright. Passing over the reports of intervening years to that of 1859, by the same authority we find that the colored people had dropped out of six trades, and that in twenty-one years the immigration from the South and apprenticeships had brought forward representatives of forty-one trades not mentioned in the report of 1838. In that year nine hundred and ninety-seven men and women had skilled trades. In 1859 the number had grown to sixteen hundred and thirty-seven. The observant Quaker statistician makes this very important note: "Less than two thirds of those who have trades follow them.

A few of the remainder pursue other avocations from choice, but the greater number are compelled to abandon their trades on account of the unrelenting prejudice against their color."

Thus, in the city of Philadelphia, while ability to work increased, opportunity was more and more curtailed, and to-day one may safely declare that practically all the trades enumerated by Mr. Bacon are closed against colored workmen. The large majority of the colored workmen of a half-century ago and their descendants have come under the mansion-house influence, and the agricultural laborers have kept crowding into the city and entering upon the same menial career.

Two brothers, who were printers, came to Philadelphia several years ago to work at their trade. There was nothing in their appearance to indicate their African descent. One secured work in a large office where white men were employed, and the other obtained a place in the composing-room of a paper published by colored men. At the end of two or three years' faithful service the first of the brothers had become the foreman of the office where he worked. Then one of his subordinates learned that he was a colored man, and promptly communicated the startling news to his fellows at the cases. They immediately appointed a committee to warn the employer that he must at once discharge the colored printer, or get another force of men. The foreman admitted that he was a colored man, and protested that no discrimination should be made against him because of his race.

The employer said: "I agree with you, and your work is entirely satisfactory. Besides, I do resent this dictation by men who have worked with you all this time in perfect harmony. You know more of my business than any of the others,—the contracts which I have on hand, and the loss which I would suffer if these men should suddenly leave. If you can find me a force of colored men

as efficient as yourself, I'll let the others go, and take your force, retaining you in your present position." The foreman replied: "I cannot get such a force, but I can suggest a plan which will insure my obtaining work. I have a red-haired brother who is a first-class printer. Discharge me, and take him. I can then secure his place."

The plan was adopted: the brothers changed places, and harmony reigned in the printing-office until the fair-haired brother's identity was discovered. But the first brother finally gave up the struggle in despair. He left his friends and family one day, and entered a wider world. He became a white man among strangers, and is now successful.

About three years ago I advised a colored printer to apply for admission to one of the unions. As the place of his residence he named a street on which many colored people live. A week or two later three men called at his house, and were received by his mother, who offered to take any message they might have for him. They gave her a sealed envelope, and departed without a word. The envelope contained the same sum of money that the colored printer had sent with his application for admission to the union. He cannot say that the money came from the union. He cannot say that he was denied admission.

At the time of the last strike of street-car conductors and motormen in Philadelphia, the question of employing colored men was presented both to the company's managers and to the labor unions. The managers declared that they feared the resentment of the men, and the labor leaders declared that they would make no discrimination in their organizations. Yet, although applications have been filed for more than a year, no colored men are employed in this work in a community one twentieth of whose residents are colored people. In Pittsburg negroes have been able to break through the outer line of the

union's intrenchments, and it will not be amiss to recite their experience in one of the largest workshops in that city. The Black Diamond Steel Works, owned by Parke, Brother & Company, has firmly insisted that no color-line shall exist in the establishment. More than twenty years ago, when Irish puddlers drew their heats, and refused to return to work except upon terms which were not acceptable to Mr. Parke, the father of the members of the present firm, colored laborers were brought in and taught the work. Since that time colored men have been employed in the several departments, including one die-grinder, one plumber, one engineer, and one man in the crucible melting department. It is the testimony of the resident member of the firm that these men, including colored puddlers at twenty-six furnaces, have done satisfactory work. Mr. Parke says that they have the same aptitude and other characteristics as other workmen, with the advantage that they show more personal loyalty to employers than foreign workmen show. In the iron and steel works at Braddock, Homestead, Duquesne, Sharpsburg, Etna, and Temperanceville, colored men are employed. While this is the most successful attempt that colored men have made toward regaining their former place in the industries of the state of Pennsylvania, and while in some branches of the iron and steel workers' organization they have been able to break down the color-line, one incident will serve to illustrate the difficulties which have arisen. After Mr. Parke had succeeded with his experiment and colored workmen were doing satisfactory work, organizers representing the unions insisted on their joining the organizations. Carried away by the eloquence of the agitators, several of the men became members, and they soon gave more of their time and attention to agitation than to the work for which they were paid. They were discharged by Mr. Parke, and they proudly presented

themselves at other shops where union workmen were employed, and applied for places, as victims to the cause of labor organization. The union workmen refused to work with them, and in a short time they returned to Mr. Parke, asking for their old places, with the lesson of the exclusive idea impressed upon their memories by bitter experience.

In other Northern states the colored workmen have passed through the same experience as in Pennsylvania, but there are instances which indicate a degree of uncertainty in the attitude of the local organizations. In New York the ill feeling of the foreign workmen seems to have reached its climax during the war, when colored laborers were mobbed in the streets. The printers in New York admit colored men to the unions, and there are instances of colored engineers and masons working at their trades without molestation. Colonel Waring as street commissioner made the experiment of employing a colored foreman. Here and there colored clerks are employed in stores. Though colored stevedores have almost disappeared from the wharves, in January, 1897, a new organization was formed whose constitution declares that there shall be no discrimination because of "race, creed, color, or nativity." It is in this uncertainty of the labor unions' attitude, this apparent local hesitancy here and there, that the colored man finds whatever hope he may have for the future. The situation, otherwise, is one of gloom for him; and information that any colored man has entered upon a line of work from which people of his race are usually excluded is passed from city to city as a word of encouragement.

An impartial review of the way by which the unions and the colored workmen have reached their present relations — or lack of relations — indicates that one cannot apply the threadbare explanation of an innate racial antipathy. Negroes and white men formerly worked side by side under conditions more likely

to cause friction than those that now exist. Employers who have insisted on giving colored men a fair chance agree in their testimony that after a short probation ill feeling subsides, and the negro takes the place among other workmen which he merits, — whether the place be high because of his efficiency and common sense, or low for lack of them.

The labor organizations themselves are hesitating in their course in the struggle between the two contending ideas, the idea of exclusion or obstruction and the broader idea of inclusion. Men of influence among the workmen are beginning to appreciate the fact that strikes do not pay, and that there is something radically ineffective in the idea of obstruction. Still, there is no evidence of an active movement to abandon what has been the animating principle in the undoing of the colored workman. The field-hand class is coming to the cities. Those who would naturally have developed into the great artisan class of the country are forced into work along menial lines. Public sentiment has been so generally affected that the colored man has come to be associated with this kind of work, and his effort to secure the opportunity to do better is regarded with indifference or with a sense of helplessness. The great crowds of immigrants constantly coming into the country, seeking precisely the same equality of opportunity which the negro needs, soon imbibe the prejudice against him. They aggravate and complicate the situation. The effect on the character of the growing generation of colored people is that endeavor is restrained by a sense of the hopelessness of the struggle. Educational facilities are improving every year, and an already large class is rapidly becoming more numerous, half educated, without financial resources, denied the work which it is capable of doing and detesting the work it is forced to do. It is remarkable that this class has not shown a greater disposition to vice and crime than is the case.

There is another effect which may be noticed. The number of men and women who "go over to the white race" is increasing. Men and women of spirit struggle against the conditions of negro life; and in desperation, when their complexions and their hair permit, they simply enter general competition and remain silent. Colored people whom they have known in youth, as a rule, remain silent as to their identity; and in a short time marriage and associations give them a permanent standing as white citizens. This is known among colored persons as "passing for white." If it were not for the social injury which might possibly accrue to families of excellent people, — people who are thoroughly respected for their cultivation and public spirit, — one might easily give instances. Under normal industrial conditions, such as exist everywhere in Europe, and in America beyond the limits of the United States, these men and women, as a rule, would be perfectly contented with their families and friends within the lines of their own race, working at their chosen callings and without molestation, taking the places in the community which their aptitude and application earn for them. Forced from the natural course of development, they are living illustrations of the fact that this hostile American sentiment hastens the very process of amalgamation which it is generally believed to prevent. In a coun-

try having so large a population as this, the number of those who are at present "passing for white" is not considerable from the economic and sociological points of view; but with the number constantly increasing by recruits, and with the natural increase in their families, one cannot predict how soon their case may be regarded as worthy of attention.

If this be a fair statement of the facts, a problem worthy of serious thought is presented: about one tenth of the population are denied the opportunity to grow, as the other nine tenths are invited, encouraged, forced by open competition, to grow. This abridgment of opportunity affects the character of the whole class. The public conscience in regarding the matter becomes benumbed.

At bottom American sentiment is a just and practical sentiment. It must sooner or later consider the results of such a state of things. Nowhere else in the world is to be found such a large class arbitrarily restrained in its efforts to work. This restraint is unnatural. It cannot be removed by legislation unless legislation be supported by a strong, favorable public sentiment. From whatever point of view we choose to regard the problem, it is clear that it is to be solved in the minds of individuals, employers and employed, after due deliberation as to its importance as an act of justice and as a matter of high social importance to the community.

John Stephens Durham.

GREATNESS.

MIDST noble monuments, alone at eve
 I wandered, reading records of the dead, —
 In spite of praise forgotten past recall;
 And near, so sheltered one might scarce perceive,
 I found a lowly headstone, and I read
 The word upon it: Hawthorne — that was all.

Florence Earle Coates.

PENELOPE'S PROGRESS.

HER EXPERIENCES IN SCOTLAND.

PART SECOND. IN THE COUNTRY.

XVI.

"Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's Howe,
Where a' the sweets o' spring an' simmer
grow:

Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
The water fa's an' maks a singan din;
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
Kisses, wi' easy whirls, the bord'ring grass."
The Gentle Shepherd.

THAT is what Peggy says to Jenny in Allan Ramsay's poem, and if you substitute "Crummylowe" for "Habbie's Howe" in the first line you will have a lovely picture of the Farm-Steadin'.

You come to it by turning the corner from the inn, first passing the cottage where the lady wishes to rent two rooms for fifteen shillings a week, but will not give much attendance, as she is slightly asthmatic, and the house is always as clean as it is this minute, and the view from the window looking out on Pettybaw Bay cannot be surpassed at any money. Then comes the little house where Will'am Beattie's sister Mary died in May, and there wasna a bonnier woman in Fife. Next is the cottage with the pansy garden, where the lady in the widow's cap takes five o'clock tea in the bay window, and a snug little supper at eight. She has for the first scones and marmalade, and her tea is in a small black teapot under a red cosy with a white muslin cover drawn over it. At eight she has more tea, and generally a kippered herring, or a bit of cold mutton left from the noon dinner. We note the changes in her bill of fare as we pass hastily by, and feel admitted quite into the family secrets. Beyond this bay window, which is so redolent of simple peace and comfort that we long to go

in and sit down, is the cottage with the double white tulips, the cottage with the collie on the front steps, the doctor's house with the yellow laburnum tree, and then the house where the Disagreeable Woman lives. She has a lovely baby, which, to begin with, is somewhat remarkable, as disagreeable women rarely have babies; or else, having had them, rapidly lose their disagreeableness, — so rapidly that one has not time to notice it. The Disagreeable Woman's house is at the end of the row, and across the road is a wicket gate leading — Where did it lead? — that was the very point. Along the left, as you lean wistfully over the gate, there runs a stone wall topped by a green hedge; and on the right, first furrows of pale fawn, then below furrows of deeper brown, and mulberry and red ploughed earth stretching down to waving fields of green, and thence to the sea, gray, misty, opalescent, melting into the pearly white clouds, so that one cannot tell where sea ends and sky begins.

There is a path between the green hedge and the ploughed field, and it leads seductively to the farm-steadin'; or we felt that it might thus lead, if we dared unlatch the wicket gate. Seeing no sign "Private Way," "Trespassers Not Allowed," or other printed defiance to the stranger, we were considering the opening of the gate, when we observed two female figures coming toward us along the path, and paused until they should come through. It was the Disagreeable Woman (though we knew it not) and an elderly friend. We accosted the friend, feeling instinctively that she was framed of softer stuff, and asked her if the path were a private one. It was a question

that had never met her ear before, and she was too dull or discreet to deal with it on the instant. To our amazement, she did not even manage to falter, "I couldna say."

"Is the path private?" I repeated.

"It is certainly the idea to keep it a little private," said the Disagreeable Woman, coming into the conversation without being addressed. "Where do you wish to go?"

"Nowhere in particular. The walk looks so inviting we should like to see the end."

"It goes only to the Farm, and you can reach that by the highroad; it is only a half-mile farther. Do you wish to call at the Farm?"

"No, oh no; the path is so very pretty that" —

"Yes, I see; well, I should call it rather private." And with this she departed; leaving us to stand on the outskirts of paradise, while she went into her house and stared at us from the window as she played with the lovely undeserved baby. But that was not the end of the matter.

We found ourselves there next day, Francesca and I, — Salemina was too proud, — drawn by an insatiable longing to view the beloved and forbidden scene. We did not dare to glance at the Disagreeable Woman's windows, lest our courage should ooze away, so we opened the gate and stole through into the path.

It was a most lovely path; even if it had not been in a sense prohibited, it would still have been lovely, simply on its own merits. There were little gaps in the hedge and the wall through which we peered into a daisy-starred pasture, where a white bossy and a herd of flaxen-haired cows fed on the sweet green grass. The mellow ploughed earth on the right hand stretched down to the shore-line, and the plough-boy walked up and down the long, straight furrows whistling "My Nannie's awa'." Pettybaw is so far removed from the music-halls that their

cheap songs and strident echoes never reach its sylvan shades, and the herd-ladies and plough-boys still sweeten their labors with the old classic melodies.

We walked on and on, determined to come every day; and we settled that if we were accosted by any one, or if our innocent business were demanded, Francesca should ask, "Does Mrs. Macstronachlacher live here, and has she any new-laid eggs?"

Soon the gates of the Farm appeared in sight. There was a cluster of buildings, with doves huddling and cooing on the red-tiled roofs, — dairy-houses, workmen's cottages, splendid rows of substantial haystacks (towering yellow things with peaked tops); a little pond with ducks and geese chattering together as they paddled about, and for additional music the trickling of two tiny burns making "a singan din" as they wimpled through the bushes. A speckle-breasted thrush perched on a corner of the gray wall and poured his heart out. Overhead there was a chorus of rooks in the tall trees, but there was no sound of human voice save that of the plough-ladie whistling "My Nannie's awa'."

We turned our backs on this darling solitude, and retraced our steps lingeringly. As we neared the wicket gate again we stood upon a bit of jutting rock and peered over the wall, sniffing the hawthorn buds ecstasically. The white bossy drew closer, treading softly on his daisy carpet; the cows looked up at us wonderingly as they leisurely chewed their cuds; a man in corduroy breeches came from a corner of the pasture, and with a sharp, narrow hoe rooted out a thistle or two that had found their way into this sweet feeding-ground. Suddenly we heard the swish of a dress behind us, and turned, conscience-stricken, though we had in nothing sinned.

"Does Mrs. Macstronachlacher live here?" stammered Francesca like a parrot.

It was an idiotic time and place for

the question. We had certainly arranged that she should ask it, but something must be left to the judgment in such cases. Francesca was hanging over a stone wall regarding a herd of cows in a pasture, and there was no possible shelter for a Mrs. Macstronachlacher within a quarter of a mile. What made the remark more unfortunate was the fact that, though she had on a different dress and bonnet, the person interrogated was the Disagreeable Woman; but Francesca is particularly slow in discerning resemblances. She would have gone on mechanically asking for new-laid eggs, had I not caught her eye and held it sternly. The foe looked at us suspiciously for a moment (Francesca's hats are not easily forgotten), and then vanished up the path, to tell the people at Crummylowe, I suppose, that their grounds were infested by marauding strangers whose curiosity was manifestly the outgrowth of a republican government.

As she disappeared in one direction, we walked slowly in the other; and just as we reached the corner of the pasture where two stone walls meet, and where a group of oaks gives grateful shade, we heard children's voices.

"No, no!" cried somebody: "it must be still higher at this end, for the tower, — this is where the king will sit. Help me with this heavy one, Rafe. Dandie, mind your foot. Why don't you be making the flag for the ship? — and do keep the Wrig away from us till we finish building!"

XVII.

"O lang, lang may the ladies sit
Wi' their face into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand."

Sir Patrick Spens.

We put our toes into the crevices of the wall and peeped stealthily over the top. Two boys of eight or ten years, with two younger children, were busily engaged in building a castle. A great pile of

stones had been hauled to the spot, evidently for the purpose of mending the wall, and these were serving as rich material for sport. The oldest of the company, a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy in an Eton jacket and broad white collar, was obviously commander-in-chief; and the next in size, whom he called Rafe, was a laddie of eight, in kilts. These two looked as if they might be scions of the aristocracy, while Dandie and the Wrig were fat little yokels of another sort. The miniature castle must have been the work of several mornings, and was worthy of the respectful but silent admiration with which we gazed upon it; but as the last stone was placed in the tower, the master builder looked up and spied our interested eyes peering at him over the wall. We were properly abashed and ducked our heads discreetly at once, but were reassured by hearing him run rapidly toward us, calling, "Stop, if you please! Have you anything on just now, — are you busy?"

We answered that we were quite at leisure.

"Then would you mind coming in to help us play Sir Patrick Spens? There are n't enough of us to do it nicely."

This confidence was touching, and luckily it was not in the least misplaced. Playing Sir Patrick Spens was exactly in our line, little as he suspected it.

"Come and help?" I said. "Simply delighted! Do come, Frances. How can we get over the wall?"

"I'll show you the good broken place!" cried Sir Apple-Cheek; and following his directions we scrambled through, while Rafe took off his Highland bonnet ceremoniously and handed us down to earth.

"Hurrah! now it will be something like fun! Do you know Sir Patrick Spens?"

"Every word of it. Don't you want us to pass an examination before you allow us in the game?"

"No," he answered gravely; "it's a great help, of course, to know it, but it

is n't necessary. I keep the words in my pocket to prompt Dandie, and the Wrig can only say two lines, she's so little." (Here he produced some tattered leaves torn from a book of ballads.) "We've done it many a time, but this is a new Dunfermline Castle, and we are trying the play in a different way. Rafe is the king, and Dandie is the 'eldern knight,' — you remember him?"

"Certainly; he sat at the king's right knee."

"Yes, yes, that's the one! Then Rafe is Sir Patrick part of the time, and I the other part, because everybody likes to be him; but there's nobody left for the 'lords o' Noroway' or the sailors, and the Wrig is the only maiden to sit on the shore, and she always forgets to comb her hair and weep at the right time."

The forgetful and placid Wrig (I afterwards learned that this is a Scots word for the youngest bird in the nest) was seated on the grass, with her fat hands full of pink thyme and white wild woodruff. The sun shone on her curly flaxen head. She wore a dark blue cotton frock with white dots, and a short-sleeved pinafore; and though she was utterly useless from a dramatic point of view, she was the sweetest little Scotch dumpling I ever looked upon. She had been tried and found wanting in most of the principal parts of the ballad, but when left out of the performance altogether she was wont to scream so lustily that all Crummylowe rushed to her assistance.

"Now let us practice a bit to see if we know what we are going to do," said Sir Apple-Cheek. "Rafe, you can be Sir Patrick this time. The reason why we all like to be Sir Patrick," he explained, turning to me, "is that the lords o' Noroway say to him, —

'Ye Scottishmen spend a' our King's gowd,
And a' our Queenis fee;'

and then he answers, —

'Ye lee! ye lee! ye leers loud,
Fu' loudly do ye lee!'

and a lot of splendid things like that. Well, I'll be the king," and accordingly he began: —

"The King sits in Dunfermline tower,
Drinking the bluid-red wine.
'O whaur will I get a skeely skipper
To sail this new ship o' mine?'"

A dead silence ensued, whereupon the king said testily, "Now, Dandie, you never remember you're the eldern knight; go on!"

Thus reminded, Dandie recited: —

"O up and spake an eldern knight
Sat at the King's right knee,
'Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea.'"

"Now I'll write my letter," said the king, who was endeavoring to make himself comfortable in his somewhat contracted tower.

"The King has written a braid letter
And sealed it with his hand;
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

Read the letter out loud, Rafe, and then you'll remember what to do."

"'To Noroway! to Noroway!
To Noroway on the faem!
The King's daughter of Noroway
'T is thou maun bring her hame,'"

read Rafe.

"Now do the next part!"

"I can't; I'm going to chuck up that next part. I wish you'd do Sir Pat until it comes to 'Ye lee! ye lee!'"

"No, that won't do, Rafe. We have to mix up everybody else, but it's too bad to spoil Sir Patrick."

"Well, I'll give him to you, then, and be the king. I don't mind so much now that we've got such a good tower; and why can't I stay up there even after the ship sets sail, and look out over the sea with a telescope? That's the way Elizabeth did the time she was king."

"You can stay up till you have to come down and be a dead Scots lord. I'm not going to lie there as I did last time, with nobody but the Wrig for a Scots lord, and her forgetting to be dead!"

Sir Apple-Cheek then essayed the hard part "chucked up" by Rafe. It was rather difficult, I confess, as the first four lines were in pantomime and required great versatility : —

"The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Fu' loud, loud laughéd he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his e'e."

These conflicting emotions successfully simulated, Sir Patrick resumed : —

"O wha is he has dune this deed,
And tauld the King o' me, —
To send us out, at this time o' the year,
To sail upon the sea ?"

Then the king stood up in the unstable tower and shouted his own orders : —

"Be it wind, be it weat, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship maun sail the faem;
The King's daughter o' Noroway
'T is we maun fetch her hame."

"Can't we rig the ship a little better?" demanded our stage manager at this juncture. "It is n't half as good as the tower."

Ten minutes' hard work, in which we assisted, produced something a trifle more nautical and seaworthy than the first ship. The ground with a few boards spread upon it was the deck. Tarpaulin sheets were arranged on sticks to represent sails, and we located the vessel so cleverly that two slender trees shot out of the middle of it and served as the tall topmasts.

"Now let us make believe that we've hoisted our sails on 'Mononday morn' and been in Noroway 'weeks but only twae,'" said our leading man; "and your time has come now," turning to us.

We felt indeed that it had; but plucking up sufficient courage for the lords o' Noroway, we cried accusingly : —

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our King's gowd,
And a' our Queenis fee!"

Oh, but Sir Apple-Cheek was glorious as he roared virtuously : —

"Ye lee! ye lee! ye leers loud,
Fu' loudly do ye lee!

'For I brocht as much white monie
As gane my men and me,
An' I brocht a half-fou o' gude red gowd
Out ower the sea wi' me.

'But betide me weil, betide me wae,
This day I 'se leave the shore;
And never spend my King's monie
'Mong Noroway dogs no more.

'Make ready, make ready, my merry men a',
Our gude ship sails the morn.'

Now you be the sailors, please! "
Glad to be anything but Noroway dogs,
we recited obediently : —

"Now, ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

And if ye gang to sea, master,
I fear we 'll come to harm."

We added much to the effect of this stanza by flinging ourselves on the turf and embracing Sir Patrick's knees, at which touch of melodrama he was enchanted.

Then came a storm so terrible that I can hardly trust myself to describe its fury. The entire *corps dramatique* personated the elements, and tore the gallant ship in twain, while Sir Patrick shouted in the teeth of the gale, —

"O whaur will I get a gude sailor
To tak' my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall topmast
To see if I can spy land?"

I knew the words a trifle better than Francesca, and thus succeeded in getting in ahead as the fortunate hero : —

"O here am I, a sailor gude,
To tak' the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall topmast;
But I fear ye 'll ne'er spy land."

And the heroic sailor was right, for

"He hadna gone a step, a step,
A step but only ane,
When a bout flew out o' our goodly ship,
And the saut sea it came in."

Then we fetched a web o' the silken claithe, and anither o' the twine, as our captain bade us; we wapped them into our ship's side and letna the sea come in; but in vain, in vain. Laith were the gude

Scots lords to weet their cork-heeled shune, but they did, and wat their hats abune; for the ship sank in spite of their despairing efforts,

"And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair cam' hame."

Francesca and I were now obliged to creep from under the tarpaulins and personate the disheveled ladies on the strand.

"Will your hair come down?" asked the manager gravely.

"It will and shall," we rejoined; and it did.

"The ladies wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair."

"Do tear your hair, Jessie! It's the only thing you have to do, and you never do it on time!"

The Wrig made ready to howl with offended pride, but we soothed her, and she tore her yellow curls with her chubby hands.

"And lang, lang may the maidens sit
Wi' their gowd kaims i' their hair,
A waitin' for their ain dear luvies,
For them they'll see nae mair."

I did a bit of sobbing here that would have been a credit to Sarah Siddons.

"Splendid! Grand!" cried Sir Patrick, as he stretched himself fifty fathoms below the imaginary surface, and gave explicit ante-mortem directions to the other Scots lords to spread themselves out in like manner.

"Half ower, half ower to Aberdour,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet."

"Oh, it is grand!" he repeated jubilantly. "If I could only be the king and see it all from Dunfermline tower! Could you be Sir Patrick once, do you think, now that I have shown you how?" he asked Francesca.

"Indeed I can!" she replied, glowing with excitement (and small wonder) at being chosen for the principal rôle.

"The only trouble is that you do look awfully like a girl in that white frock."

Francesca appeared rather ashamed

at her disqualifications for the part of Sir Patrick. "If I had only worn my long black cloak!" she sighed.

"Oh, I have an idea!" cried the boy. "Hand her the minister's gown from the hedge, Rafe. You see, Mistress Ogilvie of Crummylowe lent us this old gown for a sail; she's doing something to a new one, and this was her pattern."

Francesca slipped it on over her white serge, and the Pettybaw parson should have seen her with the long veil of her dark hair floating over his ministerial garment.

"It seems a pity to put up your hair," said the stage manager critically, "because you look so jolly and wild with it down, but I suppose you must; and will you have Rafe's bonnet?"

Yes, she would have Rafe's bonnet; and when she perched it on the side of her head and paced the deck restlessly, while the black gown floated behind in the breeze, we all cheered with enthusiasm, and, having rebuilt the ship, began the play again from the moment of the gale. The wreck was more horribly realistic than ever, this time, because of our rehearsal; and when I crawled from under the masts and sails to seat myself on the beach with the Wrig, I had scarcely strength enough to remove the cooky from her hand and set her a-combing her curly locks.

When our new Sir Patrick stretched herself on the ocean bed, she fell with a despairing wail; her gown spread like a pall over the earth, the Highland bonnet came off, and her hair floated over a haphazard pillow of Jessie's wild flowers.

"Oh, it is fine, that part; but from here is where it always goes wrong!" cried the king from the castle tower. "It's too bad to take the maidens away from the strand where they look so beautiful, and Rafe is splendid as the gude sailor, but Dandie looks so silly as one little dead Scots lord; if we only had one more person, young or old, if he was ever so stupid!"

"*Would I do?*"

This unexpected offer came from behind one of the trees that served as top-masts, and at the same moment there issued from that delightfully secluded retreat Ronald Macdonald, in knickerbockers and a golf cap.

Suddenly as this apparition came, there was no lack of welcome on the children's part. They shouted his name in glee, embraced his legs, and pulled him about like affectionate young bears. Confusion reigned for a moment, while Sir Patrick rose from her sea grave all in a mist of floating hair, from which hung impromptu garlands of pink thyme and green grasses.

"Allow me to do the honors, please, Jamie," said Mr. Macdonald, when he could escape from the children's clutches. "Have you been presented? Ladies, the young master of Rowardennan. Jamie, Miss Hamilton and Miss Monroe from the United States of America." Sir Apple-Cheek bowed respectfully. "Let me present the Honorable Ralph Ardmore, also from the castle, together with Dandie Dinmont and the Wrig from Crummylowe. Sir Patrick, it is indeed a pleasure to see you again. Must you take off my gown? It never looked so well before."

"*Your gown?*"

The counterfeit presentment of Sir Patrick vanished as the long drapery flew to the hedge whence it came, and there remained only an offended young goddess, who swung her dark mane tempestuously to one side, plaited it in a thick braid, tossed it back again over her white serge shoulder, and crowded on her sailor hat with unnecessary vehemence.

"Yes, my gown; whose else should you borrow, pray? Mistress Ogilvie of Crummylowe presses, sponges, and darns my bachelor wardrobe, but I never suspected that she rented it out for theatrical purposes. I have been calling upon you in Pettybaw; Lady Ardmore was

there at the same time. Finding but one of the three American Graces at home, I stayed a few moments only, and am now returning to Inchealdy by way of Crummylowe." Here he plucked the gown off the hedge and folded it carefully.

"Can't we keep it for a sail, Mr. Macdonald?" pleaded Jamie. "Mistress Ogilvie said it was n't any more good."

"When Mistress Ogilvie made that remark," replied the Reverend Ronald, "she had no idea that it would ever touch the shoulders of the martyred Sir Patrick Spens. Now I happen to love" —

Francesca hung out a scarlet flag in each cheek, and I was about to say, "Don't mind me!" when he continued:

"As I was saying, I happen to love Sir Patrick Spens, — it is my favorite ballad; so, with your permission, I will take the gown, and you can find something less valuable for a sail."

I could never understand just why Francesca was so annoyed at being discovered in our innocent game. Of course she was prone on Mother Earth and her tresses were much disheveled, but she looked lovely, after all, in comparison with me, the humble "supe" and lighting-change artist; yet I kept my temper, — at least I kept it until the Reverend Ronald observed, after escorting us through the gap in the wall, "By the way, Miss Hamilton, there was a gentleman from Paris at your cottage, and he is walking down the road to meet you."

Walking down the road to meet me, forsooth! Have ministers no brains? The Reverend Macdonald had wasted five good minutes with his observations, introductions, explanations, felicitations, and adorations, and meantime, *regardez-moi, messieurs et mesdames, s'il vous plait!* I have been a Norway dog, a ship-builder, and a gallant sailorman; I have been a gurdy sea and a towering gale; I have crawled from beneath broken anchors, topsails, and mizzen-masts to a strand where I have been

a suffering lady plying a gowd kaim. My skirt of blue drill has been twisted about my person until it trails in front ; my collar is wilted, my cravat untied ; I have lost a stud and a sleeve-link ; my hair is in a tangled mass, my face is scarlet and dusty — and a gentleman from Paris is walking down the road to meet me !

XVIII.

"Oh, tell sweet Willie to come down,
To hear the mavis singing ;
To see the birds on ilka bush
And leaves around them hinging."
Rare Willie drowned in Yarrow.

My Willie is not "drowned in Yarrow," thank Heaven ! He is drowned in happiness, according to his own account.

We are exploring the neighborhood together, and whichever path we take we think it lovelier than the one before. This morning we drove to Pettybaw Sands, Francesca and Salemina following by the footpath and meeting us on the shore. It is all so enchantingly fresh and green on one of these rare bright days : the trig lass bleaching her claes on the grass by the burn, near the little stone bridge ; the wild partridges whirring about in pairs ; the farm-boy seated on the clean straw in the bottom of his cart, and cracking his whip in mere wanton joy at the sunshine ; the pretty cottages, and the gardens with rows of currant and gooseberry bushes hanging thick with fruit that suggests jam and tart in every delicious globule. It is a love-colored landscape, we know it full well ; and nothing in the fair world about us is half as beautiful as what we see in each other's eyes.

We tied the pony by the wayside and alighted : Willie to gather some sprays of the pink veronica and blue speedwell, I to sit on an old bench and watch him in happy idleness. The "white-blossomed slaes" sweetened the air, and the distant hills were gay with golden whin and

broom, or flushed with the purple-red of the bell heather.

An old man, leaning on his staff, came tottering along, and sank down on the bench beside me. He was dirty, ragged, unkempt, and feeble, but quite sober, and pathetically anxious for human sympathy.

"I'm achty-seex year auld," he maundered, apropos of nothing, "achty-seex year auld. I've seen five lairds o' Pettybaw, sax placed meenisters, an' seven doctors. I was a mason an' a stoot mon i' them days, but it's a meeserable life now. Wife deid, bairns deid. I sit by my lane an' smoke my pipe, wi' naebody to gi'e me a sup o' water. Achty-seex is ower auld for a mon, — ower auld."

These are the sharp contrasts of life one cannot bear to face when one is young and happy. Willie gave him a half-sovereign and some tobacco for his pipe, and when the pony trotted off briskly, and we left the shrunken figure alone on his bench as he was lonely in his life, we kissed each other and pledged ourselves to look after him as long as we remain in Pettybaw ; for what is love worth if it does not kindle the flames of spirit, open the gates of feeling, and widen the heart to shelter all the little loves and great loves that crave admittance ?

As we neared the tiny fishing-village on the sands we met a fishwife brave in her short skirt and eight petticoats, the basket with its two hundred pound weight on her head, and the auld wife herself knitting placidly as she walked along. They look superbly strong, these women ; but, to be sure, the "weak anes dee," as one of them told me.

There was an air of bustle about the little quay, —

"That joyfu' din when the boats come in,
When the boats come in sae early ;
When the lift is blue an' the herring-nets
fu',
And the sun glints in a' things rarely."

The silvery shoals of fish no longer come so near the shore as they used in the olden time, for then the kirk bell of St. Monan's had its tongue tied when the "draive" was off the coast, lest its knell should frighten away the shining myriads of the deep.

We walked among the tiny white-washed low-roofed cots, each with its little fishes tacked invitingly against the door-frame to dry, until we came to my favorite, the corner cottage in the row. It has beautiful narrow garden strips in front, — solid patches of color in sweet gillyflower bushes from which the kindly housewife plucked a nosegay for us. Her white columbines she calls "granny's mutches;" and indeed they are not unlike those fresh white caps. Robbie Burns, ten inches high in plaster, stands in the cottage window in a tiny box of blossoming plants surrounded by a miniature green picket fence. Outside, looming white among the gillyflowers, is Sir Walter, and near him is still another and a larger bust on a cracked pedestal a foot high, perhaps. We did not recognize the head at once, and asked the little woman who it was.

"Homer, the gret Greek poet," she answered cheerily; "an' I'm to have anither o' Burns, as tall as Homer, when my daughter comes hame frae E'nbro'."

If the shade of Homer keeps account of his earthly triumphs, I think he is proud of his place in that humble Scotch-woman's gillyflower garden, with his head under the drooping petals of granny's white mutches.

(When we passed the cottage, on our way to the sands next day, Robbie Burns's head had been broken off accidentally by the children, and we felt as though we had lost a friend; but Scotch thrift and loyalty to the dear ploughman-poet came to the rescue, and when we returned, Robbie's plaster head had been glued to his body. He smiled at us again from between the two scarlet geraniums, and a tendril of ivy had been

gently curled about his neck to hide the cruel wound.)

After such long, lovely mornings as this, there is a late luncheon under the shadow of a rock with Salemina and Francesca, an idle chat or the chapter of a book, and presently Lady Ardmore and her daughter Elizabeth drive down to the sands. They are followed by Robin Anstruther, Jamie, and Ralph on bicycles, and before long the stalwart figure of Ronald Macdonald appears in the distance, just in time for a cup of tea, which we brew in Lady Ardmore's bath-house on the beach.

XIX.

"O biggit hae they a bigly bow'r
And strawn it o'er wi' san',
And there was mair mirth that bow'r within,
Than in a' their father's lan'."

Rose the Red and White Lily.

Tea at Rowardennan Castle is an impressive and a delightful function. It is served by a ministerial-looking butler and a just-ready-to-be-ordained footman. They both look as if they had been nourished on the Thirty-Nine Articles, but they know their business as well as if they had been trained in heathen lands, — which is saying a good deal, for everybody knows that heathen servants wait upon one with idolatrous solicitude. However, from the quality of the cheering beverage itself down to the thickness of the cream, the thinness of the china, the crispness of the toast, and the plummyness of the cake, tea at Rowardennan Castle is perfect in every detail.

The scones are of unusual lightness, also. I should think, if they were sold at a bakery, they would scarcely weigh more than four to a pound; but I am aware that the casual traveler, who eats only at hotels, and never has the privilege of entering feudal castles, will be slow to believe this estimate. Salemina always describes a Scotch scone as an

aspiring but unsuccessful soda biscuit of the New England sort.

Stevenson, in writing of that dense black substance, inimical to life, called Scotch bun, says that the patriotism that leads a Scotsman to eat it will hardly desert him in any emergency. Salemina thinks that the scone should be bracketed with the bun (in description, merely, never in the human stomach), and says that, as a matter of fact, "th' unconquer'd Scot" of old was not only clad in a shirt of mail, but well fortified within when he went forth to warfare after a breakfast of oatmeal and scones. She insists that the spear which would pierce the shirt of mail would be turned aside and blunted by the ordinary scone of commerce; but what signifies the opinion of a woman who eats sugar on her porridge?

Considering the air of liberal hospitality that hangs about the castle teatable, I wonder that our friends do not oftener avail themselves of its privileges and allow us to do so; but on all dark, foggy, or inclement days, or whenever they tire of the sands, everybody persists in taking tea at Bide-a-Wee Cottage.

We buy our tea of the Pettybaw grocer, some of our cups are cracked, the teapot is of earthenware, Miss Grieve disapproves of all social tea-fuddles and shows it plainly when she brings in the tray, and the room is so small that some of us overflow into the hall or the garden: it matters not; there is some fatal charm in our humble hospitality. At four o'clock one of us is obliged to be, like Sister Anne, on the housetop; and if company approaches, she must descend and speed to the plumber's for sixpenny worth extra of cream. In most well-ordered British households Miss Grieve would be requested to do this speeding, but both her mind and her body move too slowly for such domestic crises; and then, too, her temper has to be kept as unruffled as possible, so that she will cut the bread and butter thin.

This she generally does if the day's work has not been too arduous; but the washing of her own spinster cup and plate, together with the incident sighs and groans, occupies her till so late an hour that she is not always dressed for callers.

Willie and I were reading *The Lady of the Lake*, the other day, in the back garden, surrounded by the verdant leafage of our own neeps and vegetable marrows. It is a pretty spot when the sun shines: Miss Grieve's dish-towels and aprons drying on the currant bushes, the cat playing with a mutton-bone or a fish-tail on the grass, and the little birds perching on the rims of our wash-boiler and water-buckets. It can be reached only by way of the kitchen, which somewhat lessens its value as a pleasure-ground or a rustic retreat, but Willie and I retire there now and then for a quiet chat.

On this particular occasion Willie was reading the exciting verses where Fitz-James and Murdoch are crossing the stream

"That joins Loch Katrine to Achray,"

where the crazed Blanche of Devan first appears:—

"All in the Trosachs' glen was still,

Noontide was sleeping on the hill:

Sudden his guide whoop'd loud and high—

'Murdoch! was that a signal cry?'"

"It was indeed," said Francesca, appearing suddenly at an upper window overhanging the garden. "Pardon this intrusion, but the castle people are here," she continued in what is known as a stage whisper,—that is, one that can be easily heard by a thousand persons,— "the castle people and the ladies from Pettybaw House; and Mr. Macdonald is coming down the loaning; but Calamity Jane is making her toilette in the kitchen, and you cannot take Mr. Beresford through into the sitting-room at present. She says this hoose has so few conveniences that it's 'fair sickenin'."

"How long will she be?" queried Mr. Beresford anxiously, putting The

Lady of the Lake in his pocket, and pacing up and down between the rows of neeps.

"She has just begun. Whatever you do, don't unsettle her temper, for she will have to prepare for eight to-day. I will send Mr. Macdonald to the bakery for gingerbread, to gain time, and possibly I can think of a way to rescue you. If I can't, are you tolerably comfortable? Perhaps Miss Grieve won't mind Penelope, and she can come through the kitchen any time and join us; but naturally you don't want to be separated. Of course I can lower your tea in a tin bucket, and if it should rain I can throw out umbrellas. The situation is not so bad as it might be," she added consolingly, "because in case Miss Grieve's toilette should last longer than usual, your wedding need not be indefinitely postponed, for Mr. Macdonald can marry you from this window."

Here she disappeared, and we had scarcely time to take in the full humor of the affair before Robin Anstruther's laughing eyes appeared over the top of the high brick wall that protects our garden on three sides.

"Do not shoot," said he. "I am not come to steal the fruit, but to succor humanity in distress. Miss Monroe insisted that I should borrow the inn ladder. She thought a rescue would be much more romantic than waiting for Miss Grieve. Everybody is coming out to witness it, at least all your guests, — there are no strangers present, — and Miss Monroe is already collecting sixpence a head for the entertainment, to be given, she says, to Mr. Macdonald's sustentation fund."

He was now astride of the wall, and speedily lifted the ladder to our side, where it leaned comfortably against the stout branches of the draper's peach vine. Willie ran nimbly up the ladder and bestrode the wall. I followed, first standing, and then decorously sitting down on the top of it. Mr. Anstruther

pulled up the ladder, and replaced it on the side of liberty; then he descended, then Willie, and I last of all, amidst the acclamations of the on-lookers, a select company of six or eight persons.

When Miss Grieve formally entered the sitting-room bearing the tea-tray, she was buskit braw in black stuff gown, clean apron, and fresh cap trimmed with purple ribbons, under which her white locks were neatly dressed.

She deplored the coolness of the tea, but accounted for it to me in an aside by the sickening quality of Mrs. Sinkler's coals and Mr. Macbrose's kindling-wood, to say nothing of the insulting draft in the draper's range. When she left the room, I suppose she was unable to explain the peals of laughter that rang through our circumscribed halls.

Lady Ardmore insists that the rescue was the most unique episode she ever witnessed, and says that she never understood America until she made our acquaintance. I persuaded her that this was fallacious reasoning; that while she might understand us by knowing America, she could not possibly reverse this mental operation and be sure of the result. The ladies of Pettybaw House said that the occurrence was as Fifeish as anything that ever happened in Fife. The kingdom of Fife is noted, it seems, for its "doocots [dovecotes] and daft lairds," and to be eccentric and Fifeish are one and the same thing. Thereupon Francesca told Mr. Macdonald a story she heard in Edinburgh, to the effect that when a certain committee or council was quarreling as to which of certain Fifeshire towns should be the seat of a projected lunatic asylum, a new resident arose and suggested that the building of a wall round the kingdom of Fife would solve the difficulty, settle all disputes, and give sufficient room for the lunatics to exercise properly.

This is the sort of tale that a native can tell with a genial chuckle, but it comes with poor grace from an Ameri-

can lady sojourning in Fife. Francesca does not mind this, however, as she is at present avenging fresh insults to her own beloved country.

XX.

"With mimic din of stroke and ward
The broadsword upon target jar'd."
The Lady of the Lake.

Robin Anstruther was telling stories at the tea-table.

"I got acquainted with an American girl in rather a queer sort of way," he said, between cups. "It was in London, on the Duke of York's wedding-day. I'm rather a tall chap, you see, and in the crowd somebody touched me on the shoulder and a plaintive voice behind me said, 'You're such a big man, and I am so little, will you please help me to save my life? My mother was separated from me in the crowd somewhere as we were trying to reach the Berkeley, and I don't know what to do.' I was a trifle nonplused, but I did the best I could. She was a tiny thing, in a marvellous frock and a flowery hat and a silver girdle and chatelaine. In another minute she spied a second man, an officer, a full head taller than I am, broad shoulders, splendidly put up altogether. Bless me! if she did n't turn to him and say, 'Oh, you're so nice and big, you're even bigger than this other gentleman, and I need you both in this dreadful crush. If you'll be good enough to stand on either side of me, I shall be awfully obliged.' We exchanged amused glances of embarrassment over her blonde head, but there was no resisting the irresistible. She was a small person, but she had the soul of a general, and we obeyed orders. We stood guard over her little ladyship for nearly an hour, and I must say she entertained us thoroughly, for she was as clever as she was pretty. Then I got her a seat in one of the windows of my club, while

the other man, armed with a full description, went out to hunt up the mother; and by Jove! he found her, too. She would have her mother, and her mother she had. They were awfully jolly people; they came to luncheon in my chambers at the Albany afterwards, and we grew to be great friends."

"I dare say she was an English girl masquerading," I remarked facetiously. "What made you think her an American?"

"Oh, her general appearance and accent, I suppose."

"Probably she did n't say Barkley," observed Francesca cuttingly; "she would have been sure to commit that sort of solecism."

"Why, don't you say Barkley in the States?"

"Certainly not; with us c-l-e-r-k spells clerk, and B-e-r-k Berk."

"How very odd!" remarked Mr. Anstruther.

"No odder than your saying Bark, and not half as odd as your calling it Albany," I interpolated, to help Francesca.

"Quite so," said Mr. Anstruther; "but how do you say Albany in America?"

"Penelope and I always call it Albany," responded Francesca, "but Salemina, who has been much in England, always calls it Albany."

This anecdote was the signal for Miss Ardmore to remark (apropos of her own discrimination and the American accent) that hearing a lady ask for a certain medicine in a chemist's shop, she noted the intonation, and inquired of the chemist, when the fair stranger had retired, if she were not an American. "And she was!" exclaimed the Honorable Elizabeth triumphantly. "And what makes it the more curious, she had been over here twenty years, and of course spoke English quite properly."

In avenging fancied insults, it is certainly more just to heap punishment on

the head of the real offender than upon his neighbor, and it is a trifle difficult to decide why Francesca should chastise Mr. Macdonald for the good-humored sins of Mr. Anstruther and Miss Ardmore; yet she does so, nevertheless.

The history of these chastisements she recounts in the nightly half-hour which she spends with me when I am endeavoring to compose myself for sleep. Francesca is fluent at all times, but once seated on the foot of my bed she becomes eloquent!

"It all began with his saying" —

This is her perennial introduction, and I respond as invariably, "What began?"

"Oh, to-day's argument with Mr. Macdonald. It was a literary quarrel this afternoon."

"'Fools rush in' " — I began.

"There is a good deal of nonsense in that old saw," she interrupted; "at all events, the most foolish fools I have ever known stayed still and didn't do anything. Rushing shows a certain movement of the mind, even if it is in the wrong direction. However, Mr. Macdonald is both opinionated and dogmatic, but his worst enemy could never call him a fool."

"I did n't allude to Mr. Macdonald."

"Don't you suppose I know to whom you alluded, dear? Is not your style so simple, frank, and direct that a wayfarer girl can read it and not err therein? No, I am not sitting on your feet, and it is not time to go to sleep. As a matter of fact, we began this literary discussion yesterday morning, but were interrupted; and knowing that it was sure to come up again, I prepared for it with Salemina. She furnished the ammunition, so to speak, and I fired the guns."

"You always make so much noise with blank cartridges I wonder you ever bother about real shot," I remarked.

"Penelope, how can you abuse me when I am in trouble? Well, Mr. Macdonald was prating, as usual, about the antiquity of Scotland and its æons of

stirring history. I am so weary of the venerableness of this country. How old will it have to be, I wonder, before it gets used to it? If it's the province of art to conceal art, it ought to be the province of age to conceal age. 'Everything does n't improve with years,' I observed sententiously.

"'For instance?' he inquired.

"Of course you know how that question affected me! How I do dislike an appetite for specific details! It is simply paralyzing to a good conversation. Do you remember that silly game in which some one points to you and says, 'Beast, bird, or fish, — *beast!*' and you have to name one while he counts ten? If a beast has been requested, you can think of one fish and two birds, but no beasts. If he says '*Fish,*' all the beasts in the universe stalk through your memory, but not one finny, scaly, swimming thing! Well, that is the effect of 'For instance?' on my faculties. So I stumbled a bit, and succeeded in recalling, as objects which do not improve with age, mushrooms, women, and chickens, and he was obliged to agree with me, which nearly killed him. Then I said that although America is so fresh and blooming that people persist in calling it young, it is much older than it appears to the superficial eye. There is no real propriety in dating us as a nation from the Declaration of Independence in 1776, I said, nor even from the landing of the Pilgrims in 1620; nor, for that matter, from Columbus's discovery in 1492. It's my opinion, I asserted, that some of us had been there thousands of years before, but nobody had had the sense to discover us. We could n't discover ourselves, — though if we could have foreseen how the sere and yellow nations of the earth would taunt us with youth and inexperience, we should have had to do something desperate!"

"That theory must have been very convincing to the philosophic Scots mind," I interjected.

"It was; even Mr. Macdonald thought it ingenious. 'And so,' I went on, 'we were alive and awake and beginning to make history when you Scots were only barelegged savages roaming over the hills and stealing cattle. It was a very bad habit of yours, that cattle-stealing, and one which you kept up too long.'

"'No worse a sin than stealing land from the Indians,' he said.

"'Oh yes,' I answered, 'because it was a smaller one! Yours was a vice, and ours a sin; or I mean it would have been a sin had we done it; but in reality we did n't steal land; we just took it, reserving plenty for the Indians to play about on; and for every hunting-ground we took away we gave them in exchange a serviceable plough, or a school, or a nice Indian agent, or something. That was land-grabbing, if you like, but that is a habit you have still, while we gave it up when we reached years of discretion.'

"'This is very illuminating,' I interrupted, now thoroughly wide awake, "but it is n't my idea of a literary discussion."

"I am coming to that," she responded. "It was just at this point that, goaded into secret fury by my innocent speech about cattle-stealing, he began to belittle American literature, the poetry especially. Of course he waxed eloquent about the royal line of poet-kings that had made his country famous, and said the people who could claim Shakespeare had reason to be the proudest nation on earth. 'Doubtless,' I said. 'But do you mean to say that Scotland has any nearer claim upon Shakespeare than we have? I do not now allude to the fact that in the large sense he is the common property of the English-speaking world' (Salemina told me to say that), 'but Shakespeare died in 1616, and the union of Scotland with England did n't come about till 1707, nearly a century afterwards. You really have n't anything to do with him! But as for us, we did n't leave England

until 1620, when Shakespeare had been perfectly dead four years. We took very good care not to come away too soon. Chaucer and Spenser were dead, too, and we had nothing to stay for!'"

I was obliged to relax here and give vent to a burst of merriment at Francesca's absurdities.

"I could see that he had never regarded the matter in that light before," she went on gayly, encouraged by my laughter, "but he braced himself for the conflict, and said, 'I wonder that you did n't stay a little longer, while you were about it. Milton and Ben Jonson were still alive; Bacon's *Novum Organum* was just coming out; and in thirty or forty years you could have had *L'Allegro*, *Penseroso*, and *Paradise Lost*; Newton's *Principia*, too, in 1687. Perhaps these were all too serious and heavy for your national taste; still, one sometimes likes to claim things one cannot fully appreciate. And then, too, if you had once begun to stay, waiting for the great things to happen and the great books to be written, you would never have gone, for there would still have been Swinburne, Browning, and Tennyson to delay you.'

"'If we could n't stay to see out your great bards, we certainly could n't afford to remain and welcome your minor ones,' I answered frigidly; 'but we wanted to be well out of the way before England united with Scotland, and we had to come home, anyway, and start our own poets. Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell had to be born.'

"'I suppose they had to be if you had set your mind on it,' he said, 'though personally I could have spared one or two on that roll of honor.'

"'Very probably,' I remarked, as thoroughly angry now as he intended I should be. 'We cannot expect you to appreciate all the American poets; indeed, you cannot appreciate all of your own, for the same nation does n't al-

ways furnish the writers and the readers. Take your precious Browning, for example! There are hundreds of Browning Clubs in America, and I never heard of a single one in Scotland.'

"'No,' he retorted, 'I dare say; but there is a good deal in belonging to a people who can understand him without clubs!'"

"Oh, Francesca!" sitting bolt upright among my pillows. "How could you give him that chance! How could you! What did you say?"

"I said nothing," she replied mysteriously. "I did something much more to the point, — I cried!"

"Cried?"

"Yes, cried; not rivers and freshets of woe, but small brooks and streamlets of helpless mortification."

"What did he do then?"

"Why do you say 'do'?"

"Oh, I mean 'say,' of course. Don't trifle; go on. What did he say then?"

"There are some things too dreadful to describe," she answered, and wrapping her Italian blanket majestically about her she retired to her own room, shooting

one enigmatical glance at me as she closed the door.

That glance puzzled me for some time after she left the room. It was as expressive and interesting a beam as ever darted from a woman's eye. The combination of elements involved in it, if an abstract thing may be conceived as existing in component parts, was something like this: —

One half, mystery.

One eighth, triumph.

One eighth, amusement.

One sixteenth, pride.

One sixteenth, shame.

One sixteenth, desire to confess.

One sixteenth, determination to conceal.

And all these delicate, complex emotions played together in a circle of arching eyebrow, curving lip, and tremulous chin, — played together, mingling and melting into one another like fire and snow; bewildering, mystifying, enchanting the beholder!

If Ronald Macdonald did — I am a woman, but, for one, I can hardly blame him!

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

(To be continued.)

THE TRUE EDUCATION OF AN ARCHITECT.

It is a commonplace that hard work is the best remedy for despondency, and that constant occupation tends to create optimistic views of the present and the future. In like manner, occupation and partly successful labor tend to blind the laborer to what is feeble or bad in his work. The mere fact of doing is so delightful that the doer is not always the best judge of the work done. In this way we account for the cheerful acquiescence of the practicing architects in that lifeless and thoughtless designing

with the results of which they are filling the country. Practitioners of other fine arts find the architect's work hopelessly uninteresting, and say so to one another, and, hesitatingly, to the man they think better informed than themselves; that is, to the architect. Hopeless dullness, — that is the characteristic of so vast a proportion of our architectural work that it is hard to keep from saying that it is the characteristic of all; nor is there any considerable body of that architectural work to be excepted but the better class

of wood-built country houses. These, being of American origin, and developed naturally out of our materials, our appliances, and our requirements, are full of interest and are worthy of study.

The architects themselves, both the younger and the older ones, have a suspicion, indeed, that things are not right; at least, there are many among them who show at intervals that such a suspicion has crossed their minds. It is not uncommon to hear it said that one would like to design his own work, but that really he cannot afford it; that no doubt he takes all his ornament ready-made from the photographs he has purchased, but that this is the universal custom, he supposes. The fact of hard work and the consciousness of doing well what they are paid to do keep most architects from worrying too much about qualities which their clients do not ask for, — nobility, or beauty, or even sincerity of design, — and keep some architects from thinking of these matters at all; still, the consciousness of there being something amiss is very general in the profession. To those persons, not architects, who know something about ancient architecture, its glory, its charm, its beauty, and who have thought somewhat of modern possibilities, the miserable result attained by the outlay and the labor of the last twenty years is more obvious than it can be to the practicing architects; and these observers have a right to say, each man according to his temperament, "The outlook is hopeless," or, "Vigorous remedies are required." The methods by which architectural students have been educated are clearly inadequate; the traditions held before them are clearly false; the influences under which they have grown up are clearly pernicious. It remains to be seen whether a new departure and a more radical one may not be of use. The time may have come for abstract theorizing about the preparation of the young architect for his task.

What, then, should the young architect be taught?

First of all, he should be taught how to build. It is hardly supposable that this proposition will be seriously disputed, although in practice its truth is disregarded so generally that it becomes necessary to assert it once in a while. There is a growing tendency to treat the art of architecture as the art of making drawings, "rendered" in accordance with certain hard-and-fast rules; and it is as well to repeat that the business of the architect is to build. What is meant when it is asserted that the young architect must be taught how to build?

When any man calling himself "architect" or "builder," or merely acting as the amateur creator of his own home, prepares to put up a building of any sort, the primary necessity for him is to have a thorough understanding of the means at his disposal and the object which he proposes to attain. The material which he can control he should understand exceedingly well, and its possibilities. The building which he intends to erect he should see clearly in his mind's eye, and its construction. This requires that he shall know how stones and bricks are laid or set; how mortar is mixed and applied; how walls are bonded together; when anchors are needed which shall tie those walls to the floors, and whether it be ever possible to avoid the use of anchors; under what circumstances lintels may be safely used; how far corbels may be used to advantage; the conditions of an arch, its line of thrust (in a general way, for it is not always feasible to calculate the exact line of its sideway pressure); how gutters may best be carried at the head of the wall; what are the approved methods of attaching to the main structure such lighter and smaller pieces as bay window, carriage porch, or kitchen wing. He must know in a familiar way what a brick wall is, and what are the conditions of its being, — solid or hollow, or built with hollow bricks. In some of our

states the masons have a theory that brickwork ought not to be laid up too solidly, nor so filled with mortar as to be one homogeneous mass, because such a mass transmits the moisture from the outer to the interior face. These masons prefer slightly and loosely built walls, with plenty of cavities within to act as air-spaces. Our builder should know whether that astonishing theory is warranted or not, and also whether a more deliberately planned air-space is better or not so good as furring, and whether either device be necessary in a given case. He should even have some notions of double air-spaces, for he may be called on to build in Minnesota or in Manitoba. Again, he should be aware how commonly the skilled French builders disregard such devices altogether, and trust to the repellent power of good stone walls. The building of chimneys should be a special fad of his; for although it may be admitted that no man can guarantee his flue and his fireplace as affording together a chimney which will not smoke, yet there are conditions precedent, and one of those is that the flue in an outer wall should be protected on its weather side from stress of weather. Many are the chimneys that will not draw because the outer air keeps them too cold, and because the wind drives through the porous bricks of the outer wall. Such chimneys there are, even in solidly built houses, which seem to transmit rain and cold from without more-readily than smoke and hot air upward from within.

The professional architect, then, must know, in the intimate sense indicated in the above paragraphs, the whole art of building. He must also love building; he must love heavy stones, and good bricks, and stout, solid walls, and handsome timbers handsomely cut and framed. He must even love the new material, wrought and rolled iron and steel, for its great and as yet only partly known capabilities. When one is asked by a

would-be student of architecture about the chances of succeeding as an architect, it is expedient to find out what his proclivities are, and whether he is merely interested in fine art, and seized with the idea that architecture is an easy fine art to study and to practice. Advice to the effect that really he ought not to become an architect unless he truly loves building and the materials of building is apt to be in place, and instances could be given where such advice has been well applied and well taken. One of the very best and worthiest of our mural painters had that advice given him twenty-five years ago, when he proposed himself as a student of architecture. He was told plainly that it seemed to his adviser that he was rather a lover of drawing and a dreamer of fine-art dreams than a possible builder. The young man took the advice that was given him, and the noble results of his career prove the soundness of the counsel.

The architect should love the quarries, and should visit them with eager curiosity. The cleavage of stone and its appearance in its natural bed should be not only a delight to him, but an object of close study. He should love the lumber-yard, not to say the forest. To him, the timber in itself should be a thing delightful to study, and its possible uses delightful to contemplate. He should love the brick-yard, and experiments in cements and in mortars should be his holiday amusement. Finally, the architect must have such an eye and such a soundness of judgment that bad work cannot escape him. A familiarity with details not unlike that of a good master builder he must combine with a knowledge of principles and of possibilities far beyond that of the master builder, so that good work will come to his buildings as of inevitable sequence, and bad or even slighted work will be impossible in them.

The matter of modern scientific construction in iron and in steel can only

be touched upon here, and there is really but one thing that need be said about it. Such construction is the affair of the engineer. Let it be admitted that the architect should understand its general principles. These are not so remote or so mysterious as they may seem to the beginner. When it comes to the actual building, to be run up in ten months, the metal uprights and ties composing the structure and the exterior of masonry being a mere concealing and protecting shell, that metal structure is the work of the engineer, and must be. It is, indeed, probable that in this case the engineer should be the first man employed, and that the architect should act as his subordinate; for the plans of the stories are rarely complex or difficult, and all the uses of the building are simple and obvious, while what need special ability are the calculations of the engineer. It is useless for the scheme of education laid out for any pupil in architecture to include steel construction in its higher development. It is inevitable, in our modern complex physical civilization, that the trades and the professions should be separated more and more, and that a man should be satisfied with expert knowledge in a single line of daily vocation.

What, then, becomes of our student of architecture? Is he to be expert in one thing only? He is to be expert in all the branches of ordinary building, ready, dexterous, handy, and full of resources; and he is to know so much of the general principles of building, and also of the putting together of metal and the conditions of stability of the metal structure, that he can foresee the need of engineering skill in a given case, and can forestall the probable decisions of the engineer. What should be taught to the young man meaning to be an architect is, primarily, the how and why of simple, every-day building, such as has been practiced for centuries, is adapted to all those materials which his own country

furnishes, and is according to all those processes which his countrymen recognize. Thus, if he should wish to study Byzantine vaulting without centres, or Gothic vaulting with ribs, or vaulting in cut granite, such as is used in our sea-coast fortifications, it would be, in a sense, an additional and most interesting study for him; but his instructors should see to it that first of all he thoroughly learns the building of common life. After ten years of practice he may well enjoy the attempt to introduce into his work some of those beautiful, simple, inexpensive methods of building which the past offers for his consideration, while the present ignores them; but he will not begin with this. Building of an every-day sort, — that is what he needs to know; but he needs to know it thoroughly well, to know it as a child feels the conditions of stability of his house built with wooden blocks. And he must grow to be ambitious to excel in the perfectness of his work. The writer remembers the shock which he felt when, as a student of architecture, he heard one architect in large practice say of the newly fallen wall of the unfinished church of a brother architect that no one could find any fault, because the accident was due to frosty weather. Was that the standard which one architect set up for another? Was it really held by prominent architects that a wall might fall down, and the blame of it be laid on cold weather? His wonder has not diminished since that time, nor does it seem easy to understand how anything can excuse the falling of a wall, unless it be an earthquake or a bombshell. A mason of repute would never have forgiven himself, or have been forgiven, for such a collapse. The builders in our cities are not too conscientious, nor are the builders in our small towns too skillful or troubled with too high a standard of excellence; but the architect, as we find him, may generally lean upon the builder, as we find him, with great advan-

tage, and get sound and good example from the practice of the builder when left to himself.

Second, the architect must learn to draw. He must learn to draw as a painter learns; that is to say, he must be ready, prompt, and dexterous in drawing everything that can be drawn, from the human figure down to a chimney-top or a square house with square windows. It may not be required of him that he shall draw altogether as well as a painter. It may well be that whereas the painter goes on year by year growing still more familiar with the human figure, nude and in every attitude which comes natural to man, woman, or child, and with drapery as cast upon the figure in every such changing attitude, the architect will stop at a general knowledge, difficult to define or to express in words, but still very real and tangible. Take the well-known drawings of Viollet-le-Duc, for instance; that is to say, his drawings of the figure, as in the article *Sculpture*, or in the great *Dictionary of Architecture*, or in the article *Armure* or *Cotte* in the *Dictionnaire du Mobilier*. These drawings are not better than every architect should be able to make. Viollet-le-Duc was a man of exceptional genius as a draughtsman in that he could make drawings by the thousand of architectural details and of architectural compositions, all of them extraordinarily clear in the way of explanation, — the inessential parts omitted or hinted at, the essential parts insisted on, — all with an almost infallible judgment, and a judgment so rapid that time was not lost in hesitation. He was exceptional, perhaps unique, in this; but in the mere excellence of any one drawing of the human figure or of sculptured detail he was no more happy than the architect should be; nor should the aspirant be satisfied with much less than Viollet-le-Duc's excellence in this respect.

Apart from excellence of final achievement, a certain dexterous readiness is also

eminently desirable. Thus, the architect should have drawn, before he begins to design for himself, hundreds of buildings at home and abroad. One of the best living architectural draughtsmen has said, as we may translate it, It makes little difference what one draws. To draw a great deal, to be always drawing, — that is the secret. "*Dessiner énormément, avoir toujours le crayon à la main,*" — that was Alexandre Sandier's word to his American friends. The architect should have drawn from the best examples within his reach, but at all events he should have drawn, in great numbers, gables and dormers, towers and steeples, timber roofs seen from within and moulded arches seen at various angles, groups of columns, coupled columns, entablatures and archivolts, and masses of building as seen from an adequate distance. These things he should have drawn freehand, either with the camera lucida, which is unobjectionable in difficult cases, or without help of any kind, under all sorts of conditions and in all sorts of light; and from such drawing he should have gained such a knowledge of the appearance of the existing building, solid and enduring, with firm joints and upright angles, that the look of the structure should have become a part of his familiar knowledge. Then, when a new design is in progress, and he has to put into shape the exterior of a building which he has partly planned, he can do it by a drawing made from the vision before his mind's eye. His conception of the gable or spire, of a whole mass of building or of a group of buildings, can be embodied in lines which are very nearly accurate. It is remarkable how close to the actual truth even a very imperfect draughtsman may come in this respect. Many a man whose knowledge of the human figure is far less than we have assumed has become so dexterous in drawing architectural forms that his perspective sketches of a building or of its parts would prove on trial to be

scarcely inaccurate even in small details.

Now, this matter of designing in the solid, and skill in setting down the main lines of that design in approximate perspective, is the very life and essence of ready and easy design. It is the thing which our school-taught architects lack most sadly, and the thing which every student should put before him as most of all to be desired. Men who are taught mechanical drawing, and little else; who know artistic drawing only as a means of indicating the presence of a scroll ornament, or of putting in the curves of an arch in a mechanical perspective, are always making the mistake of designing in elevation. To do that is to invite failure. Nothing can be designed in elevation except a street front, as of a narrow city house; and even for this, no designer should be satisfied with an elevation drawing alone. Every separate arched window, even every separate square-headed window, — or at least every separate pattern of window, — requires to be drawn in perspective, that the relation between the reveal or visible thickness of wall and the width of the opening, the relation between the length of the lintel and its bearing on the wall, the relation between the mouldings at the angles, if there are any, and the whole window, the relation between the ornament put upon the face of the lintel or the archivolt and the open space and the piers on both sides, may all be seen aright. An elevation drawing falsifies all these things, and its one function — namely, that of transmitting to the builder the architect's purpose — should not be confused with the idea of its embodying the design; for it cannot do that. Elevations must be made as sections must be, and ground-plans; but elevations, and also sections which have to show any part of the architectural composition, should be drawn with the constant sense of their being what they are, — namely, the abstract embodiment, in

a technical form and for a technical purpose, of the design previously completed in the solid.

The need of skill in artistic or free-hand drawing for all design in the way of decorative sculpture, and the application to a building of such sculpture, and for all design in the way of decorative painting, mural painting, and polychromatic adornment, is too obvious and well known to need restatement here. To be sure, if you are content, as many of our practicing architects to-day seem content, to design buildings without decorative sculpture or decorative painting, you need not worry about learning to draw ornament. Buildings are being erected, even at high cost, and by architects and firms who are leading men and leading firms, in the business sense of the word, which buildings affect no decorative or artistic success beyond that of a generally pleasant harmony of proportion in façades and in interiors of rigid plainness. If you agree with yourself to have no carving about the building except a few Corinthian capitals, and to take those capitals directly from the plates of a book, or to let the marble-cutters work them according to their own notions, then, indeed, you are to get off cheaply, and to produce your architecture at but little cost of thought. In this, as in other ways, to quote a much-talked-of article in *The Architectural Record*, "classic is such a soft snap" that the designer of that kind of classic does not come within the scope of the present inquiry. Architecture, however, has always adorned itself with sculpture and with painting, and it always will. The rejection of such adornment is a surer sign of deadly decay than exaggeration or misapplication of such adornment. Nor is the architect who deliberately rejects the knowledge and the practice of sculpture and painting other than an inartistic modern of the most hopeless species.

We are brought inevitably to the

third requirement of the architect, which is a knowledge of modeling. Drawing can do much, and in the hands of a facile draughtsman the pencil or brush is capable of a language readily comprehensible to him and to others; but there is another language which makes it possible to say clearly some things which even drawing cannot express. Some benefactor of his kind should gather a collection of models made by great men of the past and used for their own study. There are not many such in existence, but there are a few, and any one of these which is finally fixed in a museum might be photographed, at all events, and perhaps cast, for our supposed collection in America. One clay model of a piece of furniture, as of a *bahut* of the sixteenth century, would teach our young workmen a great deal which they ought to know. They have, no doubt, a general idea that the modern sculptor works in clay, takes a cast in plaster of the finished clay model, turns that cast over to marble-cutters or bronze-founders, and then supervises the final finishing of the piece; but are they aware that every silver powder-horn or carved gun-stock of a good time of art was modeled in clay or wax? Any one can see the designers for a firm of silversmiths or dealers in furniture making delicate and refined drawings, but the precious material, modeling wax, hardly has a place in the modern designer's rooms; and yet there is no greater encouragement to the spirit which would reach out toward novel modifications of the ancient types — toward the re-designing of the old design, as Mr. La Farge has put it in his latest book — than freedom in the use of modeling clay and wax. Let us assume that no one is so rash as to try to create a new design, or to design without reference to art which he knows of old. Even then his porch or his bay window, when modeled in the solid, has a chance to put on a very different air, and to be original in a truer sense, if

he is using the solid instead of merely the flat for its shaping as a feature of a new structure.

Modeling for architecture is of two sorts, one and the same in tendency and character, but still capable of separation the one from the other. An admirable paper by Mr. Henry Rutgers Marshall, in a recent number of *The Architectural Review*, has pointed out the value to architects of the model used for the whole of the proposed building. Mr. Marshall uses a model instead of preliminary studies, except of the floor-plans; instead of perspective drawings or elevations, he submits to his employer photographs of the model, and the model itself is accessible at his own office. Photographs may be taken in indefinite numbers and from any point of view which the model itself shows to be a good one; nor is it hard to take bird's-eye views, as from a neighboring hill, or views from below, as from a neighboring valley, with the house relieved against the sky. Moreover, the paper in question calls attention in a most masterly way to the value to the designer of seeing his design taking shape in solid form. That paper, although addressed to the professional reader, should be read by every one interested in the possibilities of modern architecture, and it may be accepted by those who read it as containing the soundest of sound doctrine. Such models as it describes, however, are too small in scale to allow of proper proportionate treatment of sculptured detail; and a farther step must be taken, as will be suggested below.

This matter of sculptured detail is the other half of the subject of modeling in connection with architecture. It will be readily admitted that when a capital is required which shall not be a mere and even a slavish copy of an old one, it should be modeled to full size. It may even be admitted that a bas-relief runs a better chance of being effective as decoration if it has been modeled instead

of being cut directly from a drawing. The carver will probably model it from the drawing; but why should that strange influence interpose itself? Suppose, now, the case of a porch, in which three or four columns are to be clustered together in one group or arranged in couples. It will not require a very strong effort of the imagination to see the great advantage of modeling the whole corner on a rather large but still a reduced scale. Possibly two of the capitals may need to be cut out of one and the same block; but even if each capital is to be shaped from a separate stone, the close juxtaposition of two, and still more of four capitals requires in each a treatment which will be found to differ from the treatment of a capital which is four feet away from its nearest neighbor. If, as in many noble styles of architecture, the capitals are to differ in design, it becomes highly necessary to see their models side by side; and this, perhaps, in full size. So with cornices, lintel courses, entablatures; their relations to the walls, the pilasters, or the columns which support them are really not easy to determine, except by the careful modeling of a large piece of the wall and its crowning member. This applies equally to classic and to mediæval fashions of work, not to mention the outlying styles, in which experiment is always the order of the day. Even the most severe piece of classic work should be modeled, in order that the designer may be sure that he is getting his own design into shape. Re-designing the old design is the right thing, of course, but it needs to be re-designed! An architect has no right to say to us that so and so is good because it is exactly copied from the Theatre of Marcellus; what we ask of him is that it should be good because it is carefully re-studied. The building which our architect has in hand is not at all like the Theatre of Marcellus; it is not a great semicircle of open arches divided by piers which are adorned with

engaged columns. What the modern man is designing is pretty sure to have the arches filled with sashes and with doors; nor is there one chance in a hundred that he is building so massively. For him, then, to copy the ancient theatre accurately in all its details is to do a preposterous thing. It is for him, if he recognizes the value of the Græco-Roman design, to re-design it for his own purposes, and to consider very carefully the question whether he has not followed the original too closely, — whether his thinner wall, his smaller dimensions, his flat façade, and his glass-filled archways do not require a still wider divergence from the actual proportions of the original.

There can be no doubt that the young architect should be taught these three things, — to build, to draw, to model. His knowledge of building may be theoretical, though he will know more about it if he has had a little experience in laying bricks himself, but his knowledge of drawing and of modeling must be of the most practical nature. The models of buildings which Mr. Marshall deals with may, indeed, be made for the architect by those whose business it is, but he will find it for his interest to put his hand to the wax, now and then; nor is it presumable that he will get very good modeling done unless he knows how to do it himself. There are exceptions to the truth of every statement, and it is true that one of our most original designers of sculptured ornament declares his inability to model, and avows that every part of his elaborate work is done for him by a sculptor who is in sympathy with him and whom he can fully trust. Exactly in the same way, one of the small number of our architects who really make their own designs, instead of taking them ready-made from books and photographs, hardly ever touches pencil to paper. These may be considered exceptions. It may be said that they are instances of the general

truth that architectural work is the work of many associated minds, and that nothing is misdone which is done rightly, whether by several minds working together in harmony, or by a single spirit. No one is to imagine that a great and complex work of decorative art is designed in one piece by one man, and put under contract with one firm. It is a heresy of our day to suppose that to be possible. The loggetta at the foot of the Tower of St. Mark, with its elaborate sculptures, is assigned to Sansovino, and yet one might safely wager something handsome, if Sansovino could come back to decide the bet, that other minds than his own strove with the problem even of that very small and very simple structure, and that other fingers than his own worked in the clay. The familiar instance of the Gothic portal, with its statues and reliefs, may be cited again, because it is so familiar, and it has so long been a recognized truth that much harmonious co-working was necessary when that conception was put into solid form. In such a case as that many designers may work together, always provided that there is some one to decide peremptorily when there is division or disagreement. It would be quite safe to assume that all those co-workers were practiced artists in the arts of their day.

Is there anything else needed by the young architect? Other things may be needed by the architectural draughtsman who looks for a good salary; but that is quite another matter. This is not the only occupation in which the training of the subordinate is not exactly that best fitted for a principal. If a man sees that he must earn his living for some years by making mechanical drawings in an architect's office, he must, indeed, learn some things which are not set down above. The very simple principles of mechanical drawing, as used by architects, may be learned by practice in a few weeks; but the draughtsman who expects high pay must be skilled in

various tricks of mechanical drawing, wholly unnecessary for the actual work of building. Rules for the "casting of shadows" and the mathematical system of perspective drawing are to be learned, and the shading up of drawings and the prettifying of them in monochrome and in color to please the client must also become familiar, — though these, of course, are of no practical use whatever. The mechanical drawing which the architect needs for ground-plans, and even for elevations and sections, if he is fond of making his own drawings, as some first-rate men have been, or if he finds it necessary to do his own work, may be speedily acquired. Accuracy of setting out and of figuring (a most vital and most peremptory necessity, under our present system) is a matter of temperament and of thorough knowledge rather than of technical skill as a draughtsman.

Sound and ready knowledge of building, dexterous readiness and some approach to excellence as a freehand draughtsman, and some skill as a modeler, — these are the three things which the student should be taught. All else is a part of his higher education, of his training as a man rather than as an architect. Time was when there existed no such distinction; when there were living traditions which the young architect had to learn, which he would learn naturally as an apprentice, — exactly as the apprentice painter picked up his art of painting naturally, and ground his master's colors and swept out his master's workshop the while. Those days are gone. There is no tradition now which ought to be learned, because there is none which is not that of some school or coterie, none which binds the world of building men. There is no tradition now which should not be avoided, because there is none which is not telling against a healthy growth of the fine art of building. Present traditions are of the most mischievous character, and nothing can come of a familiarity with

them but a prolongation of the sterile years, the years of the lean kine, through which the European world goes starving in spirit for food of the solid and wholesome sort known to men of old. Designing cannot be taught; good taste cannot be taught; and yet it is well for the artist in any department to learn what other artists have done, and to learn how they designed and to see what they accounted good taste. The essential distinction is this: that while the young painter and the young sculptor of our time can afford to watch their immediate predecessors — the men twenty years older than they — and learn something of their ways of work, while they learn also the greatness of the bygone ages of art, the young architect would do well not to learn what his contemporaries and those a little older than he have been doing. That which has been done since 1815 in the way of architectural fine art has not been worth the doing, and it would be better, on the

whole, if it were all wiped out. Some interesting buildings would be lost, but it would be better for the immediate future of art if the buildings erected since that time had been brick factories in appearance with square holes for windows. There are evil influences working on all the modern world of fine art; and yet painting and sculpture are living arts, and some even of the subsidiary arts maintain a feverish existence; but the great fine art of architecture is not alive; its nominal practitioners have become administering, adjusting, dexterous fiduciary agents, with only here and there one among them who cherishes even the spirit of the artist. The student of architecture has nothing to learn from the epoch in which he finds himself. How he is to study the art of other epochs, and what opportunity there is for him to learn, by precept or by example, something of the fine art of architecture, is a subject which we cannot here consider.

Russell Sturgis.

THE MASQUERADE.

THE doctor had been summoned quickly, accidentally as it were, with his hand on the reins ready to drive elsewhere. And now he followed the maid into a bedroom darkened and still. He lifted the white hand lying on the coverlet, he felt for the beat of the heart, and finally he leaned over to examine the face. The patient was not dying; she was dead. Yet might it not be sleep, he asked, "with his poppy coronet"? Urged by the doubt, with abrupt decision he drew back the curtains, admitting a ghastly grayish shaft of light which clearly revealed the woman in all her cold placidity. He stood bewildered, seeing alternately the soft face his memory recalled, and the face before him transformed by

the magic touch of death into regal beauty.

All at once the silence was broken. A woman's voice, false and disagreeable, fell upon his ear.

"So you're the doctor!" she exclaimed. "As you perceive, it was useless to come; but the maid would go in search of some one." Then the nurse straightway proceeded to give the information that she knew would be required of her, her hurried statement of symptoms somehow suggesting an uneasy anticipation of discovery. "The patient," she continued, "was better yesterday, and this morning I heard her say to her husband, 'Don't hurry back on my account. I'm feeling quite myself again.'

But when I brought her breakfast she was languid and refused to eat."

Although the doctor spoke falteringly, almost as if he had some impediment of speech, with forced persistency he asked many questions, some of them seeming to the nurse uncalled for, especially since he had had nothing to do with the case. Nor, in truth, had any other physician visited the patient for many a day.

At last relaxing his hold upon the back of the chair against which he had steadied himself, he sank wearily into the seat. His eyes fixed upon the lifeless form, in a dim, groping way he said to himself, —

"When my life broke off from thine,
How fresh the splinters keep and fine."

As he was preparing to leave, a servant beckoned to the nurse. She went to the door, partly closed it behind her, then shut it, and soon the murmur of voices ceased. Left alone, the doctor knelt beside the bed. A stifled groan escaped him. He kissed the eyelids of the dead woman, and her cold white lips.

When the nurse returned, reaching for his hat, Dr. Marston said, "I'll go now; it's hardly worth while to stay longer."

"So it has come to this," he reflected, as he drove along through the crowded streets, scarcely knowing whither, seeing only the beautiful marble face, every fitting look of which he knew by heart, — not by cold memory. It had been long since he had looked upon it in life, — then radiant with the bloom of youth, but no more lovely than now. As he thought of the kiss that he had laid devoutly upon the lips of the reposeful woman, there was the faintest reminiscence of an acrid odor which some minutes later he could still perceive; and finally, when his horse with loose rein brought him back to his office, seeing a vender of flowers near by, Marston bought a bunch of carnations, — there had been some in the death-chamber. While inhaling the fragrance of the blossoms that he held

in his hand, a strange analytical look stole over his countenance.

Entering his office, the doctor tossed the flowers on his desk. Presently he sat down beside it. With his elbows resting on the desk and his head on his hands he pondered, now and then reaching out for the carnations, inhaling their perfume, and throwing them aside again. No, he could not get rid of that other venomous odor. After a while he rose and walked the floor, saying aloud as he paced to and fro, "They won her from me. Dear gentle soul, it was not for her to resist. Besides, he was rich, I was poor, and the mother was a cruel worldling."

The clock struck the hour. "Heavens!" he exclaimed, "how long I've been idle here!"

The November day that had had no sunshine in it was already waning. It was cold and very dreary. Nevertheless, having still many sick to visit, the doctor hurriedly left his office.

All that insalubrious winter Marston worked hard. Indeed, he had no distractions, no ties either of kindred or of love, to curb his professional zeal. His enthusiasm found its solace in the laboratory, its outlet in the sick-room. The whole world had become to him a pathological study. Everything else might be transitory, but sickness of the body and of the soul was abiding. Could individuals, he asked, be held responsible for their physical maladies? As for the disorders of the soul, where did personal responsibility begin or end? Pondering such problems, he often walked the streets at night, in the merciless glare of the electric light, scanning the faces of those he met, measuring with practiced eye the abnormalities he saw, — which eyebrow was the higher, which cheek the fuller, the differences in the height of men's shoulders, the leg that was shorter, — seeing beneath the superficial asymmetry the more profound organic malformation.

One evening, just at dusk, while he

was walking briskly toward his office, Dr. Marston's attention was suddenly arrested by the movements of a man in front of him. As it happened, he carried his head inclined to one side; he also had a slight hitch in his gait, and other characteristics that were very unpleasant to Marston, with his trained sensitiveness to the least departure from the normal type. To the ordinary observer, however, the man was not without his attractions.

"Yes, we do look alike," said the doctor, reiterating the common impression, "with these exceptions," — running over in his mind an inventory of the other's defects. Then almost unconsciously, with the facility of a mobile nature, he fell into the same tricks of carriage. Indeed, in his imitative zeal he came so near to his model that he could easily have touched his shoulder; or, in the manner of the garroter, he could have encircled his neck with his arm, in a way that would have stopped the swinging of Grindel's damned head, stopped the movements of his body altogether. Then a sardonic smile stiffened the doctor's lips, and, pricked by conscience, he turned precipitately into another street; noticing at the moment, as distinctly as when he first perceived it, the drowsy medicinal odor which haunted him still. But instead of seeing in his mind's eye the woman lifeless, he beheld her as she had looked when he and Grindel first were rivals.

At the end of another winter the doctor felt the weariness of incessant work, and, abating somewhat his strenuous labors, he amused himself as best he could, spending an evening sometimes at the theatre. On one of these occasions, sitting beside his friend Ingolsby, in the intervals of the play he fell to talking with him.

"Why don't you come to the club any more?" Ingolsby asked.

"I have n't time."

"Have n't time! You're working too

hard. Heaven knows a lawyer sees enough of the tragedies of life, but a doctor" —

"Yes," said Marston, "no doubt; the profession is a grind." Then alluding to the scene upon which the curtain had just dropped, "Actors," he remarked, suppressing a yawn, "make a great mistake in yielding too soon to the effects of poison. What we have just witnessed is n't true to fact;" and they began talking about the various toxicants, — the poisoned glove of the Borgias, the "unbated and envenomed sword," and the latest "quietus" discovered in the laboratory.

"It's all grist," said Ingolsby, "that comes to the lawyer's mill. Strangely enough, Grindel showed unusual skill, the other day, in getting an acquittal for a young man accused of poisoning a rich old uncle. Indeed, he must have gone pretty deeply into the subject. At any rate, he maintained, with convincing logic, that a clever, well-educated gentleman like his client would never have made use of a drug so easily detected as arsenic. He would have employed, most likely, he said, some slow, insidious vegetable poison."

"Most likely," repeated the doctor, with a cynical smile, as he bent his eyes in the same direction in which his companion was looking.

"There's Grindel now," said Ingolsby, putting down his glasses and speaking low in Marston's ear. "He's always here when Blandford plays. They say that at one time he wanted to marry her, you know, and all that sort of thing. She threw him over; but still he comes."

"When did the acquaintance begin?" asked Marston carelessly, glancing up at the great chandelier above him; then, with narrowed intensity, fixing his eyes upon the back of Grindel's head.

"More than two years ago, when Blandford first came over."

Marston said nothing, and the subject was dropped.

On his way out Marston joined some friends, and after he had assisted the mother and daughter into their carriage, as a sort of afterthought the young woman held out her hand. "Do come to see us, doctor," she said; adding with sweet, regretful accent, "you don't know how much we've missed you."

While walking homeward Marston mused. "Why not go? Charming people! Emily Leland is one of the loveliest girls I know." And then, notwithstanding his desire to think of her, his thoughts flew back into the old accustomed channel. "What's the use!" he exclaimed. "There's no positive proof; besides, she'd be the last to seek revenge. No, it's best to leave it alone. It's not the first unpunished crime, nor the last one either, I take it," and as he strode along his cane struck the pavement with sharp reëchoing sound.

As the months slipped by Marston saw nothing more of Grindel. Indeed, he was beginning to wonder what had become of him, and at the same hour for several successive days Grindel was uppermost in his thoughts. At last, although he feared he was becoming the victim of an *idée fixe*, he yielded to the impulse to go into Grindel's neighborhood for the mere chance of seeing him. There was something about the upward slant of his left eyebrow which at the moment had a strange fascination for him. He wanted, he said to himself, to observe how it was that so slight a peculiarity could leave so strong an impression. Not long after, led by some blind impulse, he stopped in front of a vast building appropriated to offices, and almost before he was aware of the fact he was a passenger in the elevator. But when he asked the way to Grindel's office, he learned that the lawyer had moved, and, strange to say, he could find absolutely no clue to his whereabouts.

Marston experienced a keen chagrin. The desire to see the man had grown to be a passion, and now, without the chance

of meeting him, it seemed as if he were suddenly deprived of a stimulant. Indeed, there was a positive void in life. He became aware of a sort of incapacity for his work, for more than once he found himself writing the wrong prescription, even specifying in one instance a deadly drug he had no intention whatsoever of administering. Fortunately, he still had force enough to regard himself with the clinical eye, and in consequence was compelled to admit that it was time for a change.

The professional judgment having been speedily resolved into a purpose, Marston set out on his travels. A languid interest seized him at the idea of shooting in the Rockies. At any rate, he would visit outlying places, and eventually, perhaps, see something of life in the heart of his country.

Meanwhile, happily for the doctor, in the midst of grand and solitary scenery, the perturbing importance of man and his ways became swallowed up in the great universe of predestined course. This in itself was a regenerating solace; and although there remained the sense that something in him was extinct, some part of his being lay buried with his lost love, the soul-sick wanderer gradually regained his old temperate view of life.

At last, weary of living, as it were, upon the outskirts of human interests, Marston concluded to travel eastward; having in mind to tarry awhile with some friends in a region of far-famed plenty and perfection.

Arriving at Minstrelburg with the sightseer's humor still upon him, he acceded to the innkeeper's suggestion that he should visit the most remarkable of the local curiosities. Accordingly, early one afternoon he set out for the Trappist monastery near by, — its inmates, in that land of outspoken volubility, easily ranking among the greatest of the world's wonders.

He made fair speed along the winding road, only loitering now and then by the

river's bank or on some rustic bridge, to look down into the black waters of the slender, cliff-pent stream; but as he approached the massive red brick building, its gilded cross catching the glint of slanting sunbeams, he was struck by its melancholy aspect, and while he reflected upon the austere habits of the men within, upon their "pale contented sort of discontent," a feeling of despondency crept over him.

Within the great arched doorway, according to the custom of the place, two Brothers, clad in white, drew near, and prostrating themselves at Marston's feet, remained thus for some seconds, with their foreheads touching the ground, — a sign of welcome, he was afterward told, given for the sake of him who said, "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." Rising and making sign to him to follow, they entered the chapel, where the sub-prior appeared, graciously offering to show the stranger whatever he might wish most to see.

Following his guide, — who in truth was far removed from the typical product of the "hermit's fast," — Marston entered a long, low hall, where a great clock caused him to pause in silent wonder. The rim of its disk was a serpent; its minute-hand a scythe grasped by a grinning skeleton, whose fingers pointed toward the fleeting moments, and whose eyes seemed bent upon the frail mortal who might stop to count the passing fateful hours. This sinister design made Marston shudder involuntarily, and then he thought, in pleasing contrast, of the pagan symbol of death, — the beautiful Greek youth holding in his hand an extinguished torch.

As they walked along, the doctor found himself vastly interested in his broad-shouldered, erect companion. His astute and swart face — showing the heat of an Italian sun — suggested curious questionings, such as have been asked ever since the brilliant Bouthillier de Rancé,

leading the way in the reforms as well as in the strange romances of the order, plunged into mad dealings with the flesh and spirit, fiercely seeking the kingdom of heaven, because, it was said, Madame la Duchesse, dying suddenly, left him a pauper in the kingdom of love.

Marston asked himself why this man, the genial prior, fitted to grace drawing-rooms, should have joined the silent Brothers in their downward race (at least, so it seemed to the doctor), and forthwith he caught himself at his old trick of watching for abnormalities, wondering about the crime it had been possible for the white-gowned cleric to commit before seeking penance, perhaps repentance, in this gloomy abode, over whose portal was written, "*Sedibit, solitarius, tacibit.*"

On his part, the prior, whose pleasurable duty it was to do the talking for the paters and fraters of the community, recognizing in his visitor an accomplished man of the world, quickly reverted to social incidents of his past experience; not infrequently breaking off in the middle of a story *un peu risqué* to perform one of his numerous offices, and, the hurried performance over, resuming his narrative at the point where conventual zeal had interrupted it. When, apparently, he had quite talked himself out, for the moment at least, Marston seized the opportunity to inquire concerning the pious observances of the place, and was not a little surprised that, after answering his questions, the prior should ask, with the eagerness of inspiration, "Would n't you like to make a retreat here yourself?"

"I'm afraid," he responded, laughing, "it would hardly do. I'm a Protestant, you know."

"Oh, that does n't signify," answered the lonely prior, with large catholicity as well as an eye to his own entertainment; and he glanced at his new acquaintance with avaricious eyes, showing a spider-like greed to entice him within the web, not so much for the purposes of piety as to serve the ends of good-fellowship.

In the refectory, the bare tables and hard benches — though fit to be scorned by the saintly Barbabec, who would sit only upon a chair with a porcupine cushion of nails pointing upward — were sufficiently suggestive of penance to have caused one even less addicted to Sardanapalian luxury than Marston to wince. Nor in the long, low-roofed dormitory was the impression of austerity effaced. Although this chill, dank place was without provision for fire, yet if one of the lowly Brothers wished to warm himself there was the means; for, hanging at the head of his bed, a whip of knotted cords was ready to his hand.

Here, thought Marston, finding it difficult to divest himself of the idea that he was in a prison instead of a sanctuary, in the "dead vast and middle of the night," these stung and remorseful souls suffer the torment of their deeds. Continuing to follow his guide through the outer door, at that moment he observed a monk issuing from one of the many dimly lighted labyrinths of the old building, and — seemingly unconscious of any other presence — this soul-burdened man, one of those who proclaim, "We are happy, perfectly happy," threw out his arms in wild gesture, while his face, though half concealed within his ample capouche, showed the grim agony of one battling with some demon of regret or despair.

The two men exchanged glances and went on out into the garden, where, walking between rows of ancient trees and along paths that hushed the sandaled footfall, they met the silent, sad-robed Brothers, spectre-like, flitting to and fro on their endless rounds of labor.

In this age of alert and curious prying into the faces and affairs of others, Marston experienced a singular personal satisfaction in encountering these men with vague, regardless eyes, practically blind to the life about them. It was, indeed, strange that he, the frankest of men, should find a secret joy, an undreamed-of peace, among hermits so iso-

lated from the world and from one another that one of them — so ran the story — actually buried his own brother without knowing who he was.

Yet, despite this imputed self-concentration, the doctor fancied that some of the faces he saw were still capable of reflecting the mundane interest, especially that of the monk digging in the vegetable garden, filled with the drowsy drone of bees, through which they passed; his countenance was so communicative that Marston imagined he might now be suffering the penance of enforced silence for past indiscreet babbling.

As they approached the little wicket gate that shut off this part of the grounds, a gentle breeze wafted the odor of growing things, — of something spicy and aromatic. Marston paused and glanced about him.

Observing the look of inquiry, "Here," said the prior, "is the corner where we cultivate our medicinal herbs. This is *hydroscyamus*," pointing to one of the plants; and plucking the leaf of another, "this is the monk's-hood."

Had he turned his eyes upon his visitor at that moment, he would have seen how pale the latter had suddenly grown. Indeed, it was the first time for months that Marston had perceived the old ethereal, malefic odor which held for him the memory of a swift and deadly horror. With this unlooked-for revival of the slumbering misery, he mentally exclaimed, "Can I never escape my calling? Must it always be disease in one form or another?" and absorbed by his own thoughts he was deaf to the voice of his guide. Then, roused by the prior's question, "Do you see that man yonder, in front of us?" he quickly looked up.

"You mean the one in the open field? Yes. What is he doing?"

"In the midst of life we are in death," answered his companion, making the sign of the cross. "When one grave is filled we dig another, just to remind us, you know, that we are mortal."

"A gruesome task indeed," remarked Marston. "Between compulsory silence and the digging of graves, I should think it would not take long to put every man here beneath the sod."

"It does not," was the laconic reply. And after a slight pause the prior continued: "As for talking, much energy is wasted, I assure you, in superfluous speech. The restraint leads to a precious winnowing of words. Yet" —

The remark was cut short, for one of the Brothers, who, unobserved, had drawn near, conveyed with swift gesture and a few trenchant words some intelligence to his superior, evidently of importance; immediately the prior's face took on the aspect of haughty authority, and turning toward Marston he said, "Will you excuse me? If I do not return, perhaps you can find your way back to the house. Meanwhile, though there is not much else to see, you are at liberty to go where you will."

"It is already late," the doctor replied. "I must bid you good-by. I see an open gate over yonder, — I'll go that way;" and thanking his host for his courteous entertainment, he turned away.

"I hope you'll come back to us some time," said the prior; and as he made this remark a strange acrid smile flitted across his lips, while his black eyes rested upon his visitor with cold, straight glance. "Indeed, I think you will," he added blandly.

Though persuaded that this bit of mediævalism was well worth the seeing, Marston experienced a certain lightness of heart at having discharged his duty by it, and, walking along with equable stride, he would soon have reached the outer road, had he not, impelled by an irresistible impulse, swerved from the straight path toward the spot where the stooping Trappist was still at work in the desolate graveyard. His back was turned to the visitor, and at the moment he seemed to be bestowing that lingering care, tending to excellence, so sugges-

tive of the true artist. In the interest of science, the doctor thought he would like to look into the face of this delving ascetic, that he might note the psychological state as reflected in the countenance of one so curiously occupied, and in surroundings so remote from the eager stir of worldly life. Therefore, just as the monk straightened himself up for the last time before leaving his task, Marston's searching glance fell full upon him.

The men stood still, transfixed; one through force of habit remaining silent. The other, giving a low cry, distilling into the one word "murderer" the pent-up rage so long slumbering within his soul, leaped at Grindel's throat. The action, though sudden to the hand, was doubtless in itself a resurgent impulse of the time when, walking behind the man in the crowded thoroughfare, Marston had thought how easy a thing it would be to strangle the life out of him.

A struggle ensued, and then the Brother, losing his footing, fell in a contorted heap into the yawning earth. There was a convulsive movement, a groan; the silence of the monk, the silence of the grave. With the instinct of the physician, Marston sprang to the rescue, lifting Grindel to his feet; but the head hung over to one side; the neck was broken; the pulse was gone; life was extinct.

Dumfounded at the all too swift realization of his baleful thought, for an instant Marston remained inactive. Then, accustomed to think quickly in the face of disaster, he seized the spade which had fallen from the dead man's grasp, and began to dig yet deeper into the compact earth. With the energy of despair he quickly gained the desired depth, and first stripping the inert form of its garb, he dragged it back once more into the pit. But before covering forever from sight the dead monk's face, Marston was again struck with the resemblance between himself and his victim, and at once a look of satisfaction, of keen decision, swept across his pallid visage. Then he

hastily heaped in the earth, trod it firmly down, erased his footprints, and made the surrounding parts to appear as they had formerly done. At the height of his perfervid labors he heard the silvery tinkle of the monastery bell, and felt thankful that with the call to compline he was likely to be left undisturbed.

Exhausted, but not vanquished, Marston gathered up the rifled robes, and, divesting himself of his own garments, assumed those of the dead Trappist; congratulating himself while so doing that of late he had worn a shaven face and close-cut hair. Habited in the guise of the silent recluse, for the first time during these moments of chilled excitement he thought of the other alternative. Why not, he asked himself, have left the man as he was? That the monk had accidentally fallen into the grave, and so ended his days, could easily be believed. But now that he himself was a criminal in a world where most things were awry, in a place where there were "many with deeds as well undone," why not, flashed the thought, expiate his offense as the other had done? Yet, after all, was it murder, or something less? questioned the doctor, though all the while, in obedience to an instinct more subtle than casuistry, he was intent upon tying the cord — "that cord which is wont to make those girt with it more lean" — about his waist, and continued his silent mental preparation to fill the place of the monk now dead; only to anticipate by a very little, he thought, the mocking silence of eternity.

As Marston foresaw, in a brief moment of recoil, the weary tale of years before him, the difficulties that awaited him in the unaccustomed and fraudulent rôle, though he was grateful for the scant knowledge he had gleaned from the prior, his courage almost forsook him. But having once put on the vesture of penance he could not escape its thrall. So, concealing the clothes he had put aside, he went over by the well and sat

down upon a seat, — the stone of sorrow, it might have been called. The new moon, just then climbing the heavens, threw its wan light upon the encircling stones of the cool deep pool, whitening them into marble, and casting here and there the imagery of dark leaves upon their mossy surface. The whole scene, indeed, was one of such weird beauty that gradually a sense of rest and of spiritual repletion stole over the guilty man; this sense of repose being heightened yet further by the last twitter of a sparrow from a neighboring cypress-tree, as it seemed to settle itself contentedly in its nest for a night of peaceful slumber. And strange to say, in spite of his alien dress and the unwonted surroundings, there was a curious feeling of familiarity about it all, as if a forlorn wretch had found covert; a wanderer in uncongenial places, one desolate and disappointed, a lost soul, had come home. Then there followed a certain exhilaration, — a brief reaction, Marston well knew, from the lugubrious strain of the past hour. While it lasted, however, he was disposed to profit by the verve it gave; for, accustomed to range the wide fields of thought, yet knowing full well, without the personal tie, — his love severed from hope having taught him the lesson, — the deceitfulness of the world's interests, already there was with him the conscious foreshadowing of the priestly contraction, a sense of the foreordained, a dangerous contempt of consequences.

So, doubting not his ability to meet the novel situation as it might arise, he turned his steps toward the house; his craving for shelter, now that his strength was low, dulling for the time all feeling of apprehension.

Reaching the shadow of the chapel, the stranger heard first the dying notes of "*Deus in meum adiutorium intende,*" and afterward the response, "*Deus ad adjuvendum me festina.*" Then falling in line with the procession of outgoing monks, and imitating their or-

dered movements, he managed to evade attention until the hour of rest, when, going with the others to the dormitory, his anticipated perplexity as to where he should lay his head speedily vanished; for, in passing a particular cell, one of the monks stepped aside as if to make room for him. Sensitive by training to the slightest suggestion, Marston seized the clue, and, with weariness in his limbs and dull anguish in his heart, entered, and threw himself upon the mattress of straw dimly seen in the light of the moon, now forsaking the narrow window of his cell; its transient beauty having power even then to lift for a brief space the dark pall that hung about his soul.

That first night, the coarse robe, which no Trappist lays aside, pricked Marston's flesh and yielded an added torment. But Heaven was merciful, and finally he slept. Even in his dreams there was a faint though short-lived echo of sweet song. And again, in the dead of night, he heard an invisible penitent lashing his fleshless bones with hissing, writhing whip-end.

At the morning meal, the rigorous rules of St. Benedict, "abstinence, perpetual silence, manual labor," seemed to have penetrated the very atmosphere itself. "If any one will not work, neither let him eat," was the pervasive warning addressed to the unprotesting monks, the victims of a discipline which hammered down the strong and broke the weak. At intervals Marston stole a glance at the hooded faces of his comrades, wondering at looks so dolorous; and, imitative by nature, before the meal was over he felt that he too wore a similar half-defiant, half-bject expression, to which, with sinister insight, he doubted not his spirit would soon conform. While he was making this reflection one of the Brothers lifted his eyes, and it seemed to Marston that they dwelt upon him for a moment with lingering surprise. It was, however, only in later days, when he met the sub-prior, by habit a "discerner of sins,"

that, whether rightly or wrongly, a suspicion of the utter futility of his disguise and expiatory sacrifice swept over him. Yet, despite this suspicion, he would instantly emphasize the most obvious facial peculiarities of the man he was personating, lifting still higher the left eyebrow and drawing down one corner of his mouth. So, by watchfulness and care, Marston, or rather Brother Hilarius, — this being the name which, he afterward learned, had by some diabolical mockery fallen to Grindel, — made shift to sustain the character of his masquerade, to fulfill the arduous duties of the monk.

These duties were so relentless that it was only near the hour of vespers, on the second day of his service, that he found himself alone and without prescribed task. Therefore, seizing the moment, he approached the spot where he had lingered before with results so tragic. To his instant relief, he perceived that the grave holding his secret — if secret it were, the doubt creating a sickening dread, a fear of some mysterious inquisitorial torture — was filled, rounded over, and a new cross of cypress wood had been placed at the head. Immediately there appeared plainly enough the truth of what he had mistaken the night before for a vision or a fantastic dream: for at the hour of midnight he had seen a dim light, and not far from his cell the floor of the dormitory strewn by shadowy hands with ashes in the form of a cross; then a pale monk, borne by silent Brothers, had been laid upon this symbol of crucifixion, and after a while the stertorous breathing had ceased and all became quiet again.

Realizing for the first time what the solemn act had signified, Marston was far from despising the sacerdotal magic. Indeed, he was quite content with the poetry of religious observances; for already the many pious though alien rites in which he was taking part were beginning "to tease" him "out of thought."

Another monk was fiercely digging a

new grave. Marston questioned, with inward shrinking, which one among the tortured souls he now in a fashion called his familiars was destined first to find its dark and easeful rest.

In the silent, grim monotony of monastic striving the days sped on. The ingenious interpretation of face and gesture, the fateful stories he wove about the lowly Brothers, gave scope at first to the activities of Marston's mind; but in time these outward speculations yielded to the bane of introspection. As for the guilt of his deed, it did not seem so heinous within the sombre monastic pile where a stainless soul would have been counted an anomaly indeed. Still, there were times when the fate of his victim weighed upon the conscience of the unconverted monk. Although he was used to death in its multifarious forms, there had been a touch of ghoulish horror about this one which, amid these narrow limits for the play of natural feeling, curbed any effective spring toward hopeful repentance, and, beggared though he was, he could not bring himself to shout into the ear of Providence his personal calculations of future rewards or punishments.

Nevertheless, although he refused to seek mercy for himself, the new Brother could not altogether suppress the generous motives of his nature, and not infrequently surprised his mates, by some kind act, out of their self-centred apathy into a dumb show of gratitude. He would indicate, perhaps, to a feverish Brother, not yet compelled to self-murder, the particular herb that might yield for his benefit a wholesome distillation; or the inmates of the infirmary would profit by his skillful adaptation to their needs of the primitive means found there. All these friendly offices tended to accumulate a sentiment in his favor quite at variance with the former dislike in which Brother Hilarius had been held. It also came about that a kindly service, within

the stunted possibilities of the place, was sometimes rendered this weary, gaunt, and rueful-looking monk.

At last came summer, nowhere so golden as in that land of far-famed beauty in which the isolated home of ecclesiastical rule found place; yet, after all, not so isolated as to prevent rumors of the dire disease then abroad from reaching the ears of the self-absorbed community. Eager for the task he had never hitherto declined, Marston asked, with prodigal use of his hoarded words, if it were permitted a man, for the good of his soul, to go forth to nurse the sick.

"It cannot be," the sub-prior answered. "You, my Brother," fixing his eyes with keen glance on Hilarius, "are bound fast by the rules of the order."

At these words the monk's valiant soul sprang into his face, but he said nothing. Indeed, he was not expected to say anything. Nevertheless, his thoughts were with the stricken over beyond the low purple hills, and one morning at matins Brother Hilarius was missing.

Meanwhile the disease drew nearer and nearer, until the line of desolation, the completed serpent-coil resembling the Egyptian emblem of immortality, strange as it may seem, held the ever uselessly toiling Brothers in mortal bond. Tidings of the heroic battle fought to stay the enemy leaped the monastery walls, and the white-cowled monks heard also — for Fame herself sounded the trumpet from the hilltops of the plentiful land yielding even unto death an unstinted harvest — of the deeds of one as lowly, as self-forgetful as Father Damien himself. According to its wont, the order appropriated the glory, and sent to urge the monk, when his task was done, to come back to the fold. But the messenger, loitering, came too late; for already one swifter than he, Death himself, had "stepped tacitly" and taken Brother Hilarius where he never more would see the sun.

Penrhyn Lee.

A GHETTO WEDDING.

HAD you chanced to be in Grand Street on that starry February night, it would scarcely have occurred to you that the Ghetto was groaning under the culmination of a long season of enforced idleness and distress. The air was exhilaratingly crisp, and the glare of the cafés and millinery shops flooded it with contentment and kindly good will. The sidewalkers were alive with shoppers and promenaders, and lined with peddlers.

Yet the dazzling, deafening chaos had many a tale of woe to tell. The greater part of the surging crowd was out on an errand of self-torture. Straying forlornly by inexorable window displays, men and women would pause here and there to indulge in a hypothetical selection, to feast a hungry eye upon the object of an imaginary purchase, only forthwith to pay for the momentary joy with all the pangs of awakening to an empty purse.

Many of the peddlers, too, bore piteous testimony to the calamity which was then preying upon the quarter. Some of them performed their task of yelling and gesticulating with the desperation of imminent ruin; others implored the passers-by for custom with the abject effect of begging alms; while in still others this feverish urgency was disguised by an air of martyrdom or of shamefaced unwontedness, as if peddling were beneath the dignity of their habitual occupations, and they had been driven to it by sheer famine, — by the hopeless dearth of employment at their own trades.

One of these was a thick-set fellow of twenty-five or twenty-six, with honest, clever blue eyes. It might be due to the genial, inviting quality of his face that the Passover dishes whose praises he was sounding had greater attraction for some of the women with an "effectual demand" than those of his competitors. Still, his comparative success had not as

yet reconciled him to his new calling. He was constantly gazing about for a possible passer-by of his acquaintance, and when one came in sight he would seek refuge from identification in closer communion with the crockery on his pushcart.

"Buy nice dishes for the holidays! Cheap and strong! Buy dishes for Passover!" When business was brisk, he sang with a bashful relish; when the interval between a customer and her successor was growing too long, his sing-song would acquire a mournful ring that was suggestive of the psalm-chanting at an orthodox Jewish funeral.

He was a cap-blocker, and in the busy season his earnings ranged from ten to fifteen dollars a week. But he had not worked full time for over two years, and during the last three months he had not been able to procure a single day's employment.

Goldy, his sweetheart, too, had scarcely work enough at her kneebreeches to pay her humble board and rent. Nathan, after much hesitation, was ultimately compelled to take to peddling; and the longed-for day of their wedding was put off from month to month.

They had become engaged nearly two years before; the wedding ceremony having been originally fixed for a date some three months later. Their joint savings then amounted to one hundred and twenty dollars, — a sum quite adequate, in Nathan's judgment, for a modest, quiet celebration and the humble beginnings of a household establishment. Goldy, however, summarily and indignantly overruled him.

"One does not marry every day," she argued, "and when I have at last lived to stand under the bridal canopy with my predestined one, I will not do so like a beggar-maid. Give me a respectable

wedding, or none at all, Nathan, do you hear?"

It is to be noted that a "respectable wedding" was not merely a casual expression with Goldy. Like its antithesis, a "slipshod wedding," it played in her vocabulary the part of something like a well-established scientific term, with a meaning as clearly defined as that of "centrifugal force" or "geometrical progression." Now, a slipshod wedding was anything short of a gown of white satin and slippers to match; two carriages to bring the bride and the bridegroom to the ceremony, and one to take them to their bridal apartments; a wedding bard and a band of at least five musicians; a spacious ballroom crowded with dancers, and a feast of a hundred and fifty covers. As to furniture, she refused to consider any which did not include a pier-glass and a Brussels carpet.

Nathan contended that the items upon which she insisted would cost a sum far beyond their joint accumulations. This she met by the declaration that he had all along been bent upon making her the target of universal ridicule, and that she would rather descend into an untimely grave than be married in a slipshod manner. Here she burst out crying; and whether her tears referred to the untimely grave or to the slipshod wedding, they certainly seemed to strengthen the cogency of her argument; for Nathan at once proceeded to signify his surrender by a kiss, and when ignominiously repulsed he protested his determination to earn the necessary money to bring things to the standard which she held up so uncompromisingly.

Hard times set in. Nathan and Goldy pinched and scrimped; but all their heroic economies were powerless to keep their capital from dribbling down to less than one hundred dollars. The wedding was postponed again and again. Finally the curse of utter idleness fell upon Nathan's careworn head. Their savings dwindled apace. In dismay they beheld

the foundation of their happiness melt gradually away. Both were tired of boarding. Both longed for the bliss and economy of married life. They grew more impatient and restless every day, and Goldy made concession after concession. First the wedding supper was sacrificed; then the pier-mirror and the bard were stricken from the programme; and these were eventually succeeded by the hired hall and the Brussels carpet.

After Nathan went into peddling, a few days before we first find him hawking chinaware on Grand Street, matters began to look brighter, and the spirits of our betrothed couple rose. Their capital, which had sunk to forty dollars, was increasing again, and Goldy advised waiting long enough for it to reach the sum necessary for a slipshod wedding and establishment.

It was nearly ten o'clock. Nathan was absently drawling his "Buy nice dishes for the holidays!" His mind was engrossed with the question of making peddling his permanent occupation.

Presently he was startled by a merry soprano mocking him: "Buy nice di-i-shes! Mind that you don't fall asleep murmuring like this. A big lot you can make!"

Nathan turned a smile of affectionate surprise upon a compact little figure, small to drollness, but sweet in the amusing grace of its diminutive outlines, — an epitome of exquisite femininity. Her tiny face was as comically lovely as her form: her apple-like cheeks were firm as marble, and her inadequate nose protruded between them like the result of a hasty tweak; a pair of large, round black eyes and a thick-lipped little mouth inundating it all with passion and restless, good-natured shrewdness.

"Goldy! What brings *you* here?" Nathan demanded, with a fond look which instantly gave way to an air of discomfort. "You know I hate you to see me peddling."

"Are you really angry? Bite the feather-bed, then. Where is the disgrace? As if you were the only peddler in America! I wish you were. Would n't you make heaps of money then! But you had better hear what *does* bring me here. Nathan, darling, dearest little heart, dearest little crown that you are, guess what a plan I have hit upon!" she exploded all at once. "Well, if you hear me out, and you don't say that Goldy has the head of a cabinet minister, then — well, then you will be a big hog, and nothing else."

And without giving him time to put in as much as an interjection she rattled on, puffing for breath and smacking her lips for ecstasy. Was it not stupid of them to be racking their brains about the wedding while there was such a plain way of having both a "respectable" celebration and fine furniture — Brussels carpet, pier-glass, and all — with the money they now had on hand?

"Come, out with it, then," he said morosely.

But his disguised curiosity only whetted her appetite for tormenting him, and she declared her determination not to disclose her great scheme before they had reached her lodgings.

"You have been yelling long enough to-day, anyhow," she said, with abrupt sympathy. "Do you suppose it does not go to my very heart to think of the way you stand out in the cold screaming yourself hoarse?"

Half an hour later, when they were alone in Mrs. Volpiansky's parlor, which was also Goldy's bedroom, she set about emptying his pockets of the gross results of the day's business, and counting the money. This she did with a preoccupied, matter-of-fact air, Nathan submitting to the operation with fond and amused willingness; and the sum being satisfactory, she went on to unfold her plan.

"You see," she began, almost in a whisper, and with the mien of a careworn, experience-laden old matron, "in

a week or two we shall have about seventy-five dollars, shan't we? Well, what is seventy-five dollars? Nothing! We could just have the plainest furniture, and no wedding worth speaking of. Now, if we have no wedding, we shall get no presents, shall we?"

Nathan shook his head thoughtfully.

"Well, why should n't we be up to snuff and do this way? Let us spend all our money on a grand, respectable wedding, and send out a big lot of invitations, and then — well, won't uncle Leiser send us a carpet or a parlor set? And aunt Beile, and cousin Shapiro, and Charley, and Meyerké, and Wolfké, and Bennie, and Soré-Gitké, — won't each present something or other, as is the custom among respectable people? May God give us a lump of good luck as big as the wedding present each of them is sure to send us! Why, did not Beilké get a fine carpet from uncle when she got married? And am I not a nearer relative than she?"

She paused to search his face for a sign of approval, and, fondly smoothing a tuft of his dark hair into place, she went on to enumerate the friends to be invited and the gifts to be expected from them.

"So you see," she pursued, "we will have both a respectable wedding that we shan't have to be ashamed of in after years and the nicest things we could get if we spent two hundred dollars. What do you say?"

"What *shall* I say?" he returned dubiously.

The project appeared reasonable enough, but the investment struck him as rather hazardous. He pleaded for caution, for delay; but as he had no tangible argument to produce, while she stood her ground with the firmness of conviction, her victory was an easy one.

"It will all come right, depend upon it," she said coaxingly. "You just leave everything to me. Don't be uneasy, Nathan," she added. "You and I are

orphans, and you know the Uppermost does not forsake a bride and bridegroom who have nobody to take care of them. If my father were alive, it would be different," she concluded, with a disconsolate gesture.

There was a pathetic pause. Tears glistened in Goldy's eyes.

"May your father rest in a bright paradise," Nathan said feelingly. "But what is the use of crying? Can you bring him back to life? I will be a father to you."

"If God be pleased," she assented. "Would that mamma, at least, — may she be healthy a hundred and twenty years, — would that she, at least, were here to attend our wedding! Poor mother! it will break her heart to think that she has not been foreordained by the Uppermost to lead me under the canopy."

There was another desolate pause, but it was presently broken by Goldy, who exclaimed with unexpected buoyancy, "By the way, Nathan, guess what I did! I am afraid you will call me braggart and make fun of me, but I don't care," she pursued, with a playful pout, as she produced a strip of carpet from her pocketbook. "I went into a furniture store, and they gave me a sample three times as big as this. I explained in my letter to mother that this is the kind of stuff that will cover my floor when I am married. Then I inclosed the sample in the letter, and sent it all to Russia."

Nathan clapped his hands and burst out laughing. "But how do you know that is just the kind of carpet you will get for your wedding present?" he demanded, amazed as much as amused.

"How do I know? As if it mattered what sort of carpet! I can just see mamma going the rounds of the neighbors, and showing off the 'costly tablecloth' her daughter will trample upon. Won't she be happy!"

Over a hundred invitations, printed in as luxurious a black-and-gold as ever came out of an Essex Street hand-press, were sent out for an early date in April. Goldy and Nathan paid a month's rent in advance for three rooms on the second floor of a Cherry Street tenement-house. Goldy regarded the rent as unusually low, and the apartments as the finest on the East Side.

"Oh, have n't I got lovely rooms!" she would ejaculate, beaming with the consciousness of the pronoun. Or, "You ought to see *my* rooms! How much do you pay for yours?" Or again, "I have made up my mind to have my parlor in the rear room. It is as light as the front one, anyhow, and I want that for a kitchen, you know. What do you say?" For hours together she would go on talking nothing but rooms, rent, and furniture; every married couple who had recently moved into new quarters, or were about to do so, seemed bound to her by the ties of a common cause; in her imagination, humanity was divided into those who were interested in the question of rooms, rent, and furniture and those who were not, — the former, of whom she was one, constituting the superior category; and whenever her eye fell upon a bill announcing rooms to let, she would experience something akin to the feeling with which an artist, in passing, views some accessory of his art.

It is customary to send the bulkier wedding presents to a young couple's apartments a few days before they become man and wife, the closer relatives and friends of the betrothed usually settling among themselves what piece of furniture each is to contribute. Accordingly, Goldy gave up her work a week in advance of the day set for the great event, in order that she might be on hand to receive the things when they arrived.

She went to the empty little rooms, with her lunch, early in the morning, and kept anxious watch till after night-

fall, when Nathan came to take her home.

A day passed, another, and a third, but no expressman called out her name. She sat waiting and listening for the rough voice, but in vain.

"Oh, it is too early, anyhow. I am a fool to be expecting anything so soon at all," she tried to console herself. And she waited another hour, and still another; but no wedding gift made its appearance.

"Well, there is plenty of time, after all; wedding presents do come a day or two before the ceremony," she argued; and again she waited, and again strained her ears, and again her heart rose in her throat.

The vacuity of the rooms, freshly cleaned, scrubbed, and smelling of white-wash, began to frighten her. Her overwrought mind was filled with sounds which her overstrained ears did not hear. Yet there she sat on the window-sill, listening and listening for an expressman's voice.

"Hush, hush-sh, hush-sh-sh!" whispered the walls; the corners muttered awful threats; her heart was ever and anon contracted with fear; she often thought herself on the brink of insanity; yet she stayed on, waiting, waiting, waiting.

At the slightest noise in the hall she would spring to her feet, her heart beating wildly, only presently to sink in her bosom at finding it to be some neighbor or a peddler; and so frequent were these violent throbbings that Goldy grew to imagine herself a prey to heart disease. Nevertheless the fifth day came, and she was again at her post, waiting, waiting, waiting for her wedding gifts. And what is more, when Nathan came from business, and his countenance fell as he surveyed the undisturbed emptiness of the rooms, she set a merry face against his rueful inquiries, and took to bantering him as a woman quick to lose heart, and to painting their prospects in

roseate hues, until she argued herself, if not him, into a more cheerful view of the situation.

On the sixth day an expressman did pull up in front of the Cherry Street tenement-house, but he had only a cheap huge rocking-chair for Goldy and Nathan; and as it proved to be the gift of a family who had been set down for nothing less than a carpet or a parlor set, the joy and hope which its advent had called forth turned to dire disappointment and despair. For nearly an hour Goldy sat mournfully rocking and striving to picture how delightful it would have been if all her anticipations had come true.

Presently there arrived a flimsy plush-covered little corner table. It could not have cost more than a dollar. Yet it was the gift of a near friend, who had been relied upon for a pier-glass or a bedroom set. A little later a cheap alarm clock and an ice-box were brought in. That was all.

Occasionally Goldy went to the door to take in the entire effect; but the more she tried to view the parlor as half furnished, the more cruelly did the few lonely and mismated things emphasize the remaining emptiness of the apartments: whereupon she would sink into her rocker and sit motionless, with a drooping head, and then desperately fall to swaying to and fro, as though bent upon swinging herself out of her woebegone, wretched self.

Still, when Nathan came, there was a triumphant twinkle in her eye, as she said, pointing to the gifts, "Well, mister, who was right? It is not very bad for a start, is it? You know most people do send their wedding presents after the ceremony, — why, of course!" she added in a sort of confidential way. "Well, we have invited a big crowd, and all people of no mean sort, thank God; and who ever heard of a lady or a gentleman attending a respectable wedding and having a grand wedding sup-

per, and then cheating the bride and the bridegroom out of their present?"

The evening was well advanced; yet there were only a score of people in a hall that was used to hundreds.

Everybody felt ill at ease, and ever and anon looked about for the possible arrival of more guests. At ten o'clock the dancing preliminary to the ceremony had not yet ceased, although the few waltzers looked as if they were scared by the ringing echoes of their own footsteps amid the austere solemnity of the surrounding void and the depressing sheen of the dim expanse of floor.

The two fiddles, the cornet, and the clarinet were shrieking as though for pain, and the malicious superabundance of gaslight was fiendishly sneering at their tortures. Weddings and entertainments being scarce in the Ghetto, its musicians caught the contagion of misery: hence the greedy, desperate gusto with which the band plied their instruments.

At last it became evident that the assemblage was not destined to be larger than it was, and that it was no use delaying the ceremony. It was, in fact, an open secret among those present that by far the greater number of the invited friends were kept away by lack of employment: some having their presentable clothes in the pawnshop; others avoiding the expense of a wedding present, or simply being too cruelly borne down by their cares to have a mind for the excitement of a wedding; indeed, some even thought it wrong of Nathan to have the celebration during such a period of hard times, when everybody was out of work.

It was a little after ten when the bard — a tall, gaunt man, with a grizzly beard and a melancholy face — donned his skull-cap, and, advancing toward the dancers, called out in a synagogue intonation, "Come, ladies, let us veil the bride!"

An odd dozen of daughters of Israel

followed him and the musicians into a little side-room where Goldy was seated between her two brideswomen (the wives of two men who were to attend upon the groom). According to the orthodox custom she had fasted the whole day, and as a result of this and of her gnawing grief, added to the awe-inspiring scene she had been awaiting, she was pale as death; the effect being heightened by the wreath and white gown she wore. As the procession came filing in, she sat blinking her round dark eyes in dismay, as if the bard were an executioner come to lead her to the scaffold.

The song or address to the bride usually partakes of the qualities of prayer and harangue, and includes a melancholy meditation upon life and death; lamenting the deceased members of the young woman's family, bemoaning her own woes, and exhorting her to discharge her sacred duties as a wife, mother, and servant of God. Composed in verse and declaimed in a solemn, plaintive recitative, often broken by the band's mournful refrain, it is sure to fulfill its mission of eliciting tears even when hearts are brimful of glee. Imagine, then, the funereal effect which it produced at Goldy's wedding ceremony.

The bard, half starved himself, sang the anguish of his own heart; the violins wept, the clarinet moaned, the cornet and the double-bass groaned, each reciting the sad tale of its poverty-stricken master. He began: —

"Silence, good women, give heed to my verses!

To-night, bride, thou dost stand before the Uppermost.

Pray to him to bless thy union,

To let thee and thy mate live a hundred and twenty peaceful years,

To give you your daily bread,

To keep hunger from your door."

Several women, including Goldy, burst into tears, the others sadly lowering their gaze. The band sounded a wailing chord, and the whole audience broke into loud, heartrending weeping.

The bard went on sternly : —

“Wail, bride, wail !

This is a time of tears.

Think of thy past days :

Alas ! they are gone to return nevermore.”

Heedless of the convulsive sobbing with which the room resounded, he continued to declaim, and at last, his eye flashing fire and his voice tremulous with emotion, he sang out in a dismal, uncanny high key : —

“And thy good mother beyond the seas,

And thy father in his grave

Near where thy cradle was rocked, —

Weep, bride, weep !

Though his soul is better off

Than we are here underneath

In dearth and cares and ceaseless pangs, —

Weep, sweet bride, weep !”

Then, in the general outburst that followed the extemporaneous verse, there was a cry, — “The bride is fainting ! Water ! quick !”

“Murderer that you are !” flamed out an elderly matron, with an air of admiration for the bard’s talent as much as of wrath for the far-fetched results it achieved.

Goldy was brought to, and the rest of the ceremony passed without accident. She submitted to everything as in a dream. When the bridegroom, escorted by two attendants, each carrying a candelabrum holding lighted candles, came to place the veil over her face, she stared about as though she failed to realize the situation or to recognize Nathan. When, keeping time to the plaintive strains of a time-honored tune, she was led, blindfolded, into the large hall and stationed beside the bridegroom under the red canopy, and then marched around him seven times, she obeyed instructions and moved about with the passivity of a hypnotic. After the Seven Blessings had been recited, when the cantor, gently lifting the end of her veil, presented the wineglass to her lips, she tasted its contents with the air of an invalid taking medicine. Then she felt the ring slip down her finger, and heard Nathan say, “Be thou dedicated

to me by this ring, according to the laws of Moses and Israel.”

Whereupon she said to herself, “Now I am a married woman !” But somehow, at this moment the words were meaningless sounds to her. She knew she was married, but could not realize what it implied. As Nathan crushed the wineglass underfoot, and the band struck up a cheerful melody, and the gathering shouted, “Good luck ! Good luck !” and clapped their hands, while the older women broke into a wild hop, Goldy felt the relief of having gone through a great ordeal. But still she was not distinctly aware of any change in her position.

Not until fifteen minutes later, when she found herself in the basement, at the head of one of three long tables, did the realization of her new self strike her consciousness full in the face, as it were.

The dining-room was nearly as large as the dancing-hall on the floor above. It was as brightly illuminated, and the three tables, which ran almost its entire length, were set for a hundred and fifty guests. Yet there were barely twenty to occupy them. The effect was still more depressing than in the dancing-room. The vacant benches and the untouched covers still more agonizingly exaggerated the emptiness of the room in which the sorry handful of a company lost themselves.

Goldy looked at the rows of plates, spoons, forks, knives, and they weighed her down with the cold dazzle of their solemn, pompous array.

“I am not the Goldy I used to be,” she said to herself. “I am a married woman, like mamma, or auntie, or Mrs. Volpiansky. And we have spent every cent we had on this grand wedding, and now we are left without money for furniture, and there are no guests to send us any, and the supper will be thrown out, and everything is lost, and I am to blame for it all !”

The glittering plates seemed to hold whispered converse and to exchange winks and grins at her expense. She transferred her glance to the company, and it appeared as if they were vainly forcing themselves to partake of the food, — as though they, too, were looked out of countenance by that ruthless sparkle of the unused plates.

Nervous silence hung over the room, and the reluctant jingle of the score of knives and forks made it more awkward, more enervating, every second. Even the bard had not the heart to break the stillness by the merry rhymes he had composed for the occasion.

Goldy was overpowered. She thought she was on the verge of another fainting spell, and, shutting her eyes and setting her teeth, she tried to imagine herself dead. Nathan, who was by her side, noticed it. He took her hand under the table, and, pressing it gently, whispered, "Don't take it to heart. There is a God in heaven."

She could not make out his words, but she felt their meaning. As she was about to utter some phrase of endearment, her heart swelled in her throat, and a piteous, dovelike, tearful look was all the response she could make.

By and by, however, when the foaming lager was served, tongues were loosened, and the bard, although distressed by the meagre collection in store for him, but stirred by an ardent desire to relieve the insupportable wretchedness of the evening, outdid himself in offhand acrostics and witticisms. Needless to say that his efforts were thankfully rewarded with unstinted laughter; and as the room rang with merriment, the gleaming rows of undisturbed plates also seemed to join in the general hubbub of mirth, and to be laughing a hearty, kindly laugh.

Presently, amid a fresh outbreak of deafening hilarity, Goldy bent close to Nathan's ear and exclaimed with sobbing vehemence, "My husband! My husband! My husband!"

"My wife!" he returned in her ear.

"Do you know what you are to me now?" she resumed. "A husband! And I am your wife! Do you know what it means, — *do* you, *do* you, Nathan?" she insisted, with frantic emphasis.

"I do, my little sparrow; only don't worry over the wedding presents."

It was after midnight, and even the Ghetto was immersed in repose. Goldy and Nathan were silently wending their way to the three empty little rooms where they were destined to have their first joint home. They wore the wedding attire which they had rented for the evening: he a swallowtail coat and high hat, and she a white satin gown and slippers, her head uncovered, — the wreath and veil done up in a newspaper, in Nathan's hand.

They had gone to the wedding in carriages, which had attracted large crowds both at the point of departure and in front of the hall; and of course they had expected to make their way to their new home in a similar "respectable" manner. Toward the close of the last dance, after supper, they found, however, that some small change was all they possessed in the world.

The last strains of music were dying away. The guests, in their hats and bonnets, were taking leave. Everybody seemed in a hurry to get away to his own world, and to abandon the young couple to their fate.

Nathan would have borrowed a dollar or two of some friend. "Let us go home as behooves a bride and bridegroom," he said. "There is a God in heaven: he will not forsake us."

But Goldy would not hear of betraying the full measure of their poverty to their friends. "No! no!" she retorted testily. "I am not going to let you pay a dollar and a half for a few blocks' drive, like a Fifth Avenue nobleman. We can walk," she pursued, with the grim determination

of one bent upon self-chastisement. "A poor woman who dares spend every cent on a wedding must be ready to walk after the wedding."

When they found themselves alone in the deserted street, they were so overcome by a sense of loneliness, of a kind of portentous, haunting emptiness, that they could not speak. So on they trudged in dismal silence; she leaning upon his arm, and he tenderly pressing her to his side.

Their way lay through the gloomiest and roughest part of the Seventh Ward. The neighborhood frightened her, and she clung closer to her escort. At one corner they passed some men in front of a liquor saloon.

"Look at dem! Look at dem! A sheeny fellar an' his bride, I'll betch ye!" shouted a husky voice. "Jes' comin' from de weddin'."

"She ain't no bigger 'n a peanut, is she?" The simile was greeted with a horse-laugh.

"Look a here, young fellar, what's de madder wid carryin' her in your vest-pocket?"

When Nathan and Goldy were a block away, something like a potato or a carrot struck her in the back. At the same time the gang of loafers on the corner broke into boisterous merriment. Nathan tried to face about, but she restrained him.

"Don't! They might kill you!" she whispered, and relapsed into silence.

He made another attempt to disengage himself, as if for a desperate attack upon her assailants, but she nestled close to his side and held him fast, her every

fibre tingling with the consciousness of the shelter she had in him.

"Don't mind them, Nathan," she said.

And as they proceeded on their dreary way through a sombre, impoverished street, with here and there a rustling tree, — a melancholy witness of its better days, — they felt a stream of happiness uniting them, as it coursed through the veins of both, and they were filled with a blissful sense of oneness the like of which they had never tasted before. So happy were they that the gang behind them, and the bare rooms toward which they were directing their steps, and the miserable failure of the wedding, all suddenly appeared too insignificant to engage their attention, — paltry matters alien to their new life, remote from the enchanted world in which they now dwelt.

The very notion of a relentless void abruptly turned to a beatific sense of their own seclusion, of there being only themselves in the universe, to live and to delight in each other.

"Don't mind them, Nathan darling," she repeated mechanically, conscious of nothing but the tremor of happiness in her voice.

"I should give it to them!" he responded, gathering her still closer to him. "I should show them how to touch my Goldy, my pearl, my birdie!"

They dived into the denser gloom of a side-street.

A gentle breeze ran past and ahead of them, proclaiming the bride and the bridegroom. An old tree whispered overhead its tender felicitations.

Abraham Cahan.

A BRIEF SURVEY OF RECENT HISTORICAL WORK.

AN account of recent historical work, of the past year, for instance, could hardly be made a study in literature. Many histories have been literary achievements of the first order, and of course it is always open to the historical student to make of his results a genuine book, but such is not the tendency at present. To employ once again the hackneyed classification of De Quincey, it is to the literature of knowledge, not to the literature of power, that the industry of the average worker in history now chiefly contributes. His watchword is "original research;" his main endeavor is to discover, in no sense to create.

Even the briefest survey must take into account the activity of associations and agencies as well as of individuals. Some of the most important agencies are governmental. The national government, for example, has just completed, at a cost of about two millions of dollars, the series of Rebellion Records dealing with the movements of the Federal and Confederate armies. These ponderous volumes are not history, if history is a thing to be read, but they contribute to the store of historical knowledge, and they are as close akin to literature as many other publications that are offered to us as books. Several of the departments at Washington have printed historical documents during the year, and the Venezuelan Commission, happily relieved of its task of determining whether or not we shall go to war with Great Britain, has yet accomplished, in its first report, work of undeniable if purely historical value.

The number of state governments more or less committed to the printing of their own earlier records has increased. The Carolinas have made a beginning of this work, and Rhode Island has set a new precedent by authorizing a commission to search for documents in the cus-

tody of towns, of parishes and churches, and even of other states. Mr. Goodell, in his deliberate edition of the Province Laws of Massachusetts, seemed to be setting the standard for such publications, until the Pennsylvania Commission, by undertaking a history of each statute, afforded the scholarship of its members a still wider opportunity.

Of the societies, the National Historical Association is foremost in dignity, if not, perhaps, in actual achievement. Its Historical Manuscripts Commission, aiming especially at papers in private hands, is a new departure, in line with the Royal Manuscripts Commission of Great Britain. The American Historical Review, which has been printing documents gathered from private sources, should prove a valuable ally in the enterprise. The announced financial success of this periodical is matter of congratulation to its editor and to the gentlemen by whose disinterested efforts it was established three years ago. A promising recent development is the entrance into the historical field of societies — such as the Scotch-Irish, the Huguenot, and the Jewish-American — which aim to make plain the part that particular race elements have played in the upbuilding of the republic.

The dignified position some of the state societies have attained is well attested by the complaint that membership in them has become a social distinction, and not merely a reward of scholarship. The Texas society, formed within the year to deal with the rich material awaiting the future historian of the extreme Southwest, has endeavored to guard against this tendency by constitutional provision looking to the permanent dominance of the historical purpose in its councils and composition. The Massachusetts society, the oldest of all,

and long the most active, is finding its premiership challenged by the comparatively youthful Wisconsin society, whose library is a workshop for the scholars of the Northwest, and whose secretary, Mr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, is winning an enviable reputation as a handler of historical material. Mr. Thwaites's edition of the Jesuit Relations, of which the first nine volumes have been published, should doubtless be ranked as the most notable editorial enterprise of the year. The work of the Virginia society, under the thoroughly sane guidance of its secretary, Mr. Philip A. Bruce, is particularly gratifying to those who have been patiently waiting for the Old Dominion to do justice to her heroic past. The labors of such Virginians as President Tyler of William and Mary, Mr. William Wirt Henry, and Mr. Bruce give evidence that the task is to be neglected no longer. A like hopefulness as to the South in general is encouraged by the formation, within the year, of the Southern Historical Association, and by the appearance of several numbers of its publications. It is a good sign, too, that purely local societies, already common in the East, are growing numerous throughout the South and West. As to the private collectors, one knows not where to begin, and having begun, one would not know where to end; but the practical completion of Mr. Benjamin F. Stevens's costly series of facsimiles of documents in European archives pertaining to America, and the announcement by Mr. Alexander Brown, of Virginia, of a companion volume to his *Genesis of the United States*, to be called *The First Republic in America*, are important enough to justify us in singling them out for especial mention.

But after all, the gathering and editing of material is not writing history. One takes a step higher and finds the monograph; and the monograph is mainly an academic product. Scarcely one of the leading universities has failed to con-

tribute during the year to the ever growing stock of careful studies in history. The University of Toronto is the latest to enter the field. The greater number of these studies are concerned with the institutional side of history, and their value is not to be denied. A few of them have a place among the books one cares to read; others, like Professor Gross's *Bibliography of British Municipal History*, are examples of the minutest scholarship; but very many will find their place, in the ordinary library, alongside the encyclopædias.

Above the collection and the monograph is the book; and here one reaches the altitude where the historian emerges from the crowd of scholars into the view of a larger public. Of him the larger public demands that he interpret and justify the multitudinous labors on which his own are based. It has the right to expect that he will add imagination and literary art to mere industry and intelligence; that he will enlarge accuracy into truth.

It is doubtless too early to say that during the past year no new name has been added to the brief list of those who have successfully attempted this difficult task. Captain Mahan's *Nelson and his The Interest of the United States in Sea Power* have indeed strengthened his claim to a place; but the claim has been a strong one ever since his first book was hailed as marking the achievement of a new point of view in the study of modern history. The philosophical merit of that earlier work belongs in almost equal measure to the *Nelson*, which has in addition the charm of the biographical method and motive. Professor Sloane's *Napoleon* is indeed a performance of sufficient weight to challenge our attention. In point of industry, if one compares it only with other works in English on the same subject, it even invites the epithet "monumental;" while its abundance of pictorial illustration will doubtless win for it an examination, if not a reading,

in quarters where its scholarship might repel. It is to be feared, however, that the heaviness of its style will tend to make of it an authority rather than a guide. Mr. James Breck Perkins, another American who has ventured into French fields, has given us in his *France under Louis XV.* a useful account of a period by no means unimportant in itself, but apt to be neglected by reason of the exceptional interest that belongs alike to the period that preceded and the period that followed it.

Of the Americans who have dealt with American topics, not many have made any formidable show of attempting to write history in the grand style. Mr. Schouler, Mr. Lodge, and Professor William P. Trent have published volumes of brief papers. At any rate, some of these papers are very well worth the reading, and Professor Trent's lectures — for such they were at first — are particularly interesting as a critical study, by a Southerner of the newest school, of certain Southern statesmen whom Southern writers of the older school have been wont to approach with more of reverence than of understanding. Professor Woodrow Wilson and Mr. Paul Leicester Ford have written each a pleasant little book about Washington, both trying to make the stately figure seem, not less stately, but more human, and both succeeding admirably. Other notable books of a biographical or autobiographical sort are Mrs. Rowland's *Charles Carroll of Carrollton*, the lives of Lee and Grant in the *Great Commanders* series, and the reminiscences of Generals Miles and Schofield. Not an ordinary history, but a historical work of much value, is Dr. J. M. Buckley's account of *Methodism in America*. It is doubtful if any one was better qualified for this particular task, for Dr. Buckley is a Methodist, a practiced investigator of extraordinary psychological phenomena, and a clear and forcible writer.

There remain three especially notable

books. Professor Moses Coit Tyler's *Literary History of the Revolution* is not, indeed, a narrative, but as a picture of past times it deserves a place with Mr. Winsor's *Westward Movement* and Mr. Fiske's *Old Virginia and her Neighbours* as one of the three foremost books of the year in the department of American history. Never before has the intellectual side of the Revolutionary movement been so fully exhibited as in these two volumes.

Mr. Winsor's book, apart from its intrinsic merit, has a special interest because it is the last we shall ever have from his pen, and because he himself regarded it as the completion of the particular task he had undertaken. When he had written the last word of it, he is said to have exclaimed, "I have told my story; now I am willing to take a rest." The rest was other than he thought, for his death was almost simultaneous with the appearance of the book. One is naturally inclined to speak less of it than of the life-work that ended with it. But to speak of that would lead us far afield, for our master of historical inquiry was also a master librarian, and did more than any other to make the care of books a learned profession. The *Westward Movement* is a companion volume to *The Mississippi Basin*, distinguished by the same breadth of view and the same minuteness of knowledge. It brings the story of our Western expansion down to the close of the last century, and establishes more firmly than ever the author's right to be considered preëminently the historian of the geography of the continent. It must be admitted, however, that the style is not adapted to the ordinary reader; these meaty paragraphs are suited only to a vigorous digestion.

The appearance at the same time of a book on a kindred subject by a different hand serves to remind us of another phase of Mr. Winsor's ceaseless activity. He was the most tireless of helpers to other workers in history. Mr. Peter J. Ham-

ilton, in his *Colonial Mobile*, has made an important contribution to the history of our Southwestern beginnings, and his indebtedness to Mr. Winsor would be evident without the full acknowledgment he makes of it. The similarity of the two books in point of style is remarkable.

We are left with Mr. Fiske; and if his name should seem to be placed at the end of our survey by way of climax, the place is deserved. When all is said, he seems to many the only American now living who can give to the results of historical inquiry a form so satisfying to the reader as to justify a word like "final." He writes of Virginia as delightfully as he has ever written of anything; adding nothing, perhaps, to the knowledge of the scholars, but shaping the common mass after a fashion at once philosophical and artistic. His power of generalization, his conspicuous fairness, his singularly lucid style, are endowments of the highest order. In narrative charm there is none to rival him, unless one goes back to Parkman.

A glance at recent historical work in England is sufficient to discover the same general tendencies we have observed in America. The fondness for forming associations is even greater there than here, and the historical associations, as a rule, surpass our own in age and dignity. To mention only the foremost of these, one notes that the Royal Society has within the year absorbed the Camden Society; that the Hakluyt Society is devoting much attention to the annals of Arctic exploration, and the Selden Society to select pleas in the Courts of Admiralty, — an enterprise in which it is trying to enliven the interest of Americans. A peculiarly English form of co-operation is exhibited in the sumptuous *History of Northumberland County*, now in process of publication under the management of a committee which is fitly headed by Earl Percy. The death of

Mr. W. Noël Santsbury has deprived the *Calendar of State Papers*, just now particularly interesting to Americans on account of the colonial documents, of an editor whose exceptional equipment was universally recognized.

Looking about for the more famous names, we find those of Lecky, Bryce, John Morley, and Professor Jebb associated in Lord Acton's coöperative enterprise, *The Cambridge Modern History*. Mr. Bryce, in his *Impressions of South Africa*, does not emphasize any historical purpose, but the historical matter is as admirable as any other in a thoroughly admirable book. Mr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner, while still prosecuting the work on his *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, has found time to publish six lectures on Cromwell, and to engage in controversy with Father Gerard over the Gunpowder Plot. Mr. McCarthy has brought his entertaining *History of Our Own Times* to a conclusion, and has written a new life of Gladstone.

If we consider only the work of the recognized masters, Professor Maitland's *Domesday and Beyond* is clearly the book of the year. Such, indeed, is Professor Maitland's place among the students of early English institutions that whatever he writes is to other investigators second in importance only to the sources themselves. The views he has here set forth concerning the hide, the village community, the manor, and similar topics are bound to lead to controversy, and some of them are controverted already; but none of his contentions will be dismissed without a careful investigation by every scholar whose studies extend into the period of which he treats.

From other practiced hands we have work of no mean value. Professor Mahaffy has written of *The Empire of the Ptolemies*, and Colonel C. R. Conder of *The Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem*. Mr. Traill has edited his *Social England* through the sixth and concluding volume. New numbers have been added

to the Oxford Manuals of European History, to the Periods of European History series, and to Mr. Bury's Foreign Statesmen series. Mr. Bury himself is progressing somewhat slowly with his edition of Gibbon, — a work to which additional interest is given by the appearance in their original form of Gibbon's six autobiographical sketches, and of his letters, including some that were omitted by Lord Sheffield.

Two important biographies are, the Roebuck of Mr. R. E. Leader, and Mr. C. E. Lyne's Sir Henry Parkes; while Mr. Wilfrid Ward's Cardinal Wiseman, and the late Dr. Liddon's Life of Dr. Pusey, completed by another hand, are valuable contributions to the religious history of the century.

In England, as in America, no absolutely new name has come into strik-

ing prominence; but the re-publication, with copious additions, of the Reverend W. H. Fitchett's Deeds that Made the Empire has strengthened the marked impression the book made on its first appearance. That a dissenting Australian clergyman should have written on such a subject more brilliantly than any other of all those whom the Jubilee stirred into eloquence grows significant as we reflect that the empire rests mainly on the loyalty of the colonists. Mr. Fitchett's work is by some even compared to Macaulay's for the interest it arouses. It would be pleasant to think that Englishmen everywhere may perhaps find in him a man fit to tell the whole splendid story of the empire's rise, as we in America are finding in Mr. Fiske one fit to portray that part of this world-impulse which spent itself on our shores.

A NEW TRANSLATION OF THE ARTHURIAN EPOS.

It is a well-known remark of Renan that the historic sense is the chief acquisition of the present century. Literature has not been the last to reflect this new influence, and to it may be ascribed a two-fold revolution as it affects our attitude toward the individual and toward the race. Thus, on the one hand, modern fiction has gained a fresh field in portraying the development of character, and in describing to us a life amid circumstances of a previous age. On the other hand, primitive works of literature have acquired a peculiar interest by their appeal to this newly awakened faculty, evoking within us thoughts and emotions of a youthful people, — an interest doubly enhanced when from the earliest days down to the present we can follow a long line of successors, varying in nature with the progression of time.

**Mr. Newell's
King Arthur
and the Table
Round.**

Certainly, all lovers of Spenser and Tennyson, and of the many lesser chroniclers of King Arthur, will welcome the two handsome volumes of Mr. Newell's King Arthur and the Table Round, which offer in pleasant form translations from the oldest poems on that subject. And let us say at once that Mr. Newell's work is well done. The language is simple and not without grace; and he has admirably avoided the queer translation English, neither archaic nor modern, which is so much affected by recent translators (as if the further their style were from any known model, the closer it might convey foreign ideas), and which reaches a wide public in the standard prose versions of Homer. It is rare that reader or critic complains of a book that it is too short; but in this case most readers, we fancy, would wish the chapters on the history of the legends a little fuller, and

their interest would not flag if the body of the work were considerably longer.

By far the larger part of the translations are taken from Chrétien de Troyes, and only sufficient matter from other sources is added to give a fairly complete story of the Round Table. Perhaps even more space might judiciously have been devoted to the French poet who is here first introduced to English readers. His poems, apart from their own beauty, may claim our attention as being the oldest literary work on the subject that has been preserved, if not the earliest written. The real origin of the Arthurian saga, as every one knows, is an obscure and vexed question. Celtic, English, French, and German writers, all worked together to produce the vast body of romances that flooded Europe in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and it is far from easy to ascribe to each people its share, in this labor. So much, however, may be prudently affirmed: that Arthur as a personality belongs to the Celtic traditions of Great Britain and Brittany. Certain fanciful features of chivalry, also, as portrayed in these romances, — especially the tender regard for women and the idealization of love, — may in part be due to Celtic imagination; but in the twelfth century the legends were taken up by the French *trouvères*, and to them must be attributed the courtly form and the more or less consistent development which changed the floating traditions to literature. At that time France was the intellectual school of Europe, and the story of King Arthur as we read it to-day, together with almost all the rest of mediæval literature, must be called a French creation. It may be the German *minnesingers* helped to introduce the vein of religious mysticism that is so marked in some of the later romances, but beyond that German influence can hardly be important. It would be pleasant to believe this epic cycle was the offspring of one great genius, and no

doubt Chrétien de Troyes did more than any other single man to give popularity to these new themes, and to turn readers from the older, sterner epics of Charlemagne to the gayer adventures of the Celtic knights; but we opine that the present translator is carried away by enthusiasm for his own author in attributing "to Crestien of Troyes, more than all other influences, . . . the character of the extant Arthurian story."

To us this obscure labor of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries is chiefly interesting for its effect on later English literature. The first writer of English in the strict sense to treat the subject was the much lauded — and, we fancy, little read — Sir Thomas Malory, who, in the fifteenth century, put together his *Morte Darthur* from French and Old English sources. It is not easy to discover in Malory's disjointed narrative "the vision and the faculty divine" with which his popular editor would endow him. Mr. Newell's judgment of the work seems very fair when he says that "out of such a conglomeration it was impossible to produce an interesting whole. The attraction of Malory's work is chiefly owing to the language; only in the conclusion, where he borrowed from the English poem, has his account unquestioned merit." But just a century later Spenser published his *Faerie Queene*, and with this poem the story of Arthur becomes an integral part of our literature. Lovers of Milton may not allow to Spenser the first place in narrative poetry, which some would claim for him, but second, at least, he must stand. If he never rises quite so high as the great passages in Milton, and if his speech lacks the magisterial authority of the Puritan, he yet equals his follower and admirer in infinite charm, and excels him in sustained interest. The *Faerie Queene* owes its greatness partly to the individual genius of the poet, and partly to his skill in weaving together all the romantic motives of his age. Bojardo and Ari-

osto, adopting the epic tale of Charlemagne, had altered its spirit to the gay tone of chivalry introduced by the Arthurian romances. Spenser, in imitating them, curiously reverts to the Arthurian story which he professes to make his main theme, and on this embroiders many of the brilliant episodes of Italian invention, so that there is in his work an inextricable blending of the two cycles. But besides the color and vivacious movement which he found ready to hand in Ariosto, Spenser borrowed also the cunning allegory made popular by the Romance of the Rose; and it is this persistent yet wisely subordinated moralization that renders the Faerie Queene to many readers more satisfactory than the Orlando. The ethical idea that runs through the poem, while never obtrusive, gives a kind of background to the isolated scenes, and binds them together. There is something more than mere diversion in the reading, and we feel that pleasurable excitation which follows the appeal to our higher faculties. It was for the sake of this allegory that Spenser made Arthur his avowed hero. So far as I know, there is nothing in the Faerie Queene to prove that Spenser was acquainted with the poems of Chrétien, yet, conversant as he was with the early romantic literature, it is not likely he should have overlooked the master singer of his favorite King Arthur. At least, we may read in the Perceval of the French poet an earlier account of the training of a knight in "gentle discipline," which would teach him mercy to the fallen, courtesy to women, restraint in speech, and reverence toward God: and it is pleasant to be able to compare this simpler picture of chivalric training with the portrayal of it as colored by the luxury of Italian fancy and subtilized by the ethics of Aristotle.

Here perhaps a word of explanation is necessary. I have said that the development of character as affected by circumstances is a new phase of literature re-

lated to the recently acquired historic sense. Objection might be urged that as early as Chrétien de Troyes we have the story of the making of a knight; and that, indeed, long before this Xenophon had written a novel on the education of Cyrus. But the contradiction is only apparent; for in all these works the character of the hero is completely formed in childhood, and there is no growth, in the true sense of the word. His education is merely the learning of outer forms.

But to return to King Arthur. It is a notable fact that both Virgil and Milton in the end should have chosen for epic treatment themes quite different from what they first proposed to themselves. Virgil's maturer choice was in every way fortunate. It is perilous, considering the sublimity of *Paradise Lost*, to say otherwise of Milton; yet Taine has not been alone in esteeming his youthful romantic work more highly than his solemn epics. At least, it is curious, and, with Comus before us, not altogether idle, to conjecture what might have been the beauty of that poem if Milton had indeed called up in song "Arthur still moving wars beneath the earth and the mighty heroes of the invincible Table." We may probably charge to Cromwell's government the loss of a work combining the tragic grandeur of *Paradise Lost* with the incomparable charm of Comus.

It remained for Tennyson to give currency to these legends in epic, or half-epic, form; and the Arthur and Lancelot and Gawain of the *Idylls* are now, as they are likely always to be, for us, the true heroes of the Round Table. Tennyson has been much censured — and Mr. Newell echoes the cry — for wantonly departing from the spirit of the mediæval poets; but there seems to be little justice in such a reproach. As for specific changes in plot, he only followed, in allowing himself such liberties, innumerable writers before him. And still more idle is it in the nineteenth century to demand of a bard the childlike spirit of

the twelfth. The attempt to reproduce it would necessarily have been abortive; and indeed Chrétien himself had apparently altered the primitive Celtic tone of the myths as much as Tennyson alters Sir Thomas Malory. In Chrétien, and to a certain degree in Malory, we have the simple character, however idealized, of chivalry as it appeared to contemporaries, and the picture has a freshness that needed little extraneous coloring. Spenser, portraying a life already past, lends to it the factitious interest of renaissance color and allegory. Tennyson, writing in an age far removed from chivalry and of little poetic value in itself, still further veils the bare narration by deepening allegory into symbolism. Verse in a period essentially prosaic must perforce depend on reflection for any serious appeal to the reader; and the symbolism of Tennyson is just this inner reflection; seeking in departed forms a significance never dreamed of during their existence, and brooding over a past life of activity as if it were but an emblem of spiritual experience. This is not allegory, in which, action and reflection being still sharply distinguished, the particular virtues and vices move about like puppets only half humanized, and which in the moral world is as naïve as simple narration in the practical, but a something more intimate and illusive, wherein thought and act are blended together, and we seem to live in a land of shadows. Such is the spirit of the *Idylls of the King*; and if, in comparison with the genuine epic of an older time, they appear to lack substance and vitality, the blame must fall on the age, and not on the individual author.

It is a digression, and yet not foreign to our argument, to notice here the peculiar treatment of nature in these poems. Each of them, and in fact almost every great work, is marked by the choice of some special natural phenomenon that serves for a background to the picture, and in its change follows the shifting

moods of the hero. Passing by for the nonce the writers of antiquity, we may recall the threefold termination "*stelle*" of the *Divine Comedy*,—as indeed the stars were a fit emblem of the idealism of one who thought no man might be called an exile while he still had the sky to look upon. In Chrétien and Spenser we are ever traversing pathless wildernesses, with here and there a fountain like a pearl in the waste. Milton invites us into a rich garden, where we wander amid

"that bowery loneliness,
The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring,
And bloom profuse and cedar arches."

As for Tennyson himself, I know no other poem where strange winds are always blowing as in the *Idylls of the King*: and this is in admirable harmony with the intangible breath of symbolism pervading the verses. It is enough to mention the wind that came upon Lancelot in his search for the Grail,—

"So loud a blast along the shore and sea,
Ye could not hear the waters for the blast;"

and Tristram singing of "the winds that move the mere;" and "the ghost of Gawain blown along a wandering wind;" and at the close of that last battle the "bitter wind, clear from the North."

Sir Thomas Malory, Spenser, Milton, Tennyson, not to mention lesser names, are sufficient to lend unfailing interest to the saga of the Round Table, and to render a version of its earliest singer more than welcome in English literature. But besides this relative value Chrétien may invite our attention for his intrinsic merit, and in fact his historic claim could otherwise hardly be so high. His poems must fairly rank among the few great works of the Middle Ages. There is a freshness and a simple cheer in them, a quaintness with now and again a fineness of sentiment, that continually lure the reader on. The opening paragraphs of the *Perceval* display so many of these qualities in short compass that no excuse is needed for their quotation:—

"When trees bloom, thickets leaf, and fields are green, when birds sing sweetly at morn, and all things flame with joy, the son of the Widowed Dame of the Vast Solitary Forest rose and saddled his hunter, taking three of his darts, for it pleased him to visit the sowers who were tilling the fields of his mother, with harrows eight or ten. As he entered the wood, his heart bounded within him, for the sake of the pleasant season, and the songs of the merry birds; because of the sweetness of the sovereign time, he gave his hunter the rein, and left him free to feed on the fresh sprouting grass, while he, who had skill to throw the darts he bore, roved and cast them, now behind and now before, now aloft and now aloft, until approached five knights, armed in all their array. Their weapons made a loud noise, as fast as they rode, for the oaks hurtled against their arms, their mail tinkled, and their lances clashed upon their shields. The varlet, who heard them, but could not see, wondered and cried: 'By my soul! my mother, my lady, who telleth me true, saith that devils are wilder than aught in the world; she saith so, to make me cross myself, that I may be safe from them; but I will not, no; instead, I will strike the strongest with one of these darts, so that he will not dare come near me, he nor any of his mates, I trow!'

"Thus to himself said the boy; but when the knights issued from the wood, with their beautiful shields and shining helms, such as never before had he seen, and he beheld green and vermillion, gold, azure, and silver gleam in the sun, he wondered and cried: 'Ha, Lord God, mercy! These are angels I see! I did wrong, to call them devils; my mother, who fableth not, saith that naught is so fair as angels, save God, who is more beautiful than all; here is one so fair, that the others own not a tenth of his beauty; my mother saith, that one ought to believe in God, bow the knee, and adore Him; him will I worship, and

the rest who are with him.' So speaking, he cast himself on the ground, repeating his credo, and the prayers his mother had taught him. The lord said to his knights: 'Stand back, for this vassal hath fallen to the earth for fear; if we should approach, all at once, he would go out of his mind, and not be able to tell me aught I wish to learn.'

"The others halted, while the knight advanced: 'Varlet, be not afraid.' 'Not I, by the Saviour in whom I believe! Are you not God?' 'By my faith, no.' 'Who are you, then?' 'I am a knight.' 'A knight? I never saw one, nor heard of one; but you are fairer than God; would I were like you, as shining and as perfect!' With that, the knight approached, and cried: 'Hast thou seen, in this plain, five knights and two maids?' The youth, who had his mind elsewhere, grasped the lance: 'Fair dear sir, you who call yourself a knight, what is this you carry?' 'Methinks, I am finely helped! Fair sweet friend, I looked for tidings, and you ask me questions; yet I will tell you; 't is my lance.'"

These pages are delightful, and so perfect in their kind that they may seem to justify unqualified enthusiasm for the author. But exquisite as the *trouvère* may be, his place in the hierarchy of great poets must be attended by limitations which affect this whole branch of mediæval literature, and in large part the romantic works of the present. We are fully aware that the weighing and comparing of genius is invidious, and can appreciate the catholic sentiment of Taine, who (as Mr. Saintsbury relates) "once said to a literary novice who rashly asked him whether he liked this or that, 'Monsieur, en littérature j'aime tout.'" Yet there seems no better way to purge our minds of cowardly acquiescence in criticism than by comparing each new claimant to honor with those whose reputation is already assured by universal consent; nor can the strength and weakness of the class of writers to

which Chrétien belongs be set forth more clearly than by contrasting them with the great classic models. And although their champion deprecates such a treatment, yet similarity of conditions almost demands the testing of these newly heralded poems by the epic of Homer; for in much the same way both French trouvère and Greek rhapsodist worked over popular traditions and disjointed lays into more or less unified structure, and both are the earliest preserved examples of a long series of epic writers. More than this, their divergence in spirit invites comparison quite as much as their similarity in origin. Entertaining as Chrétien assuredly is, he yet altogether lacks the force of passion and the seriousness that mark the great epic. To be particular, we may say that the interest of mediæval romance in general depends on variety of incident, on the unexpected, and a corresponding distraction of mind. The sequence of cause and effect is for the most part ignored, so that the world takes on a holiday, haphazard character, and the mind is jostled about by a series of surprising adventures, often without much coördination or meaning, although not without interest. Moral responsibility, depending on the stern law of cause and effect, can have little part in this happy world, and its place is occupied by delicate touches of sentiment, and occasional hints at the deeper symbolism that later becomes the dominant tone in romance. We are in a land of play. Mighty blows are dealt, brave knights are hacked to pieces, fair ladies swoon on every page; but no one thinks of taking it quite seriously, no strong emotion is stirred within us, and the pageantry of war passes before us very much like that kind of elegant sport which Ruskin would see in all battle. We hear a good deal of the light-heartedness of the Greeks; but compared with Chrétien, Homer might be called sombre. This follows naturally from the art of the Greek. Instead of

variety there is in Homer concentration, and the attempt to intensify a single passion by focusing all the narrative upon it. Instead of reverie there is profound reflection, and instead of merriment an earnestness that at times passes into tragic pathos. In a word, we have in these two authors the contrast between fancy and imagination: fancy that would beguile away our heaviness of heart, and imagination that would throw the light of beauty on the graver passions of life. The one relaxes the mind, the other braces it for action. In his own office Chrétien succeeds admirably; but if literature is to be taken as a serious concern of life and something more than a dissipation, it seems that some qualification should be added to praise that would recognize in him a "treasure equal to the Homeric epos."

It would be a most intricate problem to discuss all the causes that gave mediæval romance its peculiar character, but two prominent influences must not be passed over. The earliest work of Chrétien, it may be remarked, was a translation of Ovid's *Ars Amatoria*. Now, Ovid, who represents the literature of amusement in antiquity, and Virgil, the most religious mind of Rome, were the Latin poets most read during the Middle Ages; and the contrast between them is significant of a strange division which had arisen in mediæval literature. The serious writing of the age falls to the Latin tongue, and is the property of the clerks, who form practically the whole educated class; whereas the vernacular is thought worthy only of a lighter vein. This feud caused confusion both ways; bringing scholastic dryness to the monstrous tomes of the clerks and denuding them of human interest, and on the other hand depriving the popular works of the deeper reflection to be borrowed from religion and philosophy.

Perhaps a still stronger influence that affected the Arthurian romance is touched on by Mr. Newell. "By the middle of

the twelfth century," he says, "in the courts of France and England, had been formed a large body of readers, in great part women, who had ceased to be content with the savage splendor of an epos [the *chansons de geste*] designed for the amusement of warriors, and required of fiction especially nutriment for tender emotions." No slur is intended against the gentle sex, who to-day also form the mass of our readers, if the Arthurian romance be described as essentially feminine. Its chief inspiration is, not man's ambition, but his servitude to woman. What is called the Celtic idea of love had passed with Celtic legend into French hands; and love, unreasoning, anti-social, glorying the more as it overleaps all bounds, has been the one theme of fiction from that day to this. The passion of Lancelot is something quite different from the longing of Odysseus for wife and home. Indeed, such a passion was looked upon by the Greeks as a weakness or kind of madness, and thought to be unsuited for serious literature. Yet if any-

thing redeems these romances from the charge of frivolity, it is this free, self-glorying love, which so readily passed into the higher idealism. Love is the teacher of honor, the inspirer of bravery, the guide of ambition. He may be a dangerous master, yet how prettily he talks in the mouth of a fair heroine: "I assure you, if God save you from death, you shall undergo no hardship so long as you remember me. Accept this ring, which hath such virtue that its wearer cannot suffer imprisonment or wounds while he is mindful of his love; it shall be an armor stronger than iron, and serve you better than hauberk or shield. What I never bestowed on man, out of affection I give you." Our religion is one of love; our literature obeys the same passion; our conscience calls for mercy, and not justice. Much that is best and much that is worst in modern civilization flows from this source, and to understand its full influence one must turn to mediæval romance and to the Arthurian epos, where it obtains the fairest expression.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

MY first parish was in Scotland, in the town of Langholm, Dumfriesshire, about twelve miles from the stragglng village of Ecclefechan, where Thomas Carlyle first saw the light about a hundred years ago, and where he now sleeps among his kinsfolk. Lying between Langholm and Ecclefechan is the hamlet of Waterbeck, where one of Carlyle's brothers resided. Waterbeck, which is about eight miles from Langholm and four from Ecclefechan, was the southwestern boundary of my parish. I had there a handful of church members, who came tripping over the hill on Sunday mornings to church, beguiling the way with song. The boys

**A Reminis-
cence of Car-
lyle.**

and girls of the little band walked barefoot, washing their feet at a "burn" and putting on their shoes just before they entered "the muckle toon of the Langholm," as our modest border town was called.

I have a dim recollection of seeing, when visiting the Waterbeck portion of my flock, a tall, stoop-shouldered, loose-jointed, ungainly man, with strong, rugged features, who walked leisurely along the single street of the village, looking at the ground as if lost in thought, apparently quite unconscious of the curious faces that peeped out at the slightly opened doors, or looked slyly at him through the windows. Years afterward, when I

saw the portrait of Thomas Carlyle I recognized in it the likeness of that shabby-looking old farmer whom I had seen in the village of Waterbeck. He was doubtless paying a visit to his brother, who was the big man of the place, having developed in that obscure hamlet an enormous business, which was the envy of the merchants of the city of Carlisle. A considerable group of trained workers, such as watchmakers, tailors, and shoemakers, were gathered together, and that country establishment controlled the trade within a radius of twenty miles. I have often thought that the genius which could create such a business in circumstances so unfavorable, and surmount difficulties seemingly insuperable, was in no way inferior to that which won for the best known member of the family renown in the field of literature.

For over eight years I lived in the midst of the surroundings of Carlyle's early life, and met many persons who had been his lifelong friends. From one of his nephews, who had for a time acted as his amanuensis, I got considerable help in the understanding of Sartor Resartus; he supplying his uncle's explanation of some of the difficult passages. Another nephew, a prominent doctor in Langholm, was one of my most intimate friends.

Shortly after coming to the United States in 1874, I had charge of a church in northern Illinois, a large number of whose members were from Dumfriesshire, Scotland. One of my deacons had been a schoolmate of Carlyle, and while in his criticisms he often unwittingly threw not a little side-light upon Carlyle's character, he had not the slightest appreciation of his greatness. I remember giving him Carlyle's *Reminiscences* to read. He had personal knowledge of many of the events recorded, and the style of his comment was, "Ah, Tam, Tam, that is just like you; ye were aye sair afflicted with the big head, aye bragging about yourself and a' belonging to you." "A

cantankerous loon" was the description he gave of him as a boy. "None of us liked him; he was aye saying biting, jibbing things." I managed one day to worm out of my old friend a confession that may have held in it the secret of much of his dislike for Carlyle. The two boys had fought, and Tam Carlyle had given him a sound thrashing.

It was my fortune, some time afterward, to come into intimate relation with the daughter of Carlyle's favorite sister Janet. It will be news to many readers that this sister, the youngest member of the Carlyle family, had made her home in Canada for fifty years. The Reverend G. M. Franklin, rector of Ripley, Ontario, her son-in-law, in a letter written several months ago, conveys the following information: "Mrs. Robert Hanning, the 'Janet Carlyle' of Froude's *Reminiscences*, is keeping in excellent health for a lady who has passed her eighty-third birthday. She is the last of the Carlyles. She passes most of her time in her own room, re-reading her brother's favorite works, certain religious authors, and her Bible." Since the above was written Mrs. Hanning has died. The letters which her brother wrote to her — and which cover the entire period of his literary activity — will now be published, and will form a valuable addition to the already large stock of Carlyliana. It is said that they will present "the Sage of Chelsea" in a tender and amiable light. His affection for his mother and for his "small Jenny" was the one saving influence in his life.

An American pilgrim, on his way to Craigenputtock, overtook a countryman, of whom he inquired about the Carlyles. "Oh, ay, I ken the Carlyles. Tam is a writer of books, but we do not think much of him in these parts. Jeems is the best of the family; he sends the fat-test pigs to Dumfries market."

A native of Ecclefechan once remarked to a visitor, "Don't go to Ecclefechan expecting to find worshippers

of Carlyle. You will find that other members of the family are held in far higher esteem." There is a story which shows that some of the other members of the family were far from regarding the author of *Sartor Resartus* as the greatest of the sons of the house. The story runs thus: A gentleman, on being introduced to James Carlyle, the youngest brother of the author, ventured to remark, "You'll be proud of your great brother!" But he had mistaken his man. James rejoined in the broadest of broad Annandale, "Mee prood o' him! I think he should be prood o' mee."

It is frequently noticed that educated

**The Qualities
of American
Conversation.**

Americans have smaller vocabularies than Englishmen and Frenchmen. This lack of good words may encourage our use of slang, and it doubtless emphasizes the straining after terms and shades of meaning which we call preciosity. Stevenson said that an idea does not exist until the word to convey it is discovered, and many an American studies the gymnasts of style in the search for illuminating words. Usually the result is a literary strut. Flaubert liked the paradox that art can be learned best from writers of the second rank; that from Shakespeare and Homer we can get only inspiration. Many students to-day cannot learn from even the wholesome second-class authors, Sterne, Goldsmith, Irving, who use words in their dignity; they seek style in literary dandies, whose words have no weight, but only novelty. "Insigne, recens, indictum ore alio," remarks Swift bitterly. Englishmen accuse Americans of admiration for subtlety, a fault we share with recent French writers who juggle with their language. American preciosity does not grow, like the French, from decadence, but rather from rawness and intellectual ambition combined with scarcity of words. Language which is full and natural is acquired in conversation, because words met only in books are seldom handled easily. Nothing expands a vocabulary

like conversation, and in the United States there is thus far no large circle of the educated. Our offspring hear Irish in their cradles, and slang in their childhood. Superior men who live alone will be less elastic in conversation than commonplace persons in an expressive environment.

Possibly the tendency in American colleges to substitute science for the classics will do something to hinder the expansion of our current language. Whatever we take from Greece and Rome can be assimilated and used to make our own speech richer, but few get any except bad words out of physical and economic science, metaphysics, logic, or mathematics. A knowledge of German, Italian, Spanish, and most other modern languages seems to do neither harm nor good, but contemporary French, being itself corrupt and fashionable, is a cause of effeminacy in American speech and style, as surely as recent scientists are responsible for awkward terms in Great Britain. Psychology furnishes some of our best and some of our flattest words.

Fragmentariness is another fault of American social intercourse. Our subjects change too often. In France, a conversation does not stop when a newcomer enters. In America, we pause and explain the topic, or take a new one more congenial to the stranger. Lack of training partly explains this stupidity, but the habit of talking personalities is also a cause. Naturally, if you and I are making comments on a friend simply because we know him, bringing out no generalities, courtesy will prevent our inflicting the talk on another. Personal comment may be as fertile as any, but only when it depends less on interest in the individual than on the significance of the conclusions. This limitation to subjects of no universal concern is said to afflict aristocracies and exclusive circles, which touch life narrowly.

Although we have humor and some wit, we have little of the deftness that

may make any topic entertaining. "A fly will serve me for a subject," said Montaigne, and his nation has more lightness and distinction of form than Northern races have. Even in serious subjects the French have an advantage in their knowledge of politics, history, and literature. We devote our lives to Barrie, Howells, Zola, Pater, and are not ashamed to know little of Jonson, Burke, Ford, or Dryden. A Frenchman would not like to admit that he had not read Pascal, Corneille, or Bossuet, and an Englishman knows more not only about his country's classics, but often about Franklin and Daniel Webster. Both the British and the French pay more attention to domestic politics, and in foreign affairs we have an interest broader than the French, and narrower than the British.

Finally, our leisure is not spent socially. Nature shuts us in and denies us the life of the boulevards, but it is we ourselves who work the wrong of being too busy, — a fault which limits our subjects, spoils the atmosphere, and keeps conversation from becoming art. While it is now possible for many to avoid pre-occupation with money, and it is fashionable to have much of the day free from work, yet some of our most interesting people, especially women, are proud of being kept busy by numerous occupations. The boast of having no time is true in the mouths of many, and it is made truer by a sort of intellectual vogue for scurrying hither and thither. Nearly any interest is allowed to prevent long conversation. Limitless "engagements" fill the day, and few of us hold talk as valuable as it was held by Emerson and Margaret Fuller.

The domination of the family has an influence on social intercourse which is not enlivening, for devotion to the home dulls the edge of that desire to please which is the soul of conversation. In our cities it is being mitigated, but husbands and wives are still looked upon as

Siamese twins, and the unmarried girl goes everywhere. While all this keeps sweet the springs of life, it makes less numerous those gatherings where the best talk is heard. In France they have always been composed of a few married women and many men. Indeed, when we come to name the conditions which make conversation good here, and promise to make it better, we shall get far away from France. There it is an art which gains much of its finish from qualities which we should be sorry to own. Our growth, to be representative, must have less artifice, less brilliancy, a charm more in accord with the sturdy poetry of our English ancestors. What makes our conversation attractive is the wholesomeness of American character and of American life. It is the reflection of a friendly disposition and happy surroundings. It is a genial expression of successful democracy. There is something morally smaller in the national character which creates the social art of France. In England there are the barriers of class distinction and snobbery, to which only fools attend in America. The Englishman may hate them, but they cling. Life is less cordial, less unaffected and fraternal, than it is here, and so is its expression in current speech. The British subject has a settled respect for the Times, a duke, or the empire, which is unknown to us. We examine everything. The laborer criticises the President or the millionaire, and the conductor jests with the banker. No man thinks his newspaper a prophet. There is little black and little white in the world for us. We are kind, but skeptical. Our fatalism, which on the one side leans toward indifference, on the other is the basis of the humor which lightens everything. America is a good place for a man of large sympathy, because, taking everybody, from the rich to the poorest, people are happier, freer in thought, better nourished, and more alive. The conversation which represents the nation's life,

taking it up and down, from top to bottom, including motormen, cab-drivers, farmers, masons, is shrewd, humorous, and individual, cheerful in its cynicism, ironical in its earnestness. The remarks of a crowd watching a street occurrence, the talk of laborers, give much that any man should value, — personal judgments, fearless, and often racy and grim. To listen to conversation in a livery stable is not to lose time. The men who talk there have been in the public schools, they are prospering, their horizon is widening, the climate is bracing, nobody has more rights, and they express themselves with vigor. No property or caste notions silence them, nor are any opinions fixed for them, and every question is open.

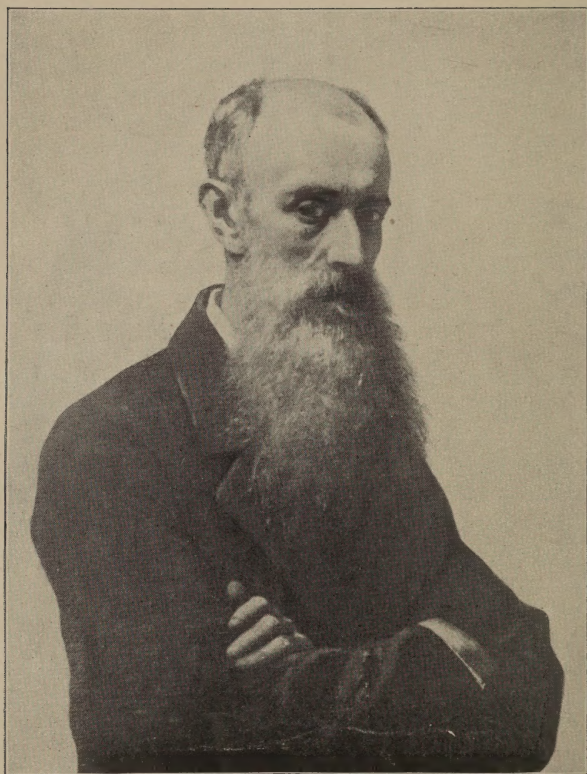
The richer people have some of this spirit, because social classes are so mixed; but as they meet formally in places where nothing is going on and there is no common occupation, their subjects call for qualities which they lack, although they also are helped by the general freedom. The cheerfulness is not lightness of character. The Puritan, or something else, makes us serious in our humor, as other strains make us humorous in our sincerity. We have, however, to thank our democracy for the absence of formalism in talk, of setness in opinion, and of general ennui. Even some hampering standards which we have are disappearing. Frankness without intimacy was frowned on by our parents, but we are learning that concealment about principles is out of place in conversation. Few can be socially interesting who are secretive by habit.

Connected with the growing frankness of conversation is the freedom of woman. The most delightful step we have taken is the extension of her part in life. Nothing is so cheering, so enlightening and broadening, for men and for women, as the equality on which they meet. What

American would choose the rigidity of Germany or England, or the artifice of France? The same openness and truth in the relations between men and women are found nowhere else. What could be more instructive, and what more charming? Charity is the greatest of the virtues, intellectual and æsthetic as well as social; and kindness, fairness, and the lack of bullying, encouraged by the equal rights of all races and both sexes, added to the humor which the Yankee and the Irishman have given to the whole compound, make up the greatest satisfaction of our social life.

The deepest fault to be set against this charm, the lack of thoroughness, will diminish, as the reward for quick and superficial qualities grows less with the settlement of society. Our fatalism may also diminish, although it is to be hoped that the essence of our humor, from Emerson and Lincoln to Mark Twain, will not go with it. When the resources of the country are less sufficient, and care about waste is greater, a more active concern for political management will remove the most striking indication of national indifference. With the increase of interest in public affairs, the virtues which at present make the average talk so good will make the conversation of the educated correspondingly vivid and significant.

Fashionable society alone deserves no favorable judgment. It is more ignorant than fashion in other lands. It imitates the society of a foreign country, and it has no function except to be conspicuous. But even our fashion, absurd as it is, is beginning to seek outsiders to make "salons" for it. Leaving it out of account, we may believe that in all walks of life, from the factory to the college, our conversation, whatever its faults, has at least as much of the blood of life in it as that of any other country.



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ENGLISH AS AGAINST FRENCH LITERATURE.

I.

THE French have had hospitable reception from us of late years; their books have been read with diligence, their novels have strewn ladies' tables, their ideas have inspired our men of letters. "Englished," "done into English," translated, converted, transfused into English, French literature furnishes forth our young ladies with conversation and our young gentlemen with cosmopolitanism, until the crushed worm of national prejudice begins to squirm and turn. Flaubert the high aspiring, Maupassant the cunning craftsman, Bourget the puppet-shifter, Zola the zealot, have had their innings; their side is out; the fiery bowling of Mr. Kipling has taken their last wicket, and those of us who have been born and bred in prejudice and provincialism may return to our English-American ways with a fair measure of jauntiness. We are no longer ashamed to lose interest when we hear of an "inevitable" catastrophe or of an "impeccable" style; we yawn openly over "bitterly modern spiritual complexities." Let us have done with raw admiration of foreigners; let us no more heed Ibsen and Zola,

"Or what the *Norse* intends, or what the French."

Let us speak out our prejudices; let us uncover our honest thoughts and our real affections. Let us openly like what nature has commanded us to like, and not what we should were we colossi spanning the chasm between nations.

Cosmopolitanism spreads out its syllables as if it were the royal city of humanity, but if, whenever its praises are sung, the context be regarded, the term is found to be only a polysyllabic equivalent for Paris and things Parisian; it means preference of French ideas and ways to English. We are not cosmopolitan; we learned our French history from Shakespeare, Marryat, and Punch, and from a like vantage-ground of literary simplicity we survey the courses of English and French literatures, and with the definiteness of the unskeptical we believe that in novel and story, in drama and epic, in sermon and essay, in ballad and song, the English have overmatched the French.

The heart of all literature is poetry. The vitality of play, story, sermon, essay, of whatever there is best in prose, is the poetic essence in it. English prose is better than French prose, because of the poetry in it. We do not mean prose as a vehicle for useful information, but prose put to use in literature. English prose gets emotional capacity from English poetry, not only from the spirit of it, but also by adopting its words. English prose has thus a great poetical vocabulary open to it, and a large and generous freedom from conventional grammar. It draws its nourishment from English blank verse, and thus strengthened strides onward like a bridegroom. If you are a physician inditing a prescription, or a lawyer drawing a will, or a civil engineer putting down logarithmic matter,

write in French prose: your patient will die, his testament be sustained, or an Eiffel Tower be erected to his memory in the correctest and clearest manner possible. But when you write a prayer, or exhort a forlorn hope, or put into words any of those emotions that give life its dignity, let your speech be English, that your reader shall feel emotional elevation, his heart lifted up within him, while his intellect peers at what is beyond his reach.

If a man admits that for him poetry is the chief part of literature, he must concede that French prose cannot awaken in him those feelings which he has on reading the English Bible, Milton, Ruskin, Carlyle, or Emerson. It is the alliance of our prose with our poetry that makes it so noble. What English-speaking person in his heart thinks that any French poet is worthy to loose one shoe-latchet in the poets' corner of English shoes?

"The man that loves another
As much as his mother tongue,
Can either have had no mother,
Or that mother no mother's tongue."

We have shown too much deference to this inmate of clubs and weekly newspapers, this international Frankenstein of literary cosmopolitanism. English poetry is the greatest achievement in the world; we think so, why then do we make broad our phylacteries and say that we do not? Ben Jonson says, "There is a necessity that all men should love their country; he that professeth the contrary may be delighted with his words, but his heart is not there." But we here concern ourselves with another matter. We desire to praise the two chief qualities that have combined to make English literature so great: they are common sense and audacity, and their combined work is commonly called, for lack of a better name, romance.

Younger brother to English poetry is English romance, which of all strange things in this world is most to be wondered at. Brother to poetry, cousin to

greed, neighbor to idealism, friend to curiosity, English romance in deed and word is the riches of the English race. Its heroes march down the rolls of history like a procession of kings: Raleigh and Spenser, Drake and Sidney, Bunyan and Harry Vane, Hastings and Burns, Nelson and Sir Walter Scott, Gordon and Kipling. Strange as English romance is, if a man would learn its two constituent qualities in little space, he need only take from the library shelf *The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation, made by Sea or Overland*, compiled by Richard Hakluyt, Preacher. Here we perceive the bond between romance, greed, idealism, and curiosity; here we see how the British Empire plants its feet of clay upon the love of gain. Trade, trade, trade, with Russians, Tartars, Turks, with Hindoos, Hottentots, and Bushmen, with Eskimo, Indian, and South Sea Islander; and yet hand in hand with greed go curiosity, love of adventure, and search for some ideal good. A wonderful people are the English so faithfully to serve both God and Mammon, and so sturdily to put their great qualities to building both an empire and a literature.

II.

Who is not pricked by curiosity upon seeing "certeine bookes of Cosmographie with an universalle Mappe"? Who is not splendidly content, of a winter evening, his oblivious boots upon the fender, his elbows propped on the arms of his chair, to read Mr. Preacher Hakluyt's *Voyages*? Who does not feel himself disposed "to wade on farther and farther in the sweet study of Cosmographie"? Let us leave gallicized gallants, literary cosmopolites, their adherents and accomplices, and read old Hakluyt.

What quicker can attune the reader's attention to the valiant explorations that are to follow than to read that "when the Emperour's sister, the spouse of Spaine,

with a Fleete of 130 sailes, stoutly and proudly passed the narrow Seas, Lord William Howard of Effingham, accompanied with ten ships onely of Her Majestie's Navie Roiall, environed their Fleete in most strange and warrelike sorte, enforced them to stoope gallant, and to vaile their bonets for the Queene of England"!

On the 9th of May, 1553, the ordinances of M. Sebastian Cabota, Esquier, Governour of the Mysterie and Companie of Marchants Adventurers, were all drawn up. The merchants aboard the ships were duly warned "in countenance not to shew much to desire the forren commodities; nevertheless to take them as for friendship;" and Sir Hugh Willoughby, Knight, Richard Chancellor, their officers, mariners, and company, set sail down the Thames in the Edward Bonaventure, the Bona Speranza, and the Confidencia, on their way by the northeast passage to Cathay. Before they had gone far, Thomas Nash, cook's mate on the Bona Speranza, was ducked at the yard's-arm for pickerie. The ships sailed up the North Sea, past Scandinavia, and into the Arctic Ocean, where Sir Hugh Willoughby and his two ships were lost, but Chancellor entered the White Sea, and landed in Russia. He then drove on sledges to Moscow, where he was received most graciously by his Majesty Ivan the Terrible. Chancellor wrote a description of the Russians, in which he tells their ways and customs. Although Chancellor could remember very well the days of Henry VIII. and the seizure of Church lands, yet he remarks that when a rich Russian grows old "he shall be called before the Duke, and it shall be sayd unto him, Friend, you have too much living, and are unserviceable to your Prince, lesse will serve you, and the rest will serve other men that are more able to serve, whereupon immediately his living shall be taken away from him saving a little to find himselfe and his wife on; and he

may not once repine thereat, but for answer he will say, that he hath nothing, but it is God's and the Duke's graces, and cannot say, as we the common people in England say, if wee have anything; that it is God's and our owne. Men may say that these men are in wonderful great awe and obedience, that thus one must give and grant his goods which he hath bene scraping and scratching for all his life, to be at his Prince's pleasure and commandement."

Coming back from his second voyage, Chancellor brought an ambassador from Ivan Vasilivich, Emperour of all Russia, Great Duke of Smolenski, Tuerskie, Yowgoriskie, Permskie, Viatskie, Bolgarskie and Sibierskie, Emperour of Chernigoskie, Rezanskie, Polodskie, Rezewskie, Bielskie, Rostoskie, Yeraslavske, Bealozarskie, Oudarskie, Obdorskie, Condenskie, and manie other countries, to the most famous and excellent Princes Philip and Mary. (This patent inferiority of designation was the cause of much diplomatic correspondence.) Chancellor sailed out of the White Sea through the Arctic Ocean; for the Russians had no access to the Baltic, as they had granted exclusive privileges to the Flemings. Storms overtook him on the Scottish coast: Chancellor and most of the men were drowned; only "the noble personage of the Ambassadors" was saved.

In 1557 Master Anthonie Jenkinson in the Primerose, the Admirall, with three other tall ships, took this ambassador back to Russia by the same northern way, seven hundred and fifty leagues. Jenkinson sailed up the river Dwina in a little boat, lodging in the wilderness by the riverside at night; and "he that will travell those wayes, must carie with him an hatchet, a tinderboxe, and a kettle, to make fire and seethe meate, when he hath it; for there is small succour in those parts, unless it be in townes." He was graciously received in Moscow by the Emperor about Christmas time, and

witnessed the court ceremonies. At their Twelftide, the Emperor with his crown of Tartarian fashion upon his head, and the Metropolitan attended by divers bishops and nobles and a great concourse of people, went in long procession to the river, which was completely frozen over. A hole was cut in the ice, and the Metropolitan hallowed the water with great solemnity, and did cast of the water upon the Emperor's son and upon the nobility. "That done, the people with great thronging filled pots of the said water to carie home to their houses, and divers children were throwen in, and sicke people, and plucked out quickly again, and divers Tartars christened. Also there were brought the Emperour's best horses to drink of the sayd hallowed water, and likewise many other men brought their horses thither to drinke, and by that means they make their horses as holy as themselves."

The English merchants were now well established in Muscovy, and sent home frequent reports about the manners and customs of Russians. They noticed the Russian custom "every yere against Easter to die or colour red with Brazell a great number of eggs; the common people use to carie in their hands one of their red eggs, not onely upon Easter day, but also three or foure days after, and gentlemen and gentlewomen have eggs gilded which they cary in like maner. When two friends meete, the one of them sayth, the Lord is risen, the other answereth, it is so of a truth, and then they kisse and exchange their eggs both men and women, continuing in kissing 4 dayes together."

One of the agents of the company in Moscow, Master Henrie Lane, had a controversy with one Sheray Costromitskey concerning the amount of a debt due from the English merchants. Lane profferred six hundred rubles, but the Russians demanded double the sum, and not agreeing they had recourse to law. For trial by combat Master Lane was pro-

vided with a strong, willing Englishman, one of the company servants; but the Russian champion was not willing to meet him, and the case was brought to trial before two chief judges. The English party were taken within the bar, and their adversaries placed outside. "Both parties were first perswaded with great curtesie, to wit, I to enlarge mine offer, and the Russes to mitigate their challenge. Notwithstanding that I protested my conscience to be cleere, and their gaine by accompt to bee sufficient, yet of gentlenes at the magistrate's request I make proffer of 100 robles more; which was openly commended, but of the plaintifes not accepted. Then sentence passed with our names in two equall balles of waxe made and holden up by the Judges, their sleeves stripped up. Then with standing up and wishing well to the trueth attributed to him that should be first drawen, by both consents from among the multitude they called a tall gentleman, saying: Thou with such a coate or cap, come up: where roome with speede was made. He was commanded to hold his cappe (wherein they put the balles) by the crown, upright in sight, his arme not abasing. With like circumspection they called at adventure another tall gentleman, commanding him to strip up his right sleeve, and willed him with his bare arme to reach up, and in God's name severally to take out the two balles; which he did delivering to either Judge one. Then with great admiration the lotte in ball first taken out was mine: which was by open sentence so pronounced before all the people, and to be the right and true parte. I was willed forthwith to pay the plaintifes the sum by me appointed. Out of which, for their wrong or sinne, as it was termed, they payd tenne in the hundred to the Emperour. Many dayes after, as their maner is, the people took our nation to be true and upright dealers, and talked of this judgement to our great credite."

Thus, with daring, good sense, and

good luck, English commerce laid the foundation-stones of the English Empire. But the reader must read for himself how these merchants flew the English flag for the first time across the Caspian Sea, and made their way to Persia in the teeth of danger. Or if the reader would learn more of English courage, let him read that volume in which Raleigh describes how Sir Richard Grenville fought the Revenge.

We wish only to call attention to the union of boldness and prudence in these English traders at the budding time of Elizabethan literature.

III.

Commerce is like colonizing: it demands manly virtue, forethought, audacity, quickness to advance, slowness to yield; it requires diplomacy, flattery, lies, and buffets. Misadventure may follow misadventure, yet the money-bags of England continue to propel new adventurers over the globe. Merchant adventurers do not seek Utopias, — let a man plan a Utopia, and the English cut his head off; they seek a gay and gallant market, where black, red, or yellow men will barter taffeta and furs for English homespun, English glass, and English steel; or, better yet, will give England a kingdom for “a cherry or a fig.” The money-getting English are no misers. Their gold-bags breed audacity. Nobles of Devon, franklins of Kent, burghers of London, make many companies of merchant adventurers, and delight to risk their possessions for the sake of great returns. Half the famous ships that beat the Spanish Armada — the Bull, the Bear, the Dreadnaught, the Arkraleigh — were built for the commercial enterprise of piracy on the Spanish Main. Elizabeth and her nobles drew their ten per centum per mensem from such investments.

Money searched for cheap routes to Cathay, and opened up trade with Russia, Tartary, and Persia. Hope of gain sent

colonists westward to Virginia, lured by the description of land “which will not only serve the ordinary turnes of you which are and shall bee, planters and inhabitants, but such an overplus sufficiently to be yielded, as by way of trafficke and exchange will enrich yourselves the providers, and greatly profit our owne countrymen.” The swelling money-bags of England set Clive and Hastings over India, took the Cape of Good Hope, and sought twentyfold increase in Australia.

English commerce is no headstrong fool. It looks first, and leaps afterward. Like a wary captain, it takes its reckoning by compass and sextant, and then spreads all sail. It acts with the self-confidence of common sense. Commerce is as prudent as Cecil and as bold as Drake; but prudence is the controlling spirit. Common sense, also, is the characteristic of English literature which has exalted it so far beyond its modern rivals. Powerful as have been its fantastic, monstrous, and metaphysical elements, disturbing as have been affectation and demagoguery, these influences have been but little eddies whirling round in the strong, steady current of common sense that has carried English literature on its flood. Common sense unconsciously recognizes that men are human; that imagination must play round the facts of daily life; that poetry and prose must be wrought out of the dust of the earth, and not out of some heavenly essence. Common sense acts upon instant needs, and meets the dangers of the hour; it is not diverted from its path by fears or allurements of the distant future; it climbs like a child, clinging to one baluster and then another, till it plants its steps securely. There is a world of difference between it and “une certaine habitude raisonnable qui est le propre de la race française en poésie,” according to Sainte-Beuve. One is bred in the closet by meditation; the other comes from living.

The good sense of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dryden, Defoe, Pope, Fielding, Walter Scott, Tennyson, George Eliot, and others walls in English literature, so that it can stand the push of unruly genius in a Marlowe or a Shelley. Against this dominating common sense allegory rises in vain; passion cannot overtopple it; too subtle thought is sloughed off by it; dreams serve but to ornament; desires are tamed; parlor rhymesters are tossed aside. Common sense, with its trust in common humanity, has made English literature. The same solid wisdom which makes English money ballasts English verse and prose. There is an impress as of pounds, shillings, and pence on most of their pages; not vulgar and rude, as these words suggest, but like images on antique coins, stamped by conservatism, by precious things accumulated, by tradition and authority.

There is a certain melancholy about prudence; it bears witness to innumerable punishments suffered by ignorance and rashness, which must have been heaped up to a monstrous mass in order to create prudence as an instinct. But most of the punishments were accomplished before prudence appeared, and she reaps the harvest. There is something pathetic in the lives of Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Chatterton, Byron, Shelley, and Poe, who suffered, and in that wiser men had advantage therefrom. But after this manner runs the world away. English literature has been nourished by such sufferings, and the English Empire has also received from individuals all that they had to give. There is pathos in the reports sent by Hakluyt's traders to the home company. The investors dangle round Hampton Court, or sit in their counting-rooms in the city, while the adventurers leave England for years, brave hardships, risk disease and death, and send their duties back with humble hopes that their good masters in London may be content with what they do.

"Coastwise — cross-seas — round the world and
back again,
Whither the flaw shall fail us, or the Trades
drive down:
Plain-sail — storm-sail — lay your board and
tack again —
And all to bring a cargo up to London
town!"

IV.

Nevertheless, the desire to make money is not of itself capable of great action. It can put its livery upon a number of needy fellows who care not what they do, — who will trap beavers in Alaska, dig diamonds in Brazil, carry Hampshire kerseys to Tartars; but its main function is to be the utensil for the true adventurer: if he will sail, it builds a ship; if he will plant, it gives him seed; if he will rob, it loads him with powder and shot; it is the pack-mule that shall carry him and his equipment over the Alps of enterprise. The real strength of money lies in the wild spirits that will use it. Curiosity seeking the secrets of the world, daring looking for giant obstacles, conquerors in search of possessions whereto their courage shall be their title-deeds, — these must have money-getters. They publish abroad their needs that are to be, and farmers, miners, weavers, spinners, millers, smiths, and all grubbers spare and save, sweating to serve romantic adventurers.

The spirit of romance has flung its boldness into English literature. It plunders what it can from Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish. It ramps over the world: it dashes to Venice, to Malta, to Constantinople, to the Garden of Eden, to the Valley of the Shadow of Death, to Lilliput, to desert islands, to Norman baron and Burgundian noble, to Virginia, to Florence, to India, to the South Sea, to Africa, and fetches home to England foreign wealth by land and sea. How boldly it sails east, west, south, and north, and by its shining wake shows that it is the same spirit of romance that has voyaged from Arthurian legend to Mr. Kipling!

French men of letters have not had enough of this audacious spirit. They troop to Paris, where they have been accustomed to sit on their classical benches since Paris became the centre of France. The romance of Villon is the romance of a Parisian thief; the romance of Ronsard is the romance of the Parisian salon. Montaigne strolls about his seigniorly while England is topsy-turvy with excitement of new knowledge and new feeling. Corneille has the nobleness of a *jeune fille*. You can measure them all by their ability to plant a colony. Wreck them on a desert island, Villon will pick blackberries, Ronsard will skip stones, Montaigne whittle, Corneille look like a gentleman, and the empire of France will not increase by a hand's-breadth. Take a handful of Elizabethan poets, and Sidney chops, Shakespeare cooks, Jonson digs, Bacon snares, Marlowe catches a wild ass: in twenty-four hours they have a log fort, a score of savage slaves, a windmill, a pinnace, and the cross of St. George flying from the tallest tree.

It is the adventurous capacity in English men of letters that has outdone the French. They lay hold of words and sentences and beat them to their needs. They busy themselves with thoughts and sentiments as if they were boarding pirates, going the nearest way. They do not stop to put on uniforms; whereas in France the three famous literary periods of the *Pléiade*, the Classicists, and the Romanticists have been three struggles over form, — quarrels to expel or admit some few score words, questions of rubric and vestments. The English have never balked at means after this fashion. Fénelon says of the French language “*qu'elle n'est ni variée, ni libre, ni hardie, ni propre à donner de l'essor.*”

It is not fanciful to find this common element of daring in both English trade and poetry. English adventurers have sailed eastward and westward, seeking new homes for the extravagant spirits

that find the veil of familiarity hang too thick over their native fields and cottages. Turn to the French: their merchants ply to Canada and India in vain. What sails belly out before the poetry of Ronsard or Malherbe? Into what silent sea is French imagination the first to break? The Elizabethan poets are a crew of mariners, rough, rude, bold, truculent, boyish, and reverent. How yarely they unfurl the great sails of English literature and put to open sea! The poor French poets huddle together with plummet in their hands, lest they get beyond their soundings.

No man can hold cheap the brilliant valor of the French. From Roncesvalles to the siege of Paris French soldiers have shown headlong courage. Nothing else in military history is so wonderful as the French soldiers from the 10th of August to Waterloo. Their dash and enterprise are splendid, but they do not take their ease in desperate fortune as if it were their own inn, as Englishmen do. They have not the shiftiness and cunning that can dodge difficulties. They cannot turn their bayonets into reaping-hooks, their knapsacks into bushels, their cannon to keels, their flags to canvas. They have not the prehensile hands of the English that lay hold, and do not let loose.

English courage owes its success to its union with common sense. The French could send forty Light Brigades to instant death; French guards are wont to die as if they went a-wooing; but the French have not the versatile absorption in the business at hand of the English. The same distinction shows in the two literatures. Nothing could be more brilliant than Victor Hugo in 1830. His verse flashes like the white plume of Navarre. His was the most famous charge in literature. Hernani and Ruy Blas have prodigious brilliancy and courage, but they lack common sense. They conquer, win deafening applause, bewilder men with excitement; but, vic-

tory won, they have not the aptitude for settling down. They are like soldiers who know not how to go back to plough and smithy. The great French literature of the Romantic period did not dig foundation, slap on mortar, or lay arches in the cellar of its house, after the English fashion. Next to Victor Hugo, not counting Goethe, the greatest man of letters in Europe, of this century, is Sir Walter Scott. Mark the difference between him and Hugo. Scott's poetry and novels have a vigorous vitality from his common sense, and therefore they are ingrained in the trunk of English literature; the fresh sap of their romance quickens every root and adds greenery to every bough. Victor Hugo is passionate, imaginative, majestic, powerful, eloquent, demagogical, but he does not stand the hard test of squaring with the experience of common men.

Consider M. Zola, the greatest of living French novelists, and we find the same lack in him. His strong, sturdy talents have fought a brilliant and victorious fight; but the brilliancy of his victory serves merely as a light to rally his enemies; he has offended against the abiding laws of the common knowledge of common men, and his books have already passed the zenith of their glory. There is hardly a famous man who does not point the same moral. Michelet records the introduction of tobacco. "Dès le début de cette drogue, on put prévoir son effet. Elle a supprimé le baiser. Ceci en 1610. Date fatale qui ouvre les routes où l'homme et la femme iront divergents." Read Renan's chapters upon King David. Take Racine, of whom Voltaire says "que personne n'a jamais porté l'art de la parole à un plus haut point, ni donné plus de charme à la langue française." He is noble, and appeals to the deepest feelings in men, love, religion, heroism. By virtue of his spiritual nature he deserves great reverence, but he does not touch the understanding of common men. Ronsard,

du Bellay, Clément Marot, have the same fault; they are witty, epigrammatic, musical, but they have not the one essential element. The two most successful French men of letters are the two possessing most common sense, Molière and Balzac.

Common sense is difficult to define, and suffers from a vulgar notion that it is totally separate and distinct from high virtues. It is Sancho Panza, but Sancho learned to appreciate Don Quixote. Common sense knows that it must be squire to the hero until the hero shall recognize his own dependence upon the squire. The wise and witty Voltaire failed in this respect, for he did not understand the daily need of idealism. Common sense sees the immediate obstacle which is to be overcome; in order to sharpen a pencil, instead of Durandal or Excalibur, it uses a penknife. Common sense trims its sails to catch the breeze, be it a cat's-paw, but it does not avoid the hurricanes of passion. Common sense uses common words; it husbands; it practices petty economies, so that the means of the hero shall be ample to his great enterprise. Of itself it can do little, but it makes straight the path for great achievement.

Jowett was fond of repeating Coleridge's remark that "the only common sense worth having is based on metaphysics." This saying is in part true, and it would not be over-curious to trace the indirect influence of metaphysics on the English Empire and on English literature.

V.

There is no profit, however, in attempting to lug reason into this matter of the preference of English literature over French. There is no justification here except by faith. There is none to hold the scales, while we heap English books into one to outweigh French books in the other. Men who have thrown off the bias of nationality have disqualified themselves for the task, for they have

cut off all those prime feelings and blind, indistinct sentiments that must be the judges of last resort, and have set up in their stead reason propped on crutches of grammar, syntax, style, and euphony. In fundamental matters, the intellect must take counsel of the heart. Every man's memory has stored in some odd corner the earliest sounds of his mother's voice saying the Lord's Prayer; it remembers the simple words that first distinguished the sun and the moon, buttercup and dandelion, Kai the bull terrier and Sally the cat. No cultivation, no sojourning in foreign lands, no mastery of many books, can erase these recollections. Some men there are whose conception of human relations is so large and generous that to them the differences between peoples are slight, when matched with the resemblances. Such men are noble and lovable, but they are not qualified to pronounce upon the merits of two languages. Native language is restricting and confining so far as concerns peoples in international affairs, but it ennobles and enlarges fellow countrymen. Out of our native language are made our home and our country. The sweet sounds of speech heard only at home create our fundamental affections. The separation of nation from nation is a cheap price to pay for the great benefit which we of one people have received from the bond of common speech.

That which is true of language is true of literature. The great books for us are the books which we read when we were young; they bewitched us with our own language, they brought to us our English thoughts. The power of the English Bible is not the reward of merit only, — merit has never enjoyed such measure of success; it exists because we read it and re-read it when we were little boys. This early language of our mother and of our books is part of the "trailing clouds of glory" that came with us from the East. Love of it is a simple animal instinct, and the man who can proclaim

himself free from it does not comprehend the riches of language or the great passions of life. We would alter a line of Wordsworth to fit this case: —

We must be *bond* who speak the tongue that
Shakespeare spake.

We cannot throw off the strong shackles that Shakespeare, the Bible, and all our English inheritance have put upon us; we are barred and bolted in this English tongue; only he who does not feel the multitudinous touch of these spiritual hands of the great English dead can stand up and say that the English and French languages are equal.

Mr. Matthew Arnold used to instruct us — as a professor of Hellenism was bound to do — that we must divest ourselves of national prejudices. We all admired him, and meant to mend our ways. He borrowed the word "*saugrenu*" from the French to tell us more exactly what manner of behavior was ours; but faster than his prose pushed us on to international impartiality his poetry charmed us back. Mr. Arnold's poetry is essentially English; it is the poetry of an English Englishman. He is a descendant in direct line from Sidney, Herbert, Gray, Cowper, Wordsworth. He appeals to our native emotion; he has English morals, English sentiment, English beliefs and disbeliefs; his character is doubly emphasized by his occasional imitation of Greek forms. He has about him the atmosphere of the Anglican Church, — love of form, fondness for those emotions which are afraid to acknowledge instinct as their father, and yet shudder at logic. Mr. Arnold is an English poet, and for that reason we love him, and disregard his entreaties for cosmopolitan standards.

We are intolerant; we are among those persons from whom bigots successfully seek recruits; we have little respect, and rightly enough, for the free play of our reason; we follow the capricious humor of our affections. We like old trodden paths, on whose rude bottoms we can still discern the prints of our fathers' feet.

We are yeomen of the mind, as ready to throw our intellectual caps in the air for a Henry VIII. as for Hampden and liberty. We have the dye of conservatism; we cannot hide it for more than a few sentences, and then only upon forewarning. We have just cause to fear that our behavior is bad in the presence of the sonnets of M. José Maria de Heredia; we make faces when we read Verlaine. We cannot take those gentlemen as poets. They look to us like masqueraders, harlequins, unfairly brought from the darkness of the stage into the light of the sun. Nevertheless, at the opening of the summer vacation, when idleness looks eternal, under the boughs of a protecting pine, the needles dry beneath, a ripe apple odorous in our pocket, we read with regularity an essay by M. Brunetière, a poem by M. Sully Prudhomme, and some French novel of the year. All is in vain; we must accept that condition of the mind to which it has pleased God to call us.

What a pleasure, after reading those books, to go back to old Hakluyt, and read aloud the lists of merchandise sent abroad or fetched home: item, good velvets, crimosins, purples and blacks, with some light watchet colours; item, ten or twelve pieces of western karsies, thicked well and close shut in the weaving and died into scarlet; item, one hundred brushes for garments (none made of swine's hair); item, forty pieces of fine holland. What breaking of fences, what smashing of locks, what air, what comradeship, what a sense of poetry! Surely, there is more poetry in the making of the English Empire than was ever printed in France.

Let us open wide the doors of our minds and give hospitable reception to foreign literature whence soever it may come, but let us not forget that it only comes as a friend to our intelligence, and can never be own brother to our affections.

"A health to the native-born!"

Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr.

ENGLAND'S ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL CRISIS.

HISTORIC England (inclusive of all Britain) is easily first among the great nations that have yet arisen. It is above ancient Greece both in character and in solidity of genius; it has surpassed Rome in dominion, and even in the impression of its influence on the world. But what of the England that now is? And what of its living people? Nature has made their island very beautiful to the eye; thirty generations or more of the Englishmen who sleep in church tombs and churchyards, or on remote battlefields, or in the depths of many seas, have filled it with impressive monuments and memories; Time, the great artist, has touched the work of both with shades and tones that move imagi-

nation profoundly. But if we resist imagination, and scan them in a critical mood, what stuff shall we find in the English of our own day? Do they uphold the greatness of their heritage? Do they keep their nation to the level of its old renown?

I am not satisfied to take for answer the morning beat of British drums, which rattle their reveille farther, year by year, and more noisily, up and down every meridian of the globe. For of nations, as of men, it is true that vigor may decline while progeny increases, and the conquests and colonies of Great Britain are no sure measure of the strength that stays in the loins from which they sprang. It must be within the island

that surrounds her throne, among the people whom she summons to her parliaments and who bear the cost of her armies and her fleets, that the power of the empire of Queen Victoria has its springs. Let us search those sources to see whether they show signs of failing, or are flowing with full potency yet!

Race and circumstance, the prime factors in human history, are to be weighed both with and against each other, when we try to understand a nation and its career. Originally, no doubt, racial qualities are mostly, if not wholly, the product of circumstances; the product, that is, of conditions and of happenings that those affected by them did not control. But the birth-history of tribes and races is hidden from our knowledge in the densest darkness of prehistoric time. As they emerge into the dim light of tradition and legend, the differing races, the differing branches of each race, and the differing tribes in each branch are equipped in different modes and degrees for a certain independence and defiance of outward conditions. When we get our first glimpses of them, they have passed, almost invariably, out of old into new environments, and are less plastic in the new than they must have been in the old. They have acquired some power to react, more or less, on their surroundings, and to shape circumstances, in a measure, as well as to be shaped by them. That is the racial quality, the potential stuff, in each people, of which we have to make a just reckoning if we would understand their history. The natural, egotistic inclination of our minds is to overvalue it in the reckoning, — ascribing too much to the human agency in events, and too little to the circumstance that helps or hinders it. Nevertheless, it is possible, I think, to judge impartially between the two.

Remembering how closely akin the English are in blood to the Dutch and the Danes, and generally to the Low Germanic peoples of the Continent, one

cannot reasonably maintain that their distinction in history is principally explained by a superiority inherent in themselves. On the other hand, it would be foolish to suppose that if English and Dutch had exchanged countries, say twelve centuries ago, — the English carrying with them such leaven of Celtic blood as they took from the conquered Britons, and the Dutch preserving their racial purity in the island as they have preserved it behind their dikes, — the history of the two lands would have followed lines unaltered by the exchange. There cannot be a doubt that racial qualities which Angles, Jutes, and Saxons brought with them from their older home were modified by Celtic intermixtures as well as by changed conditions, more especially in the west and north of the island of Great Britain, and that there was a resultant national character and spirit distinctively English, or British, and clearly to be reckoned with as a potent factor in English history.

But when we have made all the concession that is possible to inherent forces in English mind or English temper, and then glance at the independent circumstances that have favored and forwarded the working of them, through all the centuries from King Alfred to Queen Victoria, we have to recognize that the latter are much the weightier of the two in their influence on the great career of the English nation. I think, indeed, that no other notable people have owed so much to favoring circumstances and fortunate events, — to incidents that, in the teleological view, are markings of the providential hand. But even more of Heaven's favors might easily have been wasted on a weaker race.

The fundamental circumstance, which seems in itself to half explain English history, is, of course, the insularity of the nation. No fact has been more considered, has received more comment; let us remind ourselves now of its significance.

We may safely believe that the institutions which have made England the political teacher of the world could not have been originally worked out, by the same people or by any other people, under conditions that have prevailed hitherto in any continental European state. The shelter of the island from foreign interference and surrounding perturbations was necessary to the evolution of the representative system of government, with supremacy in Parliament, responsibility in administration, security of just independence in courts; and not less necessary to a persisting growth of the industries, the trade, and the resulting wealth, upon which the empire of Great Britain depends. In their

"fortress, built by Nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war;
... set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,"

the English have rejoiced in many and great advantages over every neighbor, and have used them with a capability that has wasted none. Protection from invasion is not more than half the blessed service their insulating sea has done them. It has put a happy curb on greedy ambitions in their kings and ministers; kept them for nearly five hundred years from aggressive continental wars; moderated their share in the frictions, jealousies, neighborhood rivalries, dynastic entanglements, of European politics. By effect of this, it has turned the energies of their ambition more profitably to remoter fields of commerce and colonization. At the same time, by shutting out many distractions, it has held their more careful attention to domestic affairs. It has fostered self-reliance in the national spirit, and unity of belief among Englishmen in one another. If it has fostered, too, some narrow self-sufficiency and unteachable contentment with English things and English ways, even those may have had value to the

nation in times past, though losing their value now. By standing a little at one side of the movements of thought and feeling in continental Europe, the English people have experienced a more independent development of character and mind, tending sometimes toward narrowness, but oftener to the broadening of lines. In literature, there has been a fruitage not equaled in any other tongue; in morals, there is an outcome of doctrine that has pointed, and of sentiment that has led, almost every practical reform in the modern world.

By more, too, than the sheltering and inwrapping of the sea, the island of the English has been a physically favored land. If nature had denied to it her remarkable gift of iron and coal, how different would have been the industrial career of its people, how different their economic state, how different their power and position in the world! Its climate, moreover, has singularly fitted the needs of a strong, deep-natured, and well-balanced race. The perfection of temperateness is in its summer and winter airs, gently and most equably warmed by the unfailing ocean stream from the south, and scarcely flushed by the mild radiance of a sun that stays low in the sky. The very steaminess of humidity that hangs about the land is the tenderest emollient ever mixed for nerves and brains, and counts among the reasons for strength and steadiness and a certain measure of sometimes helpful stolidity in English character.

If physical and geographical conditions have thus been potent factors in the extraordinary career of the British nation, events arriving accidentally, so to speak, in their history have been not less so. The first of such events in time, and possibly the most important, was the Norman Conquest. At the coming of the Conqueror, England was being feudalized according to the anarchical pattern set in Germany and France. The authority of the crown was waning, the

independence of the great nobles increasing, and a process of decentralization going on that threatened to destroy the integrity of the kingdom, as the integrity of the old Germanic kingdom had already been destroyed. By the Conquest that process was summarily and lastingly checked. The deliberately reconstructed feudalism which the Conqueror then introduced was something very different from the natural growth of the feudal scheme. It was feudalism perfected in its forms as a land system, and throttled in spirit as a political organization of the realm. All its obligations were centred in the king. The royal courts were broadened in jurisdiction, and the royal functionaries armed with effective powers. The reins of government were masterfully gathered into the sovereign hand. As a consequence of this revolutionary change, the movements of political evolution in England were happily turned to a course exactly contrary to the direction in which they worked unhappily in France. In the latter country, king and commons were pushed together into combinations against the nobles. The king chartered communes in the towns, and used them as allies and supports until the royal power had won supremacy. Then all fell together in subjection to an absolutism with which neither barons nor burghers could cope alone. In England, on the contrary, the primary masterfulness of royalty, after the Norman Conquest, produced an early confederation of lords and commons against the crown, which proved to be a more fortunate arrangement of the contending forces. Absolutism was checked by a resistance that brought all the considerable interests and energies of English society into play and kept them in well-balanced action. The extorting of Magna Carta was the beginning of what may rightly enough be called a process of social nationalization in English politics, which has persisted to this day, and

as the consequence of which the government of England became representative and responsible.

Where the stuff of English character really shows itself is in the grip with which the people have held political rights once acquired. Circumstances, brought about in the main by the Norman Conquest, gave the burghers of certain prosperous towns and the lesser landholders of the shires a voice with barons and prelates in asserting common liberties and rights and in parleying on great public affairs with the king. It was never possible afterward to silence that voice. Helpful circumstances continued to arise, but it was the temper of the people which made the most of them. The kings involved themselves in foreign wars, and their sovereign pretensions were lowered by their needs. Their subjects who had purses held fast to the strings, and by keeping the power to open their purses for the public treasury on agreement alone, and not on command, they kept a share and part in the government. From occasional participation, this became, after a time, systematic and regular. Out of the wreck of the old English kingdom that fell at Senlac, the English commons had preserved, in local matters, not a few of their primitive Germanic institutions. Among them was the shire moot, or county court, which grew partly into the form of a representative body, to which township delegates were sent. The king having learned that his subjects represented in the shire court had something to say on questions of taxation which he must listen to, it seems natural that the idea of summoning delegates from the shire courts to meet with barons and clergy, when such questions were discussed, should arise. Thus "knights of the shire" began to appear, occasionally at first, then always, in national councils or parliaments, and a representative legislature, that greatest political invention of the modern world, came into being.

By the civil Wars of the Roses, the nobles of England were so seriously weakened, and the royal power was so greatly enlarged in the end, that absolutism would probably have won its will, even then, if the footing of the commons, as the most substantial estate of the realm, had not been firmly secured. With all their arrogance, the willful Tudors could never quite shake off dependence, from time to time, on a representative parliament of the nation, to grant supplies to their treasury and assent to their acts.

Then came a second series of those important casual happenings by which the evolution of parliamentary government in England has been so singularly promoted. The change of dynasty—the arrival on the throne of a ridiculous sort of king out of Scotland, with an offensive crowd of Scottish favorites at his back—put a strain on the sentiment of loyalty that weakened it greatly. It might have recovered from the half contempt inspired by the first of the Stuarts, if the second had not put even harder trials on it by his perfidy and insolence. The completeness with which it was broken down, within one generation after Queen Elizabeth, could not have occurred if Elizabeth's crown had passed to a native English line of successors. In the revolt that ensued there were success and failure. Monarchy was overturned, but only to demonstrate that Englishmen were unprepared to dispense with it. If the fatuous Stuarts, then brought back to a restored throne, had possessed any kind of kingly excellence, the reaction in their favor might almost have planted absolutism anew; but their folly and their falsity persisted in making any revival of the old-time reverence for royalty impossible. By nothing less than the threatening of the Protestantism of England could they have provoked the nation so soon to a second revolt. In that remarkable rising of 1688–89 religious and political feelings were wonderfully joined, and acted to a

revolutionary conclusion the most unanimous and the most perfect that appears in the annals of any nation.

But the favor of circumstances in the evolution of responsible government for England was not yet exhausted. The liberties of subjects, the franchises of citizens, the prerogatives of Parliament, had been rigorously guaranteed; the hereditary transmission of the crown had practically been subjected to parliamentary regulation and consent; and yet it might be possible for an able and artful prince to trouble the kingdom. Events were soon to erase even that possibility. Another change of dynasty brought a family of German dukes to the throne. They were utterly foreign and strange; they were heavy and dull in intellect; they were helplessly ignorant of everything English, including the English tongue. Under such circumstances, with Parliament possessing an ascendancy already won, it was inevitable that a ministry representing the Parliament should actually and fully take the reins of executive government into its hands; that the nominal sovereign should slip insensibly to a dependent and fictitious place, retaining little more than the regalia of his office, and employed for little more than ceremony and show on the stage of British politics. That came about first as a practical situation, and then it was legitimated as a constitutional fact. The evolution of *responsible* government in England was complete.

But *popular* government was still to come. So far it had only been prepared for, conditions arranged for it,—nothing more. In no just sense of the term was there anything democratic in the English political system until the present century had run a third of its course. It had exhibited the most admirable example of an aristocratic constitution topped with monarchy that ever took shape in the world. Its so-called commons were but an untitled or a lower-titled division of a political constituency that was thor-

oughly aristocratic throughout. Its representative Parliament, of the evolution of which I have been speaking, was elected in the later years of George III. by not more than 450,000 voters, out of a population in Great Britain and Ireland of about 22,000,000. Therefore it represented about one in fifty of the British nation, or one in ten of the grown men of the nation. Those 450,000 formed a political aristocracy a little more extensive than the social aristocracy of lords and gentry, but still excluding the vast majority of the people. Nevertheless, it was a broader aristocracy than ever had growth before in any country that gave political power to a class. Its bases were sunk to a small depth, at least, into the popular mass. It was in touch with the real commonalty of the nation at many points. Except in one direction it was not class-bound in its views, but was moved, for the most part, by a spirit really national and broad. The civil rights it had won were fairly shared with all its fellows. The disfranchised multitude were made as safe as its own members, in property and person, under the protection of the laws that its Parliament enacted, and of the courts that its disposition inspired. This feeling for civic equality, little corrupted by social and political inequalities, has been one of the marked distinctions of the English people. It is part of a moral sense in the race, which accounts for much in its history that is often credited to superior political genius. It explains, too, the long quietness with which political inequalities were submitted to. The one direction in which the class in power dealt unfairly with the politically powerless was the direction pointed by its landholding interests; and not until a great industry in manufactures grew up, with interests of its own, did political discontent become serious. Then a new movement of evolution set in, which gradually has been substituting democracy for aristocracy in the political system.

The old aristocratic rule was admirable in many ways, while it lasted. It gave an efficiency and a tone to government that democracy cannot equal without long training. The blue blood and the wealth that controlled it were very far from giving cultivation or intelligence or high-mindedness to all their possessors; but the average of culture and of high-minded intelligence in a small constituency selected by such advantages of fortune was sure to be higher than a like average in the general mass. It yielded more readily the lead in public affairs to men of superior talent and experience, and it supported them by an opinion better instructed, in the main. It maintained a higher standard of character and trained capacity in the public service. The national policy was thus directed and national business conducted with more wisdom, more steadiness, and more integrity, on the whole, than would probably have been the case under a government broadly popularized.

The intelligence in the old aristocratic constituency of Parliament produced a party in its ranks that grew strong enough to accomplish, in 1832, the first great extension of suffrage, by which the movement toward democracy in England was begun. A second step in the same direction was taken in 1867, and a third in 1885. One in seven of the total population of the kingdom, it is now computed, is in possession of the electoral franchise. Universal manhood suffrage — already in demand — would reach about one in five. Therefore, England is at present very nearly as democratic as the United States, and sure to become quite as democratic in the near future.

Now, this stupendous political change from an aristocratic to a democratic constitution, accomplished at three great leaps within sixty-five years, brings new conditions, from which England has yet to realize the most hazardous effects. So far, the old forms, feelings, opinions, of the aristocratic régime have lingered in

existence and influence, with the curious vitality that English conservatism gives to everything old. Habits of deference, rooted by ages of transmission in the minds of tenants, tradesmen, and servants of every order, have thus far been keeping a great mass of the newer voters under an influence from the "gentry" that is not known in America. Political parties have been generally controlled and manipulated by men of the old ruling class. Not much discredit has fallen as yet upon the name and character of the "politician." His work has been usually done with more decorum and dignity than in the United States, with somewhat less soiling of hands, and it offers a career more inviting to gentlemen in the proper sense of the word. The political mass is still quite inert. It has hardly acquired enough mobility for the free working in it of those perilous fermentations of democracy that are not to be escaped from, and that may bring, we dare hope, some great clarifying in the end. But the processes of mobilization are steadily going on, and the inevitable fermentations are not far away. For England the anxious moment of them is still to come. The slow democratic mass is already being stirred by influences from within itself; it will presently have learned independent motions of its own, and parties will be officered with fewer Oxford and Cambridge degrees. The "caucus," even now under experiment, will have assumed some dominating form; one by one all the parts of the American political "machine" will have been imported and set up, and the arts that operate it will have been acquired. For these things are not distinctively American; they belong rather to a stage in the development of the motive forces and the working mechanism of democratic government that we are passing through, and that Great Britain is approaching.

But when England arrives at that

stage, the situation is likely to be more serious for her than it is for us, because she is less prepared for it, and less willing to prepare. The firmest believer in democracy does not shut his eyes to its weaknesses, its vices, its perils. He only believes that its weaknesses may be strengthened, its vices diminished, its perils lessened, by popular education, and by time slowly ripening the fruits of it. Here in America he finds a justification for his faith, in the cheerful energy and substantial unanimity with which popular education is supported and urged. In England he is discouraged by a lack of earnestness and a want of agreement in that saving work. The spirit of the undertaking has been half paralyzed from the beginning by the attitude of the English Church. Down to 1870 the Church had successfully disputed the right of the national government to assume any duty or responsibility connected with the maintenance or management of elementary schools. In that year, despite its opposition, there was passed through Parliament an act that divided both the duty and the responsibility between the Church and the State; or rather, it asserted, on the part of the State, a right to pick up and assume such remainder of duty in the matter of providing elementary schools as the Church might neglect. Wherever a school, sufficient for the needs of the locality and satisfactory to inspectors appointed by the education committee of the Privy Council, was voluntarily maintained, by Church organizations or otherwise, with its pupils free to attend or not to attend religious exercises or instruction, the government would contribute annually to its support a certain sum per pupil. Where any borough, town, parish, or rural district lacked such sufficient and satisfactory school or schools, the government would order the election of a local school board, and the collection of a school rate for the partial maintenance

of the needed school, and would likewise grant aid to it from the national fund. This produced two very distinct and quite conflicting school systems, namely, the system of the "voluntary schools," so called, and that of the "board schools," between the partisans of which there has been an antagonism that shows no sign of disappearing, and that does most obviously weaken the zeal and impair the efficiency with which common teaching for the multitude is carried on.

An American visitor to England, who spends some little time in the country, can hardly fail to become conscious of three serious facts: (1) that there is a strong class feeling against much education for those who are looked on as underlings and servants, — a feeling more prevalent and more pronounced than the shamefaced sentiment of like meanness that is whispered in some snobbish American circles; (2) that the "school rate" seems to be the most begrudged of English taxes, the most sharply criticised, the most grumbled at, — and this to a degree for which there appears nothing comparable in America; (3) that the opposition to secular schools, fostered by the Church and ostensibly actuated by a desire for religious instruction in the schools, is largely supported in reality by the same sentiments indicated above. The party at the back of the voluntary schools appears, in fact, to include, along with many undoubted friends of popular education, all varieties of unfriendliness and all degrees of the friendliness that lacks liberality. Naturally, that party controls the present conservative government, and the grant to its schools from public funds has recently been enlarged. Yet even before this had been done, the schools in question were so little "voluntary" that but seventeen and a half per cent, or thereabouts, of the annual cost of maintaining them was supplied by voluntary contributions, and some three per cent from endowments. About five per cent of their income was still collected

in 1896 in school fees from the children, and the remainder came from the national school fund. While the local ratepayers of England and Wales added 21s. 2d. per pupil, on the average, to the government grants for expenditure on the board schools, the supporters of the voluntary schools, receiving equal grants, added only 6s. 9½d. per pupil to their expenditure. The economy of the voluntary schools is as attractive to a majority of ratepayers as the management of them is attractive to clergy and Churchmen. At present they count half a million more pupils than appear in average attendance at the board schools.

If we compare the expenditure on elementary education in England with that in the state of New York (which, among American states, is not exceptionally advanced in this matter), there appears to be scanty excuse for the grudging temper in which our English cousins scan their school bills. In round numbers, the population of New York state is 6,500,000, and that of England and Wales 30,000,000, or four and a half times greater. But the total income of all elementary schools in England and Wales — both voluntary schools and board schools — from all sources in 1896 was reported by the Committee of Council on Education to be £10,144,054, or about \$50,000,000. The reported amount of moneys raised the same year in the state of New York by local and general taxation and from the income of the permanent school funds for public schools (corresponding to the English board schools) alone was \$23,286,644. Beyond this was the expenditure of parochial and private schools, in which some 200,000 pupils received instruction. Of the latter there are no statistics, but an estimate of \$3,000,000 to be added to the sum given above is surely very moderate. Relatively to population, therefore, New York gives more than double the sum that England and Wales are giving to common schools, and gives

it, I venture to say, with much greater willingness.

Some, at least, of the colonial provinces of the British Empire make nearly the same showing in comparison with the home country. For example, the Canadian province of Ontario, with about 2,250,000 inhabitants, expended in 1896 \$3,846,060 on elementary public schools, and \$749,970 on secondary or high schools, while 349 Roman Catholic and Protestant separate schools, having an average attendance of 25,000 pupils, were otherwise maintained. In proportion, Ontario is applying money to popular education with twice the liberality of England.

If constitutional defenses against hot-headed action by majorities drummed hastily together in excited times had been provided in England, as they have been provided in the United States, the apparent lukewarmness of the country in its undertakings for popular education would still be sufficiently dangerous; but England has no such defenses. Her Parliament is checked neither by a written constitution, requiring time, discussion, deliberation, for its amendment, nor by a court empowered to interpret the constitution, nor by an upper house that can stand against the lower, nor by an executive right of veto that the sovereign dare exercise. It is the omnipotent maker and construer of constitutional law. It can turn and overturn at will, if it represents but momentarily the will of a majority in the nation. At a single sitting it may do things that would require, in the United States, the separate and concurrent action of the federal Congress and the legislatures of thirty-five states, and that would consume not less than a year of time. Far graver, then, will the situation of England be, when democracy there becomes as active and as independently organized as in the United States, and far more serious will be all the political effects of thoughtless ignorance among the people.

But more than changed political conditions are to be studied, in considering the present state and situation of England as compared with her past. So much of her weight in the world is the weight of her vast wealth that the economic circumstances on which that wealth depends are scarcely second in the reckoning of what has been and what will be. Says Dr. Cunningham, the historian of English Industry and Commerce: "England's place as a leader in the history of the world is chiefly due to her supremacy in industry and commerce. The arts which the citizens of Greece and Rome despised have become the foundations of her pride, and the influence which she exercises on the world at large is most clearly seen in the efforts which other nations make to follow the steps by which she has attained this supremacy." The same writer adds: "It is not a little curious to remember that this supremacy is of very recent growth; in the great period of English literary effort it was undreamt of; England seemed to be far behind. There was no question of taking a first place in the world, but there was much reason to fear that she could not maintain an independent position in Europe." And again: "When Elizabeth ascended the throne, England appears to have been behind other nations of western Europe in the very industrial arts and commercial enterprise on which her present reputation is chiefly based." Especially were the English behind their kinsmen of Holland until near the middle of the seventeenth century. It was the desperate fight with Spain, in Elizabeth's time, that rallied them to the sea, as a really maritime people, and made them energetic competitors of the Dutch; and it was not until Cromwell's day that the islanders and the netherlanders had come to be rivals in commerce or colonization or naval war, on fairly equal terms. But then, when their footing in the oceanic lists had been gained, they

won all the prizes easily; and it is not strange that they did so, for they had vast advantages on their side. Against the ores, the coal, and the unequaled sheep-pasturage of England, there was the native poverty of the Holland fens. Against increasing fruits of unmolested peace for the shepherds, the weavers, the miners, and the smiths of the seagirt kingdom, there were the distractions and destruction of great wars that surged continually about the Netherlands, broke repeatedly through the defenses of the Dutch, and ended in their exhaustion before the eighteenth century was done. How could the result be any other than it was?

The English should burn offerings to the god Circumstance for their original conquest of the dominion of the sea. For the keeping of it they may reasonably give proud credit to their own masterful powers. And it was not by valor only nor by energy alone that they spread their empire so wide and drove their trade so far. They had been politically trained for colonization, and for domination too, in their own parliamentary school. In the economic belief of the age that opened their career, possession and monopoly of sources and markets, in dependencies and colonies, were necessary to profitable commerce on the greater scale. The English were sure winners of a race for which that doctrine laid the lines. No other people were half so well prepared for distant rule or for distant colonial settlement. Their colonies thrived because they were true plantings, given root in their own soil, with enough of the life of self-government and self-reliance for a healthful growth. Their dependencies were ruled with sense and vigor, because administrative powers were localized in the midst of them to the greatest possible extent, and not centred jealously at the far-off London court. Whether we attribute this wise policy to political genius in the English people, or to political habits of

mind and action acquired in their domestic experience, matters little. The essential fact is that it gave them success in the management of colonies and distant conquests, where Frenchmen and Spaniards failed alike, and left them no rival to be seriously feared after the Dutch fell back.

But after all, as I said in beginning, it is in their own country that the primary sources of English wealth and power, past, present, or future, must be found. The great commerce of the British Empire is underlaid and supported by the great industries of the British kingdom. There we touch the corner-stones of English power, and the stability of them is a proper subject of close inquiry. At the beginning, in their more important industries, as in their bolder seamanship and commerce, the English were learners and borrowers from their continental neighbors. At different periods, from the fourteenth century to the seventeenth, Dutch, Flemish, and Huguenot artisans, successively, brought over to them the mysteries of the finer manufacture of wool, cotton, and silk. But those arts, when borrowed, were at a primitive stage, and it was English ingenuity and enterprise that raised them to the astonishing importance that they began to assume little more than a century ago. During the period in which the economic foundation of their fortunes, nationally, was laid, the English showed themselves to be, first an eminently teachable people, and then an eminently inventive people, for the improvement of their teachings. Between the middle and the close of the eighteenth century they produced a series of great mechanical inventions, the most amazing in economic effects that had ever been given to the world. The carding, spinning, and weaving machinery invented by Paul, Hargreaves, Arkwright, Crompton, Kay, and Cartwright, the steam-engine of Watts, the hot blast of Neilson in iron-smelting, the puddling and rolling processes of Cort, gave Eng-

land the sudden advantage of such a combination of revolutionary improvements in leading industrial arts as had never occurred before; and her people made the most of their priority in the use of them. They had already borrowed the factory system from Italy, in the first half of the century, and they now applied it, with almost magical results, to the organization of their machine-armed labor. Before other nations learned to handle the new industrial forces they had taken possession of the markets of the world.

A little later, they clinched the possession by a measure of extraordinary sagacity, to which they were singularly led. To other nations, then and since, the question, for industry and commerce, between freedom and legislative meddling, has been mischievously confused and disguised. To the fortunate English it came nakedly and pointedly, with all sophistries and false pretenses stripped away, as a question, narrowed and well defined, between gain for a class and plenty for the mass. In their experience, a "protective" industrial policy showed one feature more conspicuously than any other, and that was protection of high prices for food, to benefit landowners and farmers at the expense of all others in the community. This brought straight home to their comprehension the fundamental issue, between few who produce, in any industry, and many who consume, and enlightened them to the acceptance, once for all, of the broad general principle of freedom for industrial interchange. Having swept "protective" corn-laws from their statute-books, they proceeded with little delay to erase everything of the kind from their economic policy. It was like the removal of plate armor from a warrior, to give him the whole use of his limbs, the whole strength of his muscles, the whole skill of his training. It ended for them the handicapping of one industry by "protections" contrived for

another: woolen manufactures by "protected" wool-growing, machine-making by "protected" iron-making, tanning and shoemaking by "protected" cattle-raising. It ended fatuous bounty-paying for the creation of new employments by a process more costly than the pensioning of the unemployed. It ended the imposition of taxes in disguise, to be collected from every buyer of the smallest thing, not by government for its revenue, but by the maker of the thing for his gain. It released the working millions of England from every needless burden. It released English capital and enterprise from every trammel, and guaranteed them against all ignorant political meddling with their practical affairs. As they have stood thus emancipated, stripped of harness and foolish panoplies, it has been as impossible for any "protected" people to break the industrial and commercial supremacy of the English as for a mailed knight of the Middle Ages to do battle successfully with a buckskin-shirted scout of the recent West.

But the security in which they have held their economic ascendancy for more than a hundred years has bred, it appears, the kind of contemptuous carelessness that so often has fatal endings. They have despised their competitors too long to be alert in watching them. They have lost the teachableness that they showed at the beginning of their career. They scorn to learn better ways than their own, when better ways are found by other people. That unteachableness, moreover, would seem to have been growing on them while their own inventiveness declined. If we take the period since Hargreaves patented his spinning jenny, in 1770, as being the great age of mechanical and scientific invention, the English have a remarkable part in the achievements of the first half of it, but their share in the triumphs of the later time is small. Excepting the Bessemer process of steel-making, they

have given no revolutionary invention to the world since George Stephenson finished the Stockton and Darlington Railway, in 1825. Nor have they been more active in the minor than in the major fields of invention. American ingenuity, German research, French dexterity, have all been contributing to the improvement of methods, processes, and instruments, in the industrial arts, much more than has come from the English, in the last half-century. If they were quick learners, this need not have been a serious default; but they are not. Their slowness, apparently, is not so much intellectual as willful. Nobody can accuse the English people of a lack of brain-power; but by nature they are stubborn, and by habit they have grown too satisfied with themselves in the long enjoyment of their supreme success. Thus, nature and habit have combined to make them the most unteachable among the greater peoples in the civilized world. They seem to have arrived at a state of mind that almost forbids the acceptance, especially from a foreign source, of any new thing, whether it be a new convenience or a new tool, a new system in business or a new dish for the table. The signs of this disposition that are said to be discoverable in the great workshops are matters of expert knowledge, which I am not prepared to discuss; but the ordinary traveler sees enough of it, in clumsy methods and perversely awkward arrangements that have no good right of survival in this dexterous and contriving age.

One or two generations ago, the English might thus chill their inventive faculties and seal their minds against instruction without serious commercial consequences. But that is no longer possible. The general activities of the world have attained too quick a pace. No advantage of position or possession can stand against deftness, speed, economy of labor and time. The whole world, Orient and Occident, is getting to

its feet now in the industrial race, and the prizes are for the lithe and swift. That the English have begun to feel with growing alarm that they are losing ground in the race is plainly confessed; and there are those in their own midst who plainly tell them why they fall behind. Last September, for example, one of the London daily newspapers, commenting upon a report on colonial trade, gave significant illustrations like the following: "Some time ago English manufacturers monopolized the trade in miners' picks. But they sent in a clumsy article, far too heavy for the miners to wield. The Americans sent in a short, neat, easily handled pick, which at once drove the British tool out of the market. We lost the trade of Victoria in tacks by failing to pack them in cardboard boxes instead of paper packages. We were cut out in the market for cartridges by declining to pack them in packages of twenty-five instead of one hundred. 'Both these defects,' we are told, 'have now been remedied, but the trade has to be regained.' In very many cases the shape of British articles is unsuitable to Victoria. The hammer, for instance, is not, in the opinion of Victorian carpenters, nearly so well shaped as the American hammer, but the British pattern seems unalterable." The same journal said further: "South Australia takes the view that 'British merchants are too often content to rest upon past laurels, and to be satisfied with continuing in their manufactures and business old styles and methods, — in short, are too conservative.'" "Conservatism" is quite too respectable a word for all that is involved in this matter. If our British cousins had defined it to themselves with a little more accuracy, they might have cherished their "conservatism" with less pride, and prepared themselves better for the changed conditions of a very radical age.

It is probable, however, that neither failing inventiveness nor growing un-

teachableness will account for all that seems wanting in the management of English business affairs at the present time. The contempt with which trade and "business" generally (except, perhaps, banking and brewing) are looked upon by the land-owning caste, whose social superiority is conceded, and whose opinion is penetrating and powerful, must have been having a constant tendency to deflect practical talent from the home arenas of business, and to send it abroad, into colonies and dependencies, and to other countries where ability of every useful species is surer of respect. Besides that influence of repulsion there are the strong attractions that pull in the same way, outwardly, from the narrow and crowded island to more open and adventurous fields. In English affairs, alone, spread over the world as they are, there arises an outside demand for executive and administrative capacity, to govern, to manage, to command, to direct, which taxes the home supply very heavily. All considered, the ceaseless drain of practical talent from England is enormous, and leaves us no reason for surprise if we find signs of some deficiency of it there, in those services that are scorned by a pretentious caste.

Three causes, then, I conclude, have been operating together to diminish, relatively at least, and in their own country, the economic capability that originally secured for the English people their supremacy in production and trade, namely: (1) the dulling of inventive faculties by excessive confidence and contentment; (2) the crusting of the commercial mind by that same influence with a disposition that resists teaching; (3) the drafting of practical talent away from the mother country into every quarter of the globe, by increasing attractions and demands. None of these causes can be easily overcome; and if, as appears certain, they have already begun, in a serious way, the yielding of ground to foreign competition in British

fields of trade, one cannot see where or how the backward movement will be stopped. For several countries, notably Germany and the United States, have been assiduously in training for the competition, and are entering it well prepared.

As the whole fabric of British power is sustained by the national wealth, it looks more insecure than it has looked before since the American colonies were lost. Yet the architects of the empire continue to build upon it more ambitiously than ever. They suffer no year to pass without stretching the bounds of the sovereignty of their queen and heaping new responsibilities upon it. Lord Rosebery, speaking in 1896, reckoned the additions of territory that had been made to the British Empire within twelve previous years at 2,600,000 square miles, or twenty-two times the area of the British Isles. That averages the acquisition every year of a province greater than France. Last October, Mr. Broderick, Under Secretary of State for War, quoted the ex-premier's estimate with assent, which makes it doubly authoritative. And the taking in of barbaric regions, which British armies must guard, British fleets keep in touch with, British administrators control, British statesmen be responsible for, goes on continually.

To what end? If it be true that England is losing ground in her older markets, can she save herself commercially by political possession of new ones? The eighteenth century might have said yes, but no doctrine in our day will justify that line of a national policy. To the impartial looker-on, there seems to be a strain in it that must have its inevitable breaking-point, — not indefinitely far away. If all the jealous and envious rivalries provoked had stayed at the relative weakness which they showed even thirty years ago, — if Germany, Russia, France, stood no stronger than they were when the third Napoleon fell, —

Great Britain might still regard them with small anxiety; but the substance of power, which is organized resource, has been growing on the Continent, during these thirty years, much faster than it has been growing in England. There are powers in Europe now that only need combination to put England in fearful peril. And there is no friendliness to restrain them. They are all hungry for the territorial plunder of Africa and the Asiatic East, and resentful of the huge share that the British have grasped. Only one strong nation in the world can be named that would not go eagerly into a fight with Great Britain for the dividing of her possessions, if opportunity favored. That one is the United States, which does not covet territory, and has no ambitions to be satisfied by aggressive war. Were it not for a single black memory, there might be between the kinsfolk of England and America a closeness of friendship that all Europe would not dare to challenge. Americans find it hard to forget how the ruling class of England rejoiced when the calamity of appalling civil war overtook their republic and it seemed likely

to fall. They forget more easily that the plain people of England bore little part in that rejoicing, and they do not sufficiently understand how fast the aristocratic England that so offended them seven-and-thirty years ago is disappearing, and how surely the democratic England that has immense claims on their fraternal good will is taking its place. Perhaps they will remember and perceive these things in time to be drawn near their mighty British mother in some hour of sore need. That no such hour may come is the fervent wish of every American whose blood warms with the pride of kinship when he reads the great story of the English race. Yet how can we hope that it will not come, unless the public mind of England is roused to a clearer apprehension of the changed conditions that have risen in the world since the nineteenth century was young, — unless it shall wake to see that the imperial "forward policy" of advancing flags and drums has had its full day, and that the time has come for a domestic "forward policy," in English workshops and common schools, to be vigorously taken up?

J. N. Larned.

THE MUNICIPAL SERVICE OF BOSTON.

It is everywhere asserted that in the government of large cities the American democracy finds its severest test, and manifests most plainly its shortcomings. Thousands of pages have been written about these shortcomings by the keenest students and critics, and there has been denunciation of municipal corruption, discussion of particular municipal departments or functions, suggestion for municipal reform, to the verge of weariness. One aspect of the matter, however, has generally been overlooked. There has been little attempt to set forth com-

prehensively what service is rendered by a great city to its citizens, and what is the quality of the service. Commonly we take municipal government for granted; we are irritated by its failures, perhaps we are proud of one of its successes, but seldom do we try to estimate the worth of our municipal service as a whole, in comparison either with some abstract standard of our own or with the municipal government of some other country or time. What we get from the city, and what we pay for it, is the principal subject of this article.

To have much value, a description of municipal service must be verified by experience. The statute-book, which tells what a city may do or ought to do, cannot be trusted, nor can the rose-colored official reports of the city's magistrates. On the other hand, it is not always safe to infer that the citizens are ill served because their servant's character is not all that it should be. As the workings of municipal government differ from city to city, I propose to take the city of Boston, the fourth in size in the United States, and consider briefly, and without regard to the public or private character of its officials, what it does for its citizens. The experience of one city, I believe, will throw more light upon the government of American cities in general than will a discussion of municipal service in the abstract. Within the compass of a magazine article it is not possible to enter into considerable detail: the work of the several departments must be estimated summarily; statements must be made unsupported, which it would take pages to prove; in disputed matters the better opinion must sometimes be expressed too absolutely; to some people not a few judgments will seem colorless, to others they may appear extravagant. I believe, however, that the following review of Boston's municipal service will be recognized as accurate in substance. How far Boston's service is typical of that of American cities I cannot say; there are differences of detail, with strong resemblances of type. The complaints of the misgovernment of Boston are the same in kind as those made elsewhere in the United States, though they may be slightly less in degree. Boston's citizens are profoundly dissatisfied with the present condition of things.

The first duty of government, the protection of life and limb, Boston discharges, on the whole, pretty well. The peaceable individual is here as secure against violence as he is anywhere in the world; indeed, I cannot now recall

an acquaintance with anybody, except a policeman, whose person has been injured in Boston by willful crime. The danger to the person from the reckless use of the streets by vehicles and street cars will be considered later.

The protection of property against crime is not nearly so absolute as that afforded to the person. How the protection here given compares with that given by European cities cannot be stated precisely, but the difference is not great. Even the citizen of Boston most disposed to complain of municipal misgovernment finds little fault with the police in the discharge of their ordinary duties.

The conduct of the police in matters not immediately connected with the protection of persons and property, especially in the enforcement of the liquor laws and the laws against prostitution and gambling, is less satisfactory. Bribery is not unknown, but it is not common, and does not increase. It should be said, also, that in Boston the laws on these subjects are strict, compared with those of European countries, and even with those which govern other great American cities, and the vices aimed at are probably repressed as closely as in any other great city.

Passing from the first necessities of government, we come to the services which are next demanded of a city by its citizens, — water, sewers, streets, fire department, schools, and the care of paupers.

When municipal water-works were first established, about fifty years ago, the source of supply was excellent in quality and abundant in quantity. This condition lasted a long time, but an additional supply, afterward obtained from an inferior source, proved decidedly unpleasant in color and taste. At no time, however, were the impurities of a sort to endanger health, and the color and taste of the city's water are now fairly good. Within a year or two the metropolitan district will have its principal source of supply in the Nashua River: the quality

of the water will then be excellent, and its quantity abundant for the needs of a generation. This last great work is carried on by a commission appointed by the governor of the commonwealth, which in time will largely direct Boston's water-supply, though the distribution of the water will still be under local control. The cost of the water-works has been paid by the water-takers, and not from the general taxes; that is to say, the water-rates have paid the cost of annual operation and interest on the money borrowed, and have established a sinking-fund which will pay off the loans at maturity. In time, therefore, the city should own a valuable water-plant fully paid for. As a business venture, in spite of occasional jobbery and corruption, the Boston water-works have been fairly but not brilliantly successful. The rates are still high compared with those of other American cities, but recently they have been much reduced; the mains have been extended into the newly built parts of the city with reasonable dispatch.

The sewers of Boston have been improved with increasing knowledge of sanitary matters, and are now satisfactory. No use is made of the sewage; its profitable use by a city situated like Boston is of doubtful possibility. The attempt to collect from those who use the sewers any considerable part of their cost has not been successful; this cost is defrayed mostly from the general taxes. A part of the system has been constructed and is operated by a metropolitan sewer commission appointed by the governor.

The streets of Boston, like those of nearly all European cities, were originally laid out haphazard, and numerous hills made them more than ordinarily crooked and narrow. Much has since been done to widen and straighten them, but often with insufficient foresight. How far the inadequacy of the streets is due to their unexpected occupation by street cars, how far to lack of traffic regulations, is

hard to say. Not a little of the trouble is due to the nature of the case rather than to the direct fault of the municipal government.

The sidewalks of Boston afford to foot-passengers convenient passage; in a rapidly growing suburb they sometimes lag behind other improvements, but usually accommodation is provided nearly as soon as it can reasonably be expected. The cost is largely borne by the abutter.

The pavement of the streets, as it is usually laid, is such that travel over it is safe and convenient at first, but the repair is by no means equal to the original construction. Street repair should be constant; and if trifling repairs be made daily, costly reconstruction will be needed but seldom. Not only is the pavement of various sorts suffered to wear out, but it is also torn up frequently in order to suit the convenience of municipal departments, of private individuals, and of corporations using the streets, such as the gas company and the street railway. The law requires that the pavement be replaced in its former condition by the individual or corporation benefited; but this is a physical impossibility. Again, the use of the streets permitted by law and custom is wasteful of space, and not infrequently dangerous to life and limb; regulation of the traffic is lax or wanting, and vehicles are allowed to block a street in Boston which, under the regulations enforced in London, would afford convenient passage to twice as many. This evil, however, is due rather to the temper of our citizens than to the fault of the municipal government itself. Proper control of traffic is commonly deemed oppressive, at any rate when first introduced, and we prefer to widen a street rather than to regulate its use. The watering of macadamized streets, required by the climate of New England, is done by the city to an increasing extent. The work is difficult and the results are not altogether satisfactory, but within two or three years

there has been a marked improvement. Both the mud and the dust are nuisances, in some degree inevitable so long as the citizens prefer macadamized streets to those paved with stone blocks, in some degree caused by the imperfect repair and the disturbance just mentioned. Of the cleanliness of the streets it is difficult to speak definitely, as cleanliness is largely a matter of individual opinion. Boston's condition in this respect is not altogether satisfactory, but, except in a few localities, it is generally fair, and has improved within five years. Considering the extent of Boston's territory, the streets are pretty well lighted.

The buildings of Boston are like those of other American cities, and hence fires are frequent and destructive, much more so than in Europe. The cost of European construction is so much greater, however, that Americans choose to pay higher insurance rates and larger bills for a fire department rather than incur this increased cost. If we bear in mind these limitations, we shall find the fire department of Boston reasonably and increasingly efficient.

To pronounce authoritatively upon the schools of Boston would be difficult for an expert, and presumptuous in any one else. A few of the oldest schoolhouses do not meet the modern requirements of ventilation and arrangement. At the opening of the school year a few schools are overcrowded, until some of the children have been distributed among neighboring schools. In general, however, the accommodations are at least fairly good, and better than those of the most expensive private day-schools. That the teaching also is fairly good may safely be asserted; earnest attempts to secure better results naturally produce dissatisfaction with existing methods, and this noble dissatisfaction is considerably felt, but the teachers are intelligent, and zealously strive to raise the standard of instruction. We boast of our schools less confidently than we used

to do, but we may recognize, if we will, their great improvement.

An investigation of the pauper institutions of the city, made three or four years ago, showed that their administration was free from serious abuse, though its methods were somewhat antiquated, and though it suffered from that rarest vice of a great American city, excessive frugality. This administration has since greatly improved, and the paupers of Boston are now maintained as generously as those of a great city have ever been in the history of mankind. The administration of the penal institutions is not altogether so satisfactory.

Passing to those municipal services which are commonly regarded as desirable or ornamental rather than essential, we find that Boston admirably maintains the greatest public library in the world, the efficient administration of which can hardly be overpraised. The system of parks, including those of the so-called metropolitan system, is very extensive and beautiful, in variety probably unequaled, and the best landscape architects in the country have been little trammelled in laying it out. Until recently there have been no public baths, except for summer use, but one or two have just been opened. The city hospital is excellently administered, and one of its newer buildings has received the highest expert commendation.

The enterprises undertaken by the city with the hope of profit or recompense have had a varied fate. Mention has been made of the water-works. The ferries between the island of East Boston and the mainland have done, at the lowest rates, all that can be done by ferries, but their net cost to the city has been heavy, and does not diminish. In order to relieve the congestion of the streets by putting the street cars underground, a subway has been built at public expense. This has been leased for twenty years to a street railway company, at a rent sufficient to provide for

repairs and for interest on the bonds issued to defray its cost, together with a proportionate contribution to a sinking-fund for the retirement of these bonds at their maturity in forty years. A forty years' lease could have been made which would have provided for the complete retirement of the bonds, and thus would have delivered the subway free of cost to the city at the termination of the lease, had public opinion approved tying up the city's property for so long a term. This successful business venture of more than six million dollars has stimulated an extension of the subway system.¹

What, then, is the general conclusion from these details? *Regardless of cost*, how does the service given by Boston compare with that which might be expected, not of an administration of seraphim, but of a business enterprise directed by the ability which successful private corporations must command? Judged by this standard and irrespective of cost, Boston's municipal service in respect of its police, water, sewers, hospital, fire department, schools, public library, and parks is good, in respect of its public charitable institutions pretty good, in respect of its highways distinctly faulty. In estimating the quality of municipal service, there is danger, as was pointed out by Mr. Godkin in the November Atlantic, that we shall take existing conditions for granted, and so set for ourselves too low a standard. There is like danger as regards our railroads and our dwelling-houses, our manners and our morals. Doubtless it is better to be unduly dissatisfied with ourselves than to boast, but there is danger also of indiscriminate complaint which shall discourage improvement instead of helping it, and shall waste upon minor shortcomings the energy which is needed to cure the gravest evils. To expect that municipal service will be better in quality than the ser-

vice which hope of gain secures from individuals or business corporations is idle, and with the latter service municipal service should be compared. It may be said that there are services, other than those mentioned, which the city ought to furnish, but does not, such as public transportation and the furnishing of light to individuals. None of these, however, are generally recognized as obligatory upon a municipality. The variety of Boston's service is continually increasing, and most of the severest critics are of opinion that the city now undertakes too much rather than too little.

About a year ago there was published a study of the administration of Glasgow, written in a spirit of respectable pride by two of its officials. On comparison of the statements of this book with the condition of affairs in Boston, it appears pretty clearly that in the matter of police, water, and fire department the service of one city is about as good as that of the other. Glasgow excels in the laying out and care of its streets and in its public baths, Boston in its sewers, parks, schools, and in the care of its poor. Glasgow has no public library, and apparently has no hospital supported by the municipality; it has a municipal art gallery and museum, institutions provided and administered in Boston by private generosity. Glasgow operates a gas-plant with success, and has purchased and improved a considerable tract of land; Boston has constructed and leased the subway on advantageous terms. The experiment of Glasgow in operating a tramway has been carried on for so short a time, upon so small a scale, and with such doubtful results that no valuable conclusion can yet be drawn from it. Upon the whole, the public service of Boston is rather more extensive than that rendered by Glasgow, and in quality would seem to be quite as good.

¹ Students of American municipal government should study carefully The City Government of Boston, a valedictory address delivered

by Mayor Matthews in 1895, perhaps the most authoritative statement concerning municipal government ever made in this country.

Thus far I have considered municipal service regardless of its cost; cost, however, is of the first importance. To compare the burden of taxation under one system with that under another is difficult. The nominal tax-rate of New York, for example, is very much higher than that of Boston, but in the former city the valuation of real estate is much lower, and other property escapes taxation almost altogether. New York, again, can hardly be taken as setting a sufficiently exalted standard of municipal administration. This much may be said for Boston: its tax-rate is lower than that of the great majority of the rural towns of Massachusetts governed by the town meeting, and it is no higher than it was ten or fifteen years ago. In comparison with the selling value, the assessment of real estate is now little higher than it was then, and the assessment of personal property is distinctly lower. If the present annual expenses of the city were defrayed from the present annual tax-levy, they would not impose on the citizens what is considered, in the United States, to be an undue burden of taxation. Unfortunately, this is not the case. About twelve years ago a law was passed limiting the tax-rate which Boston might impose, and the amount of money which it might borrow. The limitations were fixed in order to secure economy, but they have failed to accomplish their object. The tax-rate, indeed, has been kept almost within the limit fixed, but the city has not only borrowed up to the debt limit for various purposes, but has obtained from the legislature permission to borrow outside it for parks, school-houses, court-house, public library, and so forth. So often has this been done that the debt outside the limit (exclusive of the water debt, which was excepted by the original act) is now nearly as large as the debt inside the limit. Beyond all this debt, the metropolitan commissions, which deal with the water, sewers, and parks of the metropolitan dis-

trict, have incurred a large and increasing debt in the name of the commonwealth, the larger part of which must be reimbursed by Boston. It is safe to say that many of those concerned with the government of the city now expect to meet extraordinary expenses for permanent improvements with money borrowed outside the debt limit, the money borrowed inside the limit being used to defray expenses which should be paid at once by annual taxation.

Summing up, we find that Boston's municipal service is extensive, and, on the whole, of a pretty good quality; that thus far its cost has not been a very heavy burden upon the taxpayers, but that it has been procured by reckless borrowing, rendered possible by the fall in the rate of interest and by various juggling with accounts. How far has this great expense been required in order to provide municipal service of the present extent and quality, and how far is it the result of inefficiency and dishonesty? Granted that we are to have the service, how much more do we pay for it than we ought?

This, of course, is a hard question, to which intelligent persons would give very different answers. In general, we may fairly say that there is, or has been, more or less of extravagant, unbusiness-like, or corrupt method in nearly all the city's departments. In some the waste has been large, in others much less. Had all existing public works been established and maintained efficiently and economically, the city's debt would now be considerably less than it actually is, but it would still be alarmingly large. The very best administration known to this country could not have provided the citizens with their water, sewers, fire department, parks, hospitals, library, and the rest without a much larger yearly tax or a dangerous mortgaging of the city's future. Though Boston's return for money spent is no doubt less than that of a successful business corporation, it

should be noted also that there are few great corporations — few railroads, for example — which in half a century of existence have not at some time and in some way suffered materially from extravagant, inefficient, and even corrupt management.

In an article published in *The Forum* for November, 1892, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, a man equally familiar with local and with national administration in Great Britain, compared the governments of Boston and Birmingham in respect of their economic efficiency. According to his figures, a dollar in Birmingham produces about five times the result that it produces in Boston. This conclusion is startling, and arouses our incredulity. It is easy to pick out in Mr. Chamberlain's comparison not a few errors of detail almost unavoidable by a foreigner, and the ratio which he fixes at five to one can be reduced to about three to one without much difficulty. Though his opinion is otherwise, his article makes it clear that the municipal service of Birmingham is considerably less extensive than that of Boston: its public library, its city hospital, and its parks, for instance, are manifestly of a class quite different from that of Boston's corresponding institutions. When all allowances have been made, however, the difference in the economic efficiency of the two governments is very disquieting to a citizen of Boston. Wherein does the difference lie?

In wages it is very great. The cost of day labor to the city of Boston is about twice as high as its cost to Birmingham, partly because of the higher general scale of wages in this country, and partly because the wages of municipal laborers here are higher in proportion to those paid by private employers than is the case in England. The difference between wages paid in England and in America to those employees who rank above the day laborer is equally great. The policemen of Birmingham re-

ceive about four hundred dollars a year, those of Boston about a thousand dollars. The tendency to fix the rate of wages paid by the municipality above that which is paid by other employers has begun to manifest itself in England, according to Mr. Chamberlain, but it has not advanced there as far as it has done here. The salaries paid to the heads of departments are about the same in both cities.

Birmingham, again, profits by the valuable executive work performed without pay by the members of its city council, while the city council of Boston is forbidden to discharge executive functions. A good deal of this excellent unpaid work is done in Boston by commissioners and members of boards of trustees, but Birmingham, apparently, saves much of the money spent in Boston on elaborate administrative staffs. Here, as in other respects, the service of Boston is more extended, but this greater extension does not account for all the difference of cost. On the other hand, unpaid service in some city departments has been tried by us and found unsatisfactory; and, as will be shown further on, there is reason to suppose that the English system may not work so well in the future as it has done in the past. It should be said that, in spite of our less economic efficiency, the water-works of Boston, its largest municipal undertaking, seem to yield a net profit to the city much larger than do those of Birmingham. How the water-rates compare I do not know. A closer study of Mr. Chamberlain's figures may further affect his conclusions, but such figures as his are well worth detailed examination and comparison by our municipal reformers. Beside such examination and comparison, generalized rhapsodies on the excellence of European municipal government are quite insignificant.

It is often said that, in addition to the loss arising from extravagance and corruption, from higher wages and elaborate administrative machinery, Boston

has suffered great loss by neglecting a proper source of revenue. No appreciable return is now received from the use of the streets by gas and electric companies, by street railways and the like, and the omission is set down to corruption of the city's officers by the corporations. Doubtless this is the case to some extent, but there are concurrent influences much more powerful. Compared to the use of the streets made by street railways, the use made by other corporations is almost insignificant. It would be absurd to exact rent from a gas company while charging a street railway nothing. The proposal to make street railways pay for their occupation of the streets by their tracks has been bitterly resisted by the traveling public, which desires the cheapest possible transportation. That the city should largely subsidize a street railway to carry passengers at less than actual cost seems to many passengers a desirable use of public money. The city should collect rent, as I believe, from all to whom is granted a peculiar or exclusive use of the city's property, but the failure to obtain this rent is due far more to public opinion than to greedy corporations and venal officials.

I have said that, even with economical management, the existing municipal service could not be established and maintained without larger annual taxes or an inordinate debt. This expensive service, we are told, is demanded chiefly by those citizens who are not assessed for taxes, and by the city's officials who wish to pocket a share of the money spent. To some extent the assertion is true; even honest officials magnify the importance of their several departments, and the poorer citizens always favor large appropriations, failing to recognize that they pay, though indirectly, their full share of the taxes. Nearly or quite every large expenditure of the public money has been urged, however, not only by the classes just mentioned, but also by

large taxpayers and public-spirited citizens. These have often petitioned the legislature to permit the city to borrow money outside the debt limit for a favorite project, — for the public library, parks, highways, and schoolhouses; indeed, the opposition to large expenditures and to borrowing outside the debt limit has ordinarily been insignificant. If the suffrage in the city had been confined, let us say, to the richer half of the citizens, I doubt if a single municipal luxury would have been foregone, though possibly the money raised might have been made to go further. Even subsidizing the street railways by exemption from rent for the use of the streets is often advocated by the well-to-do, though seldom by those who are distinctly rich.

The result of our inquiry is this: We have extensive and pretty good service, for which we pay more than we ought, but which, though it were procured with the best economy yet attained in this country, would still be so expensive that we should insist upon charging its cost to posterity. We have a debt, appalling in size after all proper deductions have been made, and increasing at a tremendous rate, its size and its increase partly concealed by devices of bookkeeping. This is a condition of affairs neither satisfactory nor hopeless, one which calls for discriminating action rather than for indiscriminate abuse. Our debt, it seems, is much the greatest of our municipal dangers, — a danger to be dreaded the more because it has been incurred with the approval of practically all our citizens, and not chiefly through the wiles of a corrupt government.

Thus far little has been said about that which is usually most emphasized in the discussion of American municipal government, to wit, the corruption of the city's officials. The principal object of this article is to consider the quantity and quality of municipal service. Occasionally, at least, it is well to put out of

sight personal considerations, and to devote our attention exclusively to the qualities of things. But if we pass from the service itself to those who are the city's agents in rendering it, we find, as we should expect, marked varieties of character among Boston's officials. The quality of the members of the city council is distinctly poor. Doubtless it has recently contained some honest, well-intentioned members, but in it have sat many men without ostensible means of support, and very few of the men who are naturally chosen to manage large and important private business. Moreover, it is pretty clear that the membership of the city council is not only poor, but deteriorating.

The executive departments, on the other hand, have recently contained many men not only respectable, but of marked ability and of the highest standing in the community. On the boards which govern the public library, the city hospital, the insane asylum, and the children's department, among the overseers of the poor, on the park commissions, both city and metropolitan, on the transit commission (which is building the subway), at the head of the fire department, and in other places, have been men who would naturally be chosen to fill the highest positions of private and corporate trust. Their presence accounts for much of the good service which has been described. It must not be supposed, of course, that all the executive officers of Boston are of the last-mentioned sort. No business corporation in the country is served in all its departments by men of first-rate ability. Within the past few years, moreover, some of the city's departments have been directed by men far below the minimum standard of honesty and efficiency established in successful business affairs. Under a man of this kind, a department has sometimes become generally inefficient and corrupt; sometimes it has continued to discharge its functions pretty

well by means of respectable subordinates and clerks. In spite of these shortcomings, all too numerous and in some cases utterly disgraceful, the executive officers of the city are far superior in character and ability to the members of the city council.

The cause of this general difference between the executive departments of the city and its legislature is not far to seek. Before 1885 much of the administration of Boston was in the hands of committees of the city council, as is still the case in most other cities of Massachusetts. In 1885, partly because of the unsatisfactory work of these committees, and partly because of a theoretical preference for a separation of powers, the state legislature deprived the city council of its administrative functions. Hardly any one recognized then, and but few recognize now, that nearly all municipal functions are administrative. The annual legislation of the city, as set out in its ordinances, is unimportant. The tax rate is limited by statute, and the money obtained by it, for the most part, is pledged to meet the needs of the several departments, so that the city council has very little money left in its disposition. Almost the only considerable legislative function remaining is the authorization of loans. This function certainly is most important, and far too little attention is now given to its discharge, but it cannot provide two legislative chambers with business for some forty sittings apiece. These sittings are spent chiefly in idle discussion, and in the attempt, usually vain, to hamper the executive. Service in these bodies is not only disagreeable, but profitless, and the quality of their membership naturally deteriorates. Without a sense of responsibility men can do little that is good. Considerable power is a prerequisite of serious responsibility. The municipal legislature of Boston is almost powerless, and is therefore incompetent to discharge properly even those few

functions which still belong to it. Frequent and frantic appeals are made to the citizens to elect better men to the city council; but intelligent and busy men cannot be expected to give days and weeks of their time to membership in an irresponsible debating club.

It will naturally be asked if the executive has improved while the legislature has been deteriorating. I think that it has, on the whole. Inefficiency and corruption are found in some executive departments, but though the city is much larger than it was twelve years ago, and though its functions are more numerous and complicated, its administration has improved. The changes made in 1885, and similar changes made since, have been of very great advantage. They have given us better service and more honest and efficient administration than would have been possible in our growing city under the old system. Notable improvement has been made, for example, in respect of the police, the city hospital, the public charitable institutions, and the city's building operations. Compared to what we have gained, an increased rate of deterioration in the already deteriorating city council is felt to be a small thing.

It may be urged that in Great Britain executive power is entrusted to the municipal legislature with excellent results. We should observe, however, that until within a short time municipal suffrage in Great Britain has been very limited, and the traditions of the old order of things have not disappeared. Even now municipal suffrage is not universal, in our sense of the word.

Again, Mr. Chamberlain's remark that dishonesty and corruption do not exist in England has received sad contradiction within the past few years, — a contradiction so strong that we must needs doubt if the remark was ever quite justified. The recent experience of the London County Council indicates that Great Britain not improbably has

before it an era of municipal misgovernment like that from which we are trying to emerge. Never, in the United States, have the supposed exigencies of partisan politics led to more cynical excuses for shameless dishonesty. The corruption discovered in London not long ago is by no means so remarkable as the indifference with which its discovery was received.

The consideration of American political problems is usually so much taken up with moral exhortation, and with the exhibition of some panacea for existing evils, that a mere statement of things as they are is deemed colorless and profitless; yet surely a study of existing conditions is valuable preparation for reforming them. No nostrum exists which will secure either perfect municipal government or the perfect administration of a railroad. Good government and good administration are the slowly produced results of watchful study, intelligent observation, and patient experiment. The most zealous devotion cannot attain to it in a hurry. It was the fashion, a century ago, to believe that good government was secured by the sudden adoption of a political system based upon human nature in the abstract, and upon the Eternal Fitness of Things. Now we know better than this; but we have fallen into another error, less fundamental, but still considerable. Many people think that political improvement is synonymous with the election to office of good men. Doubtless this is a thing ever to be desired, and personal moral earnestness among electors and elected is the strongest and safest motive for reform. Not only, however, must we shape the method and machinery of our choice so as to lead naturally to the selection of the best men, but we must also face the practical certainty that even with the best methods the best men will not always be chosen to office, and therefore we must make preparation for the inevitable. Institutions have their impor-

tance as well as men, and we have to establish conditions which will enable the saint to do the maximum of good while restraining the sinner to the minimum of harm. Still greater is the importance of giving to the average official, who is neither saint nor sinner, his best opportunity of useful public service. This sort of reform, involving nice considerations of political judgment, and therefore less attractive to many men than an electoral campaign fought on moral issues, has lately made considerable progress in Boston, over and above the beneficent changes made in 1885. The trustees of the public library and of the city hospital, elected by the city council, were not satisfactory. An attempt to improve the choice under the laws then existing would probably have failed, so the power of appointment was transferred to the mayor with great advantage. The administration of the police was unsatisfactory; the power of appointing the police commissioners was transferred to the governor, and, although scandal has not been altogether avoided, the improvement in administration has been marked. Twice within two years the form of government of the city's charitable institutions has been radically changed, each time with good results. The carrying on of several great public works, like that involved in the water-supply of the metropolitan district, has been entrusted to commissions appointed by the governor, which have shown as great economy, efficiency, and promptness as could be hoped for from the best private management.

It has been objected that these commissions are imposed upon the city or the metropolitan district from without, and that their responsibility to any body politic is hard to fix. There is weight in the objection. Local home rule is an attractive cry, and some small evils had better be borne until the people of a given locality have themselves found out the cure. The government of great modern

cities, however, is distinctly in the experimental stage, and it may be that, for a time at least, certain functions, hitherto commonly discharged by municipalities, should be undertaken by the state. In any case, it is safe to say that, until the critics can find a method of combining greater local responsibility with equal efficiency, these commissions will find favor in the eyes of reasonable men. Good municipal service is the end sought, and the Anglo-Saxon race has always preferred to submit its political methods to the test of practical working rather than to that of logical completeness.

The following observations are suggested by a review of Boston's municipal service. The service itself is worst in respect of the highways. If our streets were well laid out, well paved, and well repaired, and if the traffic through them were properly controlled, the citizens of Boston would have no very severe complaint to make of the quantity and quality of the municipal service. If, however, the people of Boston expect that this service is to be maintained, extended, and improved, they must be prepared to pay considerably higher annual taxes than those now exacted. A more honest and efficient administration will make a dollar go further than it goes now, but it cannot furnish even the existing service without incurring a debt much too large. The greatest danger to be feared from the present course of Boston's municipal administration is a crushing debt. We must go without some of our luxuries, or we must put our hands into our pockets and pay for them. The election of good men to office will not keep the debt within proper limits. Its size is due, not chiefly to maladministration, but rather to the demands made upon the city by all classes of citizens. Municipal frugality is needed, not alone or principally on the part of the city's officials, but on the part of the whole people.

Finally, economical and efficient ad-

ministration, and so cheaper and better service, is to be obtained through better executive officers and a better executive organization. The best man for mayor, who shall have the discretion and courage to select the best subordinates, and the executive ability to coördinate and organize the several departments of the city, is the thing most to be desired. Public-spirited citizens can be most useful by accepting office under him, by devoting much time and attention to doing the city's work, and, both in office and out of office, to studying how best that work can be done. The personal equation in elections and appointments is important, but methods of appointment and machinery of administration should not be neglected. As to the municipal legislature, it is become an anomaly. It does little good, and no great harm.

No plan for abolishing it has yet been devised which commends itself to the judgment of the community. Until that plan is discovered and accepted, we must bear with our city council as men bear with an internal organ called the vermiform appendix. Physicians tell us that this has no discoverable present use except to become the seat of disease, though it is supposed to have been necessary at an earlier period of human development.

How far the experience of Boston is typical of that of other American cities it is hard to say. In detail it has differed greatly; a loving son of Boston may be pardoned the belief that it has been somewhat more fortunate than that of New York or Chicago, but, on the whole, it probably has been much the same.

Francis C. Lowell.

THE AUSTRALIAN DEMOCRACY.

THE only really democratic experiment, beside our own, going on in the world to-day, is that of the English Australian colonies. All others are more or less disturbed by the political or social traditions of an anterior régime. Nowhere else, therefore, can so much instruction be obtained as to the probable effect of popular government on laws and manners. There is no other democracy whose beginning so nearly resembles ours. We began, it is true, at a much earlier period, under the influence of aristocratic and religious ideas which have lost their force, and we began with a very different class of men. Our first settlers were a selected body, with strong prepossessions in favor of some sort of organization, which, whatever it was to be, was certainly not to be democratic. They sought to reproduce the monarchical or aristocratic world they had left, as

far as circumstances would permit. It may fairly be said that the society they tried to establish on this side of the Atlantic was the society of the Old World, with some improvements, notably another kind of established church. By the time the Australian colonies were founded, however, — that is, about a century ago, — what was most antiquated in the American régime had fairly departed. The colonies here had sloughed off a good deal of the European incrustation, and had frankly entered on the democratic régime, but with social foundations such as the Australians could not claim.

Australia originated with New South Wales, and was first settled as a convict station. Most of the earliest emigrants were men transported for crime, and long treated as slaves. The first step taken toward social organization was the bestowal of large tracts of land on Eng-

lish capitalists, to be used as sheep-farms, with the convicts as herdsmen or laborers. Free emigrants came slowly to open up agriculture as a field of industry. As they increased, hostility to the large sheep-farmers was developed in a process somewhat similar to the extinction of the great manors in New York. In fact, New South Wales passed nearly half a century in getting rid of the defects of its foundation, in clarifying its social constitution, and in bringing itself into something like harmony with the other civilized societies of the world. In 1842 the colonies received a legislature, a large proportion of the members of which were nominees of the crown. During the previous half-century they were governed despotically by governors, often broken-down aristocrats, sent out from England. Their society was composed largely of the great sheep-farmers and of actual or emancipated convicts. Religion and morals were for a time at the lowest ebb. The institution of marriage hardly existed. The multitude of female convicts and the thinness of population in the interior rendered concubinage easy and general. The press had not begun to draw respectable talent from England, and the newspapers, such as they were, were largely in the hands of ex-convicts. There was nothing that could be called public opinion. The only appeal against any wrong-doing lay to the home government, which was then six months away; and so deeply seated was the belief in England that Australia was simply a community of convicts that any appeals received little attention.

The first thing that could be called a political party in the colony consisted of Irish Catholic immigrants, who had gone out in large numbers in 1841, under the stimulation of government grants and bounties. They acted rather as Catholics than as citizens, and, as usual, under the leadership of their clergy. A responsible legislature of two houses was not established until 1856. The colo-

nies started with the English, or cabinet system; that is, with ministries selected or approved by Parliament. This was the first great difference between us and them. The framers of the American Constitution decided, for reasons which seemed to them good, to give the executive a definite term of office, independent of legislative approval. This they conceived to be necessary to the establishment of complete independence between the different departments of the government. The separation of the executive, judicial, and legislative branches held a very high place in the minds of all political speculators in the eighteenth century, after Montesquieu had dwelt on its necessity. Therefore, the founders of the American republic made each branch independent in its own sphere, with its own term of office, which the others could neither lengthen nor abridge. This is what is called the presidential system. The cabinet system makes the executive not only part and parcel of the legislative branch, but dependent on it for existence. A vote of the majority can change the executive, while the executive can order a renewal of the legislative branch; that is, dissolve it. The presidential system is undoubtedly the best defense that could be devised against democratic changeableness, or the influence on the government of sudden bursts of popular feeling. But it almost goes to the other extreme. It is very difficult to make any change in public policy or legislation in the United States in less than five years. In Australia, under the cabinet system, six changes may be made in a year. In New South Wales, there have been forty-one ministries, doubtless with entirely different views on important subjects, in thirty-seven years, or more than one change each year. The same phenomena exhibit themselves in all the countries which have adopted the British system, or in which the royal prerogative still remains a legislative force. Unhappily, in the colonies as in

France, these frequent changes do not always mean changes of policy. Ministries are too often overthrown simply to satisfy personal rancor, or disappointment, or jealousy.

Another point of difference between our beginning and that of the Australians was that they had no constitution, as we call it; that is, no organic law, paramount to all other laws, and which all legislators were bound to respect in legislating. Every government was organized under an English act of Parliament, but this simply provided a framework, and placed almost no restrictions on the subjects of legislation, because there are no restrictions on the action of the English Parliament itself. The will of Parliament is the British constitution, and the will of the Australian legislatures is the constitution of the colonies, provided they make no attack on the supremacy of the British crown; that is, they may do anything they please which Parliament may do, provided they obey the imperial law which sets them up. This has some good effects, and some bad ones. It decidedly increases the sense of responsibility, in which our legislatures are so often wanting. The Australians know that any act they pass will be executed, that no intervention of the courts on constitutional grounds can be looked for, and that if the law works badly the action of public sentiment will be immediate, and may lead to the overthrow of the ministry for the time being. In fact, a law paramount, drawn up by picked men, assembling for the purpose at stated intervals of twenty years or less, and safeguarding all the primary social rights against popular passion or impulse or legislative corruption, and interpreted by the courts, is a device peculiar to certain of the United States. It is the only really valid check on democracy ever devised, but it is doubtful whether it could now be set up anywhere else with effect. Its Revolutionary origin has surrounded it with a sanctity which

it would be difficult to give any court created in our day and gainsaying the popular will. On the other hand, this absence of constitution gives legislatures a freedom in trying social experiments greater than ours enjoy, though they enjoy a good deal. There is hardly any mode of dealing with private property or private rights which an Australian legislature may not attempt, hardly any experiment in taxation which it may not try. Its sole restraint lies in the quick action of popular reprobation.

These two facts — the adoption of the cabinet system from England, and the absence of a constitution containing restraints on legislation — are the main differences between our democracy and that of Australia. But every Australian colony, however strong its aspirations to political independence, is influenced in what may be called its manners by the mother country. Australia began its political life with as close an approach to an aristocracy as a new country can make, in the existence of the "squatters," most of whom were capitalists or scions of good English families. These men obtained large grants of land from the government for sheep-farming, which in the beginning they managed with convicts whom they hired from the state, and whom they were permitted to flog in case of misbehavior. Their life, in short, was very nearly that of the old cotton-planter in the South, with the "patriarchal" element wanting.

The first work of the new democracy was to overthrow them, and take their large tracts of land away from them. But the democracy did not succeed, and has not succeeded, in preventing the formation of an upper class of the "English gentleman" type. This is what the successful Australian still strives to be. He does not become "a man of the people," in our sense, and does not boast of his humble origin and early struggles as much as our millionaire is apt to do. The influence of this type was prolonged

and strengthened by the large emigration to Australia of university graduates from England, during the fifties and sixties, after the colonies had fairly entered on free government, when a successful career at the bar and in public life had become possible. These, again, were reinforced by a still larger emigration of broken-down men of good family, who, if they added but little to the wealth or morality of the colonies, did a good deal to preserve the predominance of English conventional ideas. For instance, one of the very strong English traditions is the right of men of education and prominence to public offices; that is, men previously raised above the crowd by wealth or rank or education, or by some outward sign of distinction. This was perpetuated in the colonies by their connection with England in the way I have mentioned. It made the careers of such men as Robert Low and Gavan Duffy and Dr. Pensores and many others easy and natural, and made the breaking away from English ideas on social questions more difficult. Perhaps as important was the fact that it preserved the English way of living as the thing for the "self-made man" to aspire to. How strong this influence is in the Anglo-Saxon world may be inferred from the difficulty of keeping English influence in these matters in due subordination in this country. Nearly all our rich people, and people who have enjoyed any social success in England, are apt to revert to English life, and have to be ridiculed and denounced in the press in order to make them continue "good Americans."

In democracies which still look to England as "home," and which receive large bodies of immigrants educated in England, it can be easily understood how great must be the English influence on the colonial way of looking at both politics and society. In later days, when the democracy has fairly broken loose from the control of the Foreign Office, gifted

men of the earlier American kind — that is, good speakers or writers — have in a large degree preserved their sway. The multiplicity of new questions, and the possibility of getting into power at any time by overthrowing the existing ministry, have naturally kept alive the art of discussion as the art which leads to political power. Thus far, undoubtedly, this has prevented the rise of any system like our caucus, which attaches little importance to eloquence or power of persuasion. In Australia a man can hardly get high office without a general election. He has to produce a change of opinion in the legislature, or so great a change of opinion out of doors as to intimidate the legislature, either in order to see his policy adopted by the men actually in power, or to be charged himself with the formation of a new ministry. That is, the man most successful in exposition, who identifies himself by speech most prominently with some pending question, becomes, under the cabinet system, the man entitled to power, and no caucus nomination could either give it to him or deprive him of it. This more than aught else has made easy individual prominence by means of parliamentary arts. Of course, there is behind all talk a good deal of intrigue and chicanery, but talk there has to be. The cabinet system — or the possibility of changing majorities in the legislature at any time without waiting for a fixed term — makes it absolutely necessary that a successful politician should be able to express himself. He may be uneducated, in the technical sense of the term, but he must be master of his own subject, and be able to give a good account of it. He has to propose something energetically, in order to hold his place. Thus, Sir Charles Cowper and Robert Low had to connect themselves with the educational system, Sir Henry Parkes with the land system, and so on. The minister, whoever he is, is in constant danger of losing his place; the "outs" are constantly eager to displace

him, and they displace him, as in England, by bringing up new questions, or new aspects of old ones.

The system, as I have already said, has the well-known defect of instability in the executive. It means in Australia, as it means in France and Italy, incessant change or frequent changes. It is what our founders dreaded when they put the President in office for four years, and Congress for two years, and made each independent of the other. But it has the effect of preventing the formation of strict party ties, controlled by a manager who has not to render any public account of his management. In other words, the caucus ruled by the boss is hardly possible under it. The boss is hardly possible, if he has to explain the reasons of his actions, and to say what he thinks the party policy ought to be. Whether this system would survive the formation of a confederacy like ours, and the necessity of more potent machinery to get a larger multitude to take part in elections, is something which may reasonably be doubted. In large democracies the future probably belongs to the presidential system, with its better arrangements for the formation and preservation of strong parties, working under stricter discipline and with less discussion.

The cabinet system, however, has had one excellent effect: it compels every minister who appeals to the constituencies for power to state at length and with minuteness his claims on their support. He sets forth his views and plans with a fullness and an amount of argumentation which are never met with nowadays in our party platforms. He makes a real plea for confidence in him personally, and he issues his programme immediately before the election which is to decide his fate. His opponent, or rival, issues a counter one, and the two together place before the constituencies such an explanation of the political situation as our voters rarely get. Each not

only explains and argues in defense of his programme, but makes promises, which, if he succeeds, he may be almost immediately called on to fulfill. These two documents are, in fact, much more businesslike than anything which our political men lay before us. In our presidential system, no one in particular is responsible for legislation, and the Congress elected one year does not meet till the next. The effect of these two circumstances has given our party platform a vagueness and a sonorousness, a sort of detachment from actual affairs, which make it somewhat resemble a Pope's encyclical. It does not contain a legislative programme. There is, in fact, no person competent to make one, because no person, or set of persons, is charged with fulfilling it. It is "the party" which the voter supports, and the party is a body too indeterminate to be held to any sort of accountability. The platform, therefore, confines itself to expressing views, instead of making promises. It reveals the hopes, the fears, the dislikes, and the admirations of the party rather than its intentions. It expresses sympathy with nationalities struggling for freedom, affection for workmen and a strong desire that people who hire them shall pay them a "fair wage," detestation of various forms of wrong-doing on the part of their opponents, and denunciation of the mischiefs to the country which these opponents have wrought. But it gives little inkling of what the party will really do if it gets into power. If it does nothing at all, it cannot be called to account except in the same vague and indefinite way. Nobody in particular is responsible for its shortcomings, because all its members are responsible in the same degree.

Take as an illustration of my meaning what has occurred in this country with regard to the existing currency difficulties. Both the Republican and Democratic platforms have declared in favor of having a good currency, but the De-

mocratic platform simply demanded the coinage of silver at a certain ratio to gold, and ascribed a long list of evils to the failure of the nation to furnish such a coinage; it described these evils in terms of philanthropy rather than of finance. It did not offer any explanation, in detail, of the way free coinage of silver at the fifteen to one ratio would work; how it would affect foreign exchange, or domestic investments, or creditors, or savings-banks. It simply recommended the plan passionately, as a just and humane thing, and treated its opponents as sharks and tyrants. No business man could learn anything from it as to the prospects of his ventures under a silver régime. The Republican platform, on the other hand, without mentioning gold, declared its desire that the various kinds of United States currency (ten in number) should be of equal value. But it abstained from saying precisely in what manner this equality of value would be preserved, and what steps would be taken for the purpose; in spite of the fact that it was dealing with a business matter, it made no proposal which a business man could weigh or even understand. The result was that although Congress met within four months of the election, and the election had turned on the currency question, nothing whatever was said or done about it. No one in Congress felt any particular responsibility about it, or could be called to account for not bringing it up or trying to settle it. Yet every one could, or would, express cordial agreement with the platform.

Under the Australian system things would have gone differently. Mr. McKinley would have issued an address to the electors, saying distinctly that he stood for the gold standard, setting forth the precise manner in which he meant to deal with the various forms of United States currency in case he were elected, and promising to do it immediately on his election. Mr. Bryan would have

issued a counter manifesto, stating not simply his objections to the gold standard, but the exact way in which he meant to get rid of it, and the probable effect of this action on trade and industry. Consequently, after the election, one or other of them would have met a Parliament which would have demanded of him immediate legislation; and if he had failed to produce it promptly, he would have been denounced as a traitor or an incompetent, and a vote of want of confidence would have turned him out of office. In short, the winning man would have had to produce at once something like the plan which our monetary commission, composed of men not in political life at all, has laboriously formed.

There occurred in Queensland, when Sir George Bowen was governor, in 1867, a financial crisis which makes clear the difference between the Australian system and ours. The ministry had borrowed £1,000,000 sterling through a Sydney bank, to be spent in public works. The works had been begun, and £50,000 of the money had been received and a large number of men employed, when the bank failed. The ministers in office instantly proposed to issue "inconvertible government notes," like our greenbacks during the war, and make them legal tender in the colony. The governor informed them that he should have to veto such a bill, as his instructions required him to "reserve for the Queen's pleasure" every bill whereby any paper or other currency might be made a legal tender, "except the coin of the realm, or other gold or silver coin." But the ministers persisted. The populace of Brisbane were told by a few stump orators that "an issue of unlimited greenbacks would create unlimited funds for their employment on public works, while at the same time it would ruin the bankers, squatters [great sheepfarmers], and other capitalists." A so-called indignation meeting was held, at which the governor and a majority of the legislature were denounced in vio-

lent terms ; several leading members of Parliament were ill-treated in the streets, and threats were even uttered of burning down Government House.¹

The governor held firm, and insisted on meeting the crisis by the issue of exchequer bills ; so the ministry resigned, and was succeeded by another, which did issue the exchequer bills. Had the governor not held his ground, the colony would have been launched on a sea of irredeemable paper, from which escape would probably have been difficult. In fact, there is little doubt that it is the necessity of making their loans in England, and thus getting the approval of British capitalists for their financial expedients, which has saved the colonies from even worse excesses in currency matters. The immediate responsibility of the minister for legislation must make all crises short, if sharp. No abnormal financial situation in any of the Australian colonies could last as long as ours has done, and while they retain their connection with the British crown they will be preserved from the very tempting device of irredeemable paper.

An effort has been made in some of the colonies to get rid of changefulness in the executive by electing the ministers by popular suffrage, instead of having them elected by Parliament ; but this attempt to depart from the cabinet system has apparently been made only by the "labor party," or workingman's party, which exists and grows, without having as yet been successful in getting hold of office. Its main strength seems to lie, as in this country, in influence ; that is, in alarming members of Parliament about its vote. It hangs over the heads of the legislators *in terrorem*, in closely divided constituencies, but does not often make its way into Parliament itself, though those of its members who have been elected seem to acquit themselves very creditably.

¹ Thirty Years of Colonial Government. From the Official Papers of Sir G. F. Bowen.

The first strong resemblance between our experience and that of the Australians is to be found in the educational system. The first attempts at popular education, as might have been expected, were made by the clergy of the Anglican Church, the only church which had official recognition in the early days of the colonies. All money voted by the government for this purpose was given to the clergy and distributed by them. The instruction was mainly religious, and the catechism and reading of the Scriptures in the Protestant version played a prominent part in it. From the beginning, the opposition to this, on the part of all the other denominations, was very strong. As in America, the opposition of the Catholics was not directed against denominational teaching. They were willing to have the state money equally divided among the clergy, so that each denomination might control the instruction given to its own children. To this plan all the other denominations, except the Anglicans, were violently hostile ; so that on this question the Protestant Episcopalians and the Catholics were united. Their clergy wanted the state money for their own kind of education, while those of other denominations were in favor of secular education, or common schools, paid for largely by the state, though not wholly, as here.

It would be tedious to go over the history of the struggle which resulted in the establishment of state schools, with secular teaching. It bore a close resemblance to our own struggle, but differed in having for the efforts of the Protestant Episcopalians powerful support from the home government, which then, as now, sympathized with denominational teaching. It ended, finally, in the triumph of the secular schools. Secular education seems to be the established democratic method of teaching the young, though the desire of the clergy to keep control of education is giving it an anti-religious trend in some countries, —

France, for instance. The agitation of this subject in Australia has brought out the interesting fact that the Catholic population, almost wholly Irish and very large, sides with the priests on nearly every public question, the educational question among others. This is exactly what has occurred in England. In the late conflict over the schools in England, the Irish voted with the Tories in favor of denominational teaching. Like most national oddities, there is for this an historical explanation. The banishment of the old Irish gentry, beginning in Elizabeth's time, and ending with the Revolution of 1688, deprived the Irish of their natural political leaders. The new gentry were foreigners in race and religion, and in political sympathies. This threw the people back on the priests, who became their only advisers possessing any education or knowledge of the world, and assumed without difficulty a political leadership which has never been shaken to this day, in spite of the growing activity of the lay element in Irish politics. No Irish layman has, as yet, proved a very successful politician, in the long run, who has not managed to keep the clergy at his back.

It may be said that, on the whole, the educational movement in Australia has been controlled by influences common to the rest of the civilized world. In nearly all countries there is a struggle going on—which ended with us many years ago—to wrest the control of the popular schools, wherever they exist, from the hands of the clergy, who have held it for twelve hundred years. No characteristic of the old régime in politics is more prominent than the belief that the priests or ministers only should have charge of the training of youth. Almost the whole history of the educational movement in this century is the history of the efforts of the "Liberals" or "Radicals" to oust them.

The Australians resemble us also in having an immense tract of land at the

disposition of the state. They came into possession much later, when waste lands were more accessible, before they were covered by traditions of any sort, and when the air had become charged with the spirit of experimentation. They have accordingly tried to do various things with the land, which we never thought of. South Australia, for instance, had the plan of giving grants of land to small coöperative associations, to be managed by trustees, and supplied with capital by a loan from the state of not more than \$250 a head. The state, in short, agreed to do what our Populists think it ought to do,—lend money to the farmers at a low rate of interest. Some of these associations were plainly communistic, and the members were often brought together simply by poverty. As a whole, they have not succeeded. Some have broken up; others remain and pay the government its interest, but no one expects that it will ever get back the principal.

In New South Wales, the state became a landlord on an extensive scale on the Henry George plan, and the question of rents then grew into a great political question. Political "pressure" is brought to bear on the fixing of the rents, and the management, of course, gives a very large field for "pulls" and "influence." In Queensland, which has a tropical sugar region, not only have lands been rented by the state, but cheap carriage has been provided for farm and dairy produce on the state railway, bonuses have been paid on the export of dairy produce, advances have been made to the proprietors of works for freezing meat, and it has been proposed to establish state depots in London for the receipt and distribution of frozen meat. One act makes provision, under certain conditions, for a state guarantee for loans contracted to build sugar-works. In New Zealand, there is a graduated tax intended to crush out large landholders; but any landholder who is dissatisfied with his assessment can require the govern-

ment to purchase at its own valuation, and land is rented in small holdings. The government has also borrowed large sums of money to lend to farmers on mortgage. It sends lecturers on butter-making and fruit-growing around the country. It pays wages to labor associations who choose to settle on state lands and clear or improve them, and then allows them to take up the holdings thus improved. It keeps a "state farm," on which it gives work to the unemployed. All these things, of course, give it a great number of favors to bestow or withhold, and open a wide field for political intrigue.

As a general rule, the suffrage is adult and male, but there is a property qualification for voters for the upper houses of the legislatures, answering to our Senates. Members of both houses are paid a small salary. At first they all served voluntarily, as in England, and the payment of members was not brought about without a good deal of agitation. But the argument which carried the day for payment was, not, as might be supposed, the justice of giving poor men a chance of seats, but the necessity, in a busy community, of securing for the work of government the services of many competent men who could not afford to give their time without pay. The "plum" idea of a seat in the legislature can hardly be said to have made its appearance yet. The necessity of doing something for "labor" very soon became prominent in colonial policy, and one of its first triumphs was the contraction of very large loans in England for the construction of public works, mainly railroads and common roads, the creation of village settlements and the advance of money to them. The result of all this, after a while, was tremendous financial collapse, and the discharge of large bodies of the very laborers for whose benefit the works were undertaken. This calamity seems to have stimulated the tendency to tax the rich heavily, and to fos-

ter the policy of protection. Trade is promoted not simply by duties on imports, but by state aid to exports. A depot in London, which does not pay its own expenses, takes charge of Australian goods and guarantees their quality; bonuses are given to particular classes of producers, and there is even talk of a "produce export department" of the government. The protectionist policy has taken possession of the Australian mind even more firmly than it has taken possession of the mind of the Republican party here. A free-trader comes nearer being looked upon as a "crank" in most of the colonies than he does here. But the "infant industry" there has solid claims to nurture which it does not possess in this country. In fact, the dominance of the protectionist theory is so strong that it forms one of the obstacles in the promotion of the proposed Australian confederation, as no colony is quite willing to give up its right to tax imports from all the others, and still less is it willing to join Mr. Chamberlain's followers and let in free the goods of the mother country. We may conjecture from this what obstacles the policy of free internal trade between our states would have met with at the foundation of our government, had America been more of a manufacturing community, and had intercommunication been easier. The difficulty of carriage a hundred years ago formed a natural tariff, which made the competition of foreigners seem comparatively unimportant.

From the bestowal of responsible government in the fifties, down to 1893, nearly all the colonies reveled in the ease with which they could borrow money in England. There was a great rush to make state railroads, in order to open up the lands of the great landholders to projects favored by labor, and to give employment to workingmen; and, after the railroads were made, they carried workingmen for next to nothing. Along with this came an enormous development of

the civil service, somewhat like our increase of pensions. New South Wales alone had 200,000 persons in government offices, at a salary of \$13,000,000, and 10,000 railroad employees to boot. This gave the ministries for the time being great influence, which was increased by the fact that the state was the owner of large tracts of land, which it rented on favorable terms to favored tenants. The excitement of apparent prosperity, too, brought into the legislature large numbers of men to whom salary was important, and the result was perhaps the first serious decline in the character of the Australian governments. The colonies were founded between 1788 and 1855. Up to this time they have spent \$800,000,000 on public works. They have made 80,000 miles of telegraph, and 10,000 miles of railway. Though they have a revenue of only \$117,500,000 they have already a debt of \$875,000,000.

These "good times" came to their natural end. By 1893 the money was all spent, the taxation was not sufficient to meet the interest, the English capitalists refused further advances, the banks failed on all sides, and the colonies were left with large numbers of unemployed on their hands. There was nothing for it but to spend more money on "relief works," and to keep almost permanently in the employment of the state large bodies of men, who liked it simply because it was easy, and because hard times were a sufficient excuse for seeking it. What one learns from the experience of the colonies in the matter of expenditure is the difficulty, in a democratic government, of moderation of any description, if it once abandons the policy of *laissez faire*, and undertakes to be a providence for the masses. There is no limit to the human appetite for unearned or easily earned money. No class is exempt from it. Under the old régime, the aristocrats got all the sinecures, the pensions, and the light jobs of every description. One of

the results of the triumph of democracy has been to throw open this source of gratification to the multitude, and every attempt made to satisfy the multitude, in this field, has failed. When the French opened the national workshops in Paris in 1848, the government speedily found that it was likely to have the whole working class of Paris on its hands; when we started our pension list, we found that peace soon became nearly as expensive as war; and when the Australians undertook to develop the country on money borrowed by the state, there was no restraint on their expenditure, except the inability to find any more lenders. The Australian financial crisis was brought about, not by any popular perception that the day of reckoning was at hand, but by the refusal of the British capitalists to make further loans.

Australian experience seems in many ways to prove the value of our system of written constitutions, to be construed and enforced by the courts. The effect on the minds of ill-informed legislators of the knowledge that they can do anything for which they can get a majority, is naturally to beget extravagance and an overweening sense of power, and lead to excessive experimentation. The voters' knowledge that the minister can do as he pleases has a tendency to increase the exactions of the extremists of every party. The Henry George system of taxation, for instance, could be put into execution in any Australian colony, at any moment, by a mere act of the legislature. The right to vote could be given to women, and has been given in New Zealand. The state can make any number of lines of railroad it pleases, pay for them out of the taxes, and carry poor men on them free. In fact, it can promote any scheme, however speculative, that may take hold of the popular fancy.

It is in devices for the protection of labor that most of this experimentation occurs. New Zealand affords the best example of it. It provides elaborate legal

protection for the eight-hour day. A workman cannot consent to work overtime without extra pay. The state sees that he gets the extra pay. It looks closely after the condition of women and children in the factories. It sees that servant girls are not overcharged by the registry offices for getting them places. It prescribes one half-holiday a week for all persons employed in stores and offices, and sees that they take it. It will not allow even a shopkeeper who has no employees to dispense with his half-holiday; because if he does not take it, his competition will injure those who do. The "labor department" of the government has an army of inspectors, who keep a close watch on stores and factories, and prosecute violations of the law which they themselves discover. They do not wait for complaints; they ferret out infractions, so that the laborer may not have to prejudice himself by making charges. The department publishes a "journal" once a month, which gives detailed reports of the condition of the labor market in all parts of the colony, and of the prosecutions which have taken place anywhere of employers who have violated the law. It provides insurance for old age and early death, and guarantees every policy. It gives larger policies for lower premiums than any of the private offices, and depreciates the private offices in its documents. It distributes the profits of its business as bonuses among the policyholders, and keeps a separate account for teetotalers, so that they may get special advantages from their abstinence. The "journal" is, in fact, in a certain sense a labor manual, in which everything pertaining to the comfort of labor is freely discussed. The poor accommodation provided for servants in hotels and restaurants is deplored, and so is the difficulty which middle-aged men have in finding employment. More attention to the morals and manners of nursemaids is recommended. All the little dodges of employers are exposed and punished.

If they keep the factory door fastened, they are fined. If housekeepers pretend that their servants are lodgers, and therefore not liable to a compulsory half-holiday, they are fined. If manufacturers are caught allowing girls to take their meals in a workshop, they are fined.

As far as I can make out, too, without visiting the country, there is as yet no sign of reaction against this minute paternal care of the laborer. The tendency to use the powers of the government chiefly for the promotion of the comfort of the working classes, whether in the matter of land settlement, education, or employment, seems to undergo no diminution. The only thing which has ceased, or slackened, is the borrowing of money for improvements. The results of this borrowing have been so disastrous that the present generation, at least, will hardly try that experiment again. Every new country possessing a great body of undeveloped resources, like those of the North American continent and of Australia, must rely largely on foreign capital for the working of its mines and the making of its railroads. In this country all that work has been left to private enterprise, or, in other words, to the activity of individuals and corporations. Apart from some recent land-grants to railroads and the sale of public lands at low rates, it may be said that our government has done nothing whatever to promote the growth of the national wealth and population. The battle with nature, on this continent, has been fought mainly by individuals. The state in America has contented itself, from the earliest times, with supplying education and security. Down to a very recent period the American was distinguished from the men of all other countries for looking to the government for nothing but protection to life and property. Tocqueville remarked strongly on this, when he visited the United States in the thirties. This habit has been a good deal broken up by the growth of the wage-earning class

since the war, by the greatly increased reliance on the tariff, and by the government issue of paper money during the rebellion. In the eyes of many, these things have worked a change in the national character. But we are still a great distance from the Australian policy. The development of the country by the state, in the Australian sense, has only recently entered into the heads of our labor and socialist agitators. The American plan has hitherto been to facilitate private activity, to make rising in the world easy for the energetic individual, and to load him with praise and influence after he has risen. This policy has been pursued so far that, in the opinion of many, the individual has become too powerful, and the government too subservient to private interests. There are, in fact, few, if any states in the Union which are not said to be dominated by rich men or rich corporations.

This is a not unnatural result of two things. One is, as I have said, our having left the development of the country almost wholly to private enterprises. It is individual capitalists who have worked the mines, made the railroads, invited the immigrants and lent them money to improve their farms. The other is the restrictions which the state constitutions, and the courts construing them, place on the use of the taxes. There are very few things the state in America can constitutionally do with its revenue, compared with what European governments can do. Aids to education are tolerated, because education is supposed to equip men more thoroughly for the battle of life, but the American public shrinks from any other use of the public funds for private benefit. We give little or no help to art, or literature, or charity, or hospitals. We lend no money. We issued legal tender paper under many protests and in a time of great national trial, have never ceased to regret it, and shall probably never issue any more. We are angry when we find that any one en-

joys comforts or luxury at the expense of the state. We cannot bear sinecures. But our plunge into pensions since the war shows that there now exists among us the same strong tendency to get things out of the state, and to rely on its bounty, which prevails in Australia. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that at present we owe a good deal of what remains of *laissez faire* in our policy to our constitutions and courts. We owe the constitutions and the courts to the habits formed in an earlier stage of American history. It was the bad or good fortune of the Australian colonies to enter on political life just as the *let-alone* policy was declining under the influence of the humanitarian feeling which the rise of the democracy has brought with it everywhere. More constitution than was supplied by the enabling acts of the British Parliament was never thought of, and the British Parliament did not think of imposing any restraints on legislation except those which long custom or British opinion imposed on Parliament itself.

The result is that Australia is absolutely free to democratic experimentation under extremely favorable circumstances. In each colony the state has apparently existed for the benefit of the working classes, who must always constitute the majority of the people in every community, and the masses have been provided with work and protection, in complete disregard of European traditions. The experiment has turned out pretty well, owing to the abundance of land, the natural wealth of the country, and the fineness of the climate. But each colony is forming its political habits, and I cannot resist the conclusion that some of them are habits which are likely to plague the originators hereafter. For instance, the task of finding work for the unemployed, and borrowing money for the purpose, though this generation has seen it fail utterly in the first trial, will probably be resorted to again, with no more fortunate results. Nor can I be-

lieve that the growing paternalism, the sedulous care of the business interests of the masses, will not end by diminishing self-reliance, and increasing dependence on the state.

The worst effects of these two agencies, of course, in a country of such wonderful resources as Australia, must be long postponed. There are hindrances to progress in the direction of pure "collectivism" yet in existence, many problems to be solved, Old World influences to be got rid of, before Australia finds herself perfectly free from the trammels which the régime of competition still throws around every modern society. But so far as I can judge from the accounts of even the most impartial observers, every tendency which is causing us anxiety or alarm here is at work there, without any hindrance from constitutions; though there is great comfort among the people, and there is a hopefulness which cannot but exist in any new country with immense areas of vacant land and a rapidly growing population.

One check to all leveling tendencies is the extremely strong hold which the competitive system has taken of the Anglo-Saxon race. There is no other race in which there is still so much of the rude energy of the earlier world, in which men have such joy in rivalry and find it so hard to surrender personal advantages. This renders communal life of any kind, or any species of enforced equality, exceedingly difficult. It will probably endanger the permanence of all the social experimentation in Australia, as soon as this experimentation plainly gives evidence of bestowing special advantages on the weak, or lazy, or unenterprising. There is not in Australia the same extravagant admiration of wealth as a sign of success that there is here, but there are signs of its coming. The state has undertaken to do so many things, however, through which individuals make fortunes here, that its coming may be slow. The wealthy Australian, who dis-

likes rude colonial ways, and prefers to live in England, is already a prominent figure in London society, and, like the rich Europeanized American, he is an object of great reprobation to the plain Australian, who has not yet "made his pile" and cannot go abroad. Then there is a steady growth of national pride, which is displaying itself in all sorts of ways, — in literature, art, and above all athletics, as well as in trade and commerce. The development of athletic and sporting tastes generally is greater than elsewhere, and competition is the life of athletics. An athlete is of little account until he has beaten somebody in something. "The record" is the record of superiority of somebody in something over other people. The "duffer" is the man who can never win anything. The climate helps to foster these tastes, and the abundance of everything makes the cultivation of them easy; but they are tastes which must always make the sinking of superiority — or, in other words, any communal system — difficult. Australia may develop a higher type of character or better equipment for the battle of life, and more numerous opportunities, but it is hardly likely to develop any new form of society. When the struggle grows keener, we are not likely to see a corresponding growth of state aid.

The very rapidity of the experimentation now going on promises to bring about illuminating crises earlier there than here. Probably we shall not get our currency experience here for many years to come. Were the Australians engaged in trying our problem, they would reach a solution in one or two years. We are likely in the next hundred years to see a great many new social ventures tried, something which the wreck of authority makes almost inevitable; but there seems no reason to believe that the desire of the Anglo-Saxon variety of human nature to profit by superiority in any quality will disappear. The cab-

inet system of government is in itself a strong support to individuality, for reasons I have already given.

Another steady influence in Australia, perhaps one of the most powerful in a democratic community, is the press. The press, from all I can learn, is still serious, able, and influential. It gives very large space to athletics and similar amusements, but seems to have retained a high and potent position in the discussions of the day. The love of triviality which has descended on the American press like a flood, since the war, has apparently passed by that of Australia. Why this should be I confess I have not been able to discover, and can hardly conjecture. If we judge by what has happened in America, it would be easy to conclude that the press in all democracies is sure to become somewhat puerile, easily occupied with small things, and prone to flippant treatment of great subjects. This is true of the French press, in a way; but in that case something of the tendency may be ascribed to temperament, and something to want of practice in self-government. I cannot see any signs of it in the country press in England. That, so far as I have been able to observe, continues grave, decorous, and mature. There is nothing of the boyish spirit in it which pervades much of our journalism. The weight which still attaches to the tastes and opinions of an educated upper class may account for this in some degree, but the fact is that Australian journals have preserved these very characteristics, although the beginnings of Australian journalism were as bad as possible. Its earliest editing was done by ex-convicts, and the journals which these men set on foot were very like those that have the worst reputation among us for venality and triviality. Strange to say, the community did not sit down under them. There was an immediate rising against this sort of editors in New South Wales. Their control of leading newspapers was

treated as a scandal too great to be borne, and they were driven out of the profession. The newspapers then passed largely into the hands of young university men who had come out from England to seek their fortunes; they gave journalism a tone which has lasted till now. The opinions of the press still count in politics. It can still discredit or overthrow a ministry, because the duration of a ministry depends on the opinion of the legislature, and that, in turn, depends on the opinion of the public. There can be no defiant boss, indifferent to what the public thinks, provided he has "got the delegates." In fact, the Australian system seems better adapted to the maintenance of really independent and influential journals than ours. The fixed terms of executive officers and the boss system of nomination are almost fatal to newspaper power. So long as results cannot be achieved quickly, the influence of the press must be feeble.

Of course, in speaking of a country which one does not know personally, one must speak very cautiously. All impressions one gets from books need correction by actual observation, particularly in the case of a country in which changes are so rapid as in Australia. Of this rapidity every traveler and writer I have consulted makes mention, and every traveler soon finds his book out of date. Sir Charles Dilke visited Australia about 1870, but writing in 1890 he dwells on the enormous differences of every kind which twenty years had brought about. The latest work on Australia, Mr. Walker's *Australasian Democracy*, gives as an illustration of this transientness of everything the fact that the three colonies of New South Wales, South Australia, and Victoria have had respectively twenty-eight, forty-two, and twenty-six ministries in forty years. One can readily imagine how many changes of policy on all sorts of subjects, and how many changes of men, these figures represent. All travelers,

too, bear testimony to the optimism of the people in every colony. Nothing is more depressing in a new country than officialism, or management of public affairs by irresponsible rulers. From this the Anglo-Saxons have always enjoyed freedom in their new countries. The result has always been free play for individual energy and initiative; and with boundless resources, as in America and Australia, these qualities are sure to bring cheerfulness of temperament. The mass of men are better off each year,

mistakes are not serious, mutual helpfulness is the leading note of the community, nobody is looked down on by anybody, and public opinion is all powerful. In Australia there is more reason for this, as yet, than with us. The Australians are not tormented by a race question, they have never had any civil strife, and they have not yet come into contact with that greatest difficulty of large democracies, the difficulty of communicating to the mass common ideas and impulses.

E. L. Godkin.

NOTE. As I have endeavored to give in this article impressions rather than facts, I have not thought it worth while to cite authorities for all my statements. I will simply say that I have formed these impressions from perusal of the following works: *The Australian Colonies* in 1896, E. A. Petherick, 1897; *New Zealand Rulers and Statesmen*, 1840-97, William Gisborne; *Oceana*, J. A. Froude, 1886; *Queensland*, Rev. John D. Lang, D. D., 1864; *The Coming Commonwealth*, R. R. Garlan, 1897; *The Aus-*

tralians, Francis Adams, 1893; *The Land of Gold*, Julius M. Price, 1896; *New Zealand Official Year Book*, 1897; *Reports of Department of Labor*, 1893-97; *Journal of 1897*; *Problems of Greater Britain*, Sir Charles Dilke, 1890; *Historical and Statistical Account of New South Wales*, Dr. Lang, 1875; *Thirty Years of Colonial Government*, Sir G. F. Bowen, 1889; *Australian Democracy*, Henry de R. Walker, 1897; *History of New Zealand*, G. W. Rusden, 1891; *Western Australian Blue Book*.

THE SOCIAL AND DOMESTIC LIFE OF JAPAN.

To a Japanese who to-day, after a lapse of many years, revisits the United States, nothing can be more amazing, as well as gratifying, than the intense interest which Americans take in his country. It is not only the educated and thoughtful who have come to appreciate the deeper thought and peculiar genius of the Sunrise Land, but the whole mass of people seems to have become alive to that friendly and almost romantic feeling which has existed between the two countries since (and probably because of) the first opening of Japan by Commodore Perry. One cannot help contrasting the questions now asked with those that used to be put to him in the early seventies, and that revealed somewhat muddled ideas in regard to the countries of the

Far East. It is found that in at least one department of art — the decorative — Japan has affected the Occident quite as much as the Occident has influenced Japan in various aspects of modern life. Under these circumstances, a native of Japan finds it a great pleasure to tell the American reader what he can about his own country. The following notes on the social life of Japan were put together as likely to answer best the questions that were asked me most frequently, and are taken from certain lectures which I had the honor of delivering before the Lowell Institute in Boston. If in any way, however slight, they may help to promote a better understanding of my country, I shall feel that my task has not been in vain.

The empire of Japan, I need hardly say, consists of a chain of islands which form the bulwark of the Asiatic continent in the Pacific Ocean. It is divided from the continent by three comparatively shallow seas, Okhotsk, Japan, and East China, while toward the ocean the sea deepens very rapidly to abyssal depths within a short distance of Japan; the famous Tuscarora ground, the deepest part of any ocean known until recently, lying off the northern coast. The chain begins with Shimshu, the first island south of Kamtschatka, and extending through the Kuriles expands into the large island of Yezo, or Hokkaidō. Then comes the main island of Japan, which has no special name, although the name Honshū, or "Main Island," has frequently been applied to it lately. South of the main island are two large islands, Kyūshū, or Kiusiu, and Shikoku. From the southern extremity of Kyūshū the chain goes through a series of small islands, the Ryūkyū, or Loo Choo group, and finally ends with the recently added Formosa and its dependent islands. There is a branch to this main chain, starting from the middle part of Honshū, and extending to Bonin, or Ogasawara, and Sulphur Islands.

The most northern point of the empire is at about 51° N. Lat., and the most southern at about 21° N. Lat. In other words, the country stretches from the latitude of Newfoundland or Vancouver to that of Cuba or Yucatan. As a natural result of this range in latitude there are all sorts of climate, from the sub-arctic to the tropical.

The area of the whole empire is, in round numbers, 161,000 square miles, a little less than the New England and Middle States combined, or 40,000 square miles larger than England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

Through the entire chain of islands there extends a series of mountain ranges. In fact, smaller islands are nothing but the tops of peaks which arise from the

bottom of the sea. Among them there are many volcanoes, extinct and active. Fujiyama is the most famous of these, as everybody knows. From the very nature of the country it is subject to numerous earthquakes; destructive ones, killing thousands in a few minutes, not having been infrequent. Rivers descend, for the most part, very rapidly from the mountains to the sea. At ordinary times their wide and shallow beds are almost dry, but heavy rainfalls soon transform them into wild torrents, often causing disastrous floods and much loss of life and property.

These catastrophes, frightful as they are, are not an unmixed evil. As Mr. Knapp well points out, earthquakes make tenement-houses, with their accompanying miseries, impossible in large cities. Still more important, perhaps, is the effect of these natural calamities on the national character. There is, it seems to me, hardly any question that they — along with other influences, of course — have helped to develop alertness, resoluteness, and fortitude in the presence of an appalling danger or a dire misfortune. A certain amount of fatalism is also partly due to the same cause.

Another influence which environment has exerted on the national character has been the development of the love of nature and the sense of the beautiful. Charming mountain scenery and the exquisite blending of mountain and sea which one meets everywhere cannot fail to cultivate the æsthetic sense of the people. I have seen common workmen lost in admiration of some incomparable view of Fujiyama. It is hard to overestimate the effect of this appreciation of nature on the artistic and poetical life.

The island empire, whose geographical position we have briefly sketched, has forty-two million inhabitants. With the exception of Formosa and the islands in the extreme north, the population is as homogeneous as it can be. Scientific

men claim that they can discover different types, and there is no doubt that there are such; but they are visible only to keen and trained observation. The whole nation is kin and kith, with the same language, the same history and traditions, and the same ideals. Although the Japanese have unquestionably derived their inspiration from East Indian and Chinese sources, yet by centuries of isolation they have developed a form of civilization which I venture to affirm is in many respects as elaborate and advanced as the Occidental, and yet withal unique. It is only when Japan is looked at in this light, as the representative of a civilization different from the Aryan, that she becomes interesting. Thoughtless travelers are often disappointed in Japan, because they have not grasped this fact. Some of them look on her as something amusing and grotesque, not to be taken seriously. Others apply the same standard in Japan that they would in Europe and America. People in the United States have said to me, "Your country has made great progress lately: you will soon catch up with us." To my mind, it is very doubtful if we ever "catch up." The Aryan and Japanese civilizations are in different paths, and although they will certainly exert mutual influence and approach each other more nearly as time goes on, I feel assured that the history of the centuries behind each civilization will not enable the two ever to become identical.

To the right understanding of any social organization it is essential that something of its past should be known. I regret exceedingly that space does not allow me to give a brief summary of the history of Japan. Fortunately, however, there are works within the easy reach of everybody that will give a fair idea of how out of mythological clouds the first Emperor, Jimmu, appears; how the dynasty which he established has come down to the present day; how Japan

early attained a high state of civilization; how, more than a thousand years ago, arts and literature flourished; how the government by shoguns gradually arose, toward the end of the twelfth century; how that form of government passed from one family to another; how it finally came into the hands of the Tokugawas; how that family secured to the country a peace lasting over two hundred and fifty years; how an elaborate system of feudalism was developed, and arts and learning flourished; how the Tokugawas' power came to an end in 1868 with the restoration of the Emperor to full authority; and finally, how this restoration has made possible all the recent marvelous changes which have astonished the world. I should, however, like to emphasize here one fact which should never be lost sight of, in giving any account of Japanese society. I think all Japanese will agree in the statement that the most precious heritage of our country from the past is the imperial dynasty. Japan has never known any other rule from time immemorial, the present Emperor being the one hundred and twenty-first in the line of succession. Only once in the long history of twenty-five hundred years has a rebel been bold enough to try to usurp the throne. If there is any one thing well fixed in Japan, it is that the Emperor is the only natural and legitimate ruler of the country; in the Japanese mind it amounts almost to a law of nature. Reverence paid to the Emperor and the imperial family is something which one not brought up to it will find hard to realize. For my own part, I have no hesitation in saying that this feeling of love and loyalty to the imperial dynasty is one of the greatest blessings we have in Japan. It is the keystone of the arch of the whole social structure; it gives stability to the entire organization. So long as this feeling lasts, anarchy is impossible. This reverence has greatly increased within the last decade, — since the promulgation

of the constitution in 1889. Yet this has been a time of tremendous change. Old institutions have been transformed, new ones have been created, and there has proceeded a development of popular opinion so swift and radical as to be almost revolutionary.

Briefly speaking, the country, which not many years ago was divided up into about two hundred and fifty practically independent *daimiates*, or principalities, regarding one another with more or less jealousy, has been transformed, in the course of thirty years, into a thoroughly modern nation with a homogeneous population, looking back to and proud of the same historical traditions, and united and ready to face the world under the government of a gracious sovereign descended from an ancient dynasty revered as heaven-sent. During this transformation, European and American ideas and institutions were introduced in such a wholesale way that at one time it almost seemed as if old Japan would be "civilized" off the face of the earth. But now, if one looks below the surface, one is surprised to find how Japan in her innermost life has retained much that was precious in her old self. In olden times, when Buddhistic and Chinese ideas were introduced, Japan digested them and added to them in her own way. After thirty years of apparently blind and indiscriminate absorption of Occidental ideas, Japan feels that she has assimilated them well enough to be able to divide the chaff from the grain; and while constantly increasing her knowledge from outside, she will now, no doubt, develop more in accordance with her peculiar genius, and not endeavor to follow blindly a standard foreign to herself.

These things are not unfamiliar; but it is not of the exotic introductions that I wish to treat; I would rather speak of the original Japanese type and form of civilization, which is so attractive to the American reader.

In Japan, individualism is not developed to the degree attained in this country. The family forms the unit of society. In general the occupation of each family is hereditary. Of course it is natural that in the case of merchants and farmers the son should follow the father's business; but the same thing happens in regard to professional men, artists, and artisans. Certain families are always known as those of physicians. The famous actor Danjuro is the ninth of the same name in his family. Every art collector knows how families of painters, sword-makers, metal-workers, lacquer-artists, etc., have distinguished themselves. Certain families of court musicians have been in the profession for about a thousand years. Even in such a comparatively trifling matter as that of cormorant-fishing in the Nagara River, the occupation has been handed down from father to son for generations. It often happens that a child has no natural talent or bent for the hereditary occupation. In such cases, the child may adopt another profession or trade more congenial to him; but the head of the family will try to find some young person to transmit his calling to, training him in it, and adopting him into the family, generally by marriage with a member of it. It is, for instance, a point discussed with considerable seriousness in some social circles, what Danjuro is going to do about a successor. He has no male child, but it is out of the question that he should let the great name which he bears die with him. He will probably adopt some youth; but at the query who among the young actors has talent enough, knowing ones shake their heads. The rigor of this hereditary transmission of occupation is much relaxed at the present time, especially in the capital, but the custom has still a very strong sway. One good result of this usage is that the occupation handed down from a line of ancestors is something sacred to each descendant, and not only the head, but

every member must devote his or her energy to see that there is no deterioration. The head of the family not only does his best in his own work, but strains every nerve to train his children as worthy successors. Every little knack of the profession or the trade is carefully handed down, so that the accumulated experience of generations is not lost. In case of artists and artisans, designs and drawings made by great ancestors are set before each generation to study. It seems to me that the unsurpassed beauty of Japanese art works owes its origin largely to this custom.

The fact that the family is the social unit is seen in other circumstances. Among the larger farmers and merchants, in many instances, the head of a family always bears the same name that his predecessor did. As each person succeeds to the dignity he changes his youthful name. In respect to long-established business firms, it is easy to see what advantages there are in this. In some especially wealthy houses of the same classes there are family constitutions, so to speak, which are calculated to protect the common interests as against spendthrift habits or rash deeds of the occupant of the headship at any given time.

The hereditary transmission of the occupation of professional men would do no harm, and would work only good; for if any unworthy person appeared as the representative of a family, the family would simply drop out as the result of natural selection, and no harm would be done. But hereditary holders of political offices, supported by the great power of a government behind them, would soon drag the country down. Fortunately for Japan, this form of hereditary occupation is completely broken. There is now no reason whatever why the humblest cannot rise to the highest office, if only he has merit.

I need hardly repeat that, with this idea of the family, primogeniture prevails

largely in Japan. But with the rights of the first-born go also heavy responsibilities; for headship carries with it the duty of seeing that younger brothers and other members are provided for.

The idea of the family as the social unit also strengthens the bonds among the relatives. Around the main branch there gather minor branches, and all keep together closely and help one another. Let us analyze our feeling in respect to the social unit. Filial piety is one of the fundamental doctrines on which Japanese are brought up. This not only includes our immediate parents and grandparents, or perhaps great-grandparents, with whom we come in personal contact, but extends to a long line of ancestors, with of course diminishing feeling, but with just as much respect. Special reverence is paid to that ancestor who is regarded as the founder of the family. Not only is the genealogy kept carefully, but the names of ancestors are inscribed on tablets and preserved in the most sacred place in the whole household, namely, the family shrine; and the anniversaries of their death are observed with religious ceremonies at the house and at the graves. In the case of parents, love would naturally prompt the performance of these offices, as does a sense of reverence for remoter ancestors. Wisely or foolishly, reasonably or unreasonably, there is a feeling in every Japanese that he is lacking in filial piety if he does not see to it that these observances are kept up, even after his death. For that, the continuance of his family as such is a necessity. Aside from the natural love of parents for children, this partly accounts for the important position which children occupy among the Japanese, and for a certain deference with which they are treated. They represent future generations. When there are no children, adoption becomes a necessity, from this point of view.

The desire of making the family a permanent institution has at bottom, it seems

to me, that universal longing for immortality implanted in the human breast. It is not only that a Japanese would wish to have himself remembered after he is gone, but he deems it a part of his duty to see that the memory of those who have gone before him shall be kept green. Thus the idea of the family as a social unit is kept up by two factors, filial piety and the longing for immortality. Lafcadio Hearn, in one of his beautiful essays, *A Wish Fulfilled*, shows this phase of the Japanese thought.

An average Japanese family of the respectable middle class consists of the head, or master, and his wife, some years younger; and one or both of the parents of the master, if living. These are known as the *go-in-kyo sama* (Honorable Mr. or Mrs. Retired Person). They are generally assigned a special wing or room in the house, and in better families usually take their meals by themselves. Then there are, or must be, children. No family can be complete without them. They are the life and cheer of the whole circle. Of course there are servants: two would be considered a rather small number, five or six a rather large one.

In almost every middle-class house there is a room or rooms where students live, in more or less close proximity to the front entrance, or *genkan*. These students are considered almost essential. If you call at a Japanese house, very likely it is one of these who will come out to admit you. They are in some cases youths whose parents in the country are anxious that their sons should be under the supervision of some reliable person in the city; more generally they are students of slender means, trying to work their way upward in life. If the master of the house takes pleasure in helping young men, as is very often the case, you will find several of them in his *genkan*. They are usually given board and lodging, and in return for these they answer the calls at the front entrance, run on errands that require intelligence,

help children in their lessons, and do light household work. They are treated more as equals than as servants. Most of them attend some school; and if any distinguish themselves in after-life, the family takes pride in them, while they feel toward the house where they lived affection and gratitude.

The women of Japan have often been misunderstood. By those who have known them they have been pronounced the best part of Japan. They have been described as gentle, graceful, beautiful, and self-sacrificing. Not only in the gentler virtues, but also in some sterner aspects of life, the Japanese woman often has shown what she is made of. The rigid code of honor among the samurai class applied equally to women and to men. The short, sharp dagger which in former times women of rank carried concealed in their broad girdles, and which they were as ready to plunge into their own hearts as into their enemies', rather than suffer any dishonor, was but typical of their determination. In cases of desperate struggles, have not mothers and wives killed themselves, that their sons and husbands might go out to battle with nothing to draw them back? There is a story of an heroic woman of the olden time, whose husband, an archer, had the grievous fault of not being able to hold in his arrow until he was entirely ready, letting it go prematurely. One day, as the archer was practicing, trying hard to remedy his shortcoming, his determined wife, with their precious child in her arms, stood up directly in front of his arrow, and forced him to hold it in. This man lived to be a famous archer. Fortunately, in our days there is no occasion for the exercise of these sterner virtues; but they exist. If the country shall ever be in danger, the women will be found as determined as the men.

Any one who speaks against the purity of the Japanese woman knows not whereof he talks, or is a vile slanderer

who would deprive woman of what is most precious to her. As the mistress of the family, she has as much real authority in the household as her Western sister. As a mother, she is paid great deference by her children. In society, a lady is always treated with respect. There are, without question, some regards in which changes are desirable, but, on the whole, I have no hesitation in saying that the position of woman in Japan is a very high one.

The aim or ideal set before the Japanese, especially of the middle samurai class, is that their family life should be simple and frugal. There are several reasons why this ideal should become emphasized in the Japanese life. According to the stern code of honor which governed the conduct of the samurai in feudal times, the gain of money was to be looked down on, and this feeling was carried so far that the merchant class was placed lowest of all. Wealth was out of the question with the samurai, the highest class. The mere fact that a samurai was rich betokened that something was wrong with him. "To be as poor as if he had been washed clean" was one of the good things that could be said of a samurai. From the very necessity of the case the samurai had to lead a plain and frugal life. Yet they were all men of culture, and we thus had refinement combined with simplicity. All this was strictly true of a time within the memory of men not very far advanced in life, and many of these notions hold sway to-day. Of course, I do not pretend to say that money-getting is not at the present time one of the strong incentives to enterprise and work, but all those rigorous ideas of old tend to make life in contemporary Japan simple. It is considered not well for a man to give himself up to luxuries, even if he can afford them. It is not the question of affording that decides the matter. There is a certain limit in the style of living, beyond which a man,

however wealthy, should not go. In olden times there were daimyōs, noted for their wisdom, who, while not sparing in obtaining the very best they could obtain of swords and other weapons, or in giving education to their retainers, or for other purposes of state, themselves led an almost ascetic life, and the teachings of those men are not forgotten to-day. Some of the most delightful men one meets in Japan are those who take poverty as a matter of course, and devote their lives to some scholarly pursuit. You will find that, in spite of the bareness of their houses, these men often possess a precious library such as only a scholar can bring together. "What! Bend my knees to money or for money?" I have heard a man of this class say. "No, thank you. This life of independence is enough for me."

Even in very well to do families, especially of the samurai class, children are made to live a rigorous life, and parents, to keep them company, often deny themselves many little luxuries which they can well afford. Young people — boys in particular — are made to dress in clothes of coarse stuff. Their companions would laugh at them if they decked themselves out in fine clothes. They are made to face cold and heat in short, scanty apparel. They are made to take pedestrian journeys to famous mountains or historical spots. On such occasions they wear the plebeian straw sandals, always put up at inns of modest pretensions, and the more hardships they undergo, the better. They are made to, and prefer to, ride third-class on the railway, until their own merit entitles them to a better place. I may add that their mothers and sisters are often in the first-class compartments on the same train. I have known the sons of wealthy families to go to foreign countries in the steerage, from the feeling that young men should taste the hardships of the world.

Another social force tending to the

simplicity of life is the love people have of being *fūryū*. I can think of no exact equivalent of this adjective in English. It may, perhaps, be defined as æsthetic Bohemianism combined with a strong love of nature, though that conveys only a faint idea. It is one of those things which every one feels, but cannot define. In an intense form it is a cult, but its spirit pervades all society. It probably arises in Buddhism. That religion teaches us: "All is vanity; everything is void in this world; only the soul is great." "What is wealth, rank, and power? Why should men struggle after that which is nothing? Rather, let us polish our souls and study the beautiful," say men of this cult. It is Bohemian in that there is an impatience of the every-day conventional life. It is æsthetic in that the sense of the beautiful is assiduously cultivated. The works of art are enjoyed, but nature itself, the moon, stars, seas, mountains, flowers, are the things sought after. "Iza saraba yukimi ni korobu tokoro made!" (Let us now pursue this beautiful snow scene until we perchance fall down!) cries one of these men in a famous *hokku*, or poem in seventeen syllables. It brings out well a certain abandon with which the beautiful is wooed. This cult is impatient of all vulgarities, whether of wealth or of poverty. It has developed a standard of simple refinement and taste. There can be no doubt that it has had the greatest influence on the life of Japan on the artistic and æsthetic side. It has made life simple and yet elegant; it has affected poetry; it has permeated all artistic works; it has made its influence felt on architecture; it has developed a certain ease in social intercourse. So-called tea-ceremonies and the art of floral arrangements are phases of this culture.

Thus the rigorous ideas of the samurai traditions and the æsthetic Bohemianism of the *fūryū* cult, working from different directions, have acted like the

social parallelogram of forces, having for its resultant Japanese society, which people of other nations tell us is unique and interesting to an unusual degree.

I should like to say here a few words about the Japanese house. Fortunately, I need not go into the subject in detail, for it has been treated with minute exactness by Professor Morse in his work on Japanese Homes.

The traveler in Japan often speaks of the entire openness of the houses of humbler classes, — how the shop is widely open toward the front, how you can look through the shop into the living-room behind, and see the whole family life from the street. In larger shops there is not so much exposure, but from the necessity of the case the front of the house must be open toward the street. When we come to the quarters of *yashiki*, or residences, in Tōkyō and other cities, the state of things is very different. A residence is carefully inclosed by a high board fence, stone or brick walls, or, in more suburban parts, by hedges, so that nothing can be seen of the inside of the house or of the grounds around it. I have found it hard to make my countrymen realize the fact that even the best residences in America look directly on the street.

Japanese houses are almost universally built of wood. On the outside they are sometimes painted black, but as a general thing the color of natural wood is left, with only a coat of tannin. In cities the roofs are commonly of black tiles, but they are sometimes of shingles, especially in suburbs and in the country.

Carefully as these houses are guarded from outside, there is hardly any concealment within. Not a single room has a lock and key. Each room can be made separate by sliding doors, but all can be thrown open. It is believed in Japan that members of the same family ought to have very little to conceal from one another.

The kitchen, the front entrance, and the veranda have always wooden floors. No paint is ever put on any part of the inside of the houses, but the wooden floor is wiped with a damp cloth once or twice a day, so that in course of time it acquires a beautiful polish, and looks as if it had been lacquered or varnished. In all parts of the house other than those mentioned, thick mats, or *tatami*, are placed on the floor. Each of these is three feet by six, and consists of a thick straw bed of one or two inches, over which a mat is spread and sewed on. The longer edges are generally hemmed with strips of strong black cloth. The size of a room is measured by the number of the *tatami* which cover its floor.

These mats must be kept scrupulously clean, for we sit on them. Small square cushions are often provided, especially in the winter time, but are considered rather as luxuries. Little low tables are used for writing and reading, but generally everything is placed directly on the mats. This manner of living accounts for the absence of chairs, sofas, etc., which every traveler has noticed, and also for the fact that shoes and clogs are always left at the entrance.

Bare as rooms in our houses are thought to look, they are not without ornaments. In every parlor there is a recess called *tokonoma*, the "bed space," but at the present day it is very far from what its name implies. Its plaster wall has usually a different color from the rest of the room. At the rear is suspended at least one *kakemono*,—hanging picture or writing. When there are more than one, they must be interrelated with one another. The *kakemonos* are frequently changed. On the slightly raised floor of the *tokonoma* there is commonly placed some precious art work, or a vase with flowers beautifully arranged. Next to the *tokonoma* there is a recess with shelves, and often with closets closed by tastefully decorated small sliding doors.

On these shelves are placed generally one or two works of art. The shelves and the front pillar of the partition between the *tokonoma* and the shelf recess must be of an extra fine quality of wood. On the side of the *tokonoma* removed from the shelf recess there is usually an ornamental window. The ceiling of the parlor is also very carefully made, and if of wood must be of a fine quality. There are other ornaments, such as carved panels, "nail covers," etc. It is not very difficult to tell, from a glance at the arrangements in the parlor, what the circumstances of the family are, and what tastes the master has.

Japanese houses must not, however, be taken by themselves. Their relations with the gardens should be considered. Our mild climate renders it possible to open the whole side of a house, so as to make the garden a part of the dwelling. There is no feature of our dwellings, perhaps, more charming than this, especially when the garden has been tastefully laid out, giving a sense of retirement and repose.

To give some idea of Japanese family life, I cannot do better than describe a day's doings.

We all know how we are constantly hearing in our daily life various sounds, the very familiarity of which makes us oblivious to them, for the most part, but the absence of which we feel instantly. The sounds that are heard at daybreak in Japan are thoroughly characteristic. Almost simultaneously with cock-crowing and the plaintive cries of numerous crows that go out to feed during the day is heard the opening of skylights in the kitchens. If by chance one happen to be up at this time of day, he soon sees smoke begin to rise from those skylights, as the kitchen fires are lighted. The sounds of the well-wheels are heard, as water is drawn. The preparations for breakfast are evidently going on in the kitchen. Then follows the sound of the

opening of the rain-doors that have shut in the house during the night. Then is heard the sound of dusting paper sliding doors which shut the rooms from the veranda. The duster is made of strips of paper or cloth tied to a small bamboo pole, and when a door is struck with it, the paper tightly stretched over the door frame acts almost like a sounding-board. You would think that people could hardly sleep through all these noises, but they get accustomed to them easily enough. When one wakes up, after these preparations are made, one hears first the cheerful chirping of sparrows, and very often, in mild days, the beautiful song of the *uguisu*, or Japanese nightingale. Many take pleasure in roaming about the garden a little while in the morning before breakfast, tending plants, perhaps watering some favorite flowers, or snipping a branch or two off some shrub to mend its shape. This does not imply necessarily a large garden. A space ten feet square may be made a source of great enjoyment to a man of taste.

After breakfast the older children go to school, and the master of the house goes to his business or office. The mistress of the family is thus generally left alone, but she also has plenty of duties to perform. If there are old people in the family, the parents of the master, she usually sees them and looks after their comforts. Children also take up a great deal of her time. In Japan ladies never go to market. Tradespeople come to the house. The fish-dealer brings his stock, and if any is bought he prepares it for cooking. The greengrocer, the *saké*-dealer, and nowadays the meatman come one after another. There is much sewing to be done, also, for both men's and women's clothes, except the very best, are almost always made at home, and they are made over every year. I fear that my knowledge of this department of household activities is rather limited, but I imagine that there has to be a great deal of planning, cut-

ting, and basting, to make things go well and economically. In the morning, you will often find ladies in the characteristic occupation of doing *harimono*; that is, of starching old pieces of cloth and spreading them on large oblong boards (*harimono-ita*) in order to let them dry in the sun. It is the first process in the making over of old clothes. All this is done in the open air, and gives ladies an hour or so of outdoor occupation.

The noonday meal was *the* meal of the day in old times, but it is getting to be only a light one in Tōkyō, as many of the family are apt to be away.

It is generally in the afternoon that ladies go out, if they are inclined to do so. They may go to see relatives or to make calls on friends. One or more of their children may often accompany them. I think it shows the respect in which ladies are held that the *jinrikishas* in which they are carried are usually beautiful. While a man would not care much about the appearance of his vehicle, and often rides in a dilapidated hired hack, the carriage which his wife uses is likely to be very neat. All private *jinrikishas* nowadays are painted in the beautiful shining black lacquer, with no ornament but the family crest on the back. The drawer of the *jinrikisha* for a lady is also dressed in the approved style, and must be a steady man.

By four or five in the afternoon, things that have been spread about the house, children's toys, sewing, etc., are put away in their places. The house is again swept very carefully, and the veranda is wiped once more with a damp cloth. Soon all the members of the family come home. If it is summer time, they indulge in a bath to wash off the sweat and dust of the day, and get into cool and easy starched clothes. The evening meal is taken comparatively early, — at or a little before dusk, the year through. A small table about a foot square and eight inches high is set before each person. There is space for

four or five dishes or bowls, only four or five inches in diameter. There are definite places for all kinds of food. Thus, the bowl for rice is always on the left, nearest to the person, and soup next to it on the same side, and so forth. Rice, boiled in such a way that every grain is separate, is the great staple of food. It is taken plain, without the addition of anything. When I tell people in Japan that rice is taken with milk and sugar in America, what dismay it causes! At a meal, there is a maid with a box full of rice by her, ready to replenish one's bowl. The strength of one's appetite is measured by the number of bowlfuls of rice he eats. When the maid receives a bowl from any one, she looks into the bottom of it, and if she sees any grains of rice left, she knows that more is wanted. If the bowl is entirely empty, it signifies that the person is through, and she pours some tea. Fish and vegetables are also taken largely, and nowadays meat is sometimes used.

When night comes, beds are prepared. Bedding is brought out from the closets where it has been put away during the day. One or two large thick *futons*, or cushions, are laid directly on the mats of bedrooms, and coverings which look like enormous *kimono* or clothes are spread over them. Every traveler has told of the pillow made of a wooden box with a little cylindrical cushion on the top, but this kind of pillow is going out of fashion. Softer cylindrical pillows, made by stuffing a cloth bag with husks of buckwheat, are now more commonly used. In the summer it is necessary to have mosquito nets, which generally inclose the whole room.

A great institution of a Japanese family is the *hibachi*, or fire-box. It may have been in the family for a number of years; or, if a young couple has started in a new house, the *hibachi* is given by the parents or elderly relatives, or by some friends who have had care of the

young people more or less. It is large in size, and has the inside covered with copper which is always kept bright. It is filled with wood or straw ashes up to within two or three inches of the top, and in one particular spot in it there is a charcoal fire. All through the day the water is kept hot over it in an iron kettle, ready for use in making tea at any time. In winter nights the *hibachi* is apt to be the centre of the family life. The master sits generally on one side of it, the side on which its little drawers do not open, and the mistress of the house on the other side. Children and other members of the family sit near, usually making a circle with the lamp in the centre. Cheerful conversation with much laughter is likely to go around such a family circle.

As a rule, Japanese families retire early. Ten o'clock is about the average time. Eleven is considered late. A function that begins at nine or ten and lasts till the small hours of the morning fairly staggers the Japanese. "Why," they say, "even ghosts, who are *comme il faut*, retire by that hour."

In Japan, outside of the diplomatic corps, and a small circle of high officials who have more or less to do with the diplomatic corps, there is hardly anything of what is called "society." Balls, receptions, dances, afternoon teas, etc., are practically unknown. The code of etiquette which governs these functions and the system of formal calling in the Occident is as amazing to us, perhaps, as our tea-ceremonies are to the American. The lack of these functions does not mean, however, that there is not much genuine hospitality among us. Friends come and go when they please. With ladies in Tōkyō there is a great deal of calling on one another, especially soon after New Year's. When a visitor calls at the house, he is shown to the parlor, and a *hibachi* in the winter time, or a small box for lighting tobacco pipes in

the summer time, is taken in. Then follow a cup of tea and a bowl of cakes or sweetmeats. After the host or hostess appears, a tea-tray with cups, hot water, tea, etc., is brought in, and either the host or the maid makes tea and hands it to the guest. If the hostess is present, she ordinarily undertakes the office of making tea. In case of a lady caller, a piece of paper folded in a peculiar way is laid on a tray, and some sweetmeats or cakes are placed on it for her, as a lady is not likely to help herself from the bowl. When she leaves, the cakes are wrapped up in the paper on which they have lain, and she is invited to take them with her; or if she has come in a jinrikisha, the package is quietly placed in it by a maid. Little presents, perhaps boxes of sweetmeats, are often given by callers. On occasions of congratulations, a large wooden box is taken with eggs or the dried flesh of a fish called *bonito*, used a great deal as stock in cooking. All presents are beautifully done up in one or two sheets of thick white paper, tied in a certain neat way with a bunch of small strings, of which one half is dyed red and the other half white. Certain characters expressing good wishes are generally written on the paper. Presents other than fish are always accompanied by what is called *noshi*, a piece of parti-colored paper folded in a peculiar way, holding a piece of pressed and dried molluscan flesh. In olden times, all presents were accompanied by fish; the *noshi* is the remnant of that custom, and has come to symbolize a present. If any one says he sent a thing with a *noshi*, it means that he made a present of it.

Little dinner parties are of frequent occurrence. On special occasions large feasts are given. These may be at the house if it is of sufficient size, and especially if the host is proud of his parlor or garden, but quite as often they are at some approved tea-house, such as the Maple Club in Tōkyō, so well known to

tourists. At such festivities, little square cushions are placed along the sides of the room, one for each guest. Between each pair of guests a *hibachi* or a tobacco-lighter is deposited. The seat of honor is by the *tokonoma* of the room. At feasts, the order of things is slightly different from that of an ordinary meal. When guests take their seats, a square tray with a bowl of soup and a tiny cup is placed before each, but as the number of dishes increases in the course of the feast, so that there is not room on the tray for all of them, some may be put directly on the mats. Those who serve at such feasts are always women. Before anything is touched, waitresses appear, each with a small porcelain bottle of warmed saké, — a drink looking very much like sherry, and brewed from rice, — and the tiny cup of every guest is filled. After this, one may begin to eat. Dishes will continue to be brought in at intervals, but no dish not empty will be removed. After a while, if one stands up, he will look over a sea of plates, bowls, platters, and cups. A guest may leave his place, and go to talk and exchange cups with any friend. The host exchanges cups with every guest, but as that involves a great deal of drinking, a merciful provision is made for those who cannot endure much. Here and there are found bowls of water, in which one washes a cup before handing it to his friend, and those who cannot drink much are at liberty to pour off saké into them. The hardest drinkers at feasts are these water-bowls. When any guest calls for rice, it means that he is through drinking and wants to finish his feast. One hears often at such a feast, "Oh, it is too early for you to take to rice." If ladies are present, they are usually ranged together along one side of a room, and form the decorous gallery. They are not pressed to drink, and begin their rice quite early. A lady, unless it is the hostess, never leaves her seat to go to a friend. It is gentlemen, always, who

come to her and ask if she will condescend to give them a cup. When a guest has finished, the dishes which he has not touched will be put into a wooden box, and he will usually find this in his jinrikisha when he gets home.

During such feasts special entertainments may be given. Often they consist of dancing, but there may be story-telling, legerdemain, little comedies, or recitals with the accompaniment of music, etc.

As to amusements, they are of many kinds. The game of "go" is very popular. It is played on a board much like a chessboard, but with many more squares. It is played with black and white circular pieces, one of superior skill always taking the white. The game consists in capturing as much of the territory on the board as one can according to certain rules. This game and chess (much like the European) are perhaps the most scientific of Japanese games, and enthusiastic players obtain degrees in them. There are various card-plays. One kind called *hana-awase* is often played, although it is in bad odor, as there is a great deal of gambling with it. European cards also have been introduced. Perhaps the most popular game in which young people of both sexes unite is that which is called "poem cards." There is a famous selection of a hundred poems which everybody knows or which are known because of this game. There are two packs of one hundred cards each. On one set, the whole or the first half of the poems are written; on the other pack, only the second half. The latter set is scattered without any order on the floor. As one person reads off a poem from the pack with whole pieces, each player tries to find the card corresponding to it in the pack that is scattered on the floor. The one who gets the largest number wins. Sometimes two sides are formed, and the game is played according to a certain set of rules. When young men

alone engage in it, one sees a scrimmage on the floor such as is seen on the football field in America. This game is played during the New Year's holidays only.

There are other forms of amusements. For men, there are archery, fishing with lines and with nets, and, of late, shooting. Ladies — and men too — frequently engage in tea-ceremonials and floral arrangements. I regret that it is not possible to describe these in detail in such an article as the present. Young girls often take lessons in these arts, because they thus learn etiquette and become graceful in their deportment. It is quite characteristic of Japan that there are several schools in each of these arts.

The theatre is a great institution, and occupies a larger place in Japanese social life, I think, than it does in the American. A performance in Tōkyō generally lasts from eleven in the morning till seven or eight in the evening, — about eight hours. If things were ordered as in American theatres this would be intolerable. Nobody could stay in a seat for that length of time. Around a Japanese theatre, however, there are several tea-houses. These often serve as rendezvous for theatre parties. One spends the time between the acts in a tea-house, taking one's ease. Meals are served there. In fact, it is one's home during the day, and one goes into the theatre only when the curtain is about to rise. Historical plays are probably the most popular. A day always ends with a bright, cheerful play, with a great many beautiful dresses and much graceful dancing. There are no actresses in Japanese theatres; occasionally there is a company of women-players, but in such a case there are no male actors. It is a question if a man, however skillful, can render truthfully a woman's feelings, but the skill displayed is certainly wonderful.

There are many peculiarities in the construction of a Japanese playhouse —

such as the revolving stage and the *hana-michi* — which will repay the study of a foreigner. The Japanese theatre is perhaps the only institution which is developing in its own way, without much foreign influence. I advise all travelers in Japan to visit a good theatre, taking pains to know something about the play beforehand. It will give more insight into Japanese life than anything else. It is, moreover, the only place where old Japan can be seen, for the days of feudalism are very faithfully portrayed in many of the plays.

Wrestling is also a popular amusement. Wrestlers are enormous, fat giants with prodigious strength. Two great tournaments, each lasting ten days, are held annually in Tōkyō, one in January and the other in May. Wrestlers are divided into two sides, the east and the west, and lovers of the sport wait eagerly to learn how the list or order on each side at each tournament is made out.

The New Year's time is a great festival. Toward the last of the old year, mats are often changed, or at least well beaten, and every part of the house undergoes extra cleaning. Every account must be settled before midnight of December 31. The frantic effort of the hard-pressed to make two ends meet in some way or other is proverbial of the last day of the year. When the morning of New Year's day dawns things are utterly changed. Everybody is at peace with everybody else. All put on new clothes. The front of every house is decked with pine, bamboo, and various other things symbolic of longevity and happiness, and the street assumes a festive appearance. Callers by thousands are about. It is the season when everybody has a good time.

Toward the end of March the weather begins to grow mild, and people begin to think of taking outdoor excursions.

Plum-trees are the first to blossom. Early in April the great cherry season comes. This is getting to be more and more like a carnival. In Tōkyō the trees in the Uyenō Park bloom first, then those of the Sumida Bank, then the Asuka-yama, the Koganei, etc. If one wants to see the crowd, the afternoon is the best time, but a ride through the avenues or arches of cherry-trees early in the morning, before people are about, is most beautiful and refreshing. After cherries follow in succession, in the spring and summer, the peony, wistaria, iris, morning glory, and lotus. In the autumn we have the glorious foliage, and of course the chrysanthemum. For each of these there is some special locality, and during the season people take delight in making excursions.

In conclusion, I should like to recall a few facts. If I have succeeded in making my points clear, the reader, I hope, will see that, on her serious side, Japan is as much in earnest as any modern nation can be; she is straining every nerve not to be left behind among the first nations of the world. On her lighter side she has a refinement of her own, which, although peculiar, is yet of a high quality. It has been said that Japan has put on a "thin veneer of civilization," and is likely to relapse into savagery or barbarism at any time. Is that accusation based on anything but ignorance? It seems to me that there is no savagery or barbarism for us to relapse into. As to going back to the old state, that is no more possible than for the United States to go back to the institution of slavery. In closing, let me earnestly express the hope that the good will and friendship which have ever existed between America and Japan will keep increasing as time goes on and as we come to understand each other better.

K. Mitsukuri.

THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG.

IX.

AT eight o'clock, Guida and her fellow voyagers, bound for the Ecréhos rocks, had caught the first ebb of the tide, and with a fair wind from the southwest had skirted the south coast, ridden lightly over La Roque Platte and the Banc des Violets, and shaped their course northeast. Guida kept the helm all the way, as she had been promised by Ranulph Delagarde. It was still more than half-tide when they approached the rocks, and, with the fair wind, there should be no difficulty in landing.

No more desolate spot could be imagined. To the left, facing toward Jersey, was a long sand-bank. Between the rocks and the sand-bank shot up a tall, lonely shaft of granite, with an evil history. It had been chosen as the last refuge of safety for the women and children of a shipwrecked vessel, in the belief that high tide would not reach them. But the wave rose maliciously, foot by foot, till it drowned their cries forever in the storm. The sand-bank was called Ecrivière, and the rock was afterward known as the Pierre des Femmes. Other rocks, less prominent, but no less dangerous, flanked it, — the Noir Sablonière and the Grande Galère.

To the right of the main island was a group all reef and shingle, intersected by treacherous channels; in calm lapped by water with the colors of a prism of crystal, in storm beaten by a leaden surf and flying foam. These isles were known as the Colombière, the Grosse Tête, Tas de Pois, the Marmotiers, and so on, — each with its retinue of sunken reefs and needles of granitic gneiss lying low in menace. Happy the sailor, caught in a storm and making for the shelter which the little curves in the island offer, who escapes a twist of the current, a sweep

of the tide, and the impaling fingers of the submarine palisades.

What evils had those seafaring Normans done, what blasphemy made that ancient littoral of Normandy so cursed, that the unseen powers dragged down their land, forest and dune and cliff, chapel and castle and hovel, and the sea rose up and covered them; so that Mont St. Michel, once buried in the gloom of a vast wood, stood out bare and staring upon a lonely coast, the ocean washing the fields at its feet, where once the cattle on a thousand mielles had grazed? All that remained of the outworks of this northern coast that Cæsar knew were Jersey and this long range of perilous rocks, which from the Ecrivière bank goes on to the Ecréhos and to the Dirouilles; on to the Paternosters; on to Guernsey, Sark, Jethou, Herm; to the Casquets and to Alderney on the north, and south to the Enquêtes, the Minquiers, and the Chausseys, until you come to the bay of St. Malo and its ancient town, where the houses swarm behind the wide walls like bees in a hive, and you anchor free at the foot of Solidor. If the gods intended that for the sins his fathers sinned he who went or came from the Norman or Breton coast should find hard passage, they have had their way: who goes at all goes warily on these coasts.

After Armorica and the Forest of Scissy had passed, and the time of the great mourning was gone, the holy men of the early Church, looking out over the troubled sea to where Maître Ile rose, marked it for a place of prayer and penance and refuge from the storms of war and the follies of the world. So it came to pass, for the honor of God and the Virgin Mary, the Abbey of Val Richer builded a priory there. It prospered awhile: there the good men

stayed, burning beacons to warn mariners, and saying masses for the souls of departed kings and warriors of France and England; and there are still the ruins of the ancient monastery and chapel, beneath which lie the bones of the monks of Val Richer in peace beside the skeletons of unfortunate gentlemen of the sea of later centuries, pirates from France, buccaneers from England, and smugglers from Jersey, who kept their trysts in the precincts of the ancient chapel.

The brisk air of early autumn made the blood in Guida's cheeks tingle. Her eyes were big with light and enjoyment. Her hair was caught close by a gay cap of her own knitting, but a little of it escaped, making a pretty setting to her face.

Jean Touzel's boat, the Talmouse, rode under all her courses, until, as Jean said, they had put the last lace on her bonnet. Guida's hands were on the tiller firmly, doing Jean Touzel's bidding with an exact promptness. In all they were five. Beside Guida and Ranulph, Jean and Jean's wife, there was a young English clergyman of the parish of St. Michael's, who had come from England to fill the place of the rector for a few months. Word had been brought to him that a man was dying on the Ecréhos. He had heard that the boat was going, he had found Jean Touzel, and here he was, with a biscuit in his hand and a black-jack of French wine within easy reach. Not always in secret the Reverend Lorenzo Dow loved the good things of this world. His appetite was large, and if wine was to his hand he drank it; but then it must in justice be said that cider or coffee would have done quite as well, for he loved the mere exercise of drinking, apart from its stimulation.

What struck one most in the young clergyman's appearance were his outer guilelessness and the oddness of his face. His head was rather big for his body;

he had a large mouth which laughed easily, a noble forehead, and big, short-sighted eyes. Without his spectacles he could scarcely see a foot before him. He knew French well, but could speak almost no Jersey patois; so, in compliment to him, Jean Touzel, Ranulph, and Guida spoke English. This ability to speak English was the pride of Jean's life: he babbled it all the way, and chiefly about a certain mythical uncle Elias, who was the text for many sermons.

"Times past," said he, as they neared Maitre Ile, "mon onc' 'Lias he knows dese Ecréhoses better as all de peoples of de world — respé d'la compagnie! Mon onc' 'Lias he was a fine man. Once when dere is a fight between de English and de hopping Johnnies," — he pointed toward France, — "dere is seven French ship, dere is two English ship — gentlemen-of-war dey are call. Ah bah! one of de English ships he is not a gentleman-of-war; he is what you call go-on-your-own-hook — privator. But it is all de same — très-ba, all right! What you t'ink coum to pass? De big English ship she is hit ver' bad, she is all break-up. Efin, dat leetle privator he stan' round on de fighting side of de gentleman-of-war and take de fire by her loneliness. Say, den, wherever dere is troub' mon onc' 'Lias he is dere; he stan' outside de troub' an' look on — dat is his hobby! You call it hombog? Oh, nannin-gia! Suppose two peoples goes to fight: ah bah! somebody must pick up de pieces — dat is mon onc' 'Lias! He have his boat full of hoysters; so he sit dere all alone an' watch dat great fight, an' heat de hoyster an' drink de cider vine. Ah bah! mon onc' 'Lias he is standin' in de door dat day. Dat is what we say on Jersey: when a man have some ver' great luck, we say he stan' hin de door. I t'ink it is from de Bible or from de helmanac — sacré moi, I not know! . . . If I talk too much, you give me dat black-jack."

They gave him the black-jack. After he had drunk and wiped his mouth on his sleeve, he said : —

“Oh, my good — ma’m’selle, a leetle more to de wind. Ah, dat is right — tréjous! . . . Dat fight it go like two bulls on a vergée — respé d’la compagnie! Mon onc’ ’Lias he have been to England, he have sing ‘God save our greshus King;’ so he t’ink a leetle. Ef he go to de French, likely dey will hang him. Mon onc’ ’Lias he is what you call patreeteesm. He say, ‘England, she is mine — tréjous!’ Efin, he sail straight for de English ships. Dat is de greates’ man, mon onc’ ’Lias — respé d’la compagnie! He coum on de side which is not fighting. Ah bah! he tell dem dat he save de gentleman-of-war. He see a hofficier all bloodiness, and he call hup. ‘Es-tu gentiment?’ he say. ‘Gentiment,’ say de hofficier; ‘han’ you?’ ‘Naicely, t’ank you!’ mon onc’ ’Lias he say. ‘I will save you,’ say mon onc’ ’Lias, ‘I will save de ship of God save our greshus King!’ De hofficier wipe de tears out of his face. ‘De King will reward you, man alive,’ he say. Mon onc’ ’Lias he touch his breast and speak out: ‘Mon hofficier, my reward is here — tréjous! I will take you into de Ecréhoses.’ ‘Coum up and save de King’s ships,’ says de hofficier. ‘I will take no reward,’ say mon onc’ ’Lias, ‘but, for a leetle pourboire, you will give me de privator — eh?’ ‘Milles sacrés!’ say de hofficier, ‘milles sacrés! de privator!’ he say, ver’ surprise. ‘Mon doux d’la vie — I am damned!’ ‘You are damned trulee, if you do not get into de Ecréhoses,’ say mon onc’ ’Lias — ‘à bi’tôt, good-by!’ he say. De hofficier call down to him, ‘Is dere nosing else you will take?’ ‘Nannin, do not tempt me,’ say mon onc’ ’Lias. ‘I am not a gourman’. I will take de privator — dat is my hobby.’ All de time de canons grand dey ‘Brou-brou! Boumboum!’ what you call discomfutable. Time is de great t’ing, so de hofficier wipe

de tears out of his face again. ‘Coum up,’ he say; ‘de privator is yours.’

“Away dey go. You see dat spot where we coum to land, Ma’m’selle Landresse — where de shingle look white, de leetle green grass above? Dat is where mon onc’ ’Lias he bring in de King’s ship and de privator. Gatd’en’-’ale — it is a journee awful! He twist to de right, he shape to de left t’rough de teet’ of de rocks — all safe — vera happee — to dis nice leetle bay of de Maître Ile dey coum. De Frenchies dey grind deir teet’ and spit de fire. But de English laugh at dem — dey are safe! ‘Frien’ of my heart,’ say de hofficier to mon onc’ ’Lias, ‘pilot of pilots,’ he say, ‘in de name of our greshus King I t’ank you — à bi’tôt, good-by!’ he say. ‘Très-ba,’ mon onc’ ’Lias he say den, ‘I will go to my privator.’ ‘You will go to de shore!’ say de hofficier. ‘You will wait on de shore till de captain and his men of de privator coum to you. When dey coum, de ship is yours — de privator is for you.’ Mon onc’ ’Lias he is like a child — he believe. He ’bout ship and go ashore. Misery me, he sit on dat rocking-stone which you see tipping on de wind. But if he wait until de men of de privator coum to him, he will wait till we see him sitting dere! Gache-à-penn, you say patriote? Mon onc’ ’Lias he has de patreeteesm, and what happen to him? He save de ship of de greshus King God save — and dey eat up his hoysters! He get nosing. Gad’rabotin — respé d’la compagnie! — if dere is a ship of de King to coum to de Ecréhoses, and de hofficier say to me,” — he tapped his breast, — “‘Jean Touzel, take de ships of de King t’rough de rocks,’ ah bah! I would rememb’ mon onc’ ’Lias. I would say, ‘A bi’tôt, good-by. . . . Slowlee! Slowlee! We are at de place. Bear wid de land! Steadee! As you go! V’là! hitch now, Maître Ranulph!’”

The keel of the boat grated on the shingle.

The air of the morning, the sailing, the sport of skillfully utilizing the elements for one's pleasure, had given Guida an almost elfish sprightliness of spirits. Twenty times during Jean's recital she had laughed gayly, and never sat a laugh better on any one's countenance than on hers. Her teeth were strong, white, and regular; in themselves they gave off a sort of shining mirth. Her lips were full, but they never parted too widely, and the upper one curled slightly with that especial sort of gladness which comes from enjoying a joke rather better than your neighbors.

At first the lugubrious wife of the happy Jean was inclined to resent Guida's gayety as unseemly, for Jean's story sounded to her as a serious statement of fact, — which incapacity for humor probably accounted for Jean's occasional lapses from domestic grace. If Jean had said that he had met a periwinkle dancing a hornpipe with an oyster, she would have muttered heavily, "Think of that!" The most she could say to any one was, "I believe you, *ma couzaine*." Some time in her life her voice had dropped into that great well she called her body, and it came up only now and then like an echo. There never was anything quite so fat as she. She was discovered weeping, one day, on the *veille* in her cottage, because she was no longer able to get her shoulders out of the window to use the clothes-lines that stretched to her neighbor's over the way! If she sat down in your presence, it was impossible to do aught but speculate as to whether she could get up alone. She went abroad on the water a great deal with Jean. At first the neighbors suggested sinister suspicions as to Jean's intentions, for sea-going with one's own wife was uncommon among the sailors of the coast. But at last these dark suggestions settled down into a belief that Jean took her chiefly for ballast, and thereafter she was familiarly called "*femme de ballast*."

What was going on in her mind no one ever knew. Talking was no virtue, in her eyes. She was more phlegmatic than an Indian, more docile than a cow; and the tails of the sheep on the town hill showed no better the quarter of the wind than the changing color of Aimable's face indicated Jean's coming or going. For *Maitresse Aimable* had one eternal secret, — an unwavering passion for Jean Touzel. He was probably unaware of it. If he patted her on the back, on a day when the fishing was extra fine, she breathed so hard with excitement that she had to sit down; if, passing her lonely bed of a morning, he shook her great toe to wake her, she blushed, turned her face to the wall, and smiled a placid smile which augured well for the children who should come about her door that day. She had no children of her own, though the mother was strong in her, and she kept in a little glass jar in the *conière* the sweets and lico-rice and Jersey wonders for the "*babas*," as she called them. She was so credulous and simple and matter of fact that if Jean had told her that she must die on the spot, she would have said, "Think of that!" or "*Je te crais*," and then died. If in the vague dusk of her brain the thought glimmered that she was ballast for Jean on sea and anchor on land, she still was content. For twenty years the massive, straight-limbed Jean had stood to her for all things since the heavens and the earth were created. Once, when she had burnt her hand in cooking supper for him, his arm had made a trial of her girth and he had kissed her. The kiss was nearer her ear than her lips, but to her mind this was the most solemn proof of her conubial happiness and Jean's devotion. She was a Catholic, unlike Jean and most people of her class in Jersey, and ever after the night he kissed her she told an extra bead on her rosary and said another prayer.

All this was the reason why at first

she was inclined to resent Guida's gayety of heart. But when she saw that Maître Ranulph and the curate and Jean himself laughed, she settled down in a grave content which was not broken until the moment came for her to step upon the shore.

They had scarcely reached the deserted chapel, where their dinner was to be cooked by Maitresse Aimable, before Ranulph bade them note a vessel bearing in their direction.

"She's not a coasting craft," said Jean.

"She does n't look like a merchant vessel," said Maître Ranulph, examining her through his telescope. "Why, she's a war-ship!" he added.

Jean thought she was not, but Maître Ranulph said, "I ought to know, Jean. Ship-building is my trade, to say nothing of the guns. I was n't two years in the artillery for nothing. See how low the bowsprit lies, and how high the poop. She's bearing this way. She'll be the Narcissus."

That was Philip d'Avranche's ship.

Guida's face lighted up, her heart beat faster. Ranulph turned on his heel.

"Where are you going, Ro?" Guida asked, taking a step after him.

"On the other side, to my men and the wreck," he replied, pointing.

Guida glanced once more toward the man-o'-war, and then, with mischief in her eye, turned toward Jean.

"Suppose," she said to him, with humorous suggestion, "suppose that the frigate should want to come in: of course you'd remember your one 'Lias, and say, 'A bi'tôt, good-by'!"

An evasive "Ah bah!" with a shrug of the shoulders, was the only reply Jean vouchsafed to make.

In a few minutes they came to the wreck. Ranulph joined his carpenters, and the Reverend Lorenzo Dow went about the Lord's business in the little lean-to of sail-cloth and ship's lumber which had been set up within sight and

sound of the toil of Maître Ranulph's men.

When the curate entered the hut the sick man was in a doze; he turned his head from side to side restlessly and mumbled to himself. The curate sat down on the ground beside the man, and, taking from his pocket a book, began writing in a strange, cramped hand. This book was his journal. When a youth he had been a stutterer, and had taken refuge from talk in writing, and the habit stayed even when his affliction grew less. The deeds of every day, the weather, the wind, the tides, were recorded, together with sundry meditations and the inner sensations of the Reverend Lorenzo Dow. The pages were not large, and brevity of statement was the journalistic virtue of the reverend gentleman. Beyond the keeping of this record, this unwavering dissipation of the intelligence, he had no habits, certainly no precision, no remembrance, no system: the business of his life ended there. He had quietly vacated two curacies because there had been bitter complaints that the records of certain baptisms, marriages, and burials might be found only in the checkered journal of his life, sandwiched between fantastic meditations and remarks upon the Rubric. The records had been exact enough, but the system was not canonical, and it depended too largely upon the personal ubiquity of the itinerary priest, and the safety of his journal — and of his life.

While Delagarde was busy at the wreck, Jean Touzel in watching the approach of the third-rate war-ship, and Maitresse Aimable with cooking, the curate wrote until the sick man woke.

Guida, after the instincts of her nature, had at once sought the highest point on the rocky islet, and there she drank in the joy of sight and sound and feeling. She could see the spire of Coutances, the lofty sands of Hatainville, even the white houses and the cliffs of Carteret, and the trawlers busy

along the shore. She could see — so perfect was the day — the line which marked the Minquiers far on the southern horizon, the dark and perfect green of the Jersey slopes, and the white flags of foam which beat against the Dirouilles and the far-off Paternosters, dissolving as they flew, their places taken by others, succeeding and succeeding, as a soldier steps into the gap in the line of battle when a comrade falls. Something in these rocks and something in the Paternosters — perhaps their distance, perhaps their aloofness from all other rocks — fascinated her. As she looked at them, something seemed all at once to chill her, to depress her, — a premonition, a half-spiritual, half-material telegraphy of the inanimate to the animate: not from off cold rock to beautiful, sentient life, but from out that atmosphere which surrounds the inanimate thing, where the life of man has spent itself and been dissolved, leaving — who can tell what? — yet something which speaks, but has no sound.

Guida's eyes were involuntarily held by the lonely granite islets. She could not help but think that somehow they would speak to her if they could. She recalled now the sensation of pain she had often experienced when she had looked into the eyes of dumb animals, because they seemed to be trying to speak to her, and were never able. Biribi, her own dog, would come to her, lifting up his head and looking with a numb intentness into her face, and she would say, "What is it, Biribi?" Sometimes this thought almost overpowered her: that a whole dumb creation, thinking, sentient, nervous beings, were trying to declare themselves, to speak out of their knowledge, to man whose tongue had been loosed, and with all their striving they might not! It was to her one great universal agony. She could not, with a Jersey up-bringing, escape the superstition of the placé of her birth, but in her it took a higher form.

Presently, as she looked at the Paternosters, a little shudder of fear passed through her. Physical fear she had never felt, not since that day when the battle raged in the Vier Marchi, and Philip d'Avranche had saved her from the destroying scimitar of the Turk. Now the scene all came back to her in a flash, as it were, and, for the first time remembered since the event, she saw the dark face of the Mussulman, the blue and white silk of his turban, the black and white of his waistcoat, the red of his long robe, and the glint of his uplifted sword. She remembered how the lips of the ruffian had been curled in upon his teeth like the snarl of a vicious dog, and then, in contrast, the warmth, brightness, and bravery on the face of the lad in blue and gold braid who struck aside the descending blade and caught her up in his arms; and she had nestled there, — in the arms of Philip d'Avranche. She remembered how he had kissed her, and how she had kissed him, — he a lad and she a little child, — as he left her with her mother in the watchmaker's shop in the Vier Marchi that day. . . . And she had never seen him again until yesterday.

She looked from the rocks to the approaching frigate. Was it the *Narcissus* coming, — coming to this very island? She recalled Philip, — how gallant he was yesterday, how cool, with what an air of command! How light he had made of the riot! She did not see that that lightness, command, and gallantry came less from the man than from what, as an officer, he represented. She did not see how much less was Philip's power than that of Ranulph. She accepted and admired Ranulph's strength and courage as a matter of course. She was glad that he was so brave, generous, and good, but the glamour of distance and mystery was around d'Avranche, and remembrance, like a comet, circled through the firmament of eleven years, from the Vier Marchi to the Place du Vier Prison.

The girl watched the frigate slowly bearing with the land. The jack was flying from the mizzen. They were now taking in her topsails. She was so near that Guida could see the anchor acocbill and the poop lanterns; she could count the treble row of guns, like long black horns shooting out from a rhinoceros hide; she could discern the figure-head lion snarling into the spritsail. Presently the frigate came up to the wind and lay to. Then she signaled for a pilot, and Guida ran toward the ruined chapel, calling for Jean Touzel.

In spite of Jean's late protestations as to piloting a "gentleman-of-war," this was one of the joyful moments of his life. He could not loosen his rowboat quick enough; he was away almost before you could have spoken his name. Excited as Guida was, she could not resist calling after him, mimicking his own voice, "God save our greshus King! A bi'tôt, good-by!"

X.

As Maître Ranulph had surmised, the ship was the *Narcissus*, and its first lieutenant was Philip d'Avranche. Orders had reached the frigate from the Admiralty the night before that soundings were to be taken at the *Ecréhos*. The captain had immediately made inquiries for a pilot, and Jean Touzel had been commended to him. A messenger sent to Jean found that he had already gone to the *Ecréhos* for his own purposes. The captain at once set sail, and now, under Jean's skillful pilotage, the *Narcissus* twisted and crept through the teeth of the rocks at the entrance, and slowly into the cove, reefs on either side gaping and snarling at her, her keel all but scraping the serrated granite beneath. She anchored; boats put off to take soundings and explore the shore of the *Marmotiers* and *Maître Ile*, and Philip d'Avranche was rowed in by Jean Touzel.

Stepping out upon the shore of *Maître Ile*, Philip slowly made his way over the shingle to the chapel, in no good humor with himself or with the world; for exploring these barren rocks seemed a useless whim of the Admiralty, and he could not conceive of any incident rising from the monotony of duty to lighten the darkness of this very brilliant day. His was not the nature to enjoy the stony detail of his profession. Excitement and adventure were as the breath of life to him. Since he had played his little part at the Jersey battle in a bandbox, eleven years before, he had touched hands with accidents of flood and field in many countries. He had been wrecked on the island of *Trinidad* in a tornado, and lost his captain and his ship; had seen active service in America and in India; had won distinction off the coast of Arabia in an engagement with Spanish cruisers; was now waiting for his papers as commander of a frigate of his own, and fretted because the road of fame and promotion was so toilsome. Rumors of war with France had set his blood dancing a little, but for him most things were robbed of half their pleasure because they did not come at once.

To-day he was moody, for he had looked to spend it differently. As he walked up the shingle, his thoughts were hanging about a cottage in the *Place du Vier Prison*. He had hoped to loiter in a doorway there, and to empty his sailor's heart in well-practiced admiration before the altar of village beauty. The sight of Guida's face the day before had given a poignant lilt to his emotions, unlike the broken rhythm of past comedies of sentiment and melodramas of passion. According to all logic of habit, the acuteness of yesterday's impression should have been followed up by to-day's attack; yet here he was, like another *Robinson Crusoe*, "kicking up the shingle of a cursed *Patmos*," — so he grumbled to himself. He said *Patmos* because it was the first name that came to him

and suggested dreariness of exile. It was not so wild a shot, after all, for no sooner had he spoken the word than, looking up, he saw in the doorway of the ruined chapel the gracious figure of a girl, — and a book of revelation was opened and begun.

At first he did not recognize Guida. It was only a picture that he saw, — a picture which, by some fantastic transmission, fitted in with his reveries. What he saw was an ancient building, — just such a humble pile of stone and rough mortar as one should see on some lonely cliff of the *Ægean* or on the abandoned isles of the equatorial sea. There was the gloom of a windowless vault behind the girl, but the filtered sunshine of late September was on her face. It brightened the white kerchief and the bodice and skirt of a faint pink, throwing the face into a pleasing shadow where the hand curved over the forehead. She stood like some *Diana* of a ruined temple looking out into the staring light.

At once his pulse beat faster; for at all times a woman was to him the fountain of adventure, and his unmanageable heart sent him headlong to the oasis where he might loiter at the spring of feminine vanity, or truth, or impenitent gayety, as the case might be. Just in proportion as his spirits had sunk into moodiness and sour reflection, they shot up rocket-high at the sight of a girl's joyous pose of body and the refined color and form of the picture she made. In him the shrewdness of a strong intelligence was mingled with wild impulse. In most men, rashness would be the legitimate offspring of such a marriage of characteristics; but a certain clearness of sight, quickness of decision, and a little unscrupulousness had carried into success many things in his life that otherwise should have been counted foolhardy and impossible. It was the very quality of daring which saved him from disaster.

Impulse quickened his footsteps now.

It quickened them into a run when the hand was dropped from the forehead, and he saw the face whose image and influence had banished sleep from his eyes the night before.

"Guida!" broke from his lips.

The man was transfigured. Brightness leaped into his face, and the grayness of his moody eye became as blue as the sea. The mechanical straightness of his figure relaxed into the elastic grace of an athlete. He was a pipe to be played on, an actor with the ambitious brain of a diplomatist; as weak as water, and as strong as steel; soft-hearted to foolishness, or unyielding when it pleased him.

Now, if the devil had sent a wise imp to have watch and ward of this man and maid, and report to him the progress of their destiny, the instant Philip took Guida's hand, and her violet-blue eyes met his, *monsieur the reporter of Hades* might have clapped to his book and gone back to his dark master with the message and the record: "The hour of Destiny is struck!" When the tide of life beats high in two mortals, and they meet in the moment it reaches its apogee, and all the nature is sweeping along without command, guilelessly, yet thoughtlessly, the mere physical lift of existence lulling to sleep the wisdom of the brain and poor experience — speculation points all one way. Many indeed have been caught away by such a conjunction of tides, and most of them have paid the price.

But paying is part of the game of life; it is the joy of buying that we crave. Go down into the dark markets of the town. See the long, narrow, sordid streets lined with the cheap commodities of the poor. Mark how there is a sort of spangled gayety, a reckless swing, a grinning exultation, in the grimy caravansary. The cheap colors of the shoddy open-air clothing-house, the blank faded green of the coster's cart, the dark bluish-red of the butcher's stall,

they all take on a value not their own in the garish lights which flare upon the markets of the dusk. Pause to the shrill music of the street musician, hark to the tuneless voice of the dingy troubadour of the alley-ways, and then listen to the one voice that commands them all, to the call which lightens up faces sodden with devouring vices, eyes bleared with long looking into the dark caverns of crime: "Buy — buy — buy — buy — buy!" That is the tune which the piper pipes. We would buy, and behold, we must pay. Then the lights go out, the voices stop, and only the dark, tumultuous streets surround us, and the grime of life is ours again. Whereupon we go heavily to hard beds of despair, having eaten the cake we bought, and now must pay for unto Penalty, the dark inordinate creditor. And the morning comes again, and then, at last, the evening, when the triste bazaars open once more, and those who are strong of heart and nerve move not from their doorways, but sit still in the dusk to watch the grim world go by. But mostly we hurry out to the bazaars again, and answer to the fevering call, "Buy — buy — buy — buy — buy!" . . . And again we pay the price: and so on to the last foreclosure and the immitigable end.

One of these two standing in the door of the ruined chapel on the Ecréhos was of the nature of those who buy but once, and pay the price but once; the other was of those who keep open accounts in the markets of life: and the one was the woman, and the other was the man.

There was nothing conventional in their greeting.

"You remembered me!" he said in English, thinking of yesterday.

"I should not deserve to be here if I'd forgotten," she answered meaningly. "Perhaps you forget the sword of the Turk?" she added.

He laughed, and his cheek flushed with pleasure as he replied, "I should n't deserve to be here if I remembered!"

Her face was full of exhilaration. "The worst of it is," she said, "I never can pay my debt. I have owed it for eleven years, and if I should live to be ninety I should still owe it."

His heart was beating hard, and he became daring. "So — thou shalt save my life," he said, speaking in French. "We shall be quits, then, thou and I."

The familiar French "thou" startled her greatly. To hide the instant's confusion she turned her head away, using a hand to gather in her hair, which the wind was lifting lightly. She had not as yet taught herself subtle control and dissimulation of feeling.

"That would n't quite make us quits," she rejoined; "your life is important, mine is n't. You" — she nodded toward the Narcissus — "you command men."

"So dost thou," he declared, persisting in the endearing pronoun.

He meant it to be endearing. As he had sailed up and down the world, a hundred ports had offered him a hundred adventures, all light in the scales of purpose, but not all bad. He had gossiped and idled and coquetted with beauty before; but this was different, because the girl was different in nature from all others he had met. It had mostly been lightly come and lightly go with himself, as with the women it had been easily won and easily loosed. Conscience had not smitten him hard, because beauty as he had known it, though often fair and of good report, had bloomed for others before he came. But here was a nature fresh and unspoiled from the hand of the potter Life.

As her head slightly turned from him again, he involuntarily noticed the pulse beating in her neck, the rise and fall of her bosom. Life, — here was life unpoisoned by one drop of ill thought or light experience.

"Thou dost command men, too," he repeated.

She stepped forward a little from the doorway and beyond him, answering

back at him, "Oh, I knit, and keep a garden, and command a little home,—that's all. . . . Won't you let me show you the island?" she added quickly, pointing to the hillock where a flagstaff was set on a cone of rock, and moving toward it.

He followed, speaking over her shoulder. "That's what you seem to do," he said, "not what you do." Then, a little rhetorically, "I've seen a man polishing the buckle of his shoe, and he was planning to take a city or manœuvre a fleet!"

She noticed that he had dropped the "thou," and, much as its use had embarrassed her, the gap left when the boldness was withdrawn was filled with regret; for though no one had dared to say it to her before, somehow it seemed not rude on Philip's lips. Philip? Yes, Philip she had called him in her childhood, and the name had been carried on into her girlhood; he had always been Philip to her.

"Oh no, girls don't think like that, and they don't do big things," she replied. "When I polish the pans"—she laughed—"and when I scour my buckles, I just think of pans and buckles." She tossed up her fingers lightly, with a perfect charm of archness.

He was very close to her now. "But girls remember,—they have memories."

"If women had n't memory," she answered, "they would n't have much, would they? They can't take cities and manœuvre fleets." She laughed a little ironically. "I wonder that we think at all, or have anything to think about except the kitchen and the garden, and baking and scouring and knitting,"—she paused slightly, her voice lowered a little,— "and the sea, and the work that men do round her. . . . Did you ever go into a market?" she added abruptly.

Somehow she could talk easily and naturally to him. There had been no leading up to confidence. She felt a sud-

den impulse to tell him all her thoughts,—all save a few. To know things, to understand them, was a passion with her. It seemed to flood and obliterate in her all that was conventional; it removed her far from stereotyped feeling and sensitive egotism. Already she had begun "to take notice" in the world, and that is like being born again; it is the beginning of wisdom. As it grows life becomes less cliché; and when the taking notice is supreme we call it genius; and genius is simple and believing; it has no pride, it is naïve, it is childlike.

Philip appeared to wear no mark of convention, and Guida spoke freely to him. "To go into a market seems to me so wonderful," she continued. "There are the cattle, the fruits, the vegetables, the flowers, the fish, the wood; the linen from the loom, the clothes that women's fingers have knitted. And it is n't just those things that you see,—it's all that's behind them: the houses, the fields, the boats at sea, and the men and women working and working, and sleeping and eating, praying a little, it may be, and dreaming a little,—perhaps a very little." She sighed, and added, "That's as far as I get with thinking. What else can one do in this little island? Why, on the globe which Maitre Damien has at St. Aubin's, Jersey is no bigger than the head of a pin. And what should one think of here?"

Her eyes were on the sea; its mystery was in them, the distance, the ebb and flow, the light of wonder and of adventure too. "You—you've been everywhere," she went on. "Do you remember you sent me once from Malta a tiny silver cross? That was years ago, soon after the battle of Jersey, when I was a little bit of a girl. Well, after I got big enough I used to find Malta and other places on Maitre Damien's globe. I've lived always there, on that spot,"—she pointed toward Jersey,— "on that spot that one could walk round in

a day. What do I know! You've been everywhere, everywhere. When you look back, you've got a thousand pictures in your mind. You've seen great cities, temples, palaces, great armies, fleets; you've done things; you've fought and you've commanded, though you're so young, and you've learned about men and about many countries. Look at what you know, and then, if you only think, you'll laugh at what I know."

For a moment he was puzzled what to answer. The revelation of the girl's nature had come so quickly upon him. He had looked for freshness, sweetness, intelligence, warmth of temperament, but it seemed to him that here were flashes of power. Yet she was only seventeen. She had been taught to see things with her own eyes, and not another's, and she spoke of them as she saw them, — that was all. Her mother, apprehensive always of her own death, had done all in her power to make the child think for herself, yet she had never let Guida imagine that hers was an unusual way of looking at things. The girl would have been astonished if she had been told that she had come to a point far beyond her years, — the point of observation, of withdrawal, when one looks less inward, concerned acutely for one's own feelings, and outward more to the passing show of life. Never, however, save to her mother, had Guida said so much to any human being as within these past few moments to Philip d'Avranche.

The conditions were almost maliciously favorable, and d'Avranche was as simple and easy as a boy, with his sailor's *bonhomie* and his naturally facile spirit. A fateful adaptability was his greatest weapon in life, and his greatest danger. He saw that Guida herself was quite unconscious of the revelation she was making, and he showed no surprise, no marked eagerness, but he caught the note of her simplicity and earnestness, and he responded to it in kind. He flattered her deftly; not that she was pressed

unduly, — he was too wise for that. He took her seriously: and this was not dissimulation, for every word that she had spoken had a glamour, and he now exalted her intelligence beyond reason. He was quite sincere in it: he had never met girl or woman who had talked just as she talked; and straightway, with the fervid eloquence of his nature, he thought he had discovered a new heaven and a new earth. The perfect health of her face, its unaffectedness and its nascent power, the broad forehead, the hair which a breath would lift in undulations, the eyes like wells of light and flame, all these cast a spell upon him. On the instant his headlong spirit declared his purpose: this was the one being for him in all the world; at this altar he would light a lamp of devotion, and he would keep it burning. He knew what he wanted when he saw it. He had always made up his mind suddenly, always acted on the intelligent impulse of the moment. He felt things, he did not study them; it was almost a woman's instinct. He came by a leap to the goal of purpose, not by the toilsome steps of reason.

"This is my day," he said to himself. "I always knew that love would come down on me like a storm." Then, aloud, he said to her, "I wish I knew what you know; but I can't, because my mind is different, my life has been different. When you get out into the world and see a great deal, and loosen a little the strings of your principles, and watch how sins and virtues contradict one another, you see things after a while in a kind of mist. But you, Guida, you see them clearly, because your mind is clear. You never make a mistake; you are always right, because your mind is right."

She interrupted him, a little shocked and a good deal amazed: "Oh, you must n't — must n't speak like that. It's not so. How can one see and learn unless one sees and knows the world? Surely one can't think right if one does n't see widely?"

He changed his tactics instantly. Perhaps she was right, after all. The world, — that was the thing? Well, then, she should see the world, through him, with him.

"Yes, yes, you're right," he answered. "You can't know things unless you see widely. You must see the world, you must know it. You are right: this island, — what is it? I was born here; don't I know? It's a foothold in the world, but it's no more; it's not a field to walk in; why, it's not even a garden! No; it's the little patch of green we play in, in front of a house, behind the railings, before we go out into the world and learn how to live."

They had now reached the highest point on the island, where the flagstaff stood. Guida was looking far beyond Jersey to the horizon line. There was little haze; the sky was inviolably blue. Far off against the horizon line lay the low black rocks of the Minquiers. They seemed to her, on the instant, like stepping-stones. Beyond them would be other stepping-stones, and others, and others still again, and they would all mark the way and lead to what Philip called the world. The world! She felt a sudden twist of regret at her heart. Here she was, like a bird tied by its foot to a stake in a garden-bed; or was n't it more like a cow grazing within the circle of its tether, just a docile, stupid cow? Yet it had all seemed so good to her in the past; broken only by slight bursts of wonder and desire concerning that outside world.

"Do we ever learn how to live?" she asked. "Don't we just go on from one thing to another, picking our way, but never knowing quite what to do, because we don't know what's ahead? I believe we never do learn how to live," she added, half smiling, yet a little pensive, too; "but I am so very ignorant, and" —

She stopped, for suddenly it flashed upon her: here she was baring her childish heart, — he would think it was child-

ish, she was sure he would, — everything she thought, to a man whom she had never known till to-day! She was wrong: she had known him, but it was only as Philip, the boy who had saved her life. And the Philip of her memory was only a picture, not a being; something to think about, not something to speak with, not one to whom she might bare her heart. She flushed hotly and turned her shoulder on him. Her eyes followed a lizard creeping up the stones. As long as she lived she remembered that lizard, its color changing in the sun. She remembered the hot stones, and how warm the flagstaff was when she reached out her hand to it mechanically. But the swift, noiseless lizard running in and out among the stones, it was ever afterward like a coat-of-arms upon the shield of her life.

Philip came close to her. At first he spoke over her shoulder; then he faced her. His words forced her eyes up to his, and he held them.

"Yes, yes, we learn how to live," he said. "It's only when we travel alone that we don't see before us. I will teach you how to live; we will learn the way together! Guida! Guida!" — he reached out his hand toward her — "don't start so! Listen to me. I feel for you what I have felt for no other being in all my life. It came upon me yesterday when I saw you in the window at the Vier Prison. I did n't understand it. All night I lay in my cabin or walked the deck thinking of you. To-day, as soon as I saw your face, as soon as I touched your hand, I knew what it was, and" — He attempted to take her hand now.

"Oh no, no!" She drew back as if frightened.

"You need not fear me!" he burst out. "For now I know that I have but two things to live for: for my work" — he pointed to the Narcissus — "and for you. You are frightened at me! Why, I want to have the right to protect you, to drive away all fear from your life. You shall be the garden, and I shall be

the wall ; you the nest, and I the rock ; you the breath of life, and I the body that breathes it. Guida, ah, Guida, I love you ! ”

She drew back, leaning against the stones, her eyes riveted upon his, and she spoke scarcely above a whisper, in which were much wonder and a little fear.

“ It is not true, — it is not true. You’ve known me only for one day, — only for one hour. How can you say it ! ” There was a tumult in her breast ; her eyes shone and glistened ; wonder, embarrassed yet happy wonder, looked at him out of her face, which was touched with an appealing, as of the heart which dared not believe, and yet must believe or suffer. “ Oh, it is madness ! ” she added. “ It is not true ; how can it be true ! ”

Yet it all had the look of reality : the voice had the right ring ; the face had truth ; the bearing was gallant, chivalrous, and direct ; the force and power of the man overwhelmed her.

She reached out her hand tremblingly, as though to push him back. “ It cannot be true,” she said. “ To think — in one day ! ”

“ It is true,” he answered, “ true as that I stand here ! One day ! It is not one day. I knew you years ago. The seed was sown then, the flower springs up to-day, — that is all. You think I cannot know that it is love which I feel for you ? It is admiration, it is faith, it is desire ; but it is love. When you look upon a flower in a garden, do you not know on the instant if you like it or no ? If it is beautiful you desire it. Do you not know, the moment you look upon a landscape, upon the beauty of a noble building, whether it is beautiful to you ? If, then, with these things one knows, — these that have no speech, no life, like yours or mine, — how much more when it is a girl with a face like yours, when it is a mind noble like yours, when it is a touch that thrills and a voice that drowns your heart in music ! Ah, Guida, be-

lieve me that I speak the truth ! I know that you are the one passion, the one love, of my life. All others would be as nothing, so long as you live, and I live to see you, to be beside you ! ”

“ *Beside me !* ” she broke in, with an incredulous irony which fain would be contradicted ; “ a girl in a village, poor, knowing nothing, seeing no farther ” — she looked out toward the island of Jersey — “ seeing no farther than the little cottage in the little country where I was born ! ”

“ But you shall see more,” he said : “ you shall see all, feel all, if you will but listen to me. Don’t deny me that which is life and breathing and hope to me. I will show you the world ; I will take you where you may see and know. We will learn it all together. I shall succeed in life. I shall rise. I have needed one thing to make me do my best for some one’s sake beside my own ; you will make me do it for your sake. Your ancestors were great people in France ; and you know mine, centuries ago, were great, also, — that the d’Avranches were a noble family in France. You and I will win our place as high as the best of them. In this war that’s coming between England and France is my chance. Nelson said to me the other day, — you have heard of him, of young Captain Nelson, the man they’re pointing to in the fleet as the one man of them all ? — he said to me, ‘ We shall have our chance now, Philip.’ And we shall. I have wanted it till to-day for my own selfish ambition ; now I want it for you. This hour, when I landed on this islet, I hated it, I hated my ship, I hated my duty, I hated everything, because I wanted to go where you were, to be with you. It was destiny that brought us both to this place at the same moment. Ah, you can’t escape destiny ! It was to be that I should love you, Guida ! ”

He tried to take her hands, but she put them behind her and drew back.

The lizard suddenly shot out from a hole and crossed over her fingers. She started, shivered at the cold touch, and caught the hand away. A sense of prescience awaked in her, and her eyes followed the lizard's swift travel with a strange fascination. She lifted her eyes to Philip's, and the fear and premonition passed.

"Oh, my brain is in a whirl!" she said. "I do not understand. I am so young. No one has ever spoken to me as you have done. You would not dare" — she leaned forward a little, looking him steadfastly in the face with that unwavering look which was the best sign of her straightforward mind — "I do not understand — you would not dare to deceive — you would not dare to deceive me. I have — no mother," she added, with a simple pathos.

The moisture came into his eyes. He must have been stone not to be touched by the appealing, by the tender inquisition of that look.

"Guida," he cried impetuously, "if I deceive you, may every fruit of life turn to dust and ashes in my mouth! If ever I deceive you, may I die a black, dishonorable death, abandoned and alone! I should deserve that if I deceived you, Guida!"

For the first time since he had spoken she smiled, yet her eyes filled with tears, too.

"You will let me tell you that I love you, Guida? It is all I ask now, that you will listen to me."

She sighed, but did not answer. She kept looking at him, looking as though she would read his inmost soul. Her face was very young, though the eyes were so wise in their simplicity.

"You will give me my chance, — you will listen to me, Guida, and try to understand?" he pleaded, leaning closer to her and holding out his hands.

She drew herself up slightly, as with an air of relief and resolve. She put a hand in his.

"I will listen and try to understand," she answered.

"Won't you call me Philip?" he said.

A slight, mischievous smile crossed her lips, as eleven years before it had done in the Rue d'Egypte, and, recalling that moment, she replied, "Yes, sir — Philip!"

Just then the figure of a man appeared on the shingle beneath, looking up toward them. They did not see him. Guida's hand was still in Philip's.

The man looked at them for an instant; then started and turned away. It was Ranulph Delagarde.

They heard his feet upon the shingle now. They turned and looked, and Guida withdrew her hand.

XI.

There are moments when a kind of curtain seems dropped over the brain, covering it and smothering it, while yet the body and its nerves are tingling with sensations. It is like the fire-curtain of a theatre let down between the stage and the audience. Were it not for this merciful intervention between the brain and the disaster which would set it aflame, the vital spark of intelligence would burn to white heat and die.

As the years had gone on Maitre Ranulph's nature had grown more powerful, and his outdoor occupation had enlarged and steadied his physical forces. His trouble now was in proportion to the force of his personality. The sight of Guida and Philip hand in hand, of the tender attitude and the light in their faces, was overwhelming and unaccountable. Yesterday these two were strangers; it was plain to be seen that to-day they were lovers, — lovers who had reached a point of confidence and of revelation. Nothing in the situation tallied with Ranulph's ideas of Guida and his knowledge of life. He had been eye

to eye with this girl, as one might say, for fifteen years: he had told his love for her in a thousand little ways, as the ant builds its heap to a pyramid that becomes a thousand times greater than itself. He had watched at her doorway, he had followed her footsteps, he had fetched and carried, he had served afar off, he had ministered within the gates. Unknown to her, he had watched like the keeper of the house over all who came and went, neither envious nor over-zealous, neither intrusive nor neglectful; leaving here a word and there an act to prove himself, above all, the friend whom she could trust, and in all the lover whom she might wake to know and reward. He had waited with patience, believing stubbornly that she might come to put her hand in his one day.

Long ago he would have left the island, to widen his knowledge, earn experience in his craft, or follow a career in the army (he had been an expert gunner when he served in the artillery four years before), and hammer out fame upon the anvils of fortune in England or in France; but he had stayed here that he might be near her when she needed him. His love had been simple, it had been direct, and in its considered and consistent reserve it had been more than wise. He had been self-obliterating. His love desired to make her happy: most lovers desire that they themselves shall be made happy. Because of the crime that his father had committed years before — because of the shame of that hidden and secret crime — he had tried the more to make himself a good citizen, and he had now formed the commendable and modest ambition of making one human being happy. He had always kept this ambition near him in the years that had gone, and a supreme good nature and cheerfulness of heart had welled up out of his early sufferings and his honesty of character. Hope had beckoned him on from year to year, until it seemed at last

that the time had almost come when he might speak. He would tell her all, — his father's crime and the manner of his death on the Grouville road; of the devoted purpose of trying to expiate that crime by his own uprightness and patriotism.

Now, all in a minute, his horizon was blackened. This stranger, this adventurous gallant, this squire of dames, had done in a day what he had worked, step by step, to do through all these years. This skipping seafarer, with his powder and lace, cocked hat and gold-handled sword, had whistled at the gates which Ranulph had guarded and at which he had prayed; and instantly every defense had been thrown down, and Guida — his own Guida — had welcomed the invader with a shameless eagerness.

The curtain dropped upon his brain, numbing it; else he had done some wild and foolish thing, something which he had no right to do. A hundred thoughts had gone crowding together through his mind, as the kaleidoscope of a life's events rushes by the eyes of a drowning man. Then he had turned on his heel and walked away.

He crossed the islet slowly. It seemed to him — and for a moment it was the only thing of which he was conscious — that the heels of his boots shrieked in the shingle, and that with every step he was lifting an immense weight. He paused behind the chapel, where he was hidden from view. The smother lifted slowly from his brain.

"I'll believe in her still," he said. "It's all his cursed tongue. As a boy he could make every other boy do what he wanted, because his tongue knew how to twist words. She's been used to honest people; he's talked a new language to her; he's caught the trick of it in his travels. But she shall know the truth. She shall find out what sort of a man he is. She shall see beneath the surface of his pretty tricks."

He turned and leaned against the

wall of the chapel. "Guida, Guida," he said, speaking as if she were there before him, "you won't — you won't go to him, and spoil your life and mine too! Guida, ma couzaine, you'll stay here, in the land of your birth; you'll make your home here, here with me, ma chère couzaine. You shall be my wife in spite of him, in spite of a thousand Philip d'Avranches!"

He drew himself up as though a great determination was made. His path was clear. It was a fair fight; the odds were not so much against him, after all, for his birth was as good as Philip d'Avranches's, his energy was greater, and he was as capable and as strong of brain in his own fashion.

He walked firmly and quickly down the shingle on the other side of the islet toward the wreck. As he passed the hut where the sick man lay, he heard a

querulous voice. It was not that of the Reverend Lorenzo Dow.

Where had he heard that voice before? A strange shiver of fear ran through him. Every sense and emotion in him was arrested. His life seemed to reel backward. Curtain after curtain of the past unfolded.

He hurried to the door of the hut and looked in.

A man with long white hair and straggling gray beard turned to him a haggard face, on which were written suffering, outlawry, and evil.

"Great God! my father!" Ranulph said.

He drew back slowly, like a man who gazes upon some horrible, fascinating thing, and turned heavily toward the sea, his face set, his senses paralyzed.

"My father not dead! My father — the traitor!" he said again.

Gilbert Parker.

(To be continued.)

TO CLEOPATRA'S MUMMY.

IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

BEAUTY deceitful and favor vain!
Can it be for this twisted sack of bones
Legends of passion were writ in pain,
And lustful monarchs forgot their thrones?
Be these the mangled wages of sin?
Did the tiger crouch in this shrunken frame?
Could her silken sails and cohorts win
No haughtier fate for a storied name?
Do dreams recall her those poisoned slaves,
Whose torment instructed her sultry charms
To walk seductive the way of graves
From Antony's pillow to Death's grim arms?
Stolid she turns but a crumbling ear;
She who was more than a Pagan's heaven!
Egypt as Ichabod moulders here, —
"Number six thousand eight hundred and seven"!

Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

PENELOPE'S PROGRESS.

HER EXPERIENCES IN SCOTLAND.

PART SECOND. IN THE COUNTRY.

XXI.

" 'O has he chosen a bonny bride,
 An' has he clean forgotten me?'
 An' sighing said that gay ladye,
 'I would I were in my ain countrie!'"

Lord Beichan.

It rained in torrents, and Salemina and I were darning stockings in our own inglenook at Bide-a-Wee Cottage.

Francesca was golfing; not on the links, of course, but in our microscopic sitting-room. It is twelve feet square, and holds a tiny piano, desk, centre-table, sofa, and chairs, but the spot between the fireplace and the table is Francesca's favorite "putting green." She wishes to become more deadly in the matter of approaches, and thinks her tee shots weak; so these two deficiencies she is trying to make good by home practice in inclement weather. She turns a tumbler on its side on the floor, and "puts" the ball into it, or at it, as the case may be, from the opposite side of the room. It is excellent discipline, and as the tumblers are inexpensive the breakage really does not matter. Whenever Miss Grieve hears the shivering of glass, she murmurs, not without reason, "It is not for the knowing what they will be doing next."

"Penelope, has it ever occurred to you that Elizabeth Ardmore is seriously interested in Mr. Macdonald?"

Salemina propounded this question to me with the same innocence that a babe would display in placing a match beside a dynamite bomb.

Francesca naturally heard the remark, — although it was addressed to me, — pricked up her ears, and missed the tumbler by several feet.

It was a simple inquiry, but as I look back upon it from the safe ground of subsequent knowledge I perceive that it had a certain amount of influence upon Francesca's history. The suggestion would have carried no weight with me for two reasons. In the first place, Salemina is far-sighted. If objects are located at some distance from her she sees them clearly, but if they are under her very nose she overlooks them altogether, unless they are sufficiently fragrant or audible to address some other sense. This physical peculiarity she carries over into her mental processes. Her impression of the Disruption movement, for example, would be lively and distinct, but her perception of a contemporary lovers' quarrel (particularly if it was fought at her own apron-strings) would be singularly vague. Did she suggest, therefore, that Elizabeth Ardmore is interested in Mr. Beresford, who is the rightful captive of my bow and spear, I should be perfectly calm.

My second reason for comfortable indifference is that, frequently in novels, and always in plays, the heroine is instigated to violent jealousy by insinuations of this sort, usually conveyed by the villain of the piece, male or female. I have seen this happen so often in the modern drama that it has long since ceased to be convincing; but though Francesca has witnessed scores of plays and read hundreds of novels, it did not apparently strike her as a theatrical or literary suggestion that Lady Ardmore's daughter should be in love with Mr. Macdonald. The effect of the new point of view was most salutary, on the whole. She had come to think herself the only

prominent figure in the Reverend Ronald's landscape, and anything more impertinent than her tone with him (unless it is his with her) I certainly never heard. This criticism, however, relates only to their public performances, and I have long suspected that their private conversations are of a kindlier character. When it occurred to her that he might simply be sharpening his mental sword on her steel, but that his heart had wandered into a more genial climate than she had ever provided for it, she softened unconsciously; the Scotsman and the American receded into a truer perspective, and the man and the woman approached each other with dangerous nearness.

"What shall we do if Francesca and Mr. Macdonald really fall in love with each other?" asked Salemina, when Francesca had gone into the hall to try long drives. (There is a good deal of excitement in this, as Miss Grieve has to cross the passage on her way from the kitchen to the china-closet, and thus often serves as a reluctant "hazard" or "bunker.")

"Do you mean what should we have done?" I queried.

"Nonsense, don't be captious! It can't be too late yet. They have known each other only a little over two months; when would you have had me interfere, pray?"

"It depends upon what you expect to accomplish. If you wish to stop the marriage, interfere in a fortnight or so; if you wish to prevent an engagement, speak—well, say to-morrow; if, however, you did n't wish them to fall in love with each other, you should have kept one of them away from Lady Baird's dinner."

"I could have waited a little longer than that," argued Salemina, "for you remember how badly they got on at first."

"I remember you thought so," I responded dryly; "but I believe Mr. Macdonald has been interested in Francesca

from the outset, partly because her beauty and vivacity attracted him, partly because he could keep her in order only by putting his whole mind upon her. On his side, he has succeeded in piquing her into thinking of him continually, though solely, as she fancies, for the purpose of crossing swords with him. If they ever drop their weapons for an instant, and allow the din of warfare to subside so that they can listen to their own heartbeats, they will discover that they love each other to distraction."

"It is pathetic," remarked Salemina, as she put away her darning-ball, "to see you waste your time painting mediocre pictures, when as a lecturer upon love you could instruct your thousands."

"The thousands would never satisfy me," I retorted, "so long as you remain uninstructed; for in your single person you would so swell the sum of human ignorance on that subject that my teaching would be forever vain."

"Very clever indeed! Well, what will Mr. Monroe say to me when I land in New York without his daughter, or with his son-in-law?"

"He has never denied Francesca anything in her life; why should he draw the line at a Scotsman? I am much more concerned about Mr. Macdonald's congregation."

"I am not anxious about that," said Salemina loyally. "Francesca would be the life of an Inchcaldy parish."

"I dare say," I observed, "but she might be the death of the pastor."

"I am ashamed of you, Penelope; or I should be if you meant what you say. She can make the people love her if she tries; when did she ever fail at that? But with Mr. Macdonald's talent, to say nothing of his family connections, he is sure to get a church in Edinburgh in a few years, if he wishes. Undoubtedly, it would not be a great match in a money sense. I suppose he has a manse and four or five hundred pounds a year."

"That sum would do nicely for cabs."

"Penelope, you are flippant!"

"I don't mean it, dear; it's only for fun; and it would be so absurd if we should bring her over here and leave her in Inchealdy!"

"It isn't as if she were penniless," continued Salemina; "she has fortune enough to assure her own independence, and not enough to threaten his, — the ideal amount. I doubt if the good Lord's first intention was to make her a minister's wife, but he knows very well that Love is a master architect. Francesca is full of beautiful possibilities if Mr. Macdonald is the man to bring them out, and I am inclined to think he is. His is the stronger and more serious nature, Francesca's the sweeter and more flexible. He will be the oak-tree, and she will be the sunshine playing in the branches."

"Salemina, dear," I said penitently, kissing her gray hair, "I apologize: you are not absolutely ignorant about Love, after all, when you call him the master architect; and that is very lovely and very true about the oak-tree and the sunshine."

XXII.

"'Love, I maun gang to Edinbrugh,
Love, I maun gang an' leave thee!'
She sighed right sair, an' said nae mair
But 'O gin I were wi' ye!'"

Andrew Lammie.

Jean Deeyell came to visit us a week ago, and has put new life into our little circle. I suppose it was playing Sir Patrick Spens that set us thinking about it, for one warm, idle day when we were all in the Glen we began a series of ballad revels, in which each of us assumed a favorite character. The choice induced so much argument and disagreement that Mr. Beresford was at last appointed head of the clan; and having announced himself formally as the Mackintosh, he was placed on the summit of a hastily arranged pyramidal cairn. He

was given an ash wand and a rowan-tree sword; and then, according to ancient custom, his pedigree and the exploits of his ancestors were recounted, and he was exhorted to emulate their example. Now, it seems that a Highland chief of the olden time, being as absolute in his patriarchal authority as any prince, had a corresponding number of officers attached to his person. He had a body-guard, who fought around him in battle, and independent of them he had a staff of officers who accompanied him wherever he went. These our chief proceeded to appoint as follows: —

Henchman, Ronald Macdonald; bard, Penelope Hamilton; spokesman or fool, Robin Anstruther; sword-bearer, Francesca Monroe; piper, Salemina; piper's attendant, Elizabeth Ardmure; baggage gillie, Jean Deeyell; running footman, Ralph; bridle gillie, Jamie; ford gillie, Miss Grieve. (The ford gillie only carries the chief across fords, and there are no fords in the vicinity; so Mr. Beresford, not liking to leave a member of our household out of office, thought this the best post for Calamity Jane.)

With the Mackintosh on his pyramidal cairn matters went very much better, and at Jamie's instigation we began to hold rehearsals for the Jubilee festivities at Rowardennan; for as Jamie's birthday fell on the eve of the Queen's Jubilee, there was to be a gay party at the castle.

All this occurred days ago, and yesterday evening the ballad revels came off, and Rowardennan was a scene of great pageant and splendor. Lady Ardmure, dressed as the Lady of Inverleith, received the guests, and there were all manner of tableaux, and ballads in costume, and pantomimes, and a grand march by the clan, in which we appeared in our chosen rôles.

Salemina was Lady Maisry, — she whom all the lords of the north countries came wooing.

"But a' that they could say to her,
Her answer still was 'Na.'"

And again : —

“ ‘ O haud your tongues, young men,’ she said,
‘ And think nae mair on me ! ’ ”

Mr. Beresford was Lord Beichan, and I was Shusy Pye.

“ Lord Beichan was a Christian born,
And such resolved to live and dee,
So he was ta'en by a savage Moor,
Who treated him right cruellie.

“ The Moor he had an only daughter,
The damsel's name was Shusy Pye ;
And ilka day as she took the air
Lord Beichan's prison she pass'd by.”

Elizabeth Ardmure was Leezie Lindsay, who kilted her coats o' green satin to the knee, and was aff to the Hielands so expeditiously when her lover declared himself to be “ Lord Ronald Macdonald, a chieftain of high degree.”

Francesca was Mary Ambree.

“ When captaines couragious, whom death
cold not daunte,
Did march to the siege of the citty of Gaunt,
They mustred their souldiers by two and by
three,
And the foremost in battle was Mary Ambree.

“ When the brave sergeant-major was slaine
in her sight
Who was her true lover, her joy and delight,
Because he was slaine most treacherouslie,
Then vow'd to avenge him Mary Ambree.”

Brenda Macrae from Pettybaw House was Fairly Fair; Jamie, Sir Patrick Spens; Ralph, King Alexander of Dunfermline; Mr. Anstruther, Bonnie Glenlogie, “ the flower of them a' ; ” Mr. Macdonald and Miss Deeyell, Young Hynde Horn and the king's daughter Jean respectively.

“ Oh, it's seven long years he served the king,
But wages from him he ne'er got a thing ;
Oh, it's seven long years he served, I ween,
And all for love of the king's daughter
Jean.”

It is not to be supposed that all this went off without any of the difficulties and heart-burnings that are incident to things dramatic. When Elizabeth Ardmure chose to be Leezie Lindsay, she asked me to sing the ballad behind the

scenes. Mr. Beresford naturally thought that Mr. Macdonald would take the opposite part in the tableau, inasmuch as the hero bears his name; but he positively declined to play Lord Ronald Macdonald, and said it was altogether too personal.

Mr. Anstruther was rather disagreeable at the beginning, and upbraided Miss Deeyell for offering to be the king's daughter Jean to Mr. Macdonald's Hynde Horn, when she knew very well he wanted her for Ladye Jeanie in Glenlogie. (She had meantime confided to me that nothing could induce her to appear in Glenlogie; it was far too personal.)

Mr. Macdonald offended Francesca by sending her his cast-off gown and begging her to be Sir Patrick Spens; and she was still more gloomy (so I imagined) because he had not offered his six feet of manly beauty for the part of the captain in Mary Ambree, when the only other man to take it was Jamie's tutor. He is an Oxford don and a delightful person, but very bow-legged; added to that, by the time the rehearsals had ended she had been obliged to beg him to love some one more worthy than herself, and did not wish to appear in the same tableau with him, feeling that it was much too personal.

When the eventful hour came, last night, Willie and I were the only persons really willing to take lovers' parts, save Jamie and Ralph, who were full of eagerness to play all the characters, whatever their age, sex, color, or relations. Fortunately, the guests knew nothing of these trivial disagreements, and at ten o'clock it would have been difficult to match Rowardennan Castle for a scene of beauty and revelry. Everything went merrily till we came to Young Hynde Horn, the concluding tableau, and the most effective and elaborate one on the programme. At the very last moment, when the opening scene was nearly ready, Jean Deeyell fell down a secret staircase that led from the tapestry

chamber into Lady Ardmore's boudoir, where the rest of us were dressing. It was a short flight of steps, but, as she held a candle and was carrying her costume, she fell awkwardly, spraining her wrist and ankle. Finding that she was not maimed for life, Lady Ardmore turned with comical and unsympathetic haste to Francesca.

"Put on these clothes at once," she said imperiously, knowing nothing of the volcanoes beneath the surface. "Hynde Horn is already on the stage, and somebody must be Jean. Take care of Miss Deeyell, girls, and ring for more maids. Hélène, help me dress Miss Monroe: put on her slippers while I lace her gown; run and fetch more jewels, — more still, — she can carry off any number; not any rouge, Hélène, — she has too much color now; pull the frock more off the shoulders, — it's a pity to cover an inch of them; pile her hair higher, — here, take my diamond tiara, child; take her train, Hélène. Miss Hamilton, run and open the doors ahead of them, please. I won't go down for this tableau. I'll put Miss Deeyell right, and then I'll slip into the drawing-room, to be ready for the guests when they come from the banquet-hall."

We hurried breathlessly through an interminable series of rooms and corridors. I gave the signal to Mr. Beresford, who was nervously waiting for it in the wings, and the curtain went up on Young Hynde Horn disguised as the auld beggar man at the king's gate. Mr. Beresford was reading the ballad, and we took up the tableaux at the point where Hynde Horn has come from a far countrie to see why the diamonds in the ring given him by his own true-love have grown pale and wan. He hears that the king's daughter Jean has been married to a knight these nine days past.

"But unto him a wife the bride winna be,

For love of Hynde Horn, far over the sea."

He therefore adopts the old beggar's disguise and hobbles to the king's palace, where he petitions the porter for a cup

of wine and a bit of cake to be handed him by the fair bride herself, "for the sake of Hynde Horn."

The curtain went up again. The porter, moved to pity, has gone to give the message to his lady. Hynde Horn is watching the staircase at the rear of the stage, his heart in his eyes. The tapestries that hide it are drawn, and there stands the king's daughter, who tripped down the stair,

"And in her fair hands did lovingly bear
A cup of red wine, and a farle of cake,
To give the old man for loved Hynde Horn's
sake."

The hero of the ballad, who had not seen his true-love for seven long years, could not have been more amazed at the change in her than was Ronald Macdonald at the sight of the flushed, excited, almost tearful, wholly beautiful king's daughter on the staircase; Lady Ardmore's diamonds flashing from her crimson satin gown, Lady Ardmore's rubies glowing on her white arms and throat.

In the next scene Hynde Horn has drained the cup and dropped the ring into it.

"Oh, found you that ring by sea or on land,
Or got you that ring off a dead man's hand?
'Oh, I found not that ring by sea or on land,
But I got that ring from a fair lady's hand."

"As a pledge of true love she gave it to me,
Full seven years ago as I sail'd o'er the sea;
But now that the diamonds are chang'd in
their hue,
I know that my love has to me proved un-
true."

I never saw a prettier picture of sweet, tremulous womanhood, a more enchanting breathing image of fidelity, than Francesca looked as Mr. Beresford read:

"Oh, I will cast off my gay costly gown,
And follow thee on from town unto town,
And I will take the gold kaims from my hair
And follow my true love for ever mair."

Whereupon Young Hynde Horn lets his beggar weed fall, and shines there the foremost and noblest of all the king's companie as he says: —

"You need not cast off your gay costly gown,
To follow me on from town unto town;
You need not take the gold kaims from your
hair,
For Hynde Horn has gold enough and to
spare."

"Then the bridegrooms were chang'd, and the
lady re-wed
To Hynde Horn thus come back, like one
from the dead."

There is no doubt that this tableau gained the success of the evening, and the participants in it should have modestly and gratefully received the choruses of congratulation that were ready to be offered during the supper and dance that followed. Instead of that, what happened? Francesca drove home with Miss Deeyell before the quadrille d'honneur, and when Willie bade me good-night at the gate in the loaning he said, "I shall not be early to-morrow, dear. I am going to see Macdonald off."

"Off! Where is he going?"

"Only to Edinburgh and London, to stay till the last of the week."

"But we may have left Pettybaw by the last of the week."

"Of course; that is probably what he has in mind. But let me tell you this, Penelope: my friend Macdonald is madly in love with Miss Monroe, and if she plays fast and loose with him she shall know what I think of her!"

"And let me tell you this, sir: my friend Miss Monroe is madly in love with Ronald Macdonald, and if he plays fast and loose with her he shall know what I think of him!"

XXIII.

"He set her on a coal-black steed,
Himsel lap on behind her,
An' he's awa' to the Hieland hills
Whare her frien's they canna find her."
Rob Roy.

The occupants of Bide-a-Wee Cottage awoke in anything but a Jubilee humor,

next day. Willie had intended to come at nine, but of course did not appear. Francesca took her breakfast in bed, and came listlessly into the sitting-room at ten o'clock, looking like a ghost. Jean's ankle was much better, — the sprain proved to be not even a strain, — but her wrist was painful. It was drizzling, too, and we had promised Miss Ardmore and Miss Macrae to aid with the last Jubilee decorations, the distribution of medals at the church, and the children's games and tea on the links in the afternoon.

We had determined not to desert our beloved Pettybaw for the metropolis on this great day, but to celebrate it with the dear fowk o' Fife who had grown to be a part of our lives.

Bide-a-Wee Cottage does not occupy an imposing position in the landscape, and the choice of art fabrics at the Pettybaw draper's is small, but the moment it should stop raining we were intending to carry out a dazzling scheme of decoration that would proclaim our affectionate respect for the "little lady in black" on her Diamond Jubilee. But would it stop raining? — that was the question. The draper wasna certain that so licht a shoo'r could richtly be called rain; the chemist remarked, as he handed me a bottle of arnica early in the morning, "Won'erful blest in weather we are, ma'm." The village weans were yearning for the hour to arrive when they might sit on the wet golf-course and have tea; manifestly, therefore, it could not be a bad day for Scotland; but if it should grow worse, what would become of our mammoth subscription bonfire on Pettybaw Law, — the bonfire that Brenda Macrae was to light, as the lady of the manor?

There were no deputations to request the honor of Miss Macrae's distinguished services on this occasion; that is not the way the self-respecting villager comports himself in Fifeshire. The chairman of the local committee, a respectable gardener, called upon Miss Macrae

at Pettybaw House, and said, "I'm sent to tell ye ye're to have the plesure an' the honor of lightin' the bonfire the nicht! Ay, it's a grand chance ye're havin', miss; ye'll remember it as long as ye live, I'm thinkin'!"

When I complimented this rugged soul on his decoration of the triumphal arch under which the schoolchildren were to pass, I said, "I think if her Majesty could see it, she would be pleased with our village to-day, James."

"Ay, ye're richt, miss," he replied complacently. "She'd see that Inch-cawdy canna compeer wi' us; we've patronized her weel in Pettybaw!"

Truly, as Stevenson says, "he who goes fishing among the Scots peasantry with condescension for a bait will have an empty basket by evening."

At eleven o'clock a boy arrived at Bide-a-Wee with an interesting-looking package, which I promptly opened. That dear foolish lover of mine (whose foolishness is one of the most adorable things about him) makes me only two visits a day, and is therefore constrained to send me some reminder of himself in the intervening hours, or minutes, — a book, a flower, or a note. Uncovering the pretty box, I found a long, slender — something — of sparkling silver.

"What is it?" I exclaimed, holding it up. "It is too long and not wide enough for a paper-knife, although it would be famous for cutting magazines. Is it a baton? Where did Willie find it, and what can it be? There is something engraved on one side, something that looks like birds on a twig, — yes, three little birds; and see the lovely cairngorm set in the end! Oh, it has words cut in it: '*To Jean*' — Goodness me! I've opened Miss Deeyell's package!"

Francesca made a sudden swooping motion, and caught box, cover, and contents in her arms.

"It is mine! I know it is mine!" she cried. "You really ought not to claim

everything that is sent to the house, Penelope, — as if nobody had any friends or presents but you!" and she rushed upstairs like a whirlwind.

I examined the outside wrapper, lying on the floor, and found, to my chagrin, that it did bear Miss Monroe's name, scrawled faintly and carelessly; but if the box was addressed to her, why was the silver thing inscribed to Miss Deeyell? Well, Francesca would explain the mystery within the hour, unless she was a changed being.

Fifteen minutes passed. Salemina was making Jubilee sandwiches at Pettybaw House, Miss Deeyell was asleep in her room, I was being devoured slowly by curiosity, when Francesca came down without a word, walked out of the front door, went up to the main street, and entered the village post-office without so much as a backward glance. She was a changed being, then! I might as well be living in a Gaboriau novel, I thought, and went up into my little painting and writing room to address a programme of the Pettybaw celebration to Lady Baird, watch for the first glimpse of Willie coming down the loaning, and see if I could discover where Francesca went from the post-office.

Sitting down by my desk, I could find neither my wax nor my silver candlestick, my scissors nor my ball of twine. Plainly, Francesca had been on one of her borrowing tours; and she had left an additional trace of herself — if one were needed — in a book of old Scottish ballads, open at Young Hynde Horn. I glanced at it idly while I was waiting for her to return. I was not familiar with the opening verses, and these were the first lines that met my eye: —

"Oh, he gave to his love a silver wand,
Her sceptre of rule over fair Scotland;
With three singing laverocks set thereon
For to mind her of him when he was gone.

"And his love gave to him a gay gold ring
With three shining diamonds set therein;

Oh, his love gave to him this gay gold ring,
Of virtue and value above all thing."

A light dawned upon me! The silver baton, then, was intended for a wand, — and a very pretty way of making love to an American girl, too, to call it a "sceptre of rule over fair Scotland;" and the three birds were three singing laverocks "to mind her of him when he was gone."

But the real Hynde Horn in the dear old ballad had a true-love who was not captious and capricious and cold, like Francesca. His love gave him a gay gold ring, —

"Of virtue and value above all thing."

Yet stay: behind the ballad book flung heedlessly on my desk was — what should it be but a little morocco case in which our Francesca keeps her dead mother's engagement ring, — the mother who died when she was a wee child. Truly a very pretty modern ballad to be sung in these unromantic, degenerate days!

Francesca came in at the door behind me, saw her secret reflected in my tell-tale face, saw the sympathetic tears in my eyes, and, flinging herself into my willing arms, burst into tears.

"Oh, Pen, dear, dear Pen, I am so miserable and so happy; so afraid that he won't come back, so frightened for fear that he will! I sent him away because there were so many lions in the path, and I did n't know how to slay them. I thought of my f-father; I thought of my c-c-country. I did n't want to live with him in Scotland, and I knew that I could n't live without him in America! I did n't think I was s-suited to a minister, and I am not; but oh! this p-particular minister is so s-suited to me!" and she threw herself on the sofa and buried her head in the cushions.

She was so absurd even in her grief that I could hardly help smiling.

"Let us talk about the lions," I said soothingly. "But when did the trouble begin? When did he speak to you?"

"After the tableaux last night; but of course there had been other — other — times — and things."

"Of course. Well?"

"He had told me a week before that he should go away for a while, that it made him too wretched to stay here just now; and I suppose that was when he got the silver wand ready for me. It was meant for the Jean of the poem, you know."

"You don't think he had it made for Jean Deeyell in the first place?" I asked this, thinking she needed some sort of tonic in her relaxed condition.

"You know him better than that, Penelope! I am ashamed of you! We had read Hynde Horn together ages before Jean Deeyell came; but I imagine, when the lines were to be acted, he thought it would be better to have some other king's daughter; that is, that it would be less personal. And I never, never would have been in the tableau, if I had dared refuse Lady Ardmore, or could have explained; but I had no time to think. And then, naturally, he thought by my being there as the king's daughter that — that — the lions were slain, you know; instead of which they were roaring so that I could hardly hear the orchestra."

"Francesca, look me in the eye! Do — you — love him?"

"Love him? I adore him!" she exclaimed in good clear decisive English, as she rose impetuously and paced up and down in front of the sofa. "But in the first place there is the difference in nationality."

"I have no patience with you. One would think he was a Turk, an Eskimo, or a cannibal. He is white, he speaks English, and he believes in the Christian religion. The idea of calling such a man a foreigner!"

"Oh, it did n't prevent me from loving him," she confessed, "but I thought at first it would be unpatriotic to marry him."

"Did you think Columbia could not

spare you even as a rare specimen to be used for exhibition purposes?" I asked wickedly.

"You know I am not so conceited as that! No," she continued ingenuously, "I feared that if I accepted him it would look as if the home supply of husbands was of inferior quality; and then we had such disagreeable discussions at the beginning, I simply could not bear to leave my nice new fresh country, and ally myself with his æons of stirring history. But it came to me in the night, a week ago, that after all I should hate a man who did n't love his own country; and in the illumination of that new idea Ronald's character assumed a different outline in my mind. How could he love America when he had never seen it? How could I convince him that American women are the most charming in the world better than by letting him live under the same roof with a good example? How could I expect him to let me love my country best unless I permitted him to love his best?"

"You need n't offer so many apologies for your love, my dear," I answered dryly.

"I am not apologizing for it!" she exclaimed impulsively. "Oh, if you could only keep it to yourself, I should like to tell you how I trust and admire and reverence Ronald Macdonald! I know very well what you all think: you think he is mad about me, and has been from the first. You think he has gone on and on loving me against his better judgment. You believe he has fought against it because of my unfitness, but that I am not capable of deep feeling, and that I shall never appreciate the sacrifices he makes in choosing me! Very well, then, I announce that if I had to live in a damp manse the rest of my life, drink tea and eat scones for breakfast, and — and buy my hats of the Inchealdy milliner, I should still glory in the possibility of being Ronald Macdonald's wife, — a possibility hourly

growing more uncertain, I am sorry to say!"

"And the extreme aversion with which you began," I asked, — "what has become of that, and when did it begin to turn in the opposite direction?"

"Aversion!" she cried, with derisive and unblushing candor. "That aversion was a cover, clapped on to keep my self-respect warm. The fact is, — we might as well throw light upon the whole matter, and then never allude to it again; and if you tell Willie Beresford, you shall never visit MY manse, nor see me preside at my mothers' meetings, nor hear me address the infant class in the Sunday-school, — the fact is I liked him from the beginning at Lady Baird's dinner. I liked the bow he made when he offered me his arm (I wish it had been his hand); I liked the top of his head when it was bowed; I liked his arm when I took it; I liked the height of his shoulder when I stood beside it; I liked the way he put me in my chair (that showed chivalry), and unfolded his napkin (that was neat and businesslike), and pushed aside all his wineglasses but one (that was temperate); I liked the side view of his nose, the shape of his collar, the cleanliness of his shave, the manliness of his tone, — oh, I liked him altogether, the goodness and strength and simplicity that radiated from him to me. And when he said, within the first half-hour, that international alliances presented even more difficulties to the imagination than others, I felt, to my confusion, a distinct sense of disappointment. Even while I was quarreling with him I said to myself, 'You poor darling, you can't have him even if you should want him, so don't look at him much!'"

"Then you are really sure this time, and you have never advised him to love somebody more worthy than yourself?" I asked.

"Not I!" she replied. "I would n't put such an idea into his head for worlds! He might adopt it!"

XXIV.

"Pale and wan was she when Glenlogie gaed
ben,
But red rosy grew she whene'er he sat down."
Glenlogie.

Just then the front door banged, and a manly step sounded on the stair. Francesca sat up straight in a big chair, and dried her eyes hastily with her poor little wet ball of a handkerchief; for she knows that Willie is a privileged visitor here. The door opened (it was ajar), and Ronald Macdonald strode into the room. I hope I may never have the same sense of nothingness again! To be young, pleasing, gifted, and to be regarded no more than a fly upon the wall, is death to one's self-respect.

He dropped on one knee beside Francesca and took her two hands in his without removing his gaze from her speaking face. She burned, but did not flinch under the ordeal. The color leaped into her cheeks. Love swam in her tears, but was not drowned there; it was too strong.

"Did you mean it?" he asked.

She looked at him, trembling, as she said, "I meant every word, and far, far more. I meant all that a girl can say to a man when she loves him, and wants to be everything she is capable of being to him, to his work, to his people, and to his — country."

Even this brief colloquy had been embarrassing, but I knew that worse was still to come and could not be delayed much longer, so I left the room hastily and with no attempt at apology; not that they minded my presence in the least or observed my exit, though I was obliged to leap over Mr. Macdonald's feet in passing.

I found Mr. Beresford sitting on the stairs, in the lower hall.

"Willie, you angel, you idol, where did you find him?" I exclaimed.

"When I went into the post-office, an hour ago," he replied, "I met Francesca.

She asked me for Macdonald's Edinburgh address, saying she had something that belonged to him and wished to send it after him. I offered to address the package and see that it reached him as expeditiously as possible. 'That is what I wish,' she said, with elaborate formality. 'This is something I have just discovered, something he needs very much, something he does not know he has left behind.' I did not think it best to tell her at the moment that Macdonald had not yet left Inchcaldy."

"Willie, you have the quickest intelligence and the most exquisite insight of any man I ever met!"

"But the fact was that I had been to see him off, and found him detained by the sudden illness of one of his elders. I rode over again to take him the little parcel. Of course I don't know what it contained; by its size and shape I should judge it might be a thimble, or a collar-button, or a sixpence; but, at all events, he must have needed the thing, for he certainly did not let the grass grow under his feet after he received it! Let us go into the sitting-room until they come down, — as they will have to, poor wretches, sooner or later; I know that I am always being brought down against my will. Salemina wants your advice about the number of her Majesty's portraits to be hung on the front of the cottage, and the number of candles to be placed in each window."

It was a half-hour later when Mr. Macdonald came into the room, and walking directly up to Salemina kissed her hand respectfully.

"Miss Salemina," he said, with evident emotion, "I want to borrow one of your national jewels for my Queen's crown."

"And what will our President say to lose a jewel from his crown?"

"Good republicans do not wear gems, as a matter of principle," he argued; "but in truth I fear I am not thinking of her Majesty — God bless her!"

'I would wear it in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.'

It is the crowning of my own life rather than that of the British Empire that engages my present thought. Will you intercede for me with Francesca's father?"

"And this is the end of all your international bickering?" Salemina asked teasingly.

"Yes," he answered; "we have buried the hatchet, signed articles of agreement, made treaties of international comity. Francesca stays over here as a kind of missionary to Scotland, so she says, or as a feminine diplomat; she wishes to be on hand to enforce the Monroe Doctrine properly, in case her government's accredited ambassadors relax in the performance of their duty."

"Salemina!" called a laughing voice outside the door. "You will be a proud woman the day, for I am now Established!" and Francesca, entering, clad in Miss Grieve's Sunday bonnet, shawl, and black cotton gloves, curtsied demurely to the floor. She held, as corroborative detail, a life of John Knox in her hand, and anything more incongruous than her sparkling eyes and mutinous mouth under the melancholy bonnet cannot well be imagined.

"I am now Established," she repeated. "Div ye ken the new asseestant frae Inchcawdy parish? I'm the mon" (a second deep curtsy here). "I trust, leddies, that ye'll mak' the maist o' your reelegious preevileges, an' that ye'll be constant at the kurruk. Have you given papa's consent, Salemina? And is n't it dreadful that he is Scotch?"

"Is n't it dreadful that she is not?" asked Mr. Macdonald. "Yet to my mind no woman in Scotland is half as lovable as she!"

"And no man in America begins to compare with him," Francesca confessed sadly. "Is n't it pitiful that out of the millions of our own countrypeople we could n't have found somebody that would do? What do you think now, Ronald,

of these dangerous international alliances?"

"You never understood that speech of mine," he replied, with audacious mendacity. "When I said that international marriages presented more difficulties to the imagination than others, I was thinking of your marriage and mine, and I knew from the first moment I saw you that that would be extremely difficult to arrange!"

XXV.

"And soon a score of fires, I ween,
From height, and hill, and cliff, were seen;

Each after each they glanced to sight,
As stars arise upon the night.
They gleamed on many a dusky tarn,
Haunted by the lonely earn;
On many a cairn's grey pyramid,
Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid."

The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

The rain continued at intervals throughout the day, but as the afternoon wore on the skies looked a trifle more hopeful. It would be "saft," no doubt, climbing the Law, but the bonfire must be lighted. Would Pettybaw be behind London? Would Pettybaw desert the Queen in her hour of need? Not though the rain were bursting the well-heads on Cawdor; not though the swollen mountain burns drowned us to the knee! So off we started as the short midsummer night descended.

We were to climb the Law, wait for the signal from Cawdor's lonely height, and then fire Pettybaw's torch of loyalty to the little lady in black; not a blaze flaming out war and rumors of war, as was the beacon-fire on the old gray battlements of Edinburgh Castle in the days of yore, but a message of peace and good will. Pausing at a hut on the side of the great green mountain, we looked north toward Helva, white-crested with a wreath of vapor. (You need not look on your map of Scotland for Cawdor and Helva, for you will not find them any more than

you will find Pettybaw and Inchealdy.) One by one the tops of the distant hills began to clear, and with the glass we could discern the bonfire cairns upbuilt here and there for Scotland's evening sacrifice of love and fealty. Cawdor was still veiled, and Cawdor was to give the signal for all the smaller fires. Pettybaw's, I suppose, was counted as a flash in the pan, but not one of the hundred patriots climbing the mountain side would have acknowledged it; to us the good name of the kingdom of Fife and the glory of the British Empire depended on Pettybaw fire. Some of us had misgivings, too, — misgivings founded upon Miss Grieve's dismal prophecies. She had agreed to put nine lighted candles in each of our cottage windows at ten o'clock, but she had declined to go out of her kitchen to see a procession, hear a band, or look at a bonfire. She had had a sair sickenin' day, an amount of work too wearifu' for one person by her lane. She hoped that the bonfire wasna built o' Mrs. Sinkler's coals nor Mr. Macbrose's kindlings, nor soaked with Mr. Cameron's paraffine; and she finished with an appropriate allusion to the exceedingly nice family with whom she had lived in Glasgy.

And still we toiled upward, keeping our doubts to ourselves. Jean was limping bravely, supported by Robin Anstruther's arm. Mr. Macdonald was ardently helping Francesca, who can climb like a chamois, but would doubtless rather be assisted. Her gypsy face shone radiant out of her black cloth hood, and Ronald's was no less luminous. I have never seen two beings more love-daft. They act as if they had read the manuscript of love, and were moving in exalted superiority through a less favored world, — a world waiting impatiently for the first number of the story to come out. Still we climbed, and as we approached the Grey Lady (a curious rock very near the summit) somebody proposed three cheers for the Queen.

How the children hurrahed, — for the infant heart is easily inflamed, — and how their shrill Jubilee slogan pierced the mystery of the night, and went rolling on from glen to glen to the Firth of Forth itself! Then there was a shout from the rocketmen far out on the open moor, — "Cawdor's clear! Cawdor's clear!" Back against a silver sky stood the signal pile, and signal rockets flashed upward, to be answered from all the surrounding hills.

Now to light our own fire. One of the village committee solemnly took off his hat and poured on oil. The great moment had come. Brenda Macrae approached the sacred pile, and, tremulous from the effect of much contradictory advice, applied the torch. Silence, false prophets of disaster! Who now could say that Pettybaw bonfire had been badly built, that its fifteen tons of coal and twenty cords of wood had been unphilosophically heaped together!

The flames rushed toward the sky with ruddy blaze, shining with weird effect against the black fir-trees and the blacker night. Three cheers more! God save the Queen! May she reign over us, happy and glorious! And we cheered lustily, too, you may be sure! It was more for the woman than the monarch; it was for the blameless life, not for the splendid monarchy; but there was everything hearty, and nothing alien in our tone, when we sang God Save the Queen with the rest of the Pettybaw villagers.

The land darkened; the wind blew chill. Willie, Mr. Macdonald, and Mr. Anstruther brought rugs, and found a sheltered nook for us where we might still watch the scene. There we sat, looking at the plains below, with all the village streets sparkling with light, with rockets shooting into the air and falling to earth in golden rain, with red lights flickering on the gray lakes, and with one beacon-fire after another gleaming from the hilltops, till we could count more than fifty answering one another

from the wooded crests along the shore, some of them piercing the rifts of low-lying clouds till they seemed to be burning in mid-heaven.

Then, one by one the distant fires faded, and as some of us still sat there silently, far, far away in the gray east there was a faint, faint rosy flush where the new dawn was kindling in secret. Underneath that violet bank of cloud the sun was forging his beams of light. The pole-star paled. The breath of the new morrow stole up out of the rosy gray. The wings of the morning stirred and trembled; and in the darkness and chill and mysterious awakening, eyes looked into other eyes, hand sought hand, and cheeks touched each other in mute caress.

XXVI.

"Sun, gallop down the westlin skies.
Gang soon to bed, an' quickly rise;
O lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal day!"
The Gentle Shepherd.

Every noon, during this last week, as we have wended our way up the loaning to the Pettybaw inn for our luncheon, we have passed three magpies sitting together on the topmost rail of the fence. I am not prepared to state that they were always the same magpies; I only know there were always three of them. We have just discovered what they were about, and great is the excitement in our little circle. I am to be married to-morrow, and married in Pettybaw, and Miss Grieve says that in Scotland the number of magpies one sees is of infinite significance: that one means sorrow; two, mirth; three, a marriage; four, a birth. (We now recall the fact that we saw one magpie, our first, on the afternoon of her arrival.)

Mr. Beresford has been cabled for, and must return to America at once on important business connected with the final settlement of his mother's estate. He

persuaded me that the Atlantic is an overlarge body of water to roll between two lovers, and I agreed with all my heart.

A wedding was arranged, mostly by telegraph, in six hours. The Reverend Ronald and the Friar are to perform the ceremony; a dear old painter friend of mine, a London R. A., will come to give me away; Francesca will be my maid of honor; Elizabeth Ardmore and Jean Deeyell, my bridemaids; Robin Anstruther, the best man; while Jamie and Ralph will be kilted pages-in-waiting, and Lady Ardmore will give the breakfast at the castle.

Never was there such generosity, such hospitality, such wealth of friendship! True, I have no wedding finery; but as I am perforce a Scottish bride, I can be married in the white gown with the silver thistles in which I went to Holyrood.

Mr. Anstruther took a night train to and from London, to choose the bouquets and bridal souvenirs. Lady Baird has sent the veil, and a wonderful diamond thistle to pin it on,—a jewel fit for a princess! With the dear Dominie's note promising to be an usher came an antique silver casket filled with white heather. And as for the bride-cake, it is one of Salemina's gifts, chosen as much in a spirit of fun as affection. It is surely appropriate for this American wedding transplanted to Scottish soil, and what should it be but a model, in fairy icing, of Sir Walter's beautiful monument in Princes Street! Of course Francesca is full of nonsensical quips about it, and says that the Edinburgh jail would have been just as fine architecturally (it is, in truth, a building beautiful enough to tempt an æsthete to crime), and a much more fitting symbol for a wedding-cake; unless, indeed, she adds, Salemina intended her gift to be a monument to my folly.

Pettybaw kirk is trimmed with yellow broom from these dear Scottish banks and braes; and waving their green fans and plumes up and down the aisle where I shall walk a bride are tall ferns and

bracken from Crummylowe Glen, where we played ballads.

As I look back upon it, the life here has been all a ballad, from first to last. Like the elfin Tam Lin,

"The queen o' fairies she caught me
In this green hill to dwell,"

and these hasty nuptials are a fittingly romantic ending to the summer's poetry. I am in a mood, were it necessary, to be "ta'en by the milk-white hand," lifted to a pillion on a coal-black charger, and spirited "o'er the border an' awa'" by my dear Jock o' Hazledean. Unhappily,

all is quite regular and aboveboard; no "lord of Langley dale" contests the prize with the bridegroom, but the marriage is at least unique and unconventional, — no one can rob me of that sweet consolation.

So "gallop down the westlin skies," dear Sun, but, prythee, gallop back to-morrow! "Gang soon to bed," an you will, but rise again betimes! Give me Queen's weather, dear Sun, and shine a benison upon my wedding morn!

[*Exit Penelope into the ballad-land of maiden dreams.*]

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

(*The end.*)

A FIRST PERFORMANCE IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME.

[THE young Govaert, at his London lodgings, sits down to the composition of a letter to his countryman. Date, 1599.]

You will recall, my dear Martyn, that in a previous letter, which so barely escaped the depths of ocean, I claimed to have discovered a *man*. Like Diogenes, I had searched for him since my unhappy departure from Holland. You know me for a fanatic on prejudice and convention, on religious irreligion and the general inversion of nature in mankind. I shall not repeat my eulogy on William Shakespeare, to which you hardly assented. It is my present purpose, in accordance with the promise of writing you all my experiences, to describe a visit to an English theatre; for to-day I witnessed one of my friend's plays. It was a novel experience, and I presume it will interest you.

Leaving my lodgings at about two in the afternoon, I made my way toward Shore-ditch, the northernmost playground of London. Northward I trudged through crooked Holywell High Street, with its dingy shops and dwellings. I observed

but a few straggling pedestrians, as the hour was yet early for theatre-goers. Halting a little short of the Old Street Road, which strikes Holywell High Street and a toper's tavern simultaneously, and then lurches tipsily off in another direction, I turned to the left into Holywell Lane. It is short and narrow. On the north side is the previous location of Holywell Priory, named from a sacred spring. Defiantly glaring at it from the south side, in token of the rising religious warfare against places of amusement, stands the Curtain Theatre, named from the ground it covers.¹ It was in quest of this, the second resort of its kind in England, that I had wandered forth.

It consists of a circular outside wall three stories high. On entering (as a privileged person, I entered early), I found myself still in the open air, on a dirt floor from fifty to seventy feet in diameter. This is called "the pit." Against the wall are arranged three galleries. The lowest is slightly elevated,

¹ Hence not from anything resembling the modern veil to scenic transformations.

and joined to the ground by steps. Over the top tier a shedlike roof projects inward from the main wall, while the floors of the upper tiers serve as roofs to the lower. These galleries are partitioned off into so-called "boxes." As I entered the door, I faced the square, rush-covered stage directly opposite, the galleries being there discontinued to make room for it. Part of it recedes under the roof and part projects into the pit, exposed on three sides and covering about a quarter of the ground. The front is removable, and rests on stilts as high as your knees. The onepenny spectators stand about it during performances. Doors at the back communicate with the actors' dressing-room. Above is an actors' balcony, on a line with the second gallery. Still higher, the roof over the uppermost gallery is carried further in, to protect the forward part of the platform; and directly under this projection, supported by two oaken pillars, is a diminutive house, from which boards are suspended, from time to time, explaining whether a palace or a forest is represented as the place of action.

These London resorts are the response to an increasing public desire for amusement. The people were formerly satisfied with sitting in the galleries about an inn court, and watching the grotesque performance of a body of strolling clowns, who used a cart at one end of the yard for their stage. This explains the shape and equipment of the present theatre.

With considerable time at my disposal, I stepped out. Strolling on some distance, I reached the former site of the Curtain's forerunner, called "The Theatre." It was recently removed to Bankside. In the field beyond, I divided my attention between some boisterous fellows charging the quintain and the motley throng which was gathering from all quarters toward the playhouse. The majority of the latter were low idlers, and idling dandies jingling their pol-

ished rapiers. The dandies were promenading in flaming silken hose of endless shades, with short cloaks thrown loosely over their shoulders to exhibit the expensive linings and reveal the fantastic slashes in their doublets. Of these fops, many cannot read, more are in hourly dread of creditors, and all are dissolute. You might have heard one on a prancing palfrey discoursing loudly to a companion about his "friend Lord So-and-So" (probably fictitious), or expounding the superiority of R. Allen over Will Shakespeare. Some of the crowd around the entrance view the ostentatious exhibition with open-mouthed wonder, while others express their admiration in shouts, or disapproval in jeers.

With upturned noses, the bloods were entering to occupy their twelpenny stools on the sides of the stage, where they can be seen to best advantage. I followed, for by this time, as the hour of three was approaching, the audience was assembling within. The boys in the field were deserting their football and quintain, and those fortunate enough to possess pennies made for the theatre. Passing the doorkeeper with a wink in lieu of a fee, I joined the groundlings.

You have already inferred that the theatre is disreputable. However, it is improving. Occasionally some honest John Tugby entered one of the twopenny boxes with his family. Under Shakespeare's influence, the more refined are gradually becoming interested in dramatic amusements. There is that element in his plays which appeals to the intellectual while retaining the interest of the lower classes. Indeed, since last you heard from me, I fear my admiration for Shakespeare the dramatist has outstripped my admiration for Shakespeare the man. What I then called a clever accomplishment I now call a wonderful "art." I shall define it later. The drama scheduled for to-day was a history of the military achievements of

Henry V., a sequel to Henry IV., whose story I told you. My friend has made better plays, but none which has met such unqualified success as this. To appreciate it, turn Englishman; assume that astonishing national pride that has filled England's breast since a certain Spanish fool became the self-appointed champion of the Deity — and came to grief.

But to return to the pit. It was rapidly filling with the rabble, which crowded me forward to the stage. A cloud in the summer sky, which at first made my unsheltered neighbors uneasy, had cleared away. Vying with the din of voices and shuffling of feet in the galleries were heard the loud tongues of the dandies. Some of them, in lower tones, were plotting to disconcert the company by stalking out in the midst of the performance. This is their method of wreaking vengeance for personal slurs of playwright or actor. I failed to catch the cause of their present wrath, for, on either side of me, an apple-woman and a tobacco-vender were screeching and bellowing respectively in my already deafened ears. Finding me no buyer, they essayed to flounder, porpoise-like, through the assembled mass, calling down imprecations from sundry persons who fancied their toes had some rights.

The unusual restlessness of the audience, which now packed the house six or seven hundred strong, at last called my attention to the fact that the appointed hour was past. Five minutes, ten, fifteen, went by, and no change in the situation. Evidently something had gone amiss, for the Burbage and Shakespeare Company are famous for punctuality. An impatient scuffling began, which developed into a steady tramp, tramp, tramp, in the galleries, shaking the building to its foundations. Twice Shakespeare's anxious face appeared from the loft under the stage-roof. His glance was directed toward an empty box near the stage. Presently it was entered by

three masked ladies, attended. Their elaborate angular head-gear and extensive ruffs, their open skirts, exposing brilliant underdresses and hung on gigantic farthingales which spread in a circular shelf from the hips, betrayed high degree. One of the visitors, who seemed to excel the others in rank, wore at her girdle a gorgeous pendant of diamonds.

Before a derisive murmur could result in a hiss, a loud striking together of two boards heralded the opening of the play. There was silence in a moment. The surrounding wall of faces in the galleries and the sea of faces in the pit turned by common impulse toward the stage. These countenances were universally heavy-featured, but wore a variety of expressions, anywhere on the graded scale between enormous grins and jaws dropped in a rapture of expectancy. A youthful chorus stepped forth, and, with a familiar smile and conversational ease which won his audience immediately, recited a few preliminary lines. Apologizing for the farce of representing two armies "within this wooden O," he besought us to use our imaginations for lack of adequate imagery.

After he had withdrawn, the sign-board was hung out denoting a part of the palace. Two solemn archbishops entered, robed in fourteenth-century style. In lavish terms they praised the regal virtues of the young Henry, marveling at his apparently sudden reform. They then began plotting to urge, with great offers of money, his expedition after the French crown. This was to divert him from a bill of the commons taxing the Church treasuries.

The dignitaries retire, and the sign-board announces the presence chamber. Henry enters in state, attended by the nobility in sumptuous costumes. This is what the audience has been awaiting. "There a' comes!" "There's our Harry!" are the gleeful whispers about me. Before anything can proceed, the

bishops are summoned, and a debate on the French adventure is held. There are a few dissenting voices, which simply serve to offset the subtle persuasion and scriptural misinterpretation of the astute churchmen. The dispute settled, ambassadors from the Dauphin tell the monarch, in view of his claims,

"there's naught in France

That can be with a nimble galliard won,"

presenting him with a tun of tennis-balls in contemptuous reference to his past life. This calls out a scornful reply from Henry, making the Dauphin appear a puerile trifler, and eliciting the huzzas of the crowd.

Thus ended the first act with a flourish. After the storm of clapping had subsided, the multitude began like a flock of magpies, and soon the theatre was a confusion of sound and tobacco smoke. The masked ladies were the target of many surmises. As to the play, I discerned a tone of disappointment. "Ah, but Harry's changed, man," muttered a beetling-browed giant near me; "a' cares no more for poor tavern-folk, stuck up on his throne there!" Yet no inclination to leave was manifest among these dissenters. The adroit introduction of the Dauphin's insult had aroused their ire and their curiosity about the upshot. They were well rewarded in remaining, for Henry the king soon captivated them more completely than had Harry the prince.

Forget that this ruler, as a matter of history, had no better claim to the British throne than you or I; believe his still more atrocious assumption that he owned France was just: then you can perhaps view him as the London public does, without that insinuating suspicion that his religious fervor is more conceited than humble. Shakespeare represents him as the ripe product resulting from sterling character after a youth of folly. Touched by his father's sorrows, he has assumed the responsibility of atoning for a parent's guilt. He is hence

deep and reverent, full of compassion, and by nature open and warm as the sun. His wild youth has given him a splendid personal knowledge of people. He is quick to recognize hypocrisy in the great, and greatness in the lowly. He is businesslike, yet sincere and whole-hearted in love; full of sentiment, yet not sentimental. But Henry is king. It is a king's greatness that these qualities especially enhance, because so seldom found in a king. His pure humaneness and sense of humor, the hale fellow often shining through his seriousness, echo the people's sentiments without lowering his dignity. His sympathy with plebeian nature is accepted as the gracious condescension of a higher order of being. In the fourth act he played a joke on a private soldier, and then rewarded the honest man's courage and loyalty with a glove of money. After that, the audience would have deemed any humiliation at the royal hands a privilege.

The other characters of interest were those introduced to amuse. They succeeded. The gloomiest of misanthropes could not resist the merriest of laughs at the hot-headed yet warm-hearted general in the last acts, with his extraordinary way of expressing pride at sharing Welsh blood with Henry: "I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the world: I need not be ashamed of your majesty, praised be Got, so long as your majesty is an honest man."

The great fat man of Henry IV. fame was reported to have died "babbling¹ of green fields." The news was a disappointment. The audience wanted more of him; but Shakespeare never overdoes a good thing. However, Bardolph of the fiery face, with Nym and Mistress Quickly's new husband Pistol, appeared in a street in the first scene

¹ The Dutch of the young Govaert gave "babbende," thus substantiating Theobald's famous emendation.

of Act II. These apologies for men prove to be bound for the war; but Nym and Pistol quarrel with drawn swords; Bardolph acts as peacemaker; and as all three are unconscionable cowards, the situation provoked shrieks of laughter from these Britons, who love nothing better than a good fight. Pistol, ranting in doggerel blank verse laden with alliteration, slays his foe with such lines as these:—

“O braggart vile and damnèd furious wight!
The grave doth gape and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale!”

—whatever that means. After Bardolph, seconded by the genuine disinclination of the wranglers, has made reconciliation, Nym says at Pistol's concession, “Well, then, that's the humor of 't,” and the encounter ends. This is Nym's most solemn and ever recurring sentiment. On Pistol's touching farewell to his spouse he invited Nym to kiss her, but that worthy replied, “I cannot kiss, that is the humor of it,”—tickling the spectators by his squeamishness.

“What a pox would sir Nym say, an the hostess were a woman,” remarked a fop, who was greeted with a coarse guffaw. The boys in the female parts, unencumbered by the self-consciousness of their elders, serve so well that there would really be little need for woman, even should she ever take such a freak as to appear on the stage.

In the rest of Act II., which is a sort of second preliminary, we are introduced to both sides of the situation,—the flip-pant French camp and Henry's departure from Southampton. After his really powerful rebuke of three traitors, their absolutely unfeigned gratitude at the privilege of dying is a bit of improbability which panders to the people's furious admiration for the king. It is an infrequent flaw in my ideal; but I am only astounded at the loftiness of his work when I consider the baseness of his audience.

The remainder of the play I need not

detail. You know its history. Several things which befell me and others during its progress, however, are worth relating.

On one of my sojourns in the pit, a soliloquizing boy actor attacked the trade of thieves. A fellow at my elbow was so obstreperous in his approval of the youngster's sentiments that I thought best to put my hand to my belt. I found his already there. I got not his wrist nor he my purse, for the next instant I saw a pair of heels disappearing under the stage. The scamp is but one of an enterprising guild.

At a compliment to the “Gracious Empress,” dropped by the chorus, the chief of the masked ladies attracted notice. Her mask suddenly dropped, revealing a damsel of sixty-six,—Elizabeth of England! The look of consternation that fell like a shadow across the flirting bloods, at sight of that wrinkled visage, at first amused me. A second thought dampened my spirits; for, as her Majesty readjusted her mask, a few tried to raise the shout, “Long live the Queen!” But the attempt was abortive, partly because all were not awake to her presence, but in some measure because the nation is just beginning to show signs of coldness toward this lonely old woman. Her childish frivolity is with reason not relished. Yet she has been England's greatest monarch.

The drama concluded with Henry's engagement to Katherine, after the starved condition of the British host had magnified its glory at Agincourt. We were, in most cases, introduced to a part of the field where fighting was not in progress. This averted a farce, while it kept us informed. But during the verbal assault on Harfleur (the besieged in the balcony) a wooden horse, mounted by an English knight, keeled over with an unearthly racket,—probably struck by a stray word. It caused the stage to tremble like a weak-kneed actor, and the king to lose his vocal ammunition.

This was restored to him with gallant courtesy by a foe on the wall, who prompted him; and England victoriously entered the town, marching through the stage door.

It was nearly six o'clock when, after thunders of applause, the audience finally poured out. Even the fops had been entertained and had attempted no premature exodus, although they had occasionally pelted each other with apples across the stage.

You have been wondering why I call Shakespeare's pursuit an "art." I claim not merely an analogy, but an identity in all but materials. An artist understands the technical necessities, as the laws of symmetry; he must have, besides, a sense of fitness, a fruitful imagination, a spontaneous intuition which may be called the spark of genius, and above all must follow nature. You and I were never interested by those flights of imagination, absurd because unnatural, over which shallow seekers for sensation rave. We agreed to call him the true artist who is always natural, yet abounds in calculated effects. If a sculptor, for instance, is to place a group of animals over a portal, he is careful to make the attitudes and arrangement appear a mere accident; yet the great essence of his art is to choose an accident in conformity with the outlines of the building, — in careless symmetry, so to speak. It would be a poor sculptor who fixed his figures haphazard, — one horse with his tail toward you, another his head; it would be an equally poor sculptor who fixed them in exact symmetry, — the outside horses the same distance below the central one, and each with his head at the same angle in reference to the others.

Now, all these functions belong to the particular class of literature which Shakespeare professes. Nature is his keynote; but the thought, the circumstance, the character, are suited to some central conception, like the building with the sculptor. The plot of his play, for

instance, possesses what you may call the technical element of symmetry: the imaginary events unfold a story in a manner calculated to attract particular attention, falling in, nevertheless, with natural experience. By seeming chance the actor drops the remark which is found, at the climax, to pertain most vitally to the revelation we are awaiting.

Everything, indeed, is studied to appear unstudied. This fact was subtly exemplified by a detail in Act I. Henry was delaying to admit the French embassy till he could settle on a course. As his last scruple against the exploit was removed by his reverend adviser, he said, with emphatic satisfaction,

"Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin,"

instead of first formally stating his conviction to the court. Nothing could more strikingly proclaim the victory of the bishop's arguments; yet such was not the king's intent. His act was so spontaneous that no one realized how carefully the author had planned it. This is the consummation of art.

Shakespeare's humor, as broad and good-natured as Sir John Falstaff himself, is also as natural. But, contrary to shallow notions, its art is vastly more difficult than that of abstruse wit. It is most appropriate when it expresses the inappropriate, as an inadvertent remark, a rubbing of incongruous characters.

Not the least of my friend's gifts is his fine taste in seasoning his work with this spice of fun. He told me that, before a production, he knew just when and what would be the demonstrations of his audience. This is but one phase of his preëminent quality, namely, his deep and universal knowledge of human nature, and his power to express it.

Doubtless you have observed that peasants can often better understand each other than the higher classes. They have small vocabulary, but an intuition which puts them in touch with one another. They are natural, — not buried

under the paraphernalia of estranging convention nor fossilized by the scholar's reclusion. They are apt, under strong feeling, to use figurative expressions deriving some special force from the circumstances, as Henry did, when he threatened the Dauphin with his tennis-balls, to

"play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard,"

and said,

"Many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands,
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down."

These, with Henry's rebuke to the traitors, are the best lines in the drama. Shakespeare resembles the peasant, but, in addition, has some of the education and all of the intelligence of the scholar. Hence his faultless interpretations of his own and others' thoughts. He is the perfect Son of Nature. Fancy my learned acquaintance Francis Bacon in a tavern with a jolly crowd of Falstaff's calibre! Shakespeare would be equally at home here and in the court of the Queen.

And so, human experience and human character are for him a keyboard. He is familiar with every resource of his instrument, from the deepest notes of tragedy to the lightest tinklings and ripplings of mirth. He can produce all effects, from the seething ferment of mental distress to the crystal harmonies of faith and contentment; from the wild melodies of exhilaration to the soft, sweet cooing of love. The note springs to being in perfect touch with the thought: his words in the poetic passages roll forth with an epic grandeur all his own; we forget the sham of the stage, disparaged through his chorus, and are borne away on the billows of his imagination, on the stream of his diction, on the

wings of his genius, or what you will! Your indulgent smile will broaden at what follows: this rival of the bear-gardens — this "clever Will," as the Queen called him after her visit to-day — is to be numbered among the immortals.

Your objection is known to me as well as if you spoke it. You believe plays are trivial and transitory amusements, while the writings of the essayist, philosopher, statesman, aim at some worthy object — as a reform — which will make their books eternal. Your distinction should be reversed. These works are the transitory things: the objects they attain simply fall in line with the progress of man, and are forgotten by future generations, which have not the same *external* evils to contend with; while man's *internal* nature, which alters not with the ages, is the muse of this poet. Mankind may cease to take interest in the dominion of England over Ireland, but the time will never come when it will cease to be interested in itself. The law of love and the humanness of humanity are as enduring as the world. Great is that writer whose work is twined with absolute success about these subjects, for it will live as long as they. Such a writer is William Shakespeare. Seeks he to teach a lesson? None — other than that vague one inherent in a thing of beauty. You cannot define the teaching in a strain of music or the silent eloquence of the stars; but will you deny their exalting influence?

Well-a-day! I must cease if this is to reach to-morrow's packet-vessel. My candlelight waxes feeble. The rattle of this rickety old table under the scribbling quill has arrested the attention of an errant mouse, who sits up in the middle of the room and eyes me suspiciously. I'll to bed, and yield the realm to him. Good-night!

Your exiled theorist, GOVAERT.

Herbert Wescott Fisher.

CALEB WEST.

XX.

A TIGHT FIT.

IF The Pines was a refreshing rest to Sanford after the daily anxieties at the Ledge, an enchanted castle to Helen and Jack, and a mine of luxury to Smeary and the other good Bohemians who followed in Mrs. Leroy's train, to the major it was a never ending source of pure delight.

Until that day on which he had stepped within its portals, his experience of Northern hospitality had been confined to Jack's and Sanford's bachelor apartments, for years ideal realms of elegance and ease. These now seemed to him both primitive and meagre. Where Jack had but one room to spare for a friend, and Sanford but two, The Pines had whole suites opening into corridors terminating in vistas of entrancing lounging-places, with marvelous fittings and draperies. Where Sam and Jefferson, in their respective establishments, performed unaided every household duty, from making a cocktail to making a bed, The Pines boasted two extra men who assisted Buckles at the sideboard, to say nothing of countless maids, gardeners, hostlers, stable-boys, and lesser dependents.

Moreover, the major had come upon a most capacious carriage-house and out-buildings, sheltering a wonderful collection of drags, coupés, and phaetons of patterns never seen by him before, particularly a most surprising dog-cart with canary-colored wheels; and a stable full of satin-skinned horses with incredible pedigrees, together with countless harnesses mounted in silver, saddles, bridles, whips, and blankets decorated with monograms. Last, but by no means least, he had discovered, to his infinite joy, a spick-and-span perfectly

appointed steam yacht, with sailing-master, engineer, firemen, and crew constantly on board, and all ready, at a moment's notice, to steam off to the uttermost parts of the earth in search of booty or adventure.

The major had found, in fact, all that his wildest flights and his most mendacious imaginings had pictured. The spacious piazzas, velvet lawns, and noble parks of which he had so often boasted as being "upon the estate of a ve'y dear friend of mine up No'th, suh, where I spend so many happy days;" the wonderful cuisine, fragrant Havanas, crusty port and old Hennessy, — the property as well of this diaphanous gentleman, — had at last become actual realities. The women of charming mien and apparel, so long creations of his brain, — "Dianas, suh, clothed one hour in yachtin' jackets, caps, and dainty yellow shoes, and the next in webs of gossamer, their lovely faces shaded by ravishin' pa'sols and crowned by wonderful hats," — now floated daily along the very gravel walks that his own feet pressed, or were attended nightly by gay gallants in immaculate black and white, whose elbows touched his own.

Of all these luxuries had he dreamed for years, and about all these luxuries had he lied, descanting on their glories by the hour to that silent group of thirsty Pocomokians before the village bar, or to the untraveled neighbors who lightened with their presence the lonely hours at Crab Island; but never until Mrs. Leroy had opened wide to him the portals of The Pines had they been real to his sight and touch.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that, with the flavor of all this magnificence steeping his soul, a gradual change took place in his tone and demeanor. Before a week had passed he had some-

how persuaded himself that although the lamp of Aladdin was exclusively the property of Mrs. Leroy, the privilege of rubbing it was unquestionably his own. Gradually, and by the same mental process, he had become convinced not only that he was firmly installed in the Leroy household as High Rubber-in-Chief, the master of the house being temporarily absent, and there being no one else to fill his place, but that the office, if not a life position, at least would last long enough to tide him over until cold weather set in.

Mrs. Leroy at first looked on in amazement, and then, as the humor of the situation dawned upon her, gave him free rein to do as he would. Months before she had seen through his harmless assumptions, and his present pretensions amused her immensely.

"My dear madam," he would say, "I see the lines of care about yo'r lovely eyes. Let me take you a spin down the shell road in that yaller cyart. It will bring the roses back to yo'r cheeks." Or, "Sanford, my dear fellow, try one of those Reina Victorias; you'll find them much lighter. Buckles, open a fresh box."

It is worthy of note, too, that when once the surprise at the novelty of the situation had passed away, his hostess soon realized that no one could have filled the post of major-domo to better satisfaction. The same qualities that served him at Crab Island, making him the best of company when off on an outing with the boys, were displayed in even greater perfection at The Pines. He was courteous, good-humored, unselfish, watchful of everybody's comfort, buoyant as a rubber ball, and ultimately so self-poised that even Buckles began to stand in awe of him,—a victory, by the way, which so delighted Jack Hardy that he rolled over on the grass with shouts of laughter when he discussed it with Sanford and Smeary.

Nor were the greater duties neglected. He was constantly on the lookout

for various devices by which his hostess might be relieved in the care of her guests. Tennis tournaments, fishing parties, and tableaux followed in quick succession, each entertainment the result of his ingenious activity and his untiring efforts at making everybody happy.

This daily routine of gayety was interrupted by the important announcement that a committee of engineers, headed by General Barton, would inspect the work at Shark Ledge in the morning.

This visit of the engineers meant to Sanford a possible solution of his embarrassment. Carleton still withheld the certificate, and the young engineer had had the greatest difficulty in tiding over his payments. A second and last section of the work was nearly completed, thanks to the untiring efforts of Captain Joe and his men and to the stability of the machinery, and there was every probability that everything included in these two sections would be finished before the snow began to fly. This had been the main purpose of Sanford's summer, and the end was in sight. And yet, with all that had been accomplished, Sanford knew that a technical ruling of the Board in sustaining Carleton's unjust report when rejecting the work might delay his payments for months, and if prolonged through the winter might eventually ruin him.

The inspection, then, was all the more important at this time; for while the solidity of the masonry and the care with which it was constructed would speak for themselves, the details must be seen and inspected to be appreciated. If the day, therefore, were fine, and the committee able to land, Sanford had no fear of the outcome; provided, of course, that Carleton could be made to speak the truth.

There was no question that parts of the work as they then stood were in open violation of the plans and specifications of the contract. The concrete

base, or disk, was acknowledged by Sanford to be six inches out of level. This error was due to the positive orders of Carleton against the equally positive protest of Sanford and Captain Joe. But the question remained whether the Board would sustain Carleton's refusal to give a certificate in view of the error, and whether Carleton could be made to admit that the error was his own, and not Sanford's.

So far as the permanence of the structure was concerned, this six inches' rise over so large an area as the base was immaterial. The point — a vital one — was whether the technical requirements of the contract would be insisted upon. Its final decision lay with the Board.

To Mrs. Leroy the occasion was one of more than usual importance. She sent for the sailing-master, ordered steam up at an early hour, gave Sam — Buckles had assigned Sam certain duties aboard the yacht — particular directions as to luncheon the following day, and prepared to entertain the whole committee, provided that august body could be induced to accept the invitation she meant to extend. She had already selected General Barton as her especial victim, while Helen was to make herself agreeable to some of the younger members.

The value of linen, glass, cut flowers, dry champagne, and pretty toilettes in settling any of the affairs of life was part of her social training, and while she did not propose to say one word in defense or commendation of Sanford and his work, she fully intended so to soften the rough edges of the chief engineer and his assistants that any adverse ruling would be well-nigh impossible.

If Mrs. Leroy lent a cheerful and willing hand, the presiding genius of the weather was equally considerate. The morning broke clear and bright. The sun silvered the tall grass of the wide marsh crossed by the railroad trestle and draw, and illumined the great

clouds of white steam puffed out by the passing trains. The air was balmy and soft, the sky a turquoise flecked with sprays of pearl, the sea a sheet of silver.

When the maid opened her windows, Mrs. Leroy stepped to the balcony and drank in the beauty and freshness of the morning. Even the weather powers, she said to herself, had ceased hostilities, declared a truce for the day, restraining their turbulent winds until the council of war which was to decide Sanford's fate was over.

As her eye roamed over her perfectly appointed and well kept lawns, her attention was drawn to a singular-looking figure crossing the grass in the direction of the dock where the yacht was moored. It was that of a man dressed in the jacket and cap of a club commodore. He bore himself with the dignity of a lord high admiral walking the quarter-deck. Closer inspection revealed the manly form of no less distinguished a personage than Major Thomas Slocomb of Pocomoke.

Subsequent inquiries disclosed these facts: Finding in his room, the night before, a hitherto unsuspected closet door standing partly open, the major, in harmless curiosity, had entered the closet and inspected the contents, and had come upon some attractive garments. That these clothes had evidently been worn by, and were then the sole property of his host, Morgan Leroy, Commodore N. Y. Y. C., a man whom he had never seen, only added to the charm of the discovery. Instantly a dozen thoughts crowded through his head, each more seductive than the one before it. Evidently, this open door and the carefully hung jacket and cap meant something out of the ordinary! It was the first time the door had been left open! It had been done purposely, of course, that he might see the garments! Everything in this wonderful palace of luxury was free, — cigars, brandy, even the stamps on the writing-

table before him; why not, then, these yachting clothes? To-morrow was the great day for the yacht. His age and position naturally made him the absent commodore's rightful successor. Had Leroy been at home, undoubtedly he would have worn these clothes himself. The duty of his substitute, therefore, was too plain to admit of a moment's hesitation. He must certainly wear the clothes. One thing, however, touched him deeply, — the delicacy of his hostess in putting them where he could find them, and the exquisite tact with which it had all been done. Even if every other consideration failed, he could not disappoint that queen among women, that Cleopatra of modern times.

As he squeezed his arms into the jacket — Leroy was two thirds the major's size — and caught the glint of the gilt buttons in the mirror, his last lingering doubt faded.

This, then, was the figure Mrs. Leroy saw from her balcony.

When the major boarded the yacht the sailing-master saluted him with marked deference, remembering the uniform even if he did not the wearer, and the sailors holystoning the decks came up to a half present as he passed them on his way to the saloon to see if Sam had carried out his instructions about certain brews necessary for the comfort of the day.

"Where the devil did you get that rig, major?" roared Smearly, when he and Sanford came down the companion-way, half an hour later. "You look like a cross between Dick Deadeye and Little Lord Fauntleroy. It's about two sizes too small for you."

"Do yo' think so, gentlemen?" twisting his back to the mirrors to get a better view. His face was a study. "It's some time since I wore 'em; they may be a little tight. I've noticed lately that I am gaining flesh. Will you sit down here, gentlemen, or shall I order something coolin' on deck?" — not a quaver in his voice. "Here, Sam," he

called, catching sight of that darky's face, "take these gentlemen's orders!"

When Helen and Mrs. Leroy appeared, followed by several ladies, with Hardy as escort, the major sprang forward to meet them with all the suppressed exuberance of a siphon of Vichy. He greeted Helen first.

"Ah, my dear Helen, you look positively charmin' this mornin'; you are like a tea-rose wet with dew; nothing like these Maryland girls, — unless, my dear madam," he added, turning to Mrs. Leroy, bowing as low to his hostess as the grip of his shoulders would permit, "unless it be yo'r own queenly presence. Sam, put a cushion behind the lady's back, — or shall I order coffee for you on deck?"

But it was not until the major came up on the return curve of his bow to a perpendicular that his hostess realized in full the effect of Morgan Leroy's nautical outfit. She gave a little gasp, and her face flushed.

"I hope none of these ladies will recognize Morgan's clothes, Henry," she whispered behind her fan to Sanford. "I must say this is going a step too far."

"But did n't you send them to his room, Kate? He told me this morning he wore them out of deference to your wishes. He found them hanging in his closet." Sanford's face wore a quizzical smile.

"I send them?" Then the whole thing burst upon her. With the keenest appreciation of the humor of the situation in every line of her face, she turned to the major and said, "I must congratulate you, major, on your new outfit, and I must thank you for wearing it to-day. It was very good of you to put it on. It is an important occasion, you know, for Mr. Sanford. Will you give me your arm and take me on deck?"

Helen stared in complete astonishment as she listened to Mrs. Leroy. This last addition to the major's constantly increasing wardrobe — he had

a way of borrowing the clothes of any friend with whom he stayed — had for the moment taken her breath away. It was only when Jack whispered an explanation to her that she too entered into the spirit of the scene.

Before the yacht had passed through the draw of the railroad trestle, on her way to the Ledge, the several guests had settled themselves in the many nooks and corners about the deck, or on the more luxurious cushions of the saloon. Mrs. Leroy, now that her guests were happily placed, sat well forward, out of immediate hearing, where she could talk over the probable outcome of the day with Sanford, and lay her plans if Carleton's opposition threatened serious trouble. Helen and Jack were as far aft as they could get, watching the gulls dive for scraps thrown from the galley, while Smearly in the saloon below was the centre of a circle of ladies, — guests from the neighboring cottages, — who were laughing at his stories, and who, thus early in the day, had voted him the most entertaining man they had ever met, although a trifle cynical.

As for the major, he was as restless as a newsboy, and everywhere at once: in the galley, giving minute directions to the chef regarding the slicing of the cucumbers and the proper mixing of the salad; up in the pilot-house, interviewing the sailing-master on the weather, on the tides, on the points of the wind, on the various beacons, shoals, and currents; and finally down in the pantry, where Sam, in white apron and immaculate waistcoat and tie, was polishing some pipe-stemmed glasses, intended receptacles of cooling appetizers composed of some ingredients of the major's own selection.

"You lookin' mighty fine, major, dis mornin'," said Sam, his mouth stretched in a broad grin. "Dat 's de tip-nist, top-nist git-up I done seen for a coon's age," detecting a certain — to him — cake-walk cut to the coat and white duck trousers. "Did dat come up on de train

las' night, sah?" he continued, walking round the major, and wiping a glass as he looked him over admiringly.

"Yes, Sam, and it 's the first time I wore 'em. Little tight in the sleeves, ain't they?" he asked, holding out his arm.

"Does seem ter pinch leetle mite round de elbows; but you do look good, fur a fac'."

These little confidences were not unusual. Indeed, of all the people about him, the major understood Sam the best and enjoyed him the most, — an understanding, by the way, which was mutual. There never was any strain upon the Pocomokian's many resources of high spirits, willingness to please, and general utility, when he was alone with Sam. He never had to make an effort to keep his position: that Sam accorded him. But then, Sam believed in the major.

As the yacht rounded the east end of Crotch Island, Sanford made out quite plainly over the port bow the lighthouse tender steaming along from a point in the direction of Little Gull Light.

"There they come," he said to Mrs. Leroy. "Everything is in our favor to-day, Kate. I was afraid they might be detained. We'll steam about here for a while until the tender lands at the new wharf which we have just finished at the Ledge. The yacht draws a little too much water to risk the wharf, and we had better lie outside of the government boat. It's as still as a mill-pond at the Ledge to-day, and we can all go ashore. If you will permit me, Kate, I'll call to your sailing-master to slow down until the tender reaches the wharf."

At this moment the major's head appeared around the edge of the pilot-house door. He had overheard Sanford's remark. "Allow me, madam," he said in a voice of great dignity, and with a look at Sanford as if somehow that gentleman had infringed upon his own especial privileges. The next in-

stant the young engineer's suggestion to "slow down" was sent bounding up to the sailing-master, who answered it with a touch of two fingers to his cap, an "Ay, ay, sir," and three sharp, quick pulls on the engine-room gong.

Mrs. Leroy smiled at the major's nautical knowledge and quarter-deck air, and rose to her feet to see the approaching tender. Under Sanford's guiding finger she followed the course of the long thread of black smoke lying on the still horizon, unwinding slowly from the spool of the tender's funnel.

Everybody was now on deck. Helen and the other younger ladies of the party leaned over the yacht's rail watching the rapidly nearing steamer, and the older ladies became fully persuaded that the Ledge with its derricks and shanty — a purple-gray mass under the morning glare — was unquestionably the expected boat.

Soon the Ledge loomed up in all its proportions, with its huge rim of circular masonry lying on the water-line like a low monitor rigged with derricks for masts. When the rough shanty for the men, and the platforms filled with piles of cement-barrels, and the hoisting-engine were distinctly outlined against the sky, everybody crowded forward to see the place of which they had heard so much.

Mrs. Leroy stood on one side, that Sanford might explain without interruption the several objects as they came into view.

"Why, Henry," she exclaimed, after everybody had said how wonderful it all was, "how much work you have really done since I saw it in the spring! And there is the engine, is it, to which the pump belonged that nearly drowned Captain Joe and Caleb? And are those the big derricks you had so much trouble over? They don't look very big."

"They are twice the size of your body, Kate," said Sanford, laughing. "They may look to you like knitting-needles from this distance, but that is

because everything around them is on so large a scale. You would n't think that shanty, which looks like a coal-bin, could accommodate twenty men and their stores."

As Sanford ceased speaking, the major turned quickly, entered the pilot-house, and almost instantly reappeared with the yacht's spyglass. This he carefully adjusted, resting the end on the ratlines. "Victory is ours. We are getting along splendidly, my dear boy," he said slowly, closing the glass. "I have n't a doubt about the result."

XXI.

THE RECORD OF NICKLES, THE COOK.

The yacht and the lighthouse tender were not the only boats bound for the Ledge. The Screamer, under charge of a tug, — her sails would have been useless in the still air, — was already clear of Keyport Light, and heading for the landing-wharf, a mile away. Captain Bob Brandt held the tiller, and Captain Joe and Caleb leaned out of the windows of the pilot-house of the towing tug.

If Carleton "played any monkey tricks," to quote Captain Brandt, they wanted to be there to see. None of them had had cause to entertain a friendly spirit toward the superintendent. It had often been difficult for Caleb to keep his hands away from that official's throat, since his experience with him under the willows. As for Captain Brandt, he still remembered the day the level was set, when Carleton had virtually given him the lie.

The Screamer arrived first; she made fast to the now completed dock, and the tug dropped back in the eddy. Then the lighthouse tender came alongside and hooked a line into the Screamer's deck-cleats. The yacht came last, lying outside the others. This made it necessary for the passengers aboard the yacht to cross the deck of the tender,

and for those of both the yacht and the tender to cross the deck of the Screamer, before stepping upon the completed masonry of the lighthouse itself.

Nothing could have suited Mrs. Leroy better than this enforced intermingling of guests and visitors. Interchanges of courtesy established at once a cordiality which augured well for the day's outcome, and added another touch of sunshine to its happiness. Mrs. Leroy relaxed none of her efforts to propitiate the gods, so eager was she to have a favorable decision rendered for Sanford.

It is worthy of note that Carleton played no part in the joyous programme of the day. He sprang ashore as soon as the tender made fast to the Screamer's side (he had met the party of engineers at the railroad depot, and had gone with them to Little Gull Light), and began at once his work of "superintending" with a vigor and alertness never seen in him before, and, to quote Nickles, the cook, who was watching the whole performance from the shanty window, "with more airs than a Noank goat with a hoop-skirt."

The moment the major's foot was firmly planted upon the Ledge a marked change was visible in him. The straight back, head up, rear-admiral manner, which had distinguished him, gave way to one of a thoughtful repose. Engineering problems began to absorb him. Leaving Hardy and Smeary to help the older ladies pick their way over the mortar-incrusted platforms and up and down the rude ladders to the top rim of masonry, he commenced inspecting the work with the eye of a skilled mechanic. He examined carefully the mortar joints of the masonry; squinted his eye along the edges of the cut stones to see if they were true; turned it aloft, taking in the system of derricks, striking one with the palm of his hand and listening for the vibration, to assure himself of its stability. And he asked questions of the men in a way that left no doubt in their

minds that he was past grand master in the art of building lighthouses.

All but one.

This doubter was Lonny Bowles, the big quarryman from Noank, whom the Pocomokian had cared for in the old warehouse hospital the night of the explosion. Bowles had quietly dogged the major's steps over the work, in the hope of being recognized. At last the good-natured lineaments of the red-shirted quarryman fastened themselves upon the major's remembrance.

"My dear suh!" he broke out, as he jumped down from a huge coping-stone and grasped Lonny's hand. "Of co'se I remember you. I sincerely hope you 're all right again," stepping back, and looking him over with an expression of real pride and admiration.

"Oh yes, I 'm purty hearty, thank ye," said Bowles, laughing as he hitched his sleeves up his arms, bared to the elbow. "How 's things gone 'long o' yerself?"

The major expressed his perfect satisfaction with life in its every detail, and was about to compliment Bowles on the wonderful progress of the work so largely due to his efforts, when the man at the hoisting-engine interrupted with, "Don't stand there, now, lalligaggin', Lonny. Where ye been this half hour? Hurry up with that monkey-wrench. Do ye want this drum to come off?"

When Lonny, who had instantly turned his attention to the work, had given the last turn to the endangered nut, the man said, "Who 's the duck with the bobtail coat, Lonny?"

"Oh, he 's one o' the boss's city gang. Fust time I see him he come inter th' warehouse when we was stove up. I thought he was a sawbones till I see him a-fetchin' water fur th' boys. Then I thought he was a parson till he began to swear. But he ain't neither one; he 's an out-an'-out ol' sport, he is, every time, an' a good un. He 's struck it rich up here, I guess, from th' way he 's boomin' things with them Le-

roy folks," — which conviction seemed to be shared by the men around him, now that they were assured of the major's identity. Many of them remembered the nankeen and bombazine suit which the Pocomokian wore on that fatal day, and the generally disheveled appearance that he presented the following morning, and they found the present change in his attire incomprehensible.

During all this time, Sanford, with the assistance of Captain Joe and Caleb, was adjusting his transit, in order that he might measure for the committee the exact difference between the level shown on the plans and the level found in the concrete base. In this adjustment, the major, who had now joined the group, took the deepest interest, discoursing most learnedly, to the officers about him, upon the marvels of modern science; punctuating his remarks every few minutes with pointed allusions to his dear friend Henry, "that Archimedes of the New World," who in this the greatest of all of his undertakings had eclipsed all former achievements. The general listened with an amused smile, in which the whole committee joined before long.

Either General Barton's practiced eye forestalled any need of the instrument, or Carleton had already fully posted him as to which side of the circle was some inches too high.

"Is n't the top of that concrete base out of level, Mr. Sanford?" he asked, with some severity.

"Yes, sir; some inches too high near the southeast derrick," replied Sanford promptly.

"How did that occur?"

"I should prefer you to ask the superintendent," said Sanford quietly.

Mrs. Leroy, who was standing a short distance away on a dry plank that Sanford had put under her feet, her ears alert, stopped talking to Smearily and turned her head. She did not want to miss a word.

"What have you to say, Mr. Carle-

ton? Did you give any orders to raise that level?" The general looked over his glasses at the superintendent.

Carleton had evidently prepared himself for this ordeal, and had carefully studied his line of answers. As long as he kept to the written requirements under the contract he was safe.

"If I understand my instructions, sir, I am not here to give orders. The plans show what is to be done." He spoke in a low, almost gentle voice, and with a certain deference of manner which no one had ever seen in him before, and which Sanford felt was even more to be dreaded than his customary bluster.

Captain Joe stepped closer to Sanford's side, and Caleb and Captain Bob Brandt, who stood on the outside of the circle of officers grouped around the tripod, leaned forward, listening intently. They too had noticed the change in Carleton's manner. The other men dropped their shovels and tools, and edged up, not obtrusively, but so as to overhear everything.

"Is this the reason you have withheld the certificate, of which the contractor complains?" said the general, with a tone in his voice as of a judge interrogating a witness.

Carleton bowed his head meekly in assent. "I can't sign for work that's done wrong, sir."

Captain Joe made a movement as if to speak, when Sanford, checking him with a look, began: "The superintendent is right as far as he goes, general, but there is another clause in the contract which he seems to forget. I'll quote it," drawing an important-looking document from his pocket and spreading it out on the top of a cement-barrel: "'Any dispute arising between the United States engineer, or his superintendent, and the contractor, shall be decided by the former, and his decision shall be final.' If the level of this concrete base does not conform to the plans, there is no one to blame but the superintendent himself."

Sanford's flashing eye and rising voice had attracted the attention of the ladies as well as that of their escorts. They ceased talking, and played with the points of their parasols, tracing little diagrams in the cement dust, preserving a strict neutrality, like most people overhearing a quarrel in which they have no interest, but alert to lose no move in the contest. Sanford would have liked less publicity in the settlement of the matter, and so expressed himself in a quick glance toward the guests. This anxiety was instantly seen by the major, who, with a tact that Sanford had not given him credit for, led the ladies away out of hearing on pretense of showing them some of the heavy masonry.

The engineer-in-chief looked curiously at Carleton, and the awakened light of a new impression gleamed in his eye. Sanford's confident manner and Carleton's momentary agitation, upsetting for an instant his lamblike reserve, evidently indicated something hidden behind this dispute, which until then had not come to the front.

"I'll take any blame that's coming to me," said Carleton, his meekness merging into a dogged, half-imposed-on tone, "but I can't be responsible for other folks' mistakes. I set that level myself two months ago, and left the bench-marks for 'em to work up to. When I come out next time they'd altered them. I told 'em it would n't do, and they'd have to take up what concrete they'd set and lower the level again. They said they was behind and wanted to catch up, that it made no difference anyhow, and they would n't do it."

General Barton turned to Sanford and was about to speak, when Captain Bob Brandt's voice rang out clear and sharp, "That's a lie!"

Everybody looked about for the speaker. If a bomb had exploded above their heads, the astonishment could not have been greater.

Before any one could speak the skipper forced his way into the middle of the group. His face was flushed with anger, his lower lip was quivering. "I say it again. That's a lie, and you know it," he said calmly, pointing his finger at Carleton, whose cheek paled at this sudden onslaught. "This ain't my job, gentlemen," and he faced General Barton and the committee, "an' it don't make no difference to me whether it gits done 'r not. I'm hired here 'long with my sloop a-layin' there at the wharf, an' I git my pay. But I been here all summer, an' I stood by when this 'ere *galoot* you call a superintendent sot this level; and when he says Cap'n Joe did n't do the work as he ordered it he lies like a thief, an' I don't care who hears it. Ask Cap'n Joe Bell and Caleb West, a-standin' right there 'longside o' ye: they'll gin it to ye straight; they're that kind."

Barton was an old man and accustomed to the respectful deference of a government office, but he was also a keen observer of human nature. The expression on the skipper's face and on the faces of the others about him was too fearless to admit of a moment's doubt of their sincerity.

Carleton shrugged his shoulders, as if it were to be expected that Sanford's men would stand by him. Then he said, with a half-sneer at Captain Brandt, "Five dollars goes a long ways with you fellers." The cat had unconsciously uncovered its claws.

Brandt sprang forward, with a wicked look in his eye, when the general raised his hand.

"Come, men, stop this right away." There was a tone in the chief engineer's voice which impelled obedience. "We are here to find out who is responsible for this error. I am surprised, Mr. Sanford," turning almost fiercely upon him, "that a man of your experience did not insist on a written order for this change of plan. While six inches over an area of this size do not materially

injure the work, you are too old a contractor to alter a level to one which you admit now was wrong, and which at the time you knew was wrong, without some written order. It violates the contract."

Here, Nickles, who had been craning his neck out of the shanty window so as not to lose a word of the talk, withdrew it so suddenly that one of the men standing by the door hurried into the shanty, thinking something unusual was the matter.

"I have never been able to get a written order from this superintendent for any detail of the work since he has been here," said Sanford in a positive tone, "and he has never raised his hand to help us. What the cause of his enmity is I do not know. We have all of us tried to treat him courteously, and to follow his orders whenever it was possible to do so. He insisted on this change, after both my master diver, Caleb West here, Captain Joe Bell, and others of my best men had protested against it, and we had either to stop work and appeal to the Board, and so lose the summer's work and be liable to the government for non-completion on time, or obey him. I took the latter course, and you can see the result. It was my only way out of the difficulty."

At this instant there came a crash which sounded like breaking china, evidently in the shanty, and a cloud of white dust, the contents of a partly empty flour-barrel, sifted out through the open window.

The general turned his head in inquiry, and, seeing nothing, said, "You should have stopped work, sir, and appealed. The government does not want its work done in a careless, unworkmanlike way, and will not pay for it." His voice had a tone in it that sent a pang of anxiety to Mrs. Leroy's heart.

Carleton smiled grimly. He was all right, he said to himself. Nobody believed the Yankee skipper.

Before Sanford could gather his wits to reply, the shanty door was flung wide

open, and Nickles backed out, carrying in his arms a pine door, higher and wider than himself. He had lifted it from its hinges in the pantry, upsetting everything about it.

"I guess mebber I ain't been a-watch-in' this all summer fur nothin', gents," he said, planting the door square before the general. "You kin read it fur yer-self, — it's 's plain 's print. If ye want what ye call an 'order,' here it is large as life."

It was the once clean pine door of the shanty, on which Sanford and the men had placed their signatures in blue pencil the day the level was fixed, and Carleton, defying Sanford, had said it should "go that way," or he would stop the work.

General Barton adjusted his eyeglasses and began reading the inscription. A verbatim record of Carleton's instructions was before him. The other members of the Board crowded around, reading it in silence.

The general replaced his gold-rimmed eyeglasses carefully in their case, and for a moment looked seaward in an abstracted sort of way. The curiously inscribed door had evidently made a deep impression upon him.

"I had forgotten about that record, general," said Sanford, "but I am very glad it has been preserved. It was made at the time, so we could exactly carry out the superintendent's instructions. As to its truth, I should prefer you to ask the men who signed it. They are all here around you."

The general looked again at Captain Joe and Caleb. There was no questioning their integrity. Theirs were faces that disarmed suspicion at once.

"Are these your signatures?" he asked, pointing to the scrawls in blue lead pencil subscribed under Sanford's.

"They are, sir," said Captain Joe and Caleb almost simultaneously; Caleb answering with a certain tone, as if he were still in government service and under oath, lifting his hat as he

spoke. Men long in government employ have this sort of unconscious awe in the presence of their superiors.

"Make a copy of it," said the general curtly to the secretary of the Board. Then he turned on his heel, crossed the Screamer's deck, and entered the cabin of the tender, where he was followed by the other members of the committee.

Ten minutes later the steward of the tender called Carleton. The men looked after him as he picked his way over the platforms and across the deck of the sloop. His face was flushed, and a nervous twitching of the muscles of his mouth showed his agitation over the summons. The apparition of the pantry door, they thought, had taken the starch out of him.

Mrs. Leroy crossed to Sanford's side, and whispered anxiously, "What do you think, Henry?"

"I don't know yet, Kate. Barton is a gruff, exact man, and a martinet, but he has n't a dishonest hair on his head. Wait."

The departure of the engineers aboard the tender, followed almost immediately by that of the superintendent, left the opposition, so to speak, unrepresented. Those of the ladies who were on sufficiently intimate terms with Sanford to mention the fact at all, and who, despite the major's efforts to lead them out of range, had heard every word of the discussion, expressed the hope that the affair would come out all right. One, a Mrs. Corson, said in a half-querulous tone that she thought they ought to be ashamed of themselves to find any fault, after all the hard work he had done. Jack and Smearly consulted apart. They were somewhat disturbed, but still believed that Sanford would win his case.

To the major, however, the incident had a far deeper and much more significant meaning.

"It's a part of their infernal system, Henry," he said in a sympathetic voice, now really concerned for his friend's

welfare, — "a trick of the damnable oligarchy, suh, that is crushing out the life of the people. It is the first time since the wah that I have come as close as this to any of the representatives of this government, and it will be the last, suh."

Before Sanford could soothe the warlike spirit of his champion, the steward of the tender again appeared, and, touching his cap, said the committee wished to see Mr. Sanford.

The young engineer excused himself to those about him, and followed the steward; Mrs. Leroy looking after him with a glance of anxiety as he crossed the deck of the Screamer, — an anxiety which Sanford tried to relieve by an encouraging wave of his hand.

As Sanford entered the saloon Carleton was just leaving it, his eyes on the floor, his hat in his hand. His face was a blue-white. Little flecks of saliva were sticking in the corners of his mouth, as if his breath were dry.

General Barton sat at the head of the saloon table. The other members of the Board were seated below him.

"Mr. Sanford," said the general, "we have investigated the differences between yourself and the superintendent with the following result: First, the committee has accepted the work as it stands, believing in the truthfulness of yourself and your men, confirmed by a record which it could not doubt. Second, the withheld certificate will be signed and checks forwarded to you as soon as the necessary papers can be prepared. Third, Superintendent Carleton has been relieved from duty at Shark Ledge Light."

XXII.

A BROKEN DRAW.

Carleton's downfall was known all over the Ledge and on board every boat that lay at its wharf, long before either he or Sanford regained the open air.

The means of communication was that same old silent current that requires neither pole nor battery to put it into working order. Within thirty seconds of the time the ominous words fell from the general's lips, the single word "Den-*nis*," the universal sobriquet for a discharged man our working world over, was in every man's mouth. Whatever medium was used, the meaning was none the less clear and unmistakable. The steward may have winked to the captain in the pilot-house, or the cook shrugged his shoulders, opening his mouth with the gasping motion of a strangling chicken, and so conveyed the news to the forecabin; or one of the crew, with ears wide open, may have found it necessary to uncoil a rope outside the cabin window at the precise moment the general gave his decision, and have instantly passed the news along to his nearest mate. Of one thing there was no doubt: Carleton had given his last order on Shark Ledge.

An animated discussion followed among the men.

"Ought to give him six months," said Captain Bob Brandt, whose limited experience of government inspecting boards led him to believe that its officers were clothed with certain judicial powers. "Had n't 'a' been for old Ham-fats" (Nickles's nickname) "an' his pantry door, he 'd 'a' swore Cap'n Joe's character away."

"Well, I 'm kind o' sorry for him, anyway," replied Captain Joe, not noticing the skipper's humorous allusion. "Poor critter, he ain't real responsible. What 's he goin' to do fur a livin', now that the gov'ment ain't a-goin' to support him no more?"

"Ain't nobody cares; he 'll know better 'n to lie, nex' time," said Lonny Bowles. "Is he comin' ashore here agin, Caleb, er has he dug a hole fur himself 'board the tender in the coal-bunkers?"

Caleb smiled grimly, but made no reply. He never liked to think of

Carleton, much less to talk of him. Since the night when he had waylaid Betty coming home from Keyport, his name had not passed the diver's lips. He had always avoided him on the work, keeping out of his way, not so much from fear of Carleton as from fear of himself, — fear that in some uncontrollable moment he might fall upon him and throttle him. No one except Betty, Carleton, and himself had known of the night attack; not even Captain Joe. It was best not to talk about it; it might injure her. Carleton's assault had always caused Caleb, too, a slight twinge about the heart. Was he doing right in letting Betty shift for herself? The world would take its cue from him as to how it should treat her. Had he done his whole duty to the little wife he had promised to protect?

So it was not surprising that Caleb only looked calmly out to sea, and turned away without replying, when Lonny Bowles inquired whether Carleton had covered himself up in the coal-bunkers. No one noticed his abstraction, nor the fact that he did not answer Lonny Bowles. His fellow workmen were accustomed to the moodiness which had come over him since Betty left him. They knew he was thinking of her, but they failed to read in his face the conflict that was raging in him; and they did not know that, besides Betty's face, another's was always haunting him, bringing the hot blood to his cheek and setting his finger-nails deep into the palms of his hands. That was Bill Lacey's. It was only at rare intervals, when Caleb had run into Stonington aboard the Screamer or on one of the tugs short of coal or water, that he had seen Lacey, and then only at a distance. The rigger was at work around the cars on the dock. Caleb had never known whether Lacey had seen him. He thought not. The men said the young fellow always moved away when any of the Keyport boats came in, so that really the two had never met.

These chance, far-off glimpses, however, left their mark upon Caleb's mind, steeling his heart against Betty for days after. "It ain't my fault she lef' me," he would say bitterly, sitting alone by his fire, "an' for a cur like him!"

These were the thoughts he was carrying in his heart as he went about his work, or listened to the men as they discussed the leading topics of the day.

If a certain sigh of relief went up from the working force over Carleton's downfall and Sanford's triumph, a much more joyous feeling permeated the yacht. Not only were Jack and Smeary jubilant, but even Sam, with a grin the width of his face, had a little double shuffle of his own in the close quarters of the galley, while the major began forthwith to concoct a brew in which to drink Sanford's health, and of such mighty power that for once Sam disobeyed his instructions, and poured a pint of Medford spring water instead of an equal amount of old Holland gin into the seductive mixture. "'Fo' God, Mr. Sanford, dey would n't one o' dem ladies knowed deir head from a whirlungig, if dey'd drank dat punch," he said afterward to his master, in palliation of his sin.

But of all the happy souls that breathed the air of this lovely autumn day Mrs. Leroy was the happiest. She felt, somehow, that the decision of the committee was a triumph for both Sanford and herself: for Sanford because of his constant fight against the elements, for her because of her advice and encouragement. As the words fell from Sanford's lips, telling her of the joyful news, — he had told her first of all, — her face flushed and her eyes lighted with genuine pleasure.

"What did I tell you!" she said, holding out her hand in a hearty, generous way, as a man would have done. "I knew you would do it. Oh, I am so proud of you, you great splendid fellow!"

If she had thought for a moment, she would have known that really the master spirits of the work were Captain Joe and Caleb and Captain Brandt, — men whose pluck, devotion, and personal courage made possible the completion of the work, — a fact which Sanford had never concealed from her. And yet, deep down in her own mind she could never forget his days and nights of anxiety, and could not divest herself of the belief that somehow he had inspired these men to do their best, and hence the credit was his, and in a less degree her own.

As her mind dwelt on these things a sudden inspiration seized her. Before her guests were seated around the well-appointed table in the cabin of the yacht, she darted back again to the Ledge in search of Captain Joe, her dainty skirts raised about her tiny boots to keep them from the rough platforms.

"Do come and lunch with us, Captain Bell," she said in her joyous way. "I really want you, and the ladies would so love to talk to you." She had not forgotten his tenderness over Betty, the morning he came for her; more than that, he had stood by Sanford.

The captain, somewhat surprised, looked down into her eyes with the kindly expression of a big mastiff diagnosing a kitten.

"Well, that 's real nice o' ye, an' I thank ye kindly," he said, his eyes lighting up at her evident sincerity. "But ye see yer vittles would n't do me no good. Only man I know that kin eat both kinds is Mr. Sanford. So if ye won't take no offense, I 'll kind o' grub in with the other men. Cook 's jes' give notice to all hands."

Then Mrs. Leroy, seeing Caleb at a little distance, turned and walked toward him. But it was not to ask him to luncheon.

"I have heard Mr. Sanford speak so often of you that I wanted to know you before I left the work," she said, hold-

ing out her little gloved hand. Caleb looked into her face and touched the dainty glove with two of his fingers, — he was afraid to do more, it was so small — and, with his eyes on hers, listened while she spoke in a tender, sympathetic tone, lowering her voice so that no one could hear but himself, not even Sanford. "I have heard all about your troubles, Mr. West, and I am so sorry for you both. She stayed with me one night last summer. Poor child, she was very miserable; it's an awful thing to be alone in the world."

Sanford took the situation with a calmness customary to him when things were going well. His principle in life was to do his level best every time, and leave the rest to fate. When he worried, it was before a crisis. He had not belittled the consequences of a rejection of the work. He knew how serious it might have been. Had the Board become thoroughly convinced that he had openly and without just cause violated both the written contract and the instructions of the superintendent, they might have been forced to make an example of him, and to require all the upper masonry to be torn down and rebuilt on a true level, — a result which would have entailed the loss of thousands of dollars.

His reply to General Barton and the Board had been a grim, reserved "I thank you, gentlemen," with an added hope that the new superintendent might be instructed to give written orders when any departure from the contract was insisted upon, to which the chief engineer agreed.

Later, when he called his men about him on the Ledge and gave them the details of the interview, — he never kept anything of this kind from his working force, — he cautioned one and all of them to exercise the greatest patience and good temper toward the new superintendent, whoever he might be, who was promised in a few days, so that nothing might happen which would

incur his ill will; reminding them that it would not do for a second superintendent to be disgruntled, no matter whose fault it was: to which Captain Joe sentimentiously replied, "All right; let 'em send who they like, — sooner the better. But one thing I kin tell 'em, an' that is that none on 'em can't stop us now from gittin' through, no matter how ornery they be."

And yet, even with the happiness of his triumph, Sanford grew conscious of a strange feeling of disappointment. He began without reason to wonder whether the companionship with Kate would now be as close as before, and whether the daily conferences would end, since he had no longer any anxieties to lay before her.

Something in her delight, and the frank way in which she had held out her hand like a man friend in congratulation, had chilled rather than cheered him. He felt hurt, without knowing why. A sense of indefinable personal loss came over him. In the whirl of contending emotions suddenly assailing him, he began to doubt whether she had understood his motives, that night on the veranda, when he had kissed her hand, — whether, in fact, he had understood her at all. Had she really conquered her feelings as he had his? Or had there been nothing to conquer? Then another feeling rose in his heart, — a vague jealousy of the very work which had bound them so closely together, and which now seemed to claim all her interest.

Throughout the luncheon that followed aboard the yacht, the major had been the life of the party. He had offered no apology either to Sanford or to any member of the committee for his hasty conclusions regarding "the damnable oligarchy." He considered that he had wiped away all bitterness, when, rising to his feet, and rapping with his knife for order, he had said with great dignity and suavity of manner: —

"On behalf of this queen among women," — turning to Mrs. Leroy, — "our lovely hostess, as well as these fair young buds" — a graceful wave of his hand — (some of these buds had grandchildren) "who adorn her table, I rise to thank you, suh," — semi-military salute to General Barton, — "for the opportunity you have given them of doing honor to a gentleman and a soldier," — a double-barreled compliment that brought a smile to that gentleman's face, and a suppressed ripple of laughter from the other members of the committee.

In the same generous way he had filled his own and everybody else's bumper for Sanford out of the bowl that Sam had rendered innocuous, addressing his friend as that "young giant, who has lighted up the pathway of the vasty deep." To which bit of grandiloquence Sanford replied that the major was premature, but that he hoped to accomplish it the following year.

In addition to conducting all these functions, the Pocomokian had neglected no minor detail of the feast. He had insisted upon making the coffee after an especial formula of his own, and had cooled in a new way and with his own hands the several cordials banked up on Sam's silver tray. He had opened parasols for the ladies and champagne for the men with equal grace and dexterity; had been host, waiter, valet, and host again; and throughout the livelong day had been one unfailing source of enthusiasm, courtesy, and helpfulness. With all this he had never overstepped the limits of his position, — as High Rubber-in-Chief, of course, — his main purpose having been to get all the fun possible out of the situation, not so much for himself as for those about him. While the general and the committee had several times, in their own minds, put him down for a charlatan and a mountebank, especially when they deliberated upon the fit of his clothes and his bombastic and sometimes fulsome speeches, all the vaga-

ries of the distinguished Pocomokian only endeared him the more to Sanford and his many friends. They saw a little deeper under the veneer, and knew that if the major did smoke his hostess's cigars and drink her cognac, it was always as her guest and in her presence; that, poor and often thirsty as he was, he would as soon have thought of stuffing his carpet-bag with the sheets that covered his temporary bed as of filling his private flask with the contents of the decanter that Buckles brought nightly to his room. It was just this delicate sense of honor that saved him from pure vagabondage.

When coffee and cigars had been served, the general and his party again crossed the gangplank to the tender, the mooring-lines were thrown off, and the two boats, with many wavings of hands from yacht and Ledge, kept on their respective courses. The tender was to keep on to Keyport, where the committee were to board the train for New York, and the yacht was to idle along until sundown, and so on into Medford Harbor. Captain Joe and Caleb were to follow later in the tug that had towed out the Screamer, they being needed in Keyport to load some supplies.

As the tender steamed away, the men on the Ledge looked eagerly for Carleton, that they might give him some little leave-taking of their own, — it would have been a pleasant one, — but he was nowhere to be seen.

"Buried up in the coal-bunkers, jes' 's I said," laughed Lonny Bowles.

With the final wave of a red handkerchief, the property of the major, toward the fast disappearing tender, a salute returned by the general standing in the stern of the boat, Mrs. Leroy's party settled themselves on the forward deck of the yacht to enjoy the run back to Medford. The ladies were made comfortable with cushions from the saloon below, while some of the men threw

themselves flat on the deck cushions, or sat Turkish fashion in those several sprawling positions possible only under like conditions, and most difficult for an underbred man to learn to assume properly. Jack Hardy knew to a nicety how to stow his legs away, and so did Sanford. Theirs were always invisible. Smearly never tried the difficult art. He thought it beneath his dignity; and then, again, there was too much of him in the wrong place. The major wanted to try it, and no doubt would have done so with decorum and grace but for his clothes. It was a straight and narrow way that the major had been walking all day, and he could run no risks.

Everything aboard the yacht had been going as merry as a marriage or any other happy bell of good cheer, — the major at his best, Smearly equally delightful, Helen and Jack happy as two song-birds, and Mrs. Leroy with a joyous word for every one between her confidences to Sanford.

It was just when the gayety was at its height that two quick, sharp rings in the engine-room below were heard, and almost at the same moment one of the crew touched Sanford on the shoulder and whispered something in his ear.

Sanford sprang to his feet and looked eagerly toward the shore.

The yacht, at the moment, was entering the narrow channel of Medford Harbor, and the railroad trestle and draw could be plainly seen from its deck. Sanford's quick eye had instantly detected a break in the outlines. The end of the railroad track placed on the trestle, and crossing within a few hundred feet of Mrs. Leroy's cottage, was evidently twisted out of shape, while, across the channel, on its opposite end rested an engine and two cars, the outer one derailed and toppled over. On the water below were crowded small boats of every conceivable kind, hurrying to the scene. They filled

the space under the draw, they blocked up the broken ends of the structure, while the surrounding banks were black with people looking anxiously at a group of men on board a scow, who were apparently trying to keep above water a large object which looked like a floating house.

It was clear that something serious had happened.

A panic of apprehension immediately seized the guests on the yacht. Faces which but a few moments before had been rosy with smiles became suddenly anxious and frightened. Some of the ladies spoke in whispers; could it be possible, every one asked, that the train with General Barton and the committee on board had met with an accident?

Sanford, followed by Mrs. Leroy, hurried into the pilot-house, to search the horizon from that elevation and see the better. One moment's survey removed all doubt from his mind. A train had gone through the draw; whether passenger or freight he could not tell. One thing was certain: some lives must be in danger, or the crowd would not watch so intently the group who were working with such energy aboard the rescuing scow. At Sanford's request, two quick, short bells sounded again in the engine-room, and the yacht quivered along her entire length as she doubled her speed. When she came within hailing distance of the shore, a lobster-fisherman pulled out and crossed the yacht's bow.

"What's happened?" shouted Sanford, waving his hat to attract attention.

The fisherman stopped rowing, and the yacht slowed down.

"Train through the draw," came the answer.

"Passenger or freight?"

"Tain't neither one. It's a repair train from Stonington, with a lot o' dagos an' men. Caboose went clean under, an' two cars piled on top."

Sanford breathed freer; the Board were safe, anyhow.

"Anybody killed?"

"Yes. Some says six; some says more. None in the caboose got out. The dago was on the dirt-car, an' jumped."

The yacht sped on. As she neared the railroad draw, Jack took Helen's hand and led her down into the cabin. He did not want her to see any sight that would shock her. Mrs. Leroy stood by Sanford. The yacht was her house, so to speak; some one might need its hospitality and shelter, and she wanted to be the first to offer it. The same idea had crossed Sanford's mind.

"Major," said Sanford, "please tell Sam to get some brandy ready, and bring some of the mattresses from the crew's bunks up on deck; they may be useful."

A voice hailed Sanford. It came from the end of the scow nearest the sunken house, now seen to be one end of a caboose car. "Is there a doctor aboard your yacht?"

"Yes, half a one. Who wants him?" said Smearly, leaning over the rail in the direction of the sound.

"We've got a man here we can't bring to. He's alive, but that's all."

The yacht backed water and moved close to the scow. Sanford jumped down, followed by Smearly carrying the brandy and the major with a mattress, and ran along her deck to where the man lay. The yacht kept on. It was to land the ladies a hundred yards away, and then return.

"Hand me that brandy, quick, major!" said Smearly, as he dropped on one knee and bent over the sufferer, parting the lips with his fingers and pouring a little between the closed teeth. "Now pull that mattress closer, and some of you fellows make a pillow of your coats, and find something to throw over him when he comes to; it's the cold that's killing him. He'll pull through, I think."

The major was the first man in his shirt-sleeves; Leroy's coat was begin-

ning to be of some real service. Two of the scow's crew added their own coats, and then ran to the cabin for an army blanket. The man was lifted upon the mattress and made more comfortable, with the coats placed under his head and the army blanket tucked about him. Smearly's early training in the hospital service during the war had more than once stood him in good stead.

The man gave a convulsive gasp and partly opened his eyes. The brandy was doing its work. Sanford leaned over him to see if he could recognize him, but the ooze and slime clung so thickly to the mustache and closely trimmed beard that he could not make out his features. He seemed to be under thirty years of age, strong and well built. He was dressed in a blue shirt and overalls, and looked like a mechanic.

"How many others?" asked Sanford, looking toward the wreck.

"He's the only one alive," answered the captain of the scow. "We hauled him through the winder of the caboose just as she was a-turnin' over. He's broke something, some'ers, I guess, or he'd 'a' come to quicker. There's two dead under there," pointing to the sunken caboose, "so the brakeman says. If we had a diver we could git 'em up. The railroad superintendent's been here, an' says he'll send for one; but you know what that means, — he'll send for a diver after they git this caboose up; by that time their bodies'll be smashed into pulp."

The yacht had now steamed back to the wreck with word from Mrs. Leroy to send for whatever would be needed to make the injured men comfortable. Sam delivered the message, standing in the bow of the yacht. He had not liked the idea of leaving Sanford, when the yacht moved off from the scow, and had so expressed himself to the sailing-master. He was Sanford's servant, — not Mrs. Leroy's, — he had said; and when people were getting blown up and

his master had to stay and attend to them, his place was beside him, not waiting on ladies.

With the approach of the yacht *Sanford* looked at his watch thoughtfully, and raising his voice to the sailing-master, who was standing in the pilot-house, his hand on the wheel, said, "Captain, I want you to tow this scow to Mrs. Leroy's dock, so the doctor can get at this wounded fellow. He needs hot blankets at once. Then crowd on everything you've got and run to Keyport. Find Captain Joe Bell, and tell him to put my big air-pump aboard and bring Caleb West and his diving-dress. There are two dead men down here who must be got up before the wrecking-train begins on the caboose. My colored boy, Sam, will go with you and help you find the captain's house, — he knows where he lives. If you are quick, you can make Keyport and back in an hour."

XXIII.

THE SWINGING GATE.

When the tug landed Caleb at Keyport, this same afternoon, he hurried through his duties and went straight to his cabin. Mrs. Leroy's sympathetic words were still in his ears. He could hear the very tones of her voice and recall the pleading look in her eyes. He wished he had told her the whole truth then and there, and how he felt toward Betty; and he might have done so had not the other ladies been there, expecting her aboard the yacht. He did not feel hurt or angry; he never was with those who spoke well of his wife. Her words had only deepened the conviction that had lately taken possession of his own mind, — that he alone, of all who knew Betty, had shut his heart against her. Even this woman — a total stranger — had taken her out of the streets and befriended her, and still pleaded for her. Would his own heart ever be

softened? What did he want her to do for him? Crawl back on her hands and knees, and lie outside his door until he took her in? And if she never came, — what then?

Would she be able to endure this being shut out from everything and everybody? He had saved her from Carleton, but who else would try to waylay and insult her? Maybe his holding out so long against her would force her into other temptations, and so ruin her. What if it was already too late? Lacey had been seen round Keyport lately, — once at night. He knew the young rigger wrote to her. Bert Simmons, the postman, had shown him the letters with the Stonington postmark. Was Lacey hanging round Keyport because she had sent for him? And if she went back to him, after all, — whose fault was it?

At the thought of Lacey the beads of sweat stood on his forehead. Various conflicting emotions took possession of him: haunting fears lest she should be tempted beyond her strength, followed by an almost uncontrollable anger against the man who had broken up his home. Then his mind reverted to Captain Joe, and to the night he pleaded for her, and to the way he said over and over again, "She ain't nothin' but a child, Caleb, an' all of us is liable to go astray." These words seemed to burn themselves into his brain.

As the twilight came on he went upstairs on tiptoe, treading as lightly as if he knew she was asleep and he feared to waken her. Standing by the bed, he looked about him in an aimless, helpless way, his eyes resting finally on the counterpane, and the pillow he had placed every night for her on her side of the bed. It was yellow and soiled now. In the same half-dazed, dreamy way he stepped to the closet, opened the door cautiously, and laid his hand upon her dresses, which hung where she had left them, smoothing them softly. He could easily have persuaded himself,

had she been dead, that her spirit was near him, whispering to him, leading him about, her hand in his.

As he stood handling the dresses, with their little sleeves and skirts, all the paternal seemed suddenly to come out in him. She was no longer his wife, no longer the keeper of his house, no longer the custodian of his good name. She was his child, his daughter, his own flesh and blood, — one who had gone astray, one who had pleaded for forgiveness, and who was now alone in the world, with every door closed against her but Captain Joe's.

In the brightness of this new light of pity in him a great weight seemed lifted from his heart. His own sorrow and loneliness were trivial and selfish beside hers: he big and strong, fearless to go and come, able to look every man in the face; and she a timid girl, shrinking, frightened, insulted, hiding even from those who loved her. What sort of man was he to shut his door in her face, and send her shuddering down the road?

With these new thoughts there came a sudden desire to help, to reach out his arms toward her, to stand up and defend her, — defend her, out in the open, before all the people.

Catching up his hat, he hurried from the house and walked briskly down the road. It was Betty's hour for coming home. Since the encounter with Carleton there had been few evenings in the week he had not loitered along the road, with one excuse or another, hiding behind the fish-house until she passed, watching her until she reached the swinging gate. Soon the residents up and down the road began to time his movements. "Here comes Caleb," they would say; "Betty ain't far off. Ain't nothin' goin' to touch her as long as Caleb's round."

This watchful care had had its effect. Not only had Captain Joe and Auntie Bell taken her part, but Caleb was looking after her, too. When this became

common talk the little remaining gossip ceased. Better not talk about Betty, the neighbors said among themselves; Caleb might hear it.

When the diver reached the top of the hill overlooking Captain Joe's cottage, his eye fell upon Betty's slight figure stepping briskly up the hill, her shawl drawn tightly about her shoulders, her hat low down on her face. She had passed the willows, and was halfway to the swinging gate. Caleb quickened his pace and walked straight toward her.

She saw him coming, and stopped in sudden fright. For an instant she wavered, undecided whether she would turn and run, or brave it out and pass him. If she could only get inside the garden before he reached her! As she neared the gate she heard his footsteps on the road, and could see from under the rim of her hat the rough shoes and coarse trousers cement-stained up as far as his knees. Only once since she had gone with Lacey had she been so close to him.

She gathered all her strength and sprang forward, her hand on the swinging gate.

"I'll hold it back, child," came a low, sweet voice, and an arm was stretched out before her. "It shan't slam to and hurt ye."

He was so close she could have touched him. She saw, even in her agony, the gray, fluffy beard, and the wrinkled, weather-stained throat within the unbuttoned collar of the flannel shirt. She saw, too, the big brown hand, as it rested on the gate.

She did not see his eyes. She dared not look so high.

As she entered the kitchen door she gave a hurried glance behind. He was following her slowly, as if in deep thought; his hands behind his back, his eyes on the ground.

Auntie Bell was bending over the stove when Betty dashed in.

"It's Caleb! He's coming in! Oh, auntie, don't let him see me — please — please!"

The little woman turned quickly, startled at the sudden interruption.

"He don't want ye, child." The girl's appearance alarmed her. She is not often this way, she thought.

"He does — he does! He spoke to me — Oh, where shall I go?" she moaned, wringing her hands, her whole body trembling like one with an ague.

"Go nowhere," answered Aunty Bell in decided tones. "Stay where ye be. I'll go see him. 'Tain't nothin', child, only somethin' for the cap'n." She had long since given up all hope of Caleb's softening.

As she spoke, the diver's slow and measured step could be heard sounding along the plank walk.

Aunty Bell let down her apron and stepped to the door. Betty crept behind the panels, watching him through the crack, stifling her breath lest she should miss his first word. Oh, the music of his voice at the gate! Not his words, but the way he spoke, — the gentleness, the pity, the compassion of it all! As this thought surged through her mind she grew calmer; a sudden impulse to rush out and throw herself at his feet took possession of her. He could not repel her when his voice carried such tenderness to her heart. A great sob rose in her throat. The measured, slow step came closer.

At this instant she heard the outer gate swing to a second time with a resounding bang, and Captain Joe's voice calling, "Git yer dress, Caleb, quick as God'll let ye! Train through the Medford draw an' two men drowned. I've been lookin' fur ye everywhere."

"Who says so?" answered Caleb calmly, without moving.

"Mr. Sanford's sent the yacht. His nigger's outside now. Hurry, I tell ye; we ain't got a minute."

Betty waited, her heart throbbing. Caleb paused for an instant, and looked earnestly and hesitatingly toward the house. Then he turned quickly and followed Captain Joe.

Aunty Bell waited until she saw both men cross the road on their way to the dock. Then she went in to find Betty.

She was still crouched behind the door, her limbs trembling beneath her. On her face was the dazed look of one who had missed, without knowing why, a great crisis.

"Don't cry, child," said the little woman, patting her cheek. "It's all right. I knowed he didn't come for ye."

"But, Aunty Bell, Aunty Bell," she sobbed, as she threw her arms about the older woman's neck, "I wanted him so!"

XXIV.

CALEB TRIMS HIS LIGHTS.

The purple twilight had already settled over Medford Harbor when the yacht, with Captain Joe and Caleb on board, glided beneath the wrecked trestle with its toppling cars, and made fast to one of the outlying spiles of the draw. As the yacht's stern swung in toward the sunken caboose which confined the bodies of the drowned men, a small boat put off from the shore and Sanford sprang aboard. He had succeeded in persuading the section boss in charge of the wrecking gang to delay wrecking operations until Caleb could get the bodies, insisting that it was inhuman to disturb the wreck until they were recovered. As the yacht was expected every moment, and the services of the diver would be free, the argument carried weight.

"Everything is ready, sir," said Captain Joe, as Sanford walked aft to meet him. "We've 'iled up the cylinders, an' the pump can git to work in a minute. I'll tend Caleb; I know how he likes his air. Come, Caleb, git inter yer dress; this tide's on the turn."

The three men walked along the yacht's deck to where the captain had been oiling the air-pump. It had been

lifted clear of its wooden case and stood near the rail, its polished brasses glistening in the light of a ship's lantern slung to the ratlines. Sprawled over a deck settee lay the rubber diving-dress, — body, arms, and legs in one piece, like a suit of seamless underwear, — and beside it the copper helmet, a trunkless head with a single staring eye. The air-hose and life-line, together with the back-plate and breast-plate of lead and the iron-shod shoes, lay on the deck.

Caleb placed his folded coat on a camp-stool, drew off his shoes, tucked his trousers into his stocking legs, and began twisting himself into his rubber dress, Sanford helping him with the arms and neckpiece. Captain Joe, meanwhile, overhauled the plates and loosened the fastenings of the weighted shoes.

With the screwing on of Caleb's helmet and the tightening of his face-plate the crowd increased. The news of the coming diver had preceded the arrival of the yacht, and the trestle and shores were lined with people.

When Caleb, completely equipped, stepped on the top round of the ladder fastened to the yacht's side, the crowd climbed hurriedly over the wrecked cars to the stringers of the trestle, to get a better view of the huge man-fish with its distorted head and single eye, and its long antennæ of hose and life-line. Such a sight would be uncanny even when the blazing sun burnished the diver's polished helmet and the one eye of the face-plate glared ominously; but at night, under the wide sky, with only a single swinging lamp to illumine the gloomy shadows, the man-fish became a thing of dread, — a ghoulisn spectre who prowled over foul and loathsome things, and rose from the slime of deep bottoms only to breathe and sink again.

Caleb slowly descended the yacht's ladder, one iron-shod foot at a time, until the water reached his armpits. Then he swung himself clear, and the black, oily ooze closed over him.

Captain Joe leaned over the yacht's rail, the life-line wound about his wrist, his sensitive hand alert for the slightest nibble of the man-fish below; these nibbles are the unspoken words of the diver to his "tender" above. His life often depends on these being instantly understood and answered.

For the diver is more than amphibious; he is twice-bodied, — one man below, one man above, with two heads and four hands. The connecting links between these two bodies — these Siamese twins — are the life-line and signal-cord through which they speak to each other, and the air-hose carrying their life-breath.

As Caleb dropped out of sight the crew crowded to the yacht's rail, straining their eyes in the gloom. In the steady light of the lantern they could see the cord tighten and slacken, as the diver felt his way among the wreckage or sank to the bottom. They could follow, too, the circle of air-bubbles floating on the water above where he worked. No one spoke; no one moved. An almost deathly stillness prevailed. The only sounds were the wheezing of the air-pump turned by the sailor, and the swish of the life-line cutting through the water as the diver talked to his tender. With these were mingled the unheeded sounds of the night and of the sea, — the soft purring of the tall grasses moving gently to and fro in the night-wind, and the murmuring of the sluggish water stirred by the rising tide and gurgling along the yacht's side on its way to the stern.

"Has he found them yet, Captain Joe?" Sanford asked, after some moments, under his breath.

"Not yet, sir. He's been through one car, an' is now crawlin' through t'other. He says they're badly broke up. Run that air-hose overboard, sir; let it all go; he wants it all. Thank ye. He says the men are in their bunks at t'other end, if anywheres. That's it, sir."

There came a quick double jerk, answered by one long pull.

"More air, sir, — *more air!*" Captain Joe cried in a quick, rising voice. "So-o, that 'll do."

The crew looked on in astonishment. The talk of the man-fish was like the telephone talk of a denizen from another world.

Not a single tremor had been felt along the life-line for a quarter of an hour, nor had Captain Joe moved from his position on the rail. His eye was still on the circle of bubbles that rose and were lost in the current. Sanford grew uneasy.

"What's he doing now, captain?" he asked in an anxious voice.

"Don't know, sir; ain't heard from him in some time."

"Ask him."

"No, sir; better let him alone. He might be crawlin' through somewheres; might tangle him up if I moved the line. He's got to feel his way, sir. It's black as mud down there. If the men warn't in the caboose, he would n't never find 'em at night."

A quick jerk from under the surface now sent the life-line swishing through the water, followed by a series of rapid pulls, — strong seesaw pulls, as if some great fish were struggling with the line.

"He's got one of 'em, sir," said the captain, with sudden animation. "Says that's all. He's been through two cars an' felt along every inch o' the way. If there's another, he's got washed out o' the door."

As he spoke, the air-hose slackened and the life-line began to sag.

Captain Joe turned quickly to Sanford. "Pull in that hose, Mr. Sanford," hauling in the slack of the life-line himself. "He's a-comin' up; he'll bring him with him."

These varied movements on the yacht stirred the overhanging crowd into action. They hoped the diver was coming up; they hoped, too, he would bring

the dead man. His appearing with his awful burden would be less terrible than not knowing what the man-fish was doing. The crew of the yacht crowded still closer to the rail; this fishing at night for the dead had a fascination they could not resist. Some of them even mounted the ratlines, and others ran aft to see the diver rise from the deep sea.

In a moment more the black water heaved in widening circles, and Caleb's head and shoulders were thrust up within an oar's length of the yacht.

The light of the lantern fell upon his wet helmet and extended arm.

The hand clutched a man's boot. Attached to the boot were a pair of blue overalls and a jacket. The head of the drowned man hung down in the water. The face was hidden.

Captain Joe leaned forward, lowered the lantern that Caleb might see the ladder, reeled in the life-line hand over hand, and dragged the diver and his burden nearer.

Caleb placed his foot on the ladder and drew himself up until his waist was clear of the water. Captain Joe dropped the life-line, now that Caleb was safe, called for a boat-hook, and, reaching down, held the foot close to the yacht's side; then a sailor threw a noose of marline twine around the boot. The body was now safe from the treacherous tide.

Caleb raised himself slowly until his helmet was just above the level of the deck. Captain Joe removed the lead plates from his breast and back, unscrewed his glass face-plate, letting out his big beard, and letting in the cool night-air.

"Any more down there?" he cried, his mouth close to Caleb's face as he spoke.

Caleb shook his head inside the copper helmet. "No; don't think so, Cap'n Joe. Guess ye thought I was a-goin' to stay all night, did n't ye? I had ter crawl through two cars 'fore I

got him; when I found him he was under a tool-chest. One o' them lower cars, I see, has got its end stove out."

"Jes' 's I told ye, Mr. Sanford," said Captain Joe in a positive tone; "t'other body went out with the tide."

The yacht, with the dead man on board, steamed across the narrow channel, reversed her screw, and touched the fender spiles of her wharf as gently as one would tap an egg. Sanford, who after the body was found had gone ahead in the small boat in search of the section boss, was waiting on the wharf for the arrival of the yacht.

"There 's more trouble, Captain Joe," he said. "There 's a man here that the scow saved from the wreck. Mr. Smearly thought he would pull through, but the doctor who 's with him says he can't live an hour. His spine is injured. Major Slocomb and Mr. Smearly are now in Stonington in search of a surgeon. The section boss tells me his name is Williams, and that he works in the machine shops. Better look at him and see if you know him."

Captain Joe and Caleb walked toward the scow. She was moored close to the grassy slope of the shore. On her deck stood half a dozen men, the injured man lying in the centre. Beside the sufferer, seated on one of Mrs. Leroy's piazza chairs, was the village doctor; his hand was on the patient's pulse. One of Mrs. Leroy's maids knelt at the wounded man's feet, wringing out cloths that had been dipped in buckets of boiling water brought by the men servants. Mrs. Leroy and her guests were on the lawn waiting for news from the wounded man. Over by the stable swinging lights could be seen glimmering here and there, as if men were hurrying. There were lights, too, on the lawn and on the scow's deck; one hung back of the sufferer's head, where it could not shine on his eyes.

The wounded man, who had been stripped of his wet clothes, lay on a

clean mattress. Over him was thrown a soft white blanket. His head was propped up on a pillow taken from one of Mrs. Leroy's beds. She had begged to have him moved to the house, but the doctor would not consent until the surgeon arrived. So he kept him out in the warm night-air, lying face up under the stars.

Dying and dead men were no new sight to Captain Joe and Caleb. The captain had sat by too many wounded men, knocked breathless by falling derricks, and seen their life-blood ooze away, and Caleb had dragged too many sailors from sunken cabins. This accident was not serious; only three killed and one wounded out of twenty. In the morning their home people would come and take them away, — in cloth-covered boxes or in plain pine. That was all.

Captain Joe walked toward the sufferer, nodded to the Medford doctor sitting beside him, picked up the lantern which hung behind the man's head, and turned the light full on the pale face. Caleb stood at one side talking with the captain of the scow.

"All broke up, ain't he?" said Captain Joe, as he turned to the doctor. "He ain't no dago. Looks to me like one o' them young fellers what 's" — He stopped abruptly. Something about the face attracted him.

Then he dropped on one knee beside the bed, pushed back the matted hair from the man's forehead, and examined the skin carefully.

For some moments he remained silent, scanning every line in the face. Then he rose to his feet, folded his arms across his chest, his eyes still fastened on the sufferer, and said slowly and thoughtfully to himself, "Well, I 'm damned!"

The doctor bent his head in expectation, eager to hear the captain's next words, but the captain was too absorbed to notice the gesture. For some minutes he continued looking at the dying man.

"Come here, Caleb!" he called, beckoning to the diver. "Hold the lantern close. Who's that?" His voice sank almost to a whisper. "Look in his face."

"I don't know, cap'n; I never see him afore."

At the sound of the voices the head on the pillow turned, and the man half opened his eyes and groaned heavily. He was evidently in great pain, — too great for the opiates wholly to deaden.

"Look agin, Caleb; see that scar on his cheek; that's where the Screamer hit 'im. It's Bill Lacey."

Caleb caught up the lantern as Captain Joe had done, and turned the light full on the dying man's face. Slowly and carefully he examined its every feature, — the broad forehead, deep-sunk eyes, short curly hair about the temples, and the mustache and close-trimmed beard which had been worn as a disguise, no doubt, along with his new name of Williams. In the same searching way his eye passed over the broad shoulders and slender, supple body outlined under the clinging blanket, and so on down to the small, well-shaped feet that the kneeling maid was warming.

"It's him," he said quietly, stepping back to the mast, and folding his arms behind his back, while his eyes were fixed on the drawn face.

During this exhaustive search Captain Joe followed every expression that swept over the diver's face. How would the death of this man affect Betty?

He picked up an empty nail-keg and crossing the deck with it sat down again beside the mattress, his hands on his knees, watching the sufferer. As he looked at the twitching muscles of the face and the fading color, the bitterness cherished for months against this man faded away. He saw only the punishment that had come, its swiftness and its sureness. Then another face came before him, — a smaller one, with large and pleading eyes.

"Ain't no chance for him, I s'pose?" he said to the doctor in a low tone.

The only answer was an ominous shake of the head and a significant rubbing of the edge of the doctor's hand across the waist-line of the captain's back. Captain Joe nodded his head; he knew, — the spine was broken.

The passing of a spirit is a sacred and momentous thing, an impressive spectacle even to rough men who have seen it so often.

One by one the watchers on the scow withdrew. Captain Joe and the doctor remained beside the bed; Caleb stood a few feet away, leaning against the mast, the full glow of the lantern shedding a warm light over his big frame and throwing his face into shadow. What wild, turbulent thoughts surged through his brain no one knew but himself. Beads of sweat had trickled down his face, and he loosened his collar to breathe the better.

Presently the captain sank on his knee again beside the mattress. His face had the firm, determined expression of one whose mind has been made up on some line of action that has engrossed his thoughts. He put his mouth close to the dying man's ear.

"It's me, Billy, — Cap'n Joe. Do ye know me?"

The eyes opened slowly and fastened themselves for an instant upon the captain's face. A dull gleam of recognition stirred in their glassy depths; then the lids closed wearily. The glimpse of Lacey's mind was but momentary, yet to the captain it was unmistakable. The brain was still alert.

With a sigh of relief he leaned back and beckoned to Caleb.

"Come over 'ere," he said in a low whisper, "an' git down close to 'im. He ain't got long ter live. Don't think o' what he done to you, — git that out o' yer head; think o' where he's a-goin'. Don't let him go with that on yer mind; it ain't decent, an' it'll haunt ye. Git down close to 'im, an'

tell 'im ye ain't got nothin' agin 'im; do it for me. Ye won't never regret it, Caleb."

The diver knelt in a passive, listless way, as one drops in a church to the sound of an altar-bell. The flame of the lantern fell on his face and shaggy beard, lighting up the earnest, thoughtful eyes and tightly pressed lips.

"Pull yerself together, Billy, — jes' once, fur me," said Captain Joe in a half-coaxing voice. "It's Caleb bendin' over ye; he wants to tell ye something."

The sunken, shriveled lids parted quickly, and the eyes rested for a moment on the diver's face. The lips moved, as if the man were about to speak. But no words came. Over the cheeks and nose there passed a convulsive twitching, the neck stiffened, the head straightened back upon the pillow. Then the jaw fell.

"He's dead," said the doctor, laying his hand over Lacey's heart.

Captain Joe drew the blanket over the dead face, rose from his knees, and, with his arm in Caleb's, left the scow and walked slowly toward the yacht. The doctor gathered up his remedies, gave some directions to the watchman, and joined Mrs. Leroy and the ladies on the lawn.

Only the watchman on the scow was left, and the silent stars, — stern, unflinching, terrible, like the eyes of many judges.

Caleb and Captain Joe sat on the yacht's deck, on their way back to Keyport. The air-pump had been lifted into its case, and the dress and equipment had been made ready to be put ashore at the paraphernalia dock.

The moon had risen, flooding the yacht with white light and striping the deck with the clear-cut, black shadows of the stanchions. On the starboard bow burned Keyport Light, and beyond flashed Little Gull, a tiny star on the far-off horizon.

Caleb leaned back on a settee, his eyes fixed on the glistening sea. He had not spoken a word since his eyes rested on Lacey's face.

"Caleb," said Captain Joe, laying his hand on the diver's knee, "mebbe ye don't feel right to me fur sayin' what I did, but I did n't want ye to let 'im go an' not tell 'im ye had n't no hatred in yer heart toward 'im. It'd come back to plague ye, and ye've had sufferin' enough already 'long o' him. He won't worry you nor her no more. He's lived a mean, stinkin' life, an' he's died 's I allus knowed he would, — with nobody's hand ter help 'im. Caleb," — he paused for an instant and looked into the diver's face, — "you 'n' me 's knowed each other by an' large a many a year; ye know what I want ye to do; ye know what hurts me, an' has ever sence the child come back. He's out o' yer hands now. God's punished him. Be good to yerself an' to her, an' forgive her. Take Betty back."

The old man turned, and slipped his hand over Captain Joe's, — a hard, horny hand, with a heart-throb in every finger-tip.

"Cap'n Joe, I know how ye feel. There ain't nothin' between us; but yer wrong about him. As I stood over him to-night I fit it all out with myself. If he'd 'a' lived long 'nough I'd 'a' told him, jes' 's ye wanted me to. But yer ain't never had this thing right; I ain't a-blamin' him, an' I ain't a-blamin' her."

"Then take 'er home, an' quit this foolish life ye're leadin', an' her heart a-breakin' every day for love o' ye. Ain't ye lonely 'nough without her? God knows she is without you."

Caleb slowly withdrew his hand from Captain Joe's and put his arms behind his head, making a rest of his interlocked fingers.

"When ye say she's a-breakin' her heart for me, Cap'n Joe, ye don't know it all." His eyes looked up at the sky

as he spoke. "'Tain't that I ain't willin' to take 'er back. I allus wanted to help her, an' I allus wanted to take care of her, — not to have her take care o' me. I made up my mind this mornin', when I see how folks was a-treatin' 'er, to ask 'er to come home. If I'd treat 'er right, they'd treat 'er right; I know it. But I warn't the man for her, an' she don't love me now no more 'n she did. That 's what hurts me an' makes me afraid. Now I'll tell ye why I know she don't love me, tell ye something ye don't know at all," — he turned his head as he spoke, and looked the captain full in the eyes, his voice shaking; "an' when I tell ye, I want to say I ain't a-blamin' 'em." The words that followed came like the slow ticking of a clock or the measured dropping of water. "He 's — been — a-writin' — to 'er — ever sence — she left 'im. Bert Simmons — showed me the letters."

"Ye found that out, did ye?" said Captain Joe, a sudden angry tremor in his voice. "Ye 're right; he has! Been a-writin' to her ever sence she left 'im, — sometimes once a month, sometimes once a week, an' lately about every day."

Caleb raised his head. This last was news to him.

"And that ain't all. Every one o' them letters she 's brought to me, jes' 's fast as she got 'em, an' I locked 'em in my sea-chest, an' they 're there now. An' there 's more to it yet. *There ain't nary seal broke on any one of 'em.* Whoever 's been a-lyin' to ye, Caleb, ain't told ye one half o' what he ought to know."

Captain Joe swung back his garden

gate and walked quickly up the plank walk, his big, burly body swaying as he moved. The house was dark, except for a light in the kitchen window, and another in Betty's room. He saw Aunty Bell in a chair by the table, but he hurried by, on his way upstairs, without a word. When Caleb, who had followed him with slow and measured steps, reached the porch, Aunty Bell had left her seat and was standing on the mat.

"Why, Caleb, be ye comin' in, too?" she said. "I'll git supper for both o' ye. Guess ye 're tuckered out."

"I don't want no supper," he answered gravely, without looking at her. "I'll go into the settin'-room an' wait, if ye'll let me."

She opened the door silently for him, wondering if he was in one of his moods. The only light in the room came from the street-lamp, stenciling the vines on the drawn shades.

"I'll fetch a light for ye, Caleb," she said quietly, and turned toward the kitchen. In the hall she paused, her knees shaking, a prayer in her heart. Captain Joe and Betty were coming down the stairs, Betty's face hidden on his shoulder, her trembling fingers clinging to his coat.

"Ain't nothin' to scare ye, child," the captain said, patting the girl's cheek as he stopped at the threshold. "It 's all right. He 's in there waitin'," and he closed the door upon them.

Then he walked straight toward Aunty Bell, two big tears rolling down his cheeks, and, laying his hand upon her shoulder, said, "Caleb 's got his lights trimmed, an' Betty 's found harbor. The little gal 's home."

F. Hopkinson Smith.

(The end.)

PITY.

*ALONG the dawn the little star went singing,
 Low-poised and clear to see,
 Shaking the light, like drops of May-dew, clinging
 Her bright locks mistily.
 Like any snowflake faded in the winging,
 Her voice fell white to me.*

“O winds of Earth, that sorrow as ye fly
 And take no rest,
 Why go ye ever seeking, with that cry,
 Some ruined nest?”

“Why weep, my world? Ah, strange and sad thou art,
 Thou far-off one,
 The saddest wanderer that hath warmed her heart
 At yonder sun.

“And I would give thee comfort if I might,
 That know not how;
 Haply I see not far, for all the light
 About my brow.

“But who shall be thy sister, sorrowing?
 Ah me! Not I
 That wander in a bond of joy and sing,
 And know not why, —

“Along the dawn, across unfathomed deep,
 Unspent, unbowed,
 Through shallows of the moonlight thin as sleep,
 Through fields of cloud.

“Poor world, thou aged world, I only know
 That I am led
 A songful journey: art not thou? Nay, so,
 Be comforted.”

*Along the dawn the little star went, winging
 Glad ways across the wild,
 Shaking the light that clung to her, enringing, —
 An unremembering child.
 Wide arms of morning gathered her, still singing:
 And the Earth saw, and smiled.*

Josephine Preston Peabody.

BACCHYLIDES AND HIS NATIVE ISLE.

As long as men shall prize the things of the mind, pilgrim feet will turn fondly to the shrines of song. From Concord to Colonus, and from Lesbos back again to Weimar and Windermere, every haunt of the Muses, however long forsaken, is always holy ground. For an old nest may break forth into singing anew; and this miracle has even now befallen. Across the silence of uncounted centuries trills out again the liquid note of "the honey-tongued nightingale of Keos," and that "vine-clad isle" springs once more into the foreground of men's imagination.

The return of Bacchylides, not now in time-worn tatters, but in his singing-robes unsoiled, brings back with peculiar vividness a pilgrimage I made to Keos five years ago, and one I would fain live over again in the resurgent poet's company. Possibly, some, who can never make the pilgrimage in fact, may like to go with me in fancy to look at the poet's isle as it is to-day, to recall the great features of its past, and to meet the old singer himself in the atmosphere which first quivered with his songs. We shall find him in illustrious society, for the fame of Keos was not bound up in a single voice. After Athens, no soil was richer than hers in the harvest of Hellenic genius. For an isolated rock, barely five-and-twenty miles in circuit, Keos bore no common crop. Her tiny territory was quartered by four cities, each with its own laws and treaties, its own mint, and, we may almost say, its own religion; and a single one of those cities gave to the great age of Greece four of its great names,—one of them among the very greatest. Before Bacchylides and beyond him in fame was his mother's brother, Simonides, the laureate of Hellas in her victorious conflict with the East; and both were sons of Ioulis, as were

Prodikos, the teacher of Socrates, and that great master of ancient medicine, Erasistratos.

Yet to-day the little isle is left to its past, cut off from the world of modern men. Not absolutely; for there is a faint hebdomadal circulation. Five days out of every seven the circuit is broken, but on Wednesdays the Piræus steamer calls there on its way to Syra, as it does again on its return, twenty-four hours later. Hence, if he would not retire from the world for eight days, or some multiple thereof, the pilgrim must do Keos between noon and noon, which is short shrift for an old Hellenic tetrapolis. Such were perforce the narrow limits of my own pilgrimage, and I should hesitate to write the meagre record of it if the actual pilgrimage were all. But for four years Keos had been pretty constantly in my mind's eye, and I had sought out every scrap of literature, ancient or modern, that bore upon it; more than that, the island itself, with its solitary town perched like an eyrie at the summit, had become familiar to my eyes from every point of view, as I sailed among the Cyclades or gazed upon it day by day from my summer home on Andros. Thus, when I did set foot upon Keos I was already at home there, and twenty-four hours sufficed to steep with local color my accumulated Keian lore.

It was high noon of a perfect June day when we dropped anchor at Koressia, which is the port of Ioulis, and were rowed ashore; for this spacious landlocked harbor is as innocent of a pier as it was when Nestor put in here on his return from Troy. Of the harbor town which flourished here in Bacchylides' time, but had been absorbed by Ioulis long before Strabo came in the first century B. C. to take notes for his geography, there are but slight remains;

and its modern successor is limited to half a dozen summer cottages in one bend of the bay, and as many mean warehouses and cafés in another. It is a grateful solitude in which the Past asserts itself; and one is free to try his mind on the wealth of matter which the ancient geographer has packed into half a dozen sentences. Strabo himself is primarily concerned with the lay of the land, the four towns, the quartette of great names hailing from Ioulis, and the unique hemlock habit, to all of which we shall attend in good time; but on this spot and in the mood of the moment it is a fact postponed by him that most appeals to me. The unique landmark of Koressia was a temple of Apollo Smintheus, whose pestilent arrows are forever raining on us as we open the *Iliad*. We know not how the Mouse-god came to Keos, unless old Nestor carried him away captive from the flames of Troy. Anyway, the Gerenian knight did build here a shrine to his own Athene, — possibly that she might watch the exiled Sminthian and keep him out of mischief.

Like most of these "isles of Greece," Keos is simply a mountain rock springing from the sea, with now and then a bit of level border to offer foothold. About Koressia this border may be half a mile wide at the mouth of the Elixos, which has cut itself a deep channel from the top of the island. On the right of the gorge thus formed our road winds aloft, — a road "made with hands." Broad, paved, wall-guarded on the side of the precipice, it was built some fifty years ago by a Keian engineer, and is the pride of the Keian community. Far beneath the Elixos tumbles in its winding way, — like the Helisson and the Ilissos it seems to have got its name from its sinuous course, — and leads with it a band of greenery that charms the eye. Halfway up we come upon a marble fountain beset with spouting dolphins, and, hard by, a little marble belvedere, — an octagon with five door and window ways

framing glorious views of the glen and harbor to the west, the Myrtoan main to the north, and the town above. These are public benefactions of a good burgo-master, who has gone on — "in the prime of life and fortune," as he says in the inscription — to build himself a marble tomb on the same sightly terrace. So far as I know, the tomb is still waiting for its tenant; but the demarch must be fond of traveling this road, and reflecting how handy the water will come by and by.

As our cavalcade sets forth again, we have above us the town, looking like a flock of seagulls lit on a beetling cliff, and the long line of whirling windmills in the still higher distance; and just without the gates we halt at another fountain, neighbored by a spreading plane-tree. It is rather more archaic, and the stone pavement before it is relieved by a basis of old gold Pentelic, inscribed, "The people [have erected this statue of] Livia wife of the Emperor Caesar." Thus, what time our new era was dawning on the world, the poor Keians were paying court on this spot to the imperial consort of Augustus; and the marble record of the fact now does duty as a paving-stone!

The wide road, here cut down in the sheer cliff, leads across the saddle of the two-hilled city, now and then dodging round a corner and threatening to run into people's houses. For here, as in Naxos and Tenos, the houses often straddle the street, and the street becomes an arcade. Making our way through the labyrinth, we dismount at a café whose back balcony looks down upon a deep gorge, — the fellow of that by which we had entered, — while over against us on the southeast rises to a height of some two thousand feet the real apex of the island, now named for the Prophet Elias.

While a lamb is roasting for our luncheon, we follow the same great road a half mile or so around the head of the defile to the Lion, still couchant on the steep over against Ioulis on the east, as

he may have been when Simonides was singing here, — some would even say, when Nestor put in here. There are lions and lions, but the Lion of Ioulis is the Lion of Hellas. The lions on guard above the gate of Mycenæ may be older, but they have lost their heads, and therefore with their main majesty. The lion sentinel over Leonidas' grave at Thermopylæ disappeared ages ago, though we still possess the inscription written for it by Simonides: —

"Of beasts the bravest I, of mortals he,
Upon this mound of stone now watched by
me."

The Lion of Chæroneia commemorates a great and definite event, but he has been broken to pieces. Better luck has attended the Lion of Keos. Couched here on his flank in the living rock, with reverted head, twenty-eight feet from tip to tail, every feature perfect, full of life and majesty, it is hard to think of him as a mere image made with hands. He looks rather as if in some prehistoric age — the colossus of his kind — he might have lain down here alive, and turned to stone, possibly after clearing the island of its first occupants. For there is a myth handed down to us by an old writer that Keos was originally inhabited by the nymphs, until they were scared away by a lion and fled to Karystos, leaving to the "jumping-off place" the name of Lion Point. At all events, the monument and the myth make a perfect fit: our lion is the very beast to strike terror into nymphs or any other unwelcome neighbors. He lies just under the great road, with the mountain rising terrace on terrace above, and sloping down to the gorge below. The terrace patches yield a scant growth of barley, and the sheaves, already gathered under the Lion's nose, afford good sitting for the rest of us, while Dr. Quinn takes a camera-shot at the Lion, and catches a panorama of the Castle Hill and the town, with the whirling windmills on the lofty ridge beyond.

The identification of the present town of Keos — bearing, as usual in the Cyclades, the island name — with the ancient Ioulis is placed beyond a doubt by Strabo's precise topography. "The city," he says, "is pitched upon a mountain some five-and-twenty stadia from the sea, and its seaport is the place where Koressia once stood, though that town has ceased to be even a village settlement. . . . And near Koressia is the river Elixos." Mountain site, stream, distance, seaport, all answer to a dot; and yet, as we shall see, old Tournefort (*circa* 1700) had removed Ioulis to Karthaia, and Karthaia to Ioulis. As Strabo found the four towns merged in two, we find to-day substantially the entire island population packed in one; yet the greater Ioulis counts less than five thousand souls. They have the repute of manly mountaineers, inclined to soldiering and seafaring, and zealous of good works as a community: witness their fine roads and bridges and frequent fountains.

Nor is public spirit any new thing under the Keian sun. In the Holy Struggle for liberty (1821–28) the men of Keos bore a leading and constant part, thus emulating the example of a greater age. For in the Persian wars, when most of her island neighbors gave earth and water to the Mede, Keos stood stoutly for the good cause from first to last; and her name may still be read on the glorious muster roll of Salamis and Plataea that was set up at Delphi four-and-twenty centuries ago, and which now, by the irony of fate, adorns the Sultan's public square. Time has spared one jewel, three words long, of Simonides, which finds its proper setting in all we know of Keian history: *πόλις ἄνδρα διδάσκει* (the state moulds the man). Keos was a school of that larger patriotism which found an organ voice in Simonides, while Pindar was dumb for very shame of his faithless "Mother Thebes." It was the good fortune of Simonides to be bred in this mountain air of the sea, aloof from

the provincial feuds that kept the mainland in ferment, and in a society famed for that perfect poise which the old Greeks styled *sophrosyne*.

Physically, it was a rare climate. The fig-trees bore thrice a year, Theophrastus says, and the honey rivaled that of Hy-mettus and Hyblæa. The silkworm flourished, and it was a Keian dame (Pamphile, Latoös' daughter) who first turned its labor to account by weaving those diaphanous webs which later found their way to Rome, and gave Lucretius a handle against his degenerate countrywomen. Morally, the air was pure. Young men and maidens refrained from wine, and of courtesan and flute-girl the island was innocent. This physical and moral wholesomeness, strange to say, had its drawback: it induced excessive longevity and consequent over-population. With the economic question thus raised Keos dealt in an original way, for which, I think, Malthus never gave her credit. Where other Greek states relieved their congestion by the colonial route, Keos chose what we may call the hemlock route.

The Keian hemlock was a very drastic article, and the draught it brewed (as Theophrastus tells us) was one "of swift and easy release." In the exercise of their distinctive virtue, the aged Keians numbered their own days, and, before infirmity and dotage overtook them, sought this euthanasia; and Menander, whose plays the sands of Egypt are now giving up piecemeal along with the lyrics of Bacchylides, applauded the practice: "Noble the Keian fashion, Phantias;

Who cannot nobly live spurns life ignoble."

They bade their friends as to a festival, and, with garlands on their brows, pledged them in the deadly cup. If Theramenes was (as Plutarch avers) a Keian, his dying pleasantry in pledging "dear Kritias" in the hemlock draught was as homely as it was grim.

The facts are certified by writers as early as the fourth century, who speak

of the hemlock habit as already in the established order of things; and one historical instance of this blessed "taking off" is recorded by a Roman eye-witness, Valerius Maximus, who visited Keos in the suite of Pompey on his way to Asia. Here at Ioulis, a noble dame of ninety winters, but of sound mind and body, was setting forth on this free-will journey, and nothing loath to have her departure dignified by Pompey's presence. Unlike a Roman he would have detained her, but she would not stay; and, having deliberately set her house in order, she drained the mortal draught and expired with circumstance, as Socrates before her, while the Romans looked on awestruck and bathed in tears.

Thus the Ionian stock of Keos had a Doric strain, — a sort of iron in the blood, — which we feel in the monumental lines of Simonides, "calm, simple, terse, strong as the deeds they celebrate, enduring as the brass or stone which they adorned." Still, in the grain it was Ionian, in cult Apolline. It was Apollo, not in his malign Sminthian manifestation, but in the person of his benign son Aristæus, who was the fountain-head of Keian culture; and where Apollo moves the Muses follow.

It was this unique blend that made Keos at once a theatre of strenuous action, a school of high thinking, and a nest of song. And it was in song that Keos won enduring fame. When Æschylus was born at Eleusis, and Pindar at Thebes, this isle was already ringing with the chorals of Simonides. Up to thirty the man and his Muse were home-bred; but even then his fame had gone abroad in Greece. Athens, ever quick to hear a great voice, wooed him; and to their brilliant court the Pisistratids welcomed him with open arms. There he met Anacreon, and loved him well, as he mourned him melodiously at last. There he must have witnessed the early plays of Thespis; and, above all, he watched from its very cradle the growth

of the generation that was to make its mark at Marathon and Salamis. He saw the overthrow of the tyrants whose praises he had sung, and the rise of the Athenian democracy whose laureate he became. Withal the Keian was broadening into the Hellene, as in the society of Thessalian princes and in the courtly circles of Syracuse — where his last days were passed with such comrades as *Æschylus* and *Pindar* — he was to attain his full stature as an all-round man of the world. Courtier and diplomat; in the largest sense a patriot, but no puritan; illustrious at thirty, and still winning Athenian choral crowns at eighty; at ninety going down to the grave with princely pomp, and leaving behind a fame that “filled antiquity as rich wine fills a golden urn,” few singers have been happier in their day and lot. A modern parallel has been sought in *Voltaire*; but for a truer heredity of genius, partial though it be, we need only look to our own *Lowell*. Wide as was *Simonides*’ range, we have but scant salvage of a precious freight, and that chiefly in one kind. All things considered, it is the kind we would have chosen, for in these forty odd epigrams all the glory of Greece in its most glorious age finds fit utterance. From the day that Athens chose his elegy on the heroic dead of Marathon in preference to that of their own comrade *Æschylus*, *Simonides* was the “God-gifted organ voice” of Hellas: and this is perhaps his loftiest organ note: —

“Of those who at Thermopylae were slain,
Glorious the doom, and beautiful the lot:
Their tomb an altar; men from tears refrain
To honor them, and praise, but mourn them
not.

Such sepulchre nor drear decay
Nor all-destroying time shall waste; this
right have they.

Within their grave the home-bred glory
Of Greece was laid; this witness gives
Leonidas the Spartan, in whose story
A wreath of famous virtue ever lives.”¹

¹ The translation is *John Sterling*’s.

That goes beyond word-painting, — his own definition of poetry; and this is antique sculpture, majestic as the Lion of his native isle: —

“To those of Lacedæmon, stranger, tell
That as their laws commanded here we fell.”

Bacchylides was born too late to partake the glow of battle and the wine of victory; and, compared with his great kinsman, he must seem an idle singer of an empty day. Yet, in his minor key, what poet ever sang a sweeter note? One’s lyric standard need not make him prefer *Bacchylides* to *Pindar*, but even in the eagle’s presence the nightingale is not to be scorned. It is the shadow of greater names — the odious comparison — that has obscured the real worth of the younger Keian. Taking its cue from the author of the *De Sublimitate* (doubtless but half understood), modern criticism has made him out a mere echo of his uncle, — learned and painstaking, flawless and ornate, but languid and without any breath of divine inspiration. Yet if *Pindar* himself, in his eagle flights, deigned time and again to swoop down and peck at *Bacchylides*, his must have been a genius to be reckoned with by the highest; and even our fragments, footing up one hundred and seven lines all told, and the longest of them not a sonnet’s length, go far to justify the appeal which *Mahaffy* had already taken from the traditional judgment.

If *Simonides* was the master voice of his own strenuous day, the serener day that followed found a voice as true in *Bacchylides*. Witness the familiar *Pæan* of Peace, and that other genial fragment, where fancy, warmed by the wine-cup, builds castle above castle in the air, — of love and glory, of regal state and opulence and

“Laden ships with Egypt’s grain
Wafting o’er the glassy main.”

Conning these lines on his native isle, how little we dreamed that another ship from Egypt was about to fetch us a richer freight than the wheat-laden argosies he

sang,—even his own songs! More than once he had spoken well of Egypt, as in the flotsam line,

“Memphis unvisited by storm and reed-grown Nile;”

and Egypt has repaid him well in safeguarding for two thousand years a volume of his verse tenfold greater than all we had before, and in giving it up at a moment when the world is ripe as it never was before to test and treasure it.

And since this must be but an earnest of richer gifts to come, we may dwell for a moment on the manner of its coming. Antiquity had its own strange ways of handing down its wealth,—ways so strange that we recover our legacies only by robbing its tombs. The sepulchres of Mycenæ, furnished forth as dwellings for the dead, have at last told us the actual life-story of Homer’s idealized Achæians; while the tombs of Egypt are found to be the archives, sacred and secular, of uncounted generations. True, their illuminated texts do not much appeal to us; but it is to their funereal etiquette that we owe the recovery of our poet, and of many another precious scroll, notably the Athenian Constitution of Aristotle. The old Egyptian thought to while away eternity with his favorite authors, and so took with him to the long home not only his Book of the Dead, but a stock of light reading,—tales, love stories, and the like. When Egypt became a province of Alexander’s Greater Greece, and Alexandria the literary capital of the world, Greek books must have speedily asserted their supreme charm, and crowded the stiff old picture-writings to the wall. The Muses, indeed, in their captivity on the Nile, could not sing the old songs of Helicon and Castaly,—it is but for a moment we catch the pipe-notes of Theocritus above the stifling sands,—but all the harvest of Hellenic genius was garnered

there. Not alone in the vast library that flames were to devour, but in countless homes of affluence and culture, Hellenic and Hellenized, Greek letters found loving study. And, no doubt, following the time-honored fashion of the country, Hellenic and Hellenist alike would indulge the “ruling passion, strong in death.” Thus Flinders Petrie could have thought it nothing strange when he found the mummy of a young girl with a papyrus roll of the *Iliad* to pillow her head; and he may yet light upon some bookworm’s tomb with all its treasures intact.

Such a “bursting forth of genius from the dust” was looked for when the buried cities of Campagna came to light; and Wordsworth, musing by Rydal Mount, uttered this prophetic note:—

“O ye who patiently explore
The wreck of Herculanean lore,
What rapture! could ye seize
Some Theban fragment, or unroll
One precious tender-hearted scroll
Of pure Simonides.”

If “haughty Time” has failed as yet to grant the letter of the poet’s wish, the essence of it is taking shape in accomplished fact. Instead of a single scroll of the elder Keian, the younger is now restored to us in a full score of his sweetest songs. Some eighteen centuries ago there died at Luxor a man who loved Bacchylides so well that the poet must needs bear him company beyond the bourne.¹ That the dead man thumbed the precious volume in the tomb we cannot say; but it was in safe-keeping. Meantime, every copy above-ground would seem to have perished within the four centuries following. At least, for any trace we can get of Bacchylides beyond the hundred-odd lines that had lodged here and there, as other ancients quoted them to point a moral or adorn a tale, the poet had been lost

¹ Even such was Schliemann’s love for Homer; and when we buried him at Athens, seven years ago, it was with his precious poet on his breast. Had a papyrus text been chosen, who

knows but it might have turned up two thousand years hence, the sole copy of a long-lost Homer!

to the world for fourteen hundred years, until the tomb at Luxor gave up its treasure a year or so ago.

We may turn, then, from the tatters of the anthology to an *editio princeps*, on which the learning of Britain assisted by Germany has labored for a year, and which has but now reached these shores. Rash as it would be to pass judgment at sight, the first reading of these twenty poems, aggregating ten hundred and seventy lines, bears out our best prepossessions. If Bacchylides still misses the splendor of the poet militant, he sings with a clear, true note — at times in lofty strain — the mimic wars beside wide-whirling Alpheos and the springs of Castaly. Fitly enough, these new odes of victory begin at home. It is a Keian compatriot, Melas, returning crowned from Nemea, to whom the first two odes are dedicated; and the sixth and seventh celebrate another Keian, Lachon, who has won the stadion at Olympia. The first ode is of peculiar interest because it gives the setting and correction of a familiar fragment: "I declare, and will declare, that highest glory waits on worth, while wealth even with craven men doth dwell." For the elegant trifler the poet has been reputed, the ode is a noble tribute to virtue, — that strenuous virtue, which once won "leaves behind an imperishable crown of glory." The sixth ode, of sixteen short lines, has a delicious flavor. Lachon, crowned with the Olympian olive, has returned to "vine-clad, Keos," and this is his welcome home, — an offhand serenade ending thus: —

"And now song-queen Urania's hymn by grace of Victory doth honor thee, O wind-fleet son of Aristomenos, with songs before thy doors, for that thou hast won the course and brought good fame to Keos."

But these are minor strains, and may well mark the poet's homelier days. He is but preening his wings for flights yet to be tried with the Theban eagle. Of

the fourteen triumphal odes three celebrate events sung also by Pindar; and one of these — the fifth in Kenyon's arrangement — is a poem of two hundred lines, substantially intact, which may be fairly regarded as giving the best measure of the poet's powers. It is addressed to his royal patron, Hiero of Syracuse, on the same occasion that called out Pindar's First Olympian; and it opens with a challenge that may well have made the Theban wince. Bacchylides is an eagle, too, and he asserts the claim in a lyric flight that goes far to justify it: —

"With tawny pinions cleaving swift the azure deep on high, the eagle, wide-ruling and loud-crashing Zeus' herald, relying on his mighty strength, is bold, while shrill-toned birds crouch in affright. Him nor wide earth's mountain crests nor rugged billows of the unwearied deep restrain, but in the unmeasured Void with Zephyr's blasts apace he plies his delicate plumes, — a shining mark for men to see. Even so have I a boundless range all ways to hymn your worth, proud scions of Deinomenes,¹ by grace of Nike azure-tressed and Ares of the brazen front."

I had already ventured with some misgiving to speak of our poet as a nightingale; and it was not a little gratifying to find he had owned up to the soft impeachment in advance by speaking of himself as "the honey-tongued nightingale of Keos" (Ode iii. end). But this eagle claim, supported by an eagle flight, goes farther, and must give the critics much concern.

It could not be expected, and certainly it cannot be said, that this lyric elevation is sustained throughout this or any other ode. Indeed, we can only be glad that it is so rarely essayed. For the charm of Bacchylides is that of sweetness and light. From Pindar we turn to him, as we turn from Browning to Tennyson. *Ætna* in eruption is sublime, but an *Atic* dawn delights us more. If Bacchylides rarely soars, he is never lurid, he

¹ The royal house of Hiero.

never gives the sense of strain. He is as lucid as the noonday, his verse as crystal clear as the prose of Lysias. This quality it may well have been that won the heart of his Luxor votary, assuming that the latter was a barbarian whose Greek had come hard; and it is bound to make Bacchylides a reigning favorite, in school and out. Then he is never dull, never languid; and more than once we catch a fresh breeze that literature had missed, — notably in the precious seventeenth ode. There, young Theseus, challenged by that bloody old Turk of his day, Minos, leaps from the dark-prowed ship as it bears the tribute-youth to the Minotaur, and dolphins conduct him down to the deep-sea halls of Amphitrite, who robes and crowns him as the sea-god's true-born son; so that, returning in triumph to the ship, the hero confounds old Minos, and puts new heart into his hapless company. Of this charming pæan Lou's Dyer has well said that "there is not in all literature a lyric more saturated with the magic of the sea;" and indeed, the smell of the sea is on all the poet's works. How could it be otherwise with one who had forever ringing in his ears those two voices of the mountain and the sea, blending here of all places in that perfect unison as dear to song as it ever was to liberty!

Of all this, to be sure, the Lion gave no sign, — no more than the Sphinx, — as he crouched in his native rock and gazed over his shoulder on the eagle's nest of men above him. No voice broke the stillness of the ancient hillside stadium, where (as we now know) island athletes had trained for victories at Olympia and the Isthmus; nor did the deserted streets of the town even suggest an Olympian serenade. Still, as we ate our lamb and washed it down with good Keian wine, we had enough to think of; and more yet as we rode for three hours over the mountain whereon Aristæus had built his altar to Ikmaian Zeus, and which is now clothed to the crest with oak planta-

tions, at once the beauty and the wealth of Keos. The acorn crop, prized of all good tanners, yields more than half the total island revenue, and the abundant rich green foliage against the mountain background makes a charming blend of English and Alpine scenery. For the most part it is a solitary way, but as we approach Karthaia the solitude is broken. From a little glen far below our feet come up the bleat of lambs and notes of articulate-speaking men; it is a harvest group of men, women, and children reaping barley, and keeping time to the sickle with the song. What more pleasing scene or sounds could have signalized our sunset entry into the place where Simonides kept his chorus school four-and-twenty centuries ago?

Ioulis was a good place to be born in, as Plutarch avers; and perched aloft in the teeth of the north wind it doubtless offered good breeding for a laureate of storm and stress. But Karthaia is a poet's dream. Full on the southern sea opens a little vale, mountain-walled on the other three sides, and bisected nearly all its length by a ridge whose seaward extremity bears the ancient acropolis. Into this we enter by a gateway carved out of the living rock, to find ourselves in a litter of marble ruins eloquent of a great past. At its extreme point the acropolis spur rises twenty feet higher in a symmetrical oval block some two hundred feet in diameter, and still bearing traces of a vast building. Brøndsted believed it to be the *choregeion* of Simonides, and the poet could have found no more fitting spot. At its foot by the sea are the ruins of Apollo's temple, and a little to the west, under the acropolis wall, the theatre, with the lower rows still left to define the semicircle. There we have the essential features of the poet's place of business, if we may use the phrase; and that the business was a good one we have his own word in an epigram scoring six-and-fifty choral victories. There are famous old tales told of chor-

istry and temple, but we cannot stay to tell them over.

At sunset, in a stillness broken only by the gentle plashing of the sea and the tinkle of sheep-bells, Karthaia is indeed a poet's dream. Here, and at such an hour, Simonides may well have conceived that exquisite threnody whose pure pathos has hardly been approached in all the ages since. It is Danaë's lullaby to the babe Perseus, adrift with her in a tiny ark upon this very sea; and in Symonds' rendering we have its beauty and its pathos unimpaired:—

"When, in the carven chest,
The winds that blew and waves in wild unrest
Smote her with fear, she, not with cheeks unwet,
Her arms of love round Perseus set,
And said: O child, what grief is mine!
But thou dost slumber, and thy baby breast
Is sunk in rest,
Here in the cheerless brass-bound bark,
Tossed amid starless night and pitchy dark.
Nor dost thou heed the scudding brine
Of waves that wash above thy curls so deep,
Nor the shrill winds that sweep, —
Lapped in thy purple robe's embrace,
Fair little face!
But if this dread were dreadful too to thee,
Then wouldst thou lend thy listening ear to me;
Therefore I cry, Sleep, babe, and sea be still,
And slumber our unmeasured ill!
Oh, may some change of fate, sire Zeus,
from thee
Descend, our woes to end!
But if this prayer, too overbold, offend
Thy justice, yet be merciful to me!"

Indeed, it is a poem of place; for the choristry looks out over the very waters that bore the carven chest, and toward Seriphos, where the sea gave up its precious charge.

We are nowhere expressly told that the nephew succeeded the uncle as choir-master at Karthaia, though it is a fair inference from an epigram of his own as emended by Bergk, and would have been in the due order of things. In any case, we cannot doubt that he was himself trained here, and that he sang in

many a chorus, and so bore a part in earning not a few of the six-and-fifty victories which the elder poet gloried in. Hence we might well believe that it was in this serene air, on the morrow of some sweet festival, — after the stout struggle with the Mede was over, and Hellas was launched upon her great career, — that Bacchylides tuned his lyre to that exquisite Pæan of Peace or that deep-sea idyl of Theseus and Amphitrite.

But we linger too long about this ghost of a city; for in all its domain there is to-day but one visible tenant who pays a rent of fifty drachmæ a year, and keeps a donkey, five head of cattle, and as many black sheep, — all penned in a bit of pasture which covers the ancient theatre. There is, indeed, a tiny field-chapel with three or four huts up the vale to the west, which is watered by a little brook. That way we would have taken to visit the last of the Keian towns, Poiëssa, on our return; but our Keian escort would not budge an inch out of the beaten track, and we had to countermarch on Keos. It was near midnight when we sat down to dinner there, — in an upper room with an earthen floor; the ground-floor, as usual, being reserved for other livestock. We had not chosen our inn, — in fact, there is no such thing on the island, — but lodgings had been chosen for us in a household innocent of the hemlock habit. The grandmother with all her tribe — for the house was hers — had waited up for us, and a smoking dinner was at once served. It was not bad, and went far to put us in good humor again before we sought our bed. The bedroom floor was only beaten earth, and windows there were none; but we found a pair of slippers provided for each of us, and the bed was a luxury. On our midnight dinner we slept deliciously for four hours, and were off again at five for a second try at Poiëssa.

It was a new kind of day for Keos, as we rode straight up the steep street

to the southwest, and past the line of windmills whose vanes were fairly flying in the stiff west wind. To the old Keian Zephyr was the "fattening" wind, because it filled the corn in the ear, — a process which went on even after the reaping, as Theocritus well knew; and no doubt the merry reapers among the oaks by our roadside were alive to this philosophy. But at the moment the whirling windmills recalled Zephyr's function as winnower of the grain, — an office the ancient husbandman would requite with votive shrines. Indeed, the last word we hear of Bacchylides in the old anthology is on this text: —

"To Zephyr, fattest wind that fans the air,
Eademos dedicates this rustic fane,
Who instant, as he poured the votive prayer,
Came winnowing from its husk the golden grain."

All Greece still employs the open threshing-floor, with no "power" save the trampling hoof and the winnowing wind; but Keian husbandry offers a more quaint survival. Instead of storing the grain in bins aboveground the Keians bury it in spherical pits. On the island of Karpathos, it is said, these pits are dug in the form of narrow-necked jars and cemented, exactly as we find their prehistoric prototypes about the Pnyx at Athens. When the Western farmer "buries" his potatoes, he is in grand old company.

A two hours' ride brought us to the site of the fourth town of the old tetrapolis, only to find peasants reaping and cattle grazing where the ancient city-state had coined its money, and made its laws, and reared its temples. Poiëssa, like Karthaia, has reverted to nature, and of its old-time glory naught is left but the outlook on the Saronic Gulf and Sunium.

In twenty-four hours we had made the round of Keos and were on board again. As we watched the receding shore and the lonely harbor, once a city-

state, I found my mind dwelling on a document I had recently spelled out in a dusky crypt of the Museum at Athens. It was a battered marble slab, and it bore the text of a decree of the Senate and Demos of the Koressians granting to Athens the exclusive right to export the red ochre or vermilion of their mines. The decree, which some close-fisted Athenian might have written for them, not only grants this monopoly, but it fixes the duty and the freight-rates, and forbids the carriage in any but duly licensed vessels. This under stringent penalties, — the informer to take half the confiscated cargo; *if he be a slave* and the chattel of the illicit exporter, to get his freedom to boot. And the decree ends, as usual, by inviting the Athenian envoys to dinner at the Prytaneion on the morrow! Recorded with it is a decree of the same tenor by the Senate and Demos of Ioulis, and a fragment of a third by the Karthaïans.

The interest of the document is manifold. It attests the autonomy of the several Keian towns in making treaties as well as in coining money. It lights up Athens' way with the weak. In the sixth century Keos was a commercial power, as her abundant silver coinage on the Æginetan standard attests; under Athenian hegemony, the Attic standard, of course, comes in, and the Keian mints coin nothing but copper. In her vermilion — the best in the known world, as Theophrastus tells us — the island had one unique resource, indispensable to every architect and artist. Athens could afford the potter's clay, but not his colors; the pure Pêntelic, but not the skyey tints to light it up. If she were to enjoy a monopoly in art, she must mount guard over the ochre veins of Keos. The treaties still extant date only from the middle of the fourth century, but they are simply renewals of earlier ones; the monopoly may have been in force when Pheidias' painters were laying their brilliant colors on the marbles of the Par-

thenon, if not when Polygnotos was frescoing the Stoa Poikile.

The vermilion mines are worked out; and, commercially, Keos now concerns the tanner, not the artist. But, with her poet son rising in his singing-robcs again,

we may ask with the old Athenian player ἐν Κέω τίς ἡμέρα; (What day on Keos?)

Whatever Krates meant by the rub, it is a good day for Keos and a good day for the world that sees this old song-centre recovering its voice.

J. Irving Manatt.

TO THE DELIGHT OF THE MANDARIN.

"TELL me, dear, when shall it be?"

"In the spring."

"Spring? That is a very indefinite time. My spring, for instance, begins in March. Shall we set it for the first of March? Or why not advance our spring this year, be a law unto ourselves, and begin our spring with the new year?"

"Oh no! People pay bills and settle obligations on that date; don't let us mix ourselves up so early in those matters. Not till May."

"May! Why, that is midsummer, not spring."

"You don't remember that last year, when we decided to go into the country on the first of May, you exclaimed, 'The first of May! Why, that is midwinter!'"

"Circumstances alter seasons, says the old proverb. You promise, then, that it shall be in January?"

"No, in May; May or nothing, you bad boy."

"As *you* will, and as *I* must. March is not a bad month."

"I said May."

"April?"

"Not March, not April, but May."

"Thank you, dear, for so much," said he, kissing her hand. He had been playing with her rings as he had stood pleading with her for an earlier date. It had begun with his trying to measure her finger for a plain band; afterwards he had slipped her rings on and off the smooth fingers.

She had said May or never, and he

acquiesced reluctantly. He kissed her hand as a tribute to her power as arbiter of his destinies; then he drew her to him, placing the seal of his love on hair, eyes, and mouth.

And so the date was settled.

"I suppose we are to accept the dinner invitation at cousin Fanny's to-morrow, and the other one from the Glenharts for Friday?"

"Yes, I suppose so. It is nice of them, and we must be victimized a little for society's sake."

"Yes, and in turn next year we shall be doing our duty to other young engaged folk, who will accept as 'victims;' shall we not, Mrs." —

"Sh-h-h! Not till May, you know," said she, putting her hand lightly before his face; and he did tender homage to it again.

"Good-night, and God keep you," and Tom Lane went out into the night, with a heart that thumped out an ecstatic rhythm for his feet; and Laura Bracebridge sat down by the fire to spin long thoughts which reached from this moment to the altar, and beyond into misty, indefinite probabilities, dotted here and there with realities. She met dressmakers early on the way to the altar, and then bridesmaids, and then the church, and flowers, and friends, and the wedding march; and she saw a bride walking up the aisle. Then the vision became more diffused — was it Europe, or California, or where? And then —

She had for some time been slipping her rings up and down her fingers, till gradually they noted some deficiency, and telegraphed it to her brain. She looked at her hand in an abstracted way; half of her mind was still projecting itself into that long future. As her thoughts came back into the present, a pucker gathered between her eyebrows. She looked puzzled. She held her hand stretched out before her, gazing at it in an uncomprehending way; then she glanced at the other hand, and held the two spread out before her. Where was her emerald ring?

She certainly had had it on that evening. Had she been upstairs and taken it off while she had washed her hands? No; she felt sure she had not been up since dinner. Had she dropped it in her lap? She rose and brushed out her dress. The smooth black silk whished under the down-strokes of her hand: the ring was not there. It must have dropped on the rug: she scanned that all over, to its utmost limit; then she rose and rippled a wave across it. The ring did not glisten on its black surface; but the fur was deep, — it may have found its way down into the very depths. She lifted the end of the rug, and held it high over her head and shook it. The pungent odor of the warm fur stifled her, but the ring did not drop out; it was not there. Neither was it on the carpet: she searched carefully from the fireplace to the window where Tom and she had stood while she held out for May against his pleadings. He had then been playing with her rings, she remembered. It *must* be somewhere. All over the room she searched carefully. Could it have dropped into the fire? No; she was sure it could not by any possibility have done so. She had sat down by it only after Tom had left, and the stool she had sat on was fully five feet from the fire. How different the fire looked now to her! It seemed to glow so cruelly; as if it could, given a chance, devour her

emerald, — yes, even her engagement ring; but that was still on her finger, — the emerald was gone.

She could not believe it; she again mentally reviewed all that she had done that evening, and brought up at the same place: the ring was gone. She had not been upstairs; she had not dropped it in her lap nor on the rug; she had not dropped it anywhere. Why! *Tom had taken it, of course, as a foolish joke!* But how unlike him! Whimsical he certainly was in his imagination, but a practical joke, — it was n't in him! And what a stupid, vulgar joke! Her face was scornful at the very idea. She would write to him at once — no, she would not write, nor speak of it. She would not lend herself to be a part of so tasteless and trivial a joke. She would say nothing to him about it; let him have the ignominy of explaining it to her and returning the ring.

But had he taken it? Impossible! — and the search began again, from fire to rug, and then to window. She shook the curtains and felt along the window ledge. There was no ring there. She called the maid, and told her to search every corner of the room for the ring early in the morning. What could she say to the servant if it were not found? And then, if Tom *should* return it and say it had been taken for a joke — she would have to fib. How intolerable! She could not sleep for the cruel humiliation of the thing. It had vulgarized the whole evening. The keenest sense of humor could not enjoy such an admixture of sentiment and buffoonery; and up and down, here and there, went her mind, trying to find some lurking-place for the ring, rather than in Tom's keeping.

Tom sent a note the next morning asking her what dress she meant to wear to Fanny's, so that the flowers could bloom to match.

She answered hastily, — she was sorry afterwards: "Please do not send flowers to-night;" and then, after a moment's

pause, she merely put her initial, "L." He ought to have spoken of the ring, she thought.

Tom came at seven; she was ready to go, but she was not looking very well. Tom was tender and solicitous as he helped her into the coupé, — too kind to ask her if she were not feeling well, for he had that chivalrous sort of nature that could forbear even the showing of his sympathy by words. He had ventured to bring some violets, "just for a whiff of sweetness," he said, as he fastened them to the strap of the carriage. Laura did not wear any flowers that evening: he noticed it with surprise.

The violets filled the little space with perfume. Laura spoke rarely. Tom was puzzled; it hardly seemed like embarrassment, but more like coldness. Laura felt the constraint of her own manner, but she did not mean to help him explain his stupid joke of the evening before.

The dinner was uncommonly dull. Laura scarcely talked, she was so piqued because Tom had not spoken of the ring. Tom did valiantly; but a man cannot do duty for two.

Tom's cousin Fanny said to her husband afterwards that she did n't see why some persons' engagements seemed to make the path to the altar so thorny. "We did n't sulk when we were engaged, did we, Frank, you trump?"

"No," replied Frank. "If you held trumps, why should you have sulked?"

"Egotist!" said Fanny. "Go and see the baby in his crib, but don't you dare to wake him."

Tom was more and more bewildered on the way home. Laura was almost haughty. There was no chance to mention the plans for the wedding; in fact, the wedding spirit was swept away, or wrapped in impenetrable mists. He took her hand for a moment in the hall at parting, and tried to look into her eyes (the eyes are the first fortresses to be stormed); but she turned her head, and said simply, "Good-night."

He was for a second speechless with amazement; then setting aside the ridiculous formality of her manner, he said, "Laura, my beloved, don't condemn me without a hearing."

She turned and looked at him. A smile was beginning to blossom round the corners of her mouth, though under it was a determination to make him feel his want of tact in the manner of his jokes.

He did not speak, but stood smiling at her, thinking now that the ice was broken, she would tell him what had been the matter. Swift messages of love were passing from his eyes to hers.

They stood so for a perceptible space of time, — he expectant, she waiting for him to speak. Then her face began to cloud before his: why *did* n't he speak? She had nursed her grievance till she could not open the subject. He was merely expectant; he looked as if nothing stood between them but the word "come," to be spoken by her.

"Well, dear?" he said at last, with a rising inflection.

"Why don't you explain?" asked she, forcing herself to speak. She would yield that much.

"Explain what? I will explain if you will tell me where your sober thoughts have been straying this evening. I can't follow you without some clue."

"The emerald ring."

"The emerald ring? The — emerald — ring?" repeated he slowly, as if to get some inner meaning from the cabalistic words. "That mystifies me more than ever. You will have to enlarge upon it a little. Is it a game of twenty questions?"

He was still smiling: the atmosphere was clearing; she was going to tell him what had been the matter; and then there would not be any more matter at all.

"How stupid!" exclaimed she impatiently.

Then both were silent. Her voice had been more than impatient; it had been censorious.

She turned away again, as if for a final good-night, and said, "Unfortunately we do not seem to be gifted with the same sense of humor."

"You shall not leave me," said he, half playfully, half urgently detaining her by taking hold of her wrap. "What is it all about? What is this dreadful thing that I have done? What has come between us? Don't send me off in this way. Tell me, dear one, and don't hold me at arm's length. If I have offended, it has been unwittingly or clumsily, — by way of a joke, as you have intimated. But surely you can pardon me, I can make amends. You do not want to make me suffer for something that I am sure I can set right if you will only give me a chance?"

She was angered at his forcing an explanation on her. She had wrought herself up to the highest nervous tension, feeding her own doubts by construing his silence to be a part of the poor joke, and interpreting his remark, "Don't condemn me without a hearing," as a partial admission of something that could be explained by him after he had won her forgiveness, for he evidently was surprised at the depth of her disapproval.

The whole thing was intolerable. It made her tingle with shame, and being detained by his hand seemed to bring the matter down to the lowest level. It was outrageous! She turned hotly and said, "I wish you would return my emerald ring, and then leave me till I can forget this most unpleasant episode."

The blood leaped to his face, yet still he did not appear to understand her. There was no mistaking the scathing tone of her voice, even if the words had not been insulting. Suddenly he remembered himself as a boy, sitting with the rest of the school before the master, while he had arraigned them all in the name of some boy who had wantonly abstracted the weight from the school clock. At that time his was the only face in the entire bank of upturned physi-

ognomies which had had guilt written plainly on it in red waves of self-consciousness. And yet he had been utterly innocent, never till that moment having heard of the deed.

Tom felt that his face was now carrying the same false impression. The acute moment had passed in a flash. He was stung by this very remembrance into speech. "I have no idea, Laura, what you are talking about; but the matter is too grave to be discussed here, standing where we may be overheard. We must go and talk it out in the drawing-room. It almost seems as if you had placed things now beyond the power of explanation."

He turned the gas up to its fullest as he spoke, and seated her where the light was full on his face and on hers.

There was something rigidly formal in the act. He had thrown back the front of his overcoat and pulled the lapels down, as if to meet some foe all cap-a-pie and without shirking. His mouth was set, and his eyes had a slightly pale look, as if the fire had gone out or deepened down.

The senses of both were keenly alive. The storm at the centre of each being was no longer dissipating itself in flashes; it was gathering into ominous strength. She saw not only his grim, fortified face, but in her curiously alert state she saw behind him, on the table a little to his left, a Chinese mandarin with its delicately balanced head. Tom had hit the mandarin with his arm by chance, and had set it into its monotonous nodding. Its smile and its narrow slits of eyes moved up and down in agonizing placidity. Laura felt as if she should burst into laughter when she saw it, but there was a clutching at her throat that made it ache, and she looked away into the fire.

Tom watched her. She was pale and set of face and attitude. Her very antipathy toward the whole thing had driven her into a tenacious acceptance of the worst construction of everything. She

felt that all Tom had said had been trifling and quite compatible with the theory that he had taken the ring for a joke, and that now, driven to bay, he was going to deny it.

Possibly no two persons in the whole world had ever woven around themselves a more complete misunderstanding; and certainly, no two were ever more completely unfitted to extricate themselves. And the mandarin went on nodding, nodding, nodding, just beyond Tom, with its eternal smile and glittering eyes.

"Laura, will you tell me what is the matter?"

She looked up. The mandarin madened her, and brought to her again all the miserably littleness of the circumstances. In a passion of anger she said, "You took my emerald ring off my finger last night . . . and . . . well, that is all." How could she go over with him all the mental agitation? He surely could understand all that. He had the ring; let him set it right — *if it could be set right.*

"You think I have taken your ring, and kept it for a joke these twenty-four hours? You think *that* of me? You believe that I could have been with you and planned with you our future life together, and at that sacred moment I was purloining your ring, *as a joke*? And you do not admire my taste in jokes? You are quite right; it certainly would be unpardonable and in the most execrable taste; even to imagine the thing is beyond my comprehension. May I consider myself dismissed?"

Laura bowed her head, and the mandarin kept on nodding and smiling, while the light glinted on the narrow, slit-like eyes. Tom went out into the night.

After this crisis in their affairs, Tom and Laura both suffered. Each bore the trouble and developed under it characteristically. Tom went grinding on at his life like a machine that has been jolted out of the true, but not demolished. The cog-wheels impinged and made a

jarring as the motion of life went on, but the machine worked.

Tom was a lawyer, and had won for himself an Opportunity; and that is so much more than many lawyers ever get that it had justified him in begging Laura to set a day for the wedding. His opportunity was now apparently all that he had left to him out of the wreck of his engagement. He went to work with a dogged determination not to let the machine stop till the opportunity had been hammered into his own particular success.

If he carried about with him galling memories and indignant protests against his lot, he did not ask for sympathy, or reveal to any one the circumstances which had so altered his matrimonial plans. He accepted in silence all the rumored blame that attached to him, and ignored the tacitly proffered sympathy with a grave face and non-committal manner.

Laura broke down for a while after her first full acceptance of the situation. There was a very short time during which she was not seen in society, but this was before any rumors of the broken engagement came out.

She had dismissed Tom that evening with a silent bend of the head, the mandarin with its bland smile and glinting eyes confirming the decision by nodding in continued suave approval. There had been a moment of keen pain as her lover left the room. It was as if she had been struck by a bullet in the midst of a battle; it hardly counted at the time; it was the coming to her senses that racked her and tore her to the very centre. It was the long days of cruel adjustment that counted; the mental convalescence when she took up her life with no heart for it, no work before her, — only the dreary commonplaces of an aimless existence. The only thing she retained unshaken was her belief in Tom's folly.

She had put all the force of her rather limited nature into her love for Tom, — or possibly, to be more accurate, into

her love of her love for Tom. It had not made her nature any broader, but it had determined its direction. A belief in marriage was her social creed. Her imagination had been satisfied, but not stimulated, by her engagement to Tom; her ambitions had been sufficiently gratified by his opportunity, which his nature made a guarantee of success.

In her love she had never gone outside of herself. It was *her* love, *her* joy; and now it was *her* grief and suffering. She could not see beyond or through or over the blank wall of suspicion she had built around herself. The conviction of his fault grew with her grief, and embittered while it augmented it. She magnified and embellished the flagrant sin of the vulgar joke. Tom had desecrated the holiest moment of her life, and then, driven to bay by the sense of her scorn, he had retreated under a pretended ignorance of the cause.

Of course, never for an instant did the loss of the ring play any part in her tragedy. It was the loss of her ideal, — the violation of her sense of what was fitting, reverential, at a sacred moment in her life. She saw no other solution of the matter. The ring was gone. Tom and she had been the only persons in the room that night. Tom had been slipping the ring off and on, and that was the last that was seen of it. Oh! she knew all this by heart. She had only to start the thought, and on it would go till it brought her round to the standstill conviction: *Tom had taken it, for a joke* — and then he had refused to stand by his act.

Laura's mother had accepted "poor, dear Laura's" version of the affair. Laura had told one friend about it, — only one friend, — and of course, this friend had really never told any one else; but everybody knew that it was something about a ring. Some said that Tom had given Laura a so-called diamond engagement ring; then on investigation, consequent upon adjusting the setting, it had proved to be no diamond, but paste.

Some one else had heard that Tom had insisted that the engagement ring should be an opal surrounded by diamonds, and that Laura was so very superstitious that she returned it, and Tom had vowed that he would not allow her to be so weak; and so the opal had justified its evil power, and the engagement was broken. Still another version was that some two weeks after Tom had given Laura the engagement ring, the bill for it had been sent to her, as it could not be collected from him.

In the months following Tom was not invited to the places where Laura was ostentatiously made the heroine. Laura was dropped from the houses where Tom was in high favor. When ignorance or malice brought the two together, Tom withdrew and left Laura in undisputed possession of the field.

Tom changed somewhat during the year. His chin seemed to grow more square and more masterful as success followed upon his indefatigable labors. He was slightly heavier, too, and suggested the thought that he was a man who could order a good dinner at the club, and could also make a good after-dinner speech.

Laura's family had a tendency to grow thin as time went on. Laura began to look like her mother; her cheek-bones were more in evidence; her face had its old vivacity, but the expression was more restless than formerly, and her color had swifter fluctuations. She took tea and toast for two of her meals, also afternoon tea, after which she did not feel the strain of social life so much; and she was always very chatty and entertaining between four and six of an afternoon.

One day, as Tom was sitting down to his dinner at the club, a note was brought to him. He knew the writing, and the machinery of his being labored for a moment, as if the cog-wheels, which had begun to run pretty freely by this time, had received a new jar. He ate his dinner before he opened the note. After reading it he went across to a friend

who was dining at another table, and asked him to come to his room. To this friend he told for the first time the history of the broken engagement, and then said: "I have received a note this evening. It is a year ago to-day since the affair. I have heard lately that she has engaged herself to a cousin who has always been in love with her, and that they are shortly to be married. I do not know how true the rumor is, but I fancy it is true; and that they are to be married in a few weeks. She sends me this note:

"Please consider this as a receipt in full for the ring which you took from my finger last spring.

LAURA BRACEBRIDGE.'

"If she were a man, I think I should kill her. One can't strike a woman."

"Go and see her."

Tom went, and was shown into the drawing-room, where Laura and the mandarin were. There had been a mistake on the part of the new maid: Laura had given directions for her cousin Charlie, to whom she was not yet engaged, to be admitted. Tom was shown in, instead.

That afternoon, when Laura had come home, the maid had handed her three boxes, with a message to the effect that the dressmaker had herself left them at the house, and that she had waited an hour to see Miss Laura, as she had an important message for her, and that she would come again at nine in the evening. Two of the boxes contained dresses; the smallest of the three, about six inches square, had still another box inclosed, and within that was her emerald ring. Laura told her mother that Tom had sent back her ring without a word, — probably because he had heard rumors of her

engagement to Charlie, — and she had written a note to him immediately, acknowledging the ring, because it was a relief to her to show him that she had been justified in her own attitude, and it seemed to close up all that terrible past year. "I was right," she said. "He was and is unworthy."

She had been *right* through it all.

Now they stood face to face, after a year of strangeness. He held her note in his hand, and said, "Will you kindly explain this note, Miss Bracebridge?"

"It explains itself; it is only a receipt for my emerald ring which you returned to me this morning."

"Your emerald ring!" he repeated again, in the same tone he had used a year ago that night. "*I returned your emerald ring?*"

"Miss Laura," said the maid, parting the curtains that shut off the hallway, "the dressmaker wants very much to speak to you a moment."

"I cannot see her this evening."

"It is important," was heard the voice of the dressmaker, and then it continued beyond the curtains out of their sight like the voice of a fate. "Tell Miss Bracebridge that I found her emerald ring between the dress and the lining, when I ripped up her black silk to-day. It was so valuable I did not want to run the risk of its being lost. So I brought it back to her myself. She will find it in the little square box."

The outer door closed. The maid passed through the hall and disappeared. Tom and Laura stood facing each other. The mandarin's head was still; his eyes gleamed. He was waiting for the next move.

Madelene Yale Wynne.

THE GREAT GOD RAM.

THE Wellspring of Life, the city of the Sikhs, lay spent beneath the sun, and sick for rain.

Fierce heat dragged out old secret moistures from between her stones, and wrung up fumes of stench from hidden places. And winged pestilence went up and sat upon her gates, and cast death down upon the people, as sowers fling forth grains of wheat at seedtime.

The gods were angry.

Fathers of sons went early in the morning to the temple, bearing gifts, and praying that the priests would earnestly perform their offices, and render honor to the gods for them, and pledge obedience for their children also.

Mothers lay upon their faces before household shrines, quivering with fear, and raining tears till they could weep no more; and then rose up and served their children ceaselessly through all the bitter heat of all the day.

The sacred scripture of the Sikhs lay swathed in rich cloth wrought with gold, upon its dais beneath the great dome of the golden temple in the midst of the still lake. The wall about was deep and high and full of caves where holy men, grown weak by pilgrimage from far, stretched themselves out on damp stones in the dark, to gather strength for bathing in the holy well.

These prayed; and all the priests prayed also; and the people bowed themselves and gave of all they had the utmost they could give, to win the gods back from their anger till they should send rain.

But it was not sufficient.

Then the priests went out at night-time, along the narrow winding ways within the city walls, and up and down between her gates. And when the morning came, no father rose to go with gifts of grain, or spice, or uncut gem, or fine-

wrought fabric, toward the temple gate; but each man lay and beat his brows upon the earth, beside a woman, at the household shrine. For in the night, by all the paths the priests had trod, a word had passed.

The gods required a sacrifice. A Perfect Sacrifice. It would be difficult. The foreign people, who had come to rule the land and hold its many peoples subject to their government by strange relentless power, were ignorant of custom. They had no gods. They gave not gold to gain their souls from death, but sold their souls to death to gain more gold. These could not understand a perfect sacrifice. They would disturb — preventing; and so cause shame.

Therefore those working must move softly, and the gates be kept.

Many children had been pledged unborn against this day. These their fathers knew, but not the women. Women will save one child and lose a race. The gods themselves watched not so tirelessly as did those mothers, bending on the roofs above the slender panting children while they slept, — knowing not that they were yet to work the sacrifice which should appease the gods and save the city, bringing rain.

They were due the gods. Were they not given by the gods, and others also?

These were but one child from every house where any man had loved a woman unto that degree whereby he pledged his third child to the temple service if the gods would give a son to him and her before the time appointed should be passed. So might his house and honor stand, and she remain his wife in peace, alone. And surely it was better to have one son and another child, — which by good fortune might be a son also, — rendering for the safety of these the third, than to have no son at all, but

only the confusion of another marriage, and a second woman to drive this one, with scornful words, dull-eyed and heavy-footed, into servitude. Also, the gods do only sometimes gather need for children: and if they are not called, the mothers may remain without fear, being ignorant. If, being men, they are called for priesthood, that will be later; and a woman will let her son slip from between her fingers without sorrow if his sinews have grown strong. If, being but women, they are required for temple service, it will save the difficulty of their marriage; and no mother would keep her daughter till she is old, for without early marriage is disgrace.

So, in the evening of the third day, after the word had passed, those fathers who had pledged children which were come to the age of running went up softly to the roofs where they lay, and lifted them from beneath the hands of the women which bare them.

In that hour went up a great cry from the city, — the first cry of the sacrifice. From the lips of many women it went up, on the hot throbbing air, past the temple spires, into the curtainless vastness toward the gods.

But they did not hear.

Priests and messengers who served the temples were out gathering the little children from the hands of their fathers; at the doorways, and at the gates of courtyards, and at the mouths of alleys. These carried them gently, and refreshed them with water, and kept them quietly, and taught them in the night till near the dawn of day.

Before dawn came, all the children had been taught that the gods were angry, and had cursed the city that no rain could fall; that all the offerings of the people had been refused, and now the sons of every house would die, and every name in all the city would perish miserably in death and shame, unless the voices of the little children could reach the gods. But if they could persevere

and cry, and not cease, and the gods would hear and send rain, they should be called the children of the gods, and lifted up in honor, and borne in the hands of men, and given rich garments and garlands, and a great feast in the presence of all the people. Their fathers had rendered them up to do this, and their mothers were hidden away from them.

Into their hands were put cymbals and bells and drums, and every manner of instrument to beat with the hands, and they were placed in companies, with those older, such as could run with sure feet, before; and the younger, whose steps were uncertain, behind. And back of each company went four strong men who served the temples, carrying long staffs pointed with sharp steel.

The cry of the children was to the name of the great god Ram: —

“Ai, Ram! Ram!
Hum lok ko pani do!
Hum lok ko pani do!
Hum lok ko pani do!
Ai, Ram! Ram!”

So they were sent forth at the beginning of dawn to go forward through the city up and down, to beat with their hands, and to cry ceaselessly until the gods should hear and save the city for their sakes, sending rain.

They went forth slowly, because their feet were young and not swift. They went bravely, lifting up their faces to the dawn, and beating with their small hands, and crying with their voices, clear and high.

This was the second cry of the sacrifice, which went up at dawn; for the first was smothered against the earth, deep in the houses where the mothers lay.

But the gods heard not.

Then the sun rose, and the children's voices broke and failed in the parching pain of their throats, and they called bitterly for the mothers whose faces were turned away from them upon the

earth. The heat smote down between the high walls, and wavered in quick quivering waves before their eyes, and struck them on the brow and on the breast, and with shrieks they turned to fly, and met the sharp steel points of the staffs and went back, — forward, toward the sun. Then the knees failed, and they fell; for they could not sit because of the sharp steel; or eat or drink, for there was naught; or cry any more, for they were choked with the pain of the striving blood in their breasts: so they died.

One by one; and each was carried by a messenger softly and laid in the place of sacrifice near some temple. And the place of the dead was filled by a fresh child, that the number should not wane for the gods to see.

The day went over slowly with the stain of blood in its face, and the children of the sacrifice staggered forward so long as they endured to live; and the numbers of the companies were not allowed to wane.

And the cries went up, on into the fierce night heat; and the places of sacrifice near the temples were filled with long rows of the little bodies of children which had cried to the gods in vain.

Then, in the midst of night, after the

raging anguish of strong sobbing men was spent, when the spirits of some mothers had gone out after the sacrifices they had given, — out through the pitiless haze of heat, up through the measureless heights of space, toward the gods, — at that time there fell on a roof one drop of rain, and on seven other roofs fell drops of rain.

And a cry went up from the city so mighty that it tore the heavens open, and the rain came.

It was the third cry of the sacrifice.

Men rushed like mad beasts along the streets toward the great temple, each man to see if his own yet lived.

The children which remained were caught up, every one, and carried high with shouts of honor and praise. Some were laid in their fathers' arms alive, and some just before their spirits got away.

Many men stood with their hands empty, and returned so to the women; having no child to give back alive. These went at dawn to the place where the sacrifice was burned.

At the same hour a great feast was made for the children which remained, and they were given rich garments, and garlands of tuberoses and marigold and jasmine flowers, and were called the children of the gods before all the people.

Willimina L. Armstrong.

ECHO.

Ah, whither hath it flown?

Alas, the strain

To Memory alone

Shall live again!

Silence, wherever be

Its place of rest,

Keep thou for Love and me

A neighboring nest.

John B. Tabb.





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WINGED FIGURE

A Painting by Abbott H. Thayer, — from a COPLEY PRINT. These COPLEY PRINTS are commended by artists as one of the really important achievements in reproductive art. The subjects include the Notable Paintings and Mural Decorations in America. For sale by the leading art dealers. Every reader of *The Atlantic* is invited to send for new ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE—ten cents in stamps. CURTIS & CAMERON, Publishers, 20 Pierce Building, Boston.

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A DECADE OF FEDERAL RAILWAY REGULATION.

THE federal Act to Regulate Commerce went into effect April 5, 1887. A decade in the life of a law, especially if it has been the subject of administrative and legal discussion, is a sufficiently long period to warrant an examination of the principles upon which it rests, in the light of the experience that it has encountered.

To insure a proper understanding of the purpose of this law, and of its place in industrial development, it may be well to say a word about the peculiar character of the business of transportation by rail, and to explain why, in 1887, it became necessary that a federal law for the control of railways should be enacted.

The merchant, the manufacturer, and the farmer, working under conditions of industrial liberty, do not seem to require any peculiar supervision on the part of the state; for competition is adequate to insure relative justice as between customers, as well as to insure the sale of goods at a fair price. But in the railway industry competition does not work so beneficent a result. On the contrary, such is its nature that it imposes upon railway managers the necessity of disregarding equity between customers, and of fixing rates without considering their fairness, whether judged from the point of view of cost or of social results. Were this not true, there would be no railway problem.

But what, it will be asked, is there peculiar about the business of transportation which renders it superior to the

satisfactory control of competition? Even at the risk of raising a larger number of inquiries than can be satisfied by my reply, I venture to submit a categorical answer. The railway industry is an extensive, and not an intensive industry. It conforms to the law of "increasing" returns rather than to the law of "constant" or of "diminishing" returns. This being the case, ability to perform a unit of service cheaply depends more upon the quantity of business transacted than upon attention to minute details. Another way of saying the same thing is, that the expenses incident to the operations of a railway do not increase in proportion to the increase in the volume of traffic. As an industrial fact, this does not pertain to the business of the manufacturer, the merchant, or the farmer, but is peculiar to the business of transportation; and it is adequate, when properly understood, to explain why all advanced peoples, without regard to the form of government they may have adopted or the social theories they may entertain, have surrounded the administration of railways with peculiar legal restrictions. The necessity of some sort of government control lies in the nature of the business itself.

Before the first federal law designed to control the business of transportation went into effect, most of the states had already made legal expression of the conditions under which those railways lying within their respective jurisdictions

might follow the business of common carriers. Speaking broadly, this legislation had been either restrictive or constructive in its character. As an illustration of restrictive legislation, mention may be made of those laws, so common in the statutory records of the states, which forbid the consolidation of parallel lines, or which deny the right of association to railway corporations.

It was not along this avenue, however, that railway legislation found its most easy and natural development, and a moment's consideration will make it evident that such a development would have been illogical and ill advised. For if it be true that the source of the difficulty in the railway industry lies in the abnormal manner in which competition works, or, as it is sometimes expressed, in the excess of competition between railways bidding for the same traffic, it must follow that laws which have for their purpose the stimulation of an already overactive struggle for commercial supremacy cannot be approved. Not only do such laws tend, as their first result, to aggravate the evil of which complaint is made, but, in the long run, they lend their influence to that consolidation of interests the fear of which was the chief reason for their enactment.

One cannot say that the sentiment in favor of restrictive railway legislation is entirely a thing of the past; it is true, however, that greater reliance is placed at the present time upon what I have termed constructive legislation. This sentiment expressed itself among the states in the creation of railway commissions, entrusted with a more or less complete jurisdiction over the administration of railway affairs; and the strength of this sentiment, no less than the trust placed in it by the public, is shown by the fact that when, in 1887, it became necessary for the federal government to take official notice of the public evils incident to the manner in which the business of inland transportation was car-

ried on, the law framed by Congress incorporated the essential principles of the stronger state commissions, and established the Interstate Commerce Commission.

To explain fully the occasion of a federal law in 1887 would demand a general study of the evolution of industry in the United States, so far, at least, as to show why, about 1870, through traffic came to be of relatively greater importance to railway managers than local traffic. In accounting for this result, it would be necessary to refer to such facts as the development of agricultural machinery which followed the withdrawal of adult labor from the farms during the war of the rebellion, to the substitution of steel for iron in railway construction which enabled the railways to compete with water-routes in the carriage of grain and other heavy freight, and to many more facts of the same sort. But we cannot follow this line of investigation, and must content ourselves with a technical answer to the question. Technically, then, the reason for the federal law of 1887 was a decision of the Supreme Court in 1886 which expressly limited the jurisdiction of the states to local or infra-state traffic. This was but an affirmation of a principle clearly expressed in the Constitution; but so anxious had the courts been to assist the legislators of the several states in their endeavor to solve the railway problem, that they had stretched a point and supported the states in their claim that state governments had the right to regulate through traffic as well as local traffic so long as Congress refrained from definite action. In the decision referred to, this ruling was reversed. The jurisdiction of the states was limited to traffic within their respective territories, and it was clearly shown that, should the states be granted jurisdiction over traffic from or to other states, the result would be inextricable confusion and the absence of all efficient control. Such being the condition of

affairs, the necessity was presented to Congress to undertake the formal regulation of interstate commerce, or to allow the most important and the most troublesome portion of railway traffic to develop without regard to the rights of shippers or the interests of the public. It could hardly fail to choose the former alternative.

The chief aim of the law, as indeed of all efforts to regulate transportation when regarded from the public point of view, is to guard against invidious discrimination in the administration of railway property. It lies in the theory of modern society that men should succeed or fail according to their abilities. As a matter of fact, a railway manager has it within his power, through the manipulation of rates, to make or to destroy; to determine which persons in the community, and which communities in the state, shall attain commercial success, and which shall struggle in vain for its attainment. Such unusual powers cannot be safely entrusted to the guidance of private advantage, but must be brought under the direction of the public interest. Public control over railways, at least so far as may be necessary to eliminate from their administration invidious discrimination, is essential to the permanency of a democratic society; and those sections of the law of 1887 which are designed to secure the same service for the same price to all persons and places must meet with universal approval.

Three classes of discrimination are specially mentioned as under the condemnation of the law: these are, discrimination between persons, discrimination between carriers, and discrimination between places. It has been said that discriminations of the sort referred to, falling under the heading of an unjust price, are misdemeanors at common law, and, therefore, that no necessity existed for special legislation. It is not designed to discuss this question, but rather to call attention to the fact that common law

methods of procedure are not adequate to secure for a shipper or a community suffering under an invidious discrimination in the matter of rates that speedy relief essential to the preservation of an established business. Suppose, for example, that one cattle-dealer in Chicago is selected by a pool of railways to control the shipment of meats from Chicago to the seaboard, and that, in order to secure him this control, he receives a rate ten per cent less than the rates charged other dealers: it is evident that the favored shipper will quickly destroy the business of other shippers by bidding more for cattle than they can afford to bid. Even if it be true that the discrimination is not approved by common law, what remedy has the small shipper that is speedy enough in its action to rescue the business which he observes to be slipping from him? He has no remedy, and for this reason it is essential that discriminations of the sort referred to should be made statutory misdemeanors, and that some special method of procedure, more rapid in its operations than an ordinary court, should be established to cause the railways to desist from their wrong-doings.

In this line of reasoning there is presented the defense not only of a formal law by which certain acts common to railway management are declared to be "unlawful," but of the establishment of a special bureau or tribunal whose duty it shall be to cause all unlawful discrimination speedily to cease. Such is the aim and spirit of the Act to Regulate Commerce; and in so far as it has failed to grant relief to commerce and industry from invidious discriminations in railway charges, it has fallen short of the high hopes that were entertained when the act was passed.

Before inquiring what the interstate commerce act has accomplished, it is essential to explain something of the method of procedure which the framers

of the act contemplated in its execution; for most of the difficulties have arisen from the rules laid down which are strange to the established character and usual practices of the courts. It is evident that a body of men charged with the duty of protecting the public from the maladministration of railway officials must be provided with some means of exerting an authoritative influence upon the manner in which railways are administered. It is equally evident, to one familiar with the rôle played by the courts in the political organization of the United States, that this authority must in some way rest upon the powers granted by the Constitution to the judiciary. However this purpose might have been accomplished in other ways, the method which approved itself to Congress was (to put the case concisely) to grant the commission the liberty of appealing to the courts for the exercise in its favor of such authority as might be necessary to the performance of the duties imposed.

According to the act, the commission may invoke the aid of the courts to compel the attendance of witnesses, and to secure from them all lawful information. In case a carrier shall refuse or neglect to obey any lawful order of the commission, the commission may resort in a summary way to the court, whose right it shall be to select and apply such process as may be necessary to secure compliance with the order. When the court is called upon to act, the record submitted by the commission must be accepted as *prima facie* evidence of the matters therein stated. One is scarcely at liberty to say, without the consent of the Supreme Court, what the intention of Congress was in creating the Interstate Commerce Commission. If, however, we accept the language of the act as the only basis of interpretation, it seems clear that the ability of the commission to perform its duties was made dependent upon the coöperation of the courts.

Had it been possible for the courts to accept the spirit of the act, and to render their assistance heartily and without reserve, there is reason to believe that the pernicious discrimination in railway service and the unjust charges for transportation would now be in large measure things of the past. As it is, the most significant chapter in the history of the commission pertains to its persistent endeavors to work out some *modus vivendi* without disturbing the dignity of the judiciary.

Two lines of action were open to the commission: it might institute investigations on its own account, or it might sit as a tribunal to hear complaints. Neither of these modes of procedure has been followed to the exclusion of the other, but the chief reliance seems to have been placed upon the latter. This policy, on the whole, must be regarded as wise, and for two reasons. It is not possible for five men, with a limited amount of money at their disposal, to exercise an efficient visitorial supervision over so vast an organization as the American railway system. It must be remembered that the railway industry employs between eight and nine hundred thousand men, not counting the shippers, who, if Mr. Albert Fink be correct, are the persons who make the rates. While it was undoubtedly wise for Congress to bestow upon the commission the right to initiate cases, it would have been a mistake for the commission to make such use of this right as to take upon itself the character of a detective agency. A second reason why it was wise for the commission to sit as a tribunal for the investigation of complaints is found in the fact that the commercial and social principles which govern the business of transportation by rail are as yet undeveloped. In the first report of the commission attention was called to the fact that the modern railway system is without precedent in the experience of the world, and the implication was carried throughout that a permanent sys-

tem of administrative rules could be developed only by the crystallization of opinions passed upon an extended series of cases. The idea seemed to be that authoritative principles of railway transportation should be developed very much as legal principles attain their growth. It was necessary that a large variety of cases should be presented, and this result the commission hoped to secure by offering to adjudicate cases of discrimination and unjust rates that shippers or others might bring before it. This is certainly a broad and comprehensive view of the subject, and one which in some way must be realized if the control of railways through commissions is to prove a permanent part of our political organization. The fact that the commission entertained this opinion at the outset, and has consistently held to it in the face of most serious difficulties, is to its credit. While I refrain from expressing an opinion upon any of the points of law raised in connection with the act, I must confess to the impression that, had the courts been willing to grant the law the interpretation that Congress assumed for it when it was passed, the railway problem would by this time have approached more nearly its final solution.

In calling attention to what might have been done under circumstances different from those which really existed, there is some danger of overlooking the important work that has been accomplished. That the Interstate Commerce Commission has been the centre of a most decided influence for reform in railway administration during the ten years of its existence cannot be doubted by one who has followed its persistent efforts to execute the law. The record of this influence, as found in the commission's published reports, gives ample testimony to the usefulness of the law; but the formal "opinions" rendered upon cases brought for trial have, perhaps, exerted an influence less potent than what, for

want of a better phrase, may be termed the private correspondence of the commission. Never in the history of American railways has there been such a marked movement toward uniformity in administration as during the last ten years. It is not claimed that this has been accomplished by the commission against the wish of the railways,—indeed, the formal steps have not infrequently been taken upon the orders of railway managers; but no one who knows the situation can for a moment believe that they, of their own motion, would have interested themselves in establishing uniformity of administration to the extent that it has been established. The chief merit of a public body to which has been granted an authoritative voice in the administration of a quasi-public business consigned to private ownership is, that such a body is able to focalize the varied experiences of independent managers upon a particular question, and to select a rule of uniformity the best adapted to the aggregate of industries considered as a unit; and in this manner the systemization of the business will proceed under the guidance of the public interest, and will not be moulded exclusively by the hope of personal gain. This merit the Interstate Commerce Commission has; and while I shall make no attempt to separate its influence from the spontaneous purpose of railway managers, in the tendency toward uniformity of administration, it is right to affirm that the influence of the commission has been decided and aggressive.

To appreciate the work of the commission, one must consider again the law as it was left by Congress. It is easy to say, as the law says, that "all charges . . . shall be reasonable and just," but who can tell what a reasonable or just charge is? For industries that are subject to the control of normal commercial forces, the competitive price is assumed to be the just price; but were this true of railway

charges, there would be no railway problem, and no need of a tribunal to determine authoritatively the justice or injustice of established charges. It is easy, also, to say, as the law says, that "it shall be unlawful . . . to give any undue or unreasonable preference or advantage to any particular person, company, firm, corporation, or locality, or any particular description of traffic," and to enumerate certain sorts of discrimination peculiarly repugnant to the sense of common fairness; but it is by no means a simple task to discover any general principle, either commercial or sociologic, by which one may say with precision under what conditions a discrimination is undue or unreasonable. The commission has approached the formation of an opinion upon these questions, not by philosophic generalization, but by the investigation and adjudication of such cases as have been submitted to it. This, then, is the significant fact in the life of the commission: that out of the opinions expressed upon cases there has begun to develop a system of authoritative rules and established interpretations, which, sooner or later, will come to be recognized as a body of administrative law for inland transportation.

I have dwelt thus long upon the theory of the law by which the deliberations of the commission have been guided, because it is not possible to enter into that detailed study of conditions, precedents, principles, and results which alone can make an investigation of cases intelligent or interesting. Between eight and nine hundred points have been decided by the commission since its establishment in 1887. Its opinions make five volumes of reports, which look down from the shelves of every well-equipped law office with all the dignity of law reports. We must therefore content ourselves, in this rapid sketch, with a simple statement of a few of the principles laid down; and these, it must be remembered, are given as illustrations of

the crystallizing influence of the work that is in progress. There is no attempt to present an exhaustive or a classified statement, but of the opinions of the commission the following may be mentioned as fairly typical.

It has been decided that a just schedule of rates will not tend to destroy the natural advantages for the production and sale of goods possessed by localities; but in judging of local advantages, care must be taken not to confound those that are artificial with those that are natural.

Not only must a just schedule of rates rest on a just base, but the relative rates on competitive articles must be such as not to disturb the natural order of competition.

A just schedule of rates will conform to the competitive equities that exist between goods shipped at different stages in the process of their manufacture.

All shippers should have at their disposal equal facilities of transportation; and when the same commodity is transported by two or more different modes of carriage, the charge should be uniform for the unit of commodity.

"Group rates," by which a given commodity produced at different points within a prescribed territory is rated as though shipped from a single point, do not constitute a discrimination repugnant to the law; but this opinion is limited to the cases presented, and is not set forth as a general principle.

A rate on one commodity in a class, or on one class of commodities, cannot be justly depressed so as to become a burden on the transportation of other commodities or classes of commodities.

The law does not impose upon the carrier the duty of providing such a rate that goods may be sold at a profit to their producers.

The car-load, and not the train-load, is the proper transportation unit, but higher charges may be made for goods in less than car-load lots: with this excep-

tion, the decisions of the commission have been consistently against the application of the "wholesale" principle in the adjustment of railway charges.

Many other principles have been arrived at through the opinions rendered by the commission, bearing upon the question of justifiable discrimination, upon the classification of freight, upon the relation that exists between the employees of one corporation and the management of another, upon the responsibilities of carriers to those who purchase tickets, and upon under-billing, through-billing, the acceptance of foreign freight, and similar questions of an administrative and legal nature; but a sufficient number have been presented to show how the railway problem is in process of solution in the United States, and to indicate the important work that is being accomplished by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The work of the commission has not been confined to the enforcement and interpretation of the Act to Regulate Commerce. Considerable attention has been given also to the creation of those conditions under which the law may become what, for want of a better phrase, we may term self-executory. All laws depend for their execution upon the surveillance of the police or upon the initiative of interested parties. The Act to Regulate Commerce can never be effectively administered on the lines of criminal procedure. Not to mention the administrative difficulties of such an endeavor, public opinion would never sanction the severity that such procedure necessitates, for the crime contemplated by the act lies in the situation rather than in the evil intent of the individual. Moreover, the solution of the railway problem demands above all else the application of scientific analysis, a mental process that cannot be well sustained in connection with punishment for crime. What has criminal procedure to do with the practical interpretation of a reason-

able rate, or with tracing the effect of a schedule of rates upon the evolution of industrial and social relations? The law to regulate commerce finds its true theory of administration in the fact that the principles of transportation must evolve themselves out of its execution, and it is essential that all varieties of cases be brought before the commission, and that the energy of the commission be devoted to their classification and adjudication under the crystallizing influence of a desire for uniformity of rule. This means the bringing about of such a state of affairs that a shipper will be anxious to use his knowledge of discrimination by a carrier in such manner as to cause the discrimination under which he is suffering to cease, rather than, as is now too frequently the case, as a means of blackmail upon the carrier to force in his own favor a yet more flagrant discrimination. It means also that a railway must be willing to testify against another railway, and, by making use of the machinery that Congress⁶ has established, to secure for itself the possibility of a right administration of its property.

Now this state of affairs, the only conceivable one under which the theory of commissions can succeed, can come about only as the result of easy access to authoritative evidence. One reason why a shipper makes complaint to the general manager of a railway rather than to the commission, when he observes his business slipping from him through no fault of his own, is that he is not sure of his evidence. With the manager, the more indefinite the information, the more effective it may be; with a court, or a commission whose findings may be reviewed by a court, indefinite testimony is worthless. This is clearly recognized by the members of the commission, and explains why so considerable a portion of the small amount of money placed at their disposal for the execution of the law has been devoted to the development

of a statistical service. That the law may become automatic in its execution, that it may be comprehensive in its influence and may work with dispatch and efficiency, the commission must possess the means of arriving without embarrassment at the fact in every case. Were this condition attained, not only would shippers readily lay their complaints before the commission, but the carriers would be reluctant to give just cause for complaint. The development of a division of statistics and accounts which, so far as information is concerned, would place the commission on the same footing as the management itself, may be regarded as the groundwork upon which the successful control of railways in the United States rests.

The central aim of such a purpose is undoubtedly the development of a uniform system of accounts for the railways themselves. There are many thousands of active accounts of which the commission is at any time liable to take notice, and so long as it continues necessary to inquire respecting the theory of book-keeping and the classification of items in every case, it will not be possible speedily to appreciate the merits of a controversy. On the other hand, if there be but one system of accounts for all corporations subject to the jurisdiction of the commission, it is necessary only to master the principles, rules, and classifications of one system in order to gain a mastery of all. I am reminded of a remark of the late President Francis A. Walker, who, in response to an expression of astonishment that he was willing to undertake so vast a work as the administration of the United States census, replied, "It is no more difficult to take the census of a nation than of a village; the questions to be decided would be the same in both cases." Congress certainly appreciated the importance of a uniform system of railway accounting, or it would not have given the commission power "to prescribe a period of time

within which all carriers . . . shall have . . . a uniform system of accounts, and the manner in which such accounts shall be kept."

The first step in the direction of establishing uniformity of accounts was to secure the coöperation of the state railway commissioners in working out a common form for annual report. These officials were more than willing to render their assistance, and no small part of the deliberation of the annual conventions of railroad commissioners has been devoted to a consideration of questions of statistics and accounts. The result is practical uniformity in the form of report demanded by all public bodies. In this way the carriers are relieved of the unnecessary work of making out three or four different kinds of reports for the same operations, and the student is relieved of the confusion incident to many different classifications of the same items. Among the results of this step toward uniformity may be mentioned the fact that railway reports are now made out with greater care than they were formerly, and in many cases the reports to stockholders have been remodeled so as to conform to the reports made to commissioners. He who compares the railway reports of 1897 with those of 1887 will appreciate that one step, at least, has been taken toward the establishment of intelligent reports.

Uniformity in the structure of accounts having been attained through the coöperation of federal and state commissioners, the second step toward uniformity resulted in a revised "classification of operating expenses." This was the joint work of the convention of railroad commissioners and the Association of American Accounting Officers. The most significant account which a railway keeps is its income account, and the most significant ratio in railway statistics is the ratio of operating expenses to operating income. From the point of view of every interest involved, whether

of the public, of the management, or of the investor, it is important that each road should enter items of income and expenditure in the same manner as every other road, and that no road should be allowed arbitrary charges in connection therewith. In 1887 there were two general systems of operating accounts, and numerous modifications in each to meet the whims of local officers; there is now but one classification of operating expenses, — the classification approved by the accounting officers' association, and authorized by the federal and state commissioners. It is not claimed that this is the work of the Interstate Commerce Commission; to suggest such a claim shows a failure to appreciate the character of that body and the manner in which it exerts its influence. The classification was the product of three years' careful study on the part of many men. Every railway auditor in the country was appealed to for advice. But it is true that the work would never have been accomplished had there been no commission to take the initiative and to authorize it and put it in force when accomplished.

Any question touching the interpretation of the classification of operating expenses, respecting which a railway official may be in doubt, may be referred to the statistician of the Interstate Commerce Commission, to which he makes reply, after consultation with the executive committee of the auditors' association. His replies are reported every year to the convention of railroad commissioners through a standing committee of that body, and to the auditors' association through the report of its executive committee; if the actions of their respective committees are approved by these bodies, the decisions are authoritatively promulgated by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and they thus become a part of the original classification. I have dwelt upon this at length to show the manner in which the evolution of uni-

formity in railway accounting is taking place.

By reason of the success of the efforts to attain uniformity in operating accounts, other subjects equally important have been taken up: for example, the compilation of train-mileage, the classification of railway employees, the rules for arriving at daily wages, and the adjustment of a balance-sheet. These matters cannot be decided arbitrarily or in accordance with the practice of any particular road, for the commission is obliged to remember, what railway auditors so frequently forget, that the accounts to which it gives approval must contemplate the railways of the country as a system. Whether or not all that is needed in this direction can be secured without a more strenuous exercise of authority than as yet it has seemed wise to call into play is doubtful. Such, at least, is the opinion of the federal commission, as may be seen by an argument contained in one of its recent reports to Congress in favor of the establishment of a Bureau of Statistics and Accounts, more comprehensive in its scope, and clothed with greater authority, than the statistical division of the commission service as at present organized. This project approves itself to state commissioners also, as is shown by the fact that it received formal approval at their last annual convention. The influence that has been exerted upon the railway situation during the past ten years is perhaps nowhere more clearly manifest than in this: that a plan for the establishment of a Bureau of Statistics and Accounts, with authority to prescribe the manner in which books shall be kept and to enforce its own rules, which in 1887 would have been regarded as bizarre and ill-advised, is now contemplated by conservative men as not only a practicable but even a necessary scheme. It is a definite part of the programme of the Interstate Commerce Commission, as laid down in the reports which it has presented to Congress.

This statement cannot be closed without referring, at least, to three important decisions of the courts. These are the Brown case, the Kentucky and Indiana Bridge case, and the Social Circle case. No attempt will be made to discuss legal principles.

The Brown case pertains to the right of the commission to procure evidence. In 1882 it was decided, in what is known as the Counselman case, that a witness need not testify should his testimony be of such sort as to incriminate himself. Under this decision, the propriety of which is not questioned, any reluctant witness could evade giving testimony. Nothing could be more embarrassing to the commission, or could prove a greater obstacle to the work it had undertaken. It is the evidence of a gentleman, who from his professional position should know, that at the time of the Counselman decision there were but ninety per cent of the discriminations that existed in 1887, but that within a few months thereafter the practice of special rates and rebates, with all their social evils and personal injustices, was as pronounced as before the passage of the act. This of course is the impression of a single observer, but it is beyond question that the effect of the decision in the Counselman case was to cripple the work of the commission.

In 1893, Congress endeavored to remove the embarrassment caused by the Counselman decision, by enacting that no person should be excused from testifying on the ground referred to, but adding that a person testifying should not be prosecuted on account of his testimony. The legality of this act also was contested, and the uncertainty respecting it continued to embarrass the commission, until, in 1896, the Supreme Court declared the act to be constitutional. It thus appears that for something over six years of the ten under review, the Act to Regulate Commerce was confined, for all practical purposes, within the range

of voluntary testimony. Should one consider that the commission needs an apology for its record, it is found in this statement.

The second case referred to need not be so fully presented. It has already been remarked that the law did not contemplate that a court should review a case passed upon by the commission, except so far as points of law may be involved. The effect of the Kentucky and Indiana Bridge case was to assert that the court might take up a case referred to it for enforcement as though it were an original case. Now it is clear that such an attitude on the part of the court must defeat the purpose of the act. The purpose of that act is to cause discrimination and unjust rates to cease, and to open to the shipper a way by which he may secure speedy relief; and unless all sorts and kinds of cases are brought to the commission, that body cannot be expected to exert a very decided or enduring influence upon railway administration. If, however, the investigations of the commission are not final as regards matters of fact, to say nothing of there being a presumption in favor of the orders of the commission where transportation principles are concerned, it is evident that shippers will not seek relief from the unjust acts of carriers in the manner contemplated by the act. The attitude of the court in this regard, and the advantage taken of it by the carriers in refusing fully to open their cases before the commission, are the chief reasons why after ten years the law has brought the problem of railway control in the United States no nearer to solution than it has. Congress has on several occasions been petitioned for relief. In the report of December, 1896, nine amendments were proposed, in order "to make the substance of the law mean what it was supposed to mean at the time of its passage," and the first of these was, "to confine the procedure in the courts for enforcement of orders of the commission

to the record made before the commission, and to provide that the order of the commission shall be enforced, unless the court shall find in the proceeding some material error which furnishes sufficient reason for refusing to enforce it." Should Congress act on this suggestion and give the commission a clearly defined power, there is no reason why the theory of the act could not be realized for the benefit of the public.

The third case referred to is the Social Circle case. The question raised was, whether the commission has the right to prescribe a rate that it believes to be reasonable as well as to say that a rate fixed by a carrier is unreasonable. To discuss this question would be to pass beyond the limits of established conditions, and would lead to speculations respecting future adjustments. The denial to the commission of the right to fix a rate that shall be just under conditions presented by a case — provided this is what the court means — throws the entire subject of railway regulation upon a new footing. That the commission can adjust itself to this interpretation of the law is certain; whether such an adjustment is wise is quite another question.

What conclusion is warranted by this rapid review of ten years' experience with the federal Act to Regulate Commerce? We cannot hope to give an answer to so vital a question that will commend itself to all the interests and prejudices, to say nothing of the sociological theories, that centre in this problem of inland transportation. We may, however, venture upon a single observation. The record of the Interstate Commerce Commission during the past ten years, as it bears upon the theory of public control

over monopolistic industries through the agency of commissions, cannot be accepted as in any sense final. It may ultimately prove to be the case, as Ulrich declares, that there is no compromise between public ownership and management on the one hand and private ownership and management on the other; but one has no right to quote the ten years' experience of the Interstate Commerce Commission in support of such a declaration. This is true because the law itself scarcely proceeded beyond the limit of suggesting certain principles and indicating certain processes, and Congress has not, by the amendments passed since 1887, shown much solicitude respecting the efficiency of the act. It is true, also, because the courts have thought it necessary to deny certain authorities claimed by the commission, and again Congress has not shown itself jealous for the dignity of the administrative body which it created. And finally, it is true because the duty of administering the act was imposed upon the commission without adequate provision in the way of administrative machinery, and ten years is too short a time to create that machinery, when every step is to be contested by all the processes known to corporation lawyers. For the public the case stands where it stood ten years ago. Now as then, it is necessary to decide on the basis of theory, and in the light of political, social, and industrial consideration, rather than on the basis of a satisfactory test, whether the railways shall be controlled by the government without being owned, or controlled through governmental ownership. The danger is that the country will drift into an answer of this question without an appreciation of its tremendous significance.

Henry C. Adams.

THE EVOLUTION OF SATELLITES.

I.

THE Atlantic Monthly for October, 1897, contains an interesting paper by Mr. See on Recent Discoveries respecting the Origin of the Universe. In the present article I propose to explain, in greater detail than the necessary limitations of space permitted him, the theory which forms the point of departure for his speculations. Although the natural sequence is thus inverted, it may be hoped that the postponement of explanation to application will be condoned. In any case, this article owes its origin to the former one, and it might not otherwise have been justifiable to expound a theory which was laid before the scientific world some fifteen years ago in the pages of the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society.¹

After the explanation of this theory, I have added some comments on Mr. See's views.

II.

If familiarity does not always breed contempt, yet at least it generally breeds indifference. This is the case with most of us in regard to the rise and fall of the tide by the seashore, and so the problem as to whether the tide will serve conveniently to allow the children to dig in the sand or search for seaweed looms larger than that presented by the gigantic forces which now produce only these somewhat insignificant pulsations of the sea. Yet the tides should call forth in us a deeper interest, — I might almost say an emotion, — for, as I shall show, they are the feeble residue of influences

which have probably exercised a predominant control over the history of the Earth and the Moon since an indeterminate but remote epoch in the past, and will continue that control into the distant future.

Newton was the first to prove that the tides are caused by the attractions of the Moon and the Sun. It would need much space to explain fully the manner in which those attractions operate, yet it is possible to give in a few words a rough sketch of the mode in which the tide-generating forces arise. It will suffice for this purpose to confine our attention to the more important of the two bodies, the Moon, since the action of the Sun will then follow by parity of reasoning. According to the law of universal gravitation, the Moon attracts matter which stands near to her more strongly than that which is more remote. It follows that the attraction on the ocean, at the side of the Earth which is nearest to the Moon, must be greater than that exercised on the solid Earth itself. Hence there is a tendency for the sea to depart from its natural spherical shape, and to bulge outward toward the Moon. So far the matter is simple; but it is perplexing to many that the Moon should apparently repel the water lying on the further side of the Earth. This action, however, is not due to any ideal repulsion from the Moon, but results from the fact that on the further side the Moon must attract the solid Earth more strongly than she does the water. On the nearer side the Moon pulls the water away from the Earth, and on the further side she pulls

¹ It was very natural that Mr. See should find in certain tidal investigations which I undertook for Lord Kelvin the source of my papers, but as a fact the subject was brought before me in a somewhat different manner. Some unpublished experiments on the viscosity of pitch induced me to extend Lord Kelvin's

beautiful investigation of the strain of an elastic sphere to the tidal distortion of a viscous planet. This naturally led to the consideration of the tides of an ocean lying on such a planet, which forms the subject of certain paragraphs now incorporated in Thomson and Tait's *Natural Philosophy*.

the Earth away from the water, thus producing an apparent repulsion of the water to an extent equal to the attraction on the other side. In this way there arises a tendency for the ocean to bulge equally toward and away from the Moon, and to assume an egg-like shape, with the length of the egg pointed toward the Moon.

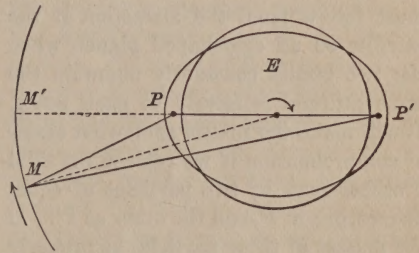
If the whole planet were fluid, instead of being partly fluid and partly solid, the same tendency would still exist, but the tide-generating force would have the whole mass of the planet as its field of operation, instead of merely the superficial ocean. The fact that the Earth, the Moon, and the planets are all nearly spherical proves that in early times they were molten and plastic, and that they assumed their present round shape under the influence of gravitation. When the material of which any planet is formed was semi-liquid through heat, its satellites, or at any rate the Sun, must have produced tidal oscillations in the molten rock, just as the Sun and the Moon now raise tides in our oceans.

Molten rock and molten iron are rather sticky or viscous substances, and any movement which agitates them must be subject to much friction. Even water, which is a very good lubricant, is not entirely free from friction, and so our present oceanic tides must be influenced by fluid friction, although to a far less extent than the molten solid just referred to. Now all moving systems which are subject to friction gradually come to rest. A train will run a long way when the steam is turned off, but it stops at last, and a fly-wheel will continue to spin for only a limited time. This general law renders it certain that the friction of the tide, whether it consists in the swaying of molten lava or of an ocean, must be stopping the rotation of the planet, or at any rate stopping the motion of the system in some way.

It is the friction upon its bearings which brings a fly-wheel to rest; but as the Earth has no bearings, it is not easy

to see how the friction of the tidal wave, whether corporeal or oceanic, can tend to stop its rate of rotation. The result must clearly be brought about, in some way, by the interaction between the Moon and the Earth. Action and reaction must be equal and opposite, and if we are correct in supposing that the friction of the tides is stopping the Earth's rotation, there must be a reaction upon the Moon tending to hurry her onward. To give a homely illustration of the effects of reaction, I may recall to mind how a man riding a high bicycle, on applying the brake too suddenly, was shot over the handles. The desired action was to stop the front wheel, but this could not be done without a reaction on the rider, which sometimes led to unpleasant consequences.

The general conclusion as to the action and reaction due to tidal friction is of so vague a character that it is desirable to consider in detail how they operate.



The circle in the figure is supposed to represent the undisturbed shape of the planet, which rotates in the direction of the curved arrow. A portion of the orbit of the satellite is indicated by part of a larger circle, and the direction of its motion is shown by an arrow. I will first suppose that the water lying on the planet, or the molten rock of which it is formed, is a perfect lubricant, devoid of friction; and that at the moment represented in the figure the satellite is at M' . The fluid will then be distorted by the tidal force until it assumes the egg-like shape marked by the ellipse, projecting on both sides beyond the circle. When there is no friction, the long axis of the

egg is always directed straight toward the satellite M' , and the fluid maintains a continuous rhythmical movement, so that as the planet rotates and the satellite revolves, it always preserves the same shape and attitude toward the satellite.

But when, as in reality, the fluid is subject to friction, it gets belated in its rhythmical rise and fall, and the protuberance is carried onward by the rotation of the planet beyond its proper place. In order to make the same figure serve for this condition of affairs, I set the satellite backward to M ; for this amounts to just the same thing, and is less confusing than re-drawing the protuberance in its more advanced position. The planet then constantly maintains this shape and attitude with regard to the satellite, and the interaction between the two will be the same as though the planet were solid, but continually altering its shape.

We have now to examine what effects must follow from the attraction of the satellite on an egg-shaped planet, when the two bodies constantly maintain the same attitude relatively to each other. It will make the matter somewhat easier of comprehension if we replace the tidal protuberances by two particles of equal masses, one at P , and the other at P' . If the masses of these particles be properly chosen, so as to represent the amount of matter in the protuberances, the proposed change will make no material difference in the result.

The gravitational attraction of the satellite is greater on bodies which are near than on those which are far, and accordingly it attracts the particle P more strongly than the particle P' . It is obvious from the figure that the pull on P must tend to stop the planet's rotation,

¹ It is somewhat paradoxical that the effect of attempting to hurry the satellite is to make it actually move slower. It would be useless to attempt an explanation of this in such an article as the present one, but the converse case, where a retarding force acts on the body, may be more intelligible. When a meteorite

whilst the pull on P' must tend to accelerate it. If a man pushes equally on the two pedals of a bicycle, the crank has no tendency to turn; and besides, there are dead points in the revolution of the crank where pushing and pulling have no effect. So also in the astronomical problem, if the two attractions were exactly equal, or if the protuberances were at a dead point, there would be no resultant effect on the rotation of the planet. But it is obvious that here the retarding pull is stronger than the accelerating pull, and that the set of the protuberances is such that we have passed the dead point. It follows from this that the primary effect of fluid friction is to throw the tidal protuberance forward, and the secondary effect is to retard the planet's rotation.

Action and reaction are equal and opposite, and if the satellite pulls at the protuberances, they pull in return at the satellite. The figure shows that the attraction of the protuberance P tends in some measure to hurry the satellite onward in its orbit, whilst that of P' tends to retard it. But the attraction of P is stronger than that of P' , and therefore the resultant of the two is a force tending to carry the satellite forward more rapidly in the direction of the arrow. When the satellite is thus influenced, it must move in a spiral curve, ever increasing its distance from the planet. Besides this, the satellite has a longer path to travel in its circuit, and takes longer to get round the planet, than was the case before tidal friction began to operate.¹

Now let us apply these ideas to the case of the Earth and the Moon. A man standing on the planet, as it rotates, is carried past places where the fluid is deeper and shallower alternately: at the deep places he says that it is high tide, rushes through the atmosphere it moves faster and faster, because it gains more velocity by the direct action of the Earth's gravity on it than it loses by the friction of the air. And yet it is the friction of the air which allows gravity to have play; so that we have the paradox of friction accelerating the motion.

and at the shallow places that it is low tide. In the figure it is high tide when the observer is carried past P. Now, it was pointed out that when there is no fluid friction we must put the Moon at M', but when there is friction she must be at M. Accordingly, if there is no friction it is high tide when the Moon is over the observer's head, but when there is fluid friction the Moon has passed his zenith before he reaches high tide. Hence he would remark that fluid friction retards the time of high water.¹

A day is the name for the time in which the Earth rotates once, and a month for the time in which the Moon revolves once. Then, since tidal friction retards the Earth's rotation and the Moon's revolution, we may state that both the day and the month are being lengthened, and that these results follow from the retardation in the time of high tide. It must also be noted that the spiral in which the Moon moves is an increasing one, so that her distance from the Earth increases. These are absolutely certain and inevitable results of the mechanical interaction of the two bodies.

At the present time the rates of increase of the day and month are excessively small, so that it has not been found possible to determine them with any approach to accuracy. It may be well to notice in passing that if the rate of change of either element were determinable, that of the other would be deducible by calculation.

The extreme slowness of the changes within historical times is established by the records in early Greek and Assyrian history of eclipses of the Sun which occurred on certain days and at certain places. Notwithstanding the changes in the calendar, it is possible to identify the day according to our modern reckoning,

and the identification of the place presents no difficulty. Astronomy affords the means of calculating the exact time and place of the occurrence of an eclipse even three thousand years ago, on the supposition that the Earth spun at the same rate then as now, and that the complex laws governing the Moon's motion are unchanged. The particular eclipse referred to in history is known, but any considerable change in the Earth's rotation and in the Moon's motion would have shifted the position of visibility on the Earth from the situation to which modern computation would assign it. Most astronomical observations would be worthless if the exact time of the occurrence were uncertain, but in the case of eclipses the place of observation affords just that element of precision which is otherwise wanting. As, then, the situations of the ancient eclipses agree fairly well with modern computations, we are sure that there has been no great change within the last three thousand years either in the Earth's rotation or in the Moon's motion. There is, however, a small outstanding discrepancy which indicates that there has been some change. But the exact amount involves elements of uncertainty, because our knowledge of the laws of the Moon's motion is not yet quite accurate enough for the absolutely perfect calculation of eclipses which occurred many centuries ago. In this way it is known that within historical times the retardation of the Earth's rotation and the recession of the Moon have been, at any rate, very slight.

It does not follow from this that the changes have always been equally slow, and indeed it may be shown by mathematical arguments that the efficiency of tidal friction increases with enormous rapidity as we bring the tide-raising satellite nearer to the planet. The law of

¹ This must not be considered as a fair statement of the case when the oceans are as shallow as in actuality. The reader must accept the assurance that the friction of the tides of

shallow seas also causes retardation of the planet's rotation, although in a somewhat different manner from that explained above.

tidal friction is that it varies according to the inverse sixth power of the distance ; so that with the Moon at half her present distance, the rate of retardation of the Earth's rotation would be sixty-four times as great as it now is. Thus, although the action may now be almost insensibly slow, yet it must have proceeded with much greater rapidity when the Moon was nearer to us.

There are many problems in which it would be very difficult to follow the changes in the system according to the times of their occurrence, but where it is possible to banish time, and to trace the changes themselves in due order, without reference to time. In the sphere of common life, we know the succession of stations which a train must pass between New York and Boston, although we may have no time-table. This is the case with our astronomical problem ; for although we have no time-table, yet the sequence of the changes in the system may be traced accurately.

Let us then banish time, and look forward to the ultimate outcome of the tidal interaction of the Moon and the Earth. The day and the month are now lengthening at relative rates which are calculable, although the absolute rates in time are unknown. It will suffice for a general comprehension of the problem to know that the present rate of increase of the day is much more rapid than that of the month, and that this will hold good in the future. Thus, the number of rotations of the Earth in the interval comprised in one revolution of the Moon diminishes ; or, in other words, the number of days in the month diminishes, although the length of each day increases so rapidly that the month itself is longer than at present. For example, when the day shall be equal in length to two of our actual days, the month may be as long as thirty-seven of our days, and then the Earth will spin round only about eighteen times in the month.

This gradual change in the day and

the month proceeds continuously until the duration of a rotation of the Earth is prolonged to fifty-five of our present days. At the same time, the month, or the time of a revolution of the Moon round the Earth, will also occupy fifty-five of our days. Since the month here means the period of the return of the Moon to the same place amongst the stars, and since the day is to be estimated in the same way, the Moon must then always face the same part of the Earth's surface, and the two bodies must move as though they were united by a bar. The outcome of the lunar tidal friction will therefore be that the Moon and the Earth will go round as though locked together in a period of fifty-five of our present days, with day and month identical in length.

Now, looking backward in time, we find the day and the month shortening, but the day changing more rapidly than the month. The Earth was therefore able to complete more revolutions in the month, although that month was itself shorter than it is now. We get back, in fact, to a time when there were twenty-nine rotations of the Earth in the time of the Moon's revolution, instead of twenty-seven and one third, as at present. This epoch is a sort of crisis in the history of the Moon and the Earth, for it may be proved that there never could have been more than twenty-nine days in the month. Earlier than this epoch, the days were fewer than twenty-nine ; and later, fewer also. Although measured in years, this epoch in the Earth's history must be very remote ; yet when we contemplate the whole series of changes it must be considered as a comparatively recent event. In a sense, indeed, we may be said to have passed recently through the middle stage of our history.

Now, pursuing the series of changes further back than the epoch when there was the maximum number of days in the month, we find the Earth still rotating faster and faster, and the Moon drawing

nearer and nearer to the Earth and revolving in shorter and shorter periods. But a change has supervened, so that the rate at which the month is shortening is more rapid than the rate of change in the day. Consequently, the Moon now gains, as it were, on the Earth, which cannot get round so frequently in the month as it did before. In other words, the number of days in the month declines from the maximum of twenty-nine, and is finally reduced to one. When there is only one day in the month, the Earth and the Moon go round at the same rate, so that the Moon always looks at the same side of the Earth, and as far as concerns the motion they might be fastened together by iron bands.

This is the same conclusion at which we arrived with respect to the remote future. But the two cases differ widely; for whereas in the future the period of the common rotation will be fifty-five of our present days, in the past we find the two bodies going round each other in between three and five of our present hours. A satellite revolving round the Earth in so short a period must almost touch the Earth's surface. The system is therefore traced until the Moon nearly touches the Earth, and the two go round each other like a single solid body in about three to five hours.

The series of changes has been traced forward and backward from the present time, but it will make the whole process more intelligible, and the opportunity will be afforded for certain further considerations, if I sketch the history again in the form of a continuous narrative.

Let us imagine a planet attended by a satellite which revolves in a circular orbit so as nearly to touch its surface, and continuously to face the same side of the planet. If now, for some cause, the satellite's month comes to differ very slightly from the planet's day, the satellite will no longer continuously face the same side of the planet, but will pass over every part of the planet's equator

in turn. This is the condition necessary for the generation of tidal oscillations in the planet, and as the molten lava, of which we suppose the planet to be formed, is a sticky or viscous fluid, the tides must be subject to friction. Tidal friction will then begin to do its work, but the result will be very different according as the satellite revolves a little faster or a little slower than the planet. If it revolves a little faster, so that the month is shorter than the day, we have a condition not contemplated in the figure above; it is easy to see, however, that as the satellite is always leaving the planet behind it, the apex of the tidal protuberance must be directed to a point behind the satellite in its orbit. In this case the rotation of the planet must be accelerated by the tidal friction, and the satellite must be drawn inward toward the planet, into which it must ultimately fall. In the application of this theory to the Earth and the Moon, it is obvious that the very existence of the Moon negatives the hypothesis that the initial month was even infinitesimally shorter than the day. We must then suppose that the Moon revolved a little more slowly than the Earth rotated. In this case the tidal friction would retard the Earth's rotation, and force the Moon to recede from the Earth, and so perform her orbit more slowly. Accordingly, the primitive day and the primitive month lengthen, but the month increases much more rapidly than the day, so that the number of days in the month becomes greater. This proceeds until that number reaches a maximum, which in the case of our planet is about twenty-nine.

After the epoch of maximum number of days in the month, the rate of change in the length of the day becomes less rapid than that in the length of the month; and although both periods increase, the number of days in the month begins to diminish. The series of changes then proceeds until the two periods come again to an identity, when we have the Earth

and the Moon, as they were at the beginning, revolving in the same period, with the Moon always facing the same side of the planet. But in her final condition the Moon will be a long way off from the Earth, instead of being quite close to it.

Although the initial and final states resemble each other, yet they differ in one respect which is of much importance; for in the initial condition the motion is unstable, whilst finally it is stable. The meaning of this is that if the Moon were even infinitesimally disturbed from the initial mode of motion, she would necessarily either fall into the planet or recede therefrom, and it would be impossible for her to continue to move in that neighborhood. She is unstable in the same sense in which an egg balanced on its point is unstable; the smallest mote of dust will upset it, and practically it cannot stay in that position. But the final condition resembles the case of an egg lying on its side, which only rocks a little when we disturb it. So if the Moon were slightly disturbed from her final condition, she would continue to describe very nearly the same path round the Earth, and would not assume some entirely new form of orbit.

It is by methods of rigorous argument that the Moon is traced back to the initial unstable condition when she revolved close to the Earth. But the argument here breaks down, and calculation is incompetent to tell us what occurred before, and how she attained that unstable mode of motion. We can only speculate as to the preceding history, but there is some basis for our speculation; for I say that if a planet, such as the Earth, made each rotation in a period of three hours, it would very nearly fly to pieces. The attraction of gravity would be barely strong enough to hold it together, just as the cohesive strength of iron is insufficient to hold a fly-wheel together if it is spun too fast. There is, of course, an important distinction be-

tween the case of the ruptured fly-wheel and the supposed break-up of the Earth; for when the fly-wheel breaks, the pieces are hurled apart as soon as the force of cohesion fails, whereas when a planet breaks up through too rapid rotation, gravity must continue to hold the pieces together after they have ceased to form parts of a single body.

Hence we have grounds for conjecturing that the Moon is composed of fragments of the primitive planet which we now call the Earth, which detached themselves when the planet spun very swiftly, and afterward became consolidated. It surpasses the powers of mathematical calculation to trace the details of the process of this rupture and subsequent consolidation, but we can hardly doubt that the system would pass through a period of turbulence before order was reestablished in the formation of a satellite.

I have said that rapid rotation was probably the cause of the birth of the Moon, but this statement needs qualification. There are certain considerations which prevent us from ascertaining the common period of revolution of the Moon and the Earth with accuracy; it may lie between three and five hours. I think that such a speed might not, perhaps, be quite sufficient to cause the planet to break up. Is it possible, then, to suggest any other cause which might have coöperated with the tendency to instability of the rotating planet? I think that there is such a cause; and though we are here dealing with guesswork, I will hazard the suggestion.

The primitive planet, before the birth of the Moon, was rotating rapidly with reference to the Sun, and it must, therefore, have been agitated by tidal oscillations due to the Sun's attraction. Now, the magnitude of these solar tides is much influenced by the speed of rotation of the planet, and mathematical reasoning appears to show that when the day was about three or four hours in length the oscillations must have been very great,

although the Sun stood no nearer to the Earth then than it does now. May we not conjecture that the oscillation of the molten planet became so violent that, in coöperation with the rapid rotation, it shook the planet to pieces, detaching huge fragments which ultimately were consolidated into the Moon? There is nothing to tell us whether this theory affords the true explanation of the birth of the Moon, and I say that it is only a wild speculation, incapable of verification.

But the truth or falsity of this speculation does not militate against the acceptance of the general theory of tidal friction, which, standing on the firm basis of mechanical necessity, throws much light on the history of the Earth and the Moon, and correlates the lengths of our present day and month.

I have said above that the sequence of events has been stated without reference to the scale of time. It is of the utmost importance, however, to gain some idea of the time requisite for all the changes in the system. If millions of millions of years were necessary, the applicability of the theory to the Moon and the Earth would have to be rejected, because it is known from other lines of argument that there is not an unlimited bank of time on which to draw. The uncertainty as to the duration of the solar system is wide, yet we are sure that it has not existed for an almost infinite past.

Now, although the actual time-scale is indeterminate, it is possible to find the minimum time adequate for the transformation of the Moon's orbit from its supposed initial condition to its present shape. It may be proved, in fact, that if tidal friction had always operated under the conditions most favorable for producing rapid change, the sequence of events from the beginning until to-day would have occupied a period of between fifty and sixty millions of years. The

actual period, of course, must have been much greater. Various lines of argument as to the age of the solar system have led to results which differ widely among themselves, yet I cannot think that the applicability of the theory of tidal friction is negatived by the magnitude of the period demanded. It may be that science will have to reject the theory in its full extent, but it seems improbable that the ultimate verdict will be adverse to the preponderating influence of the tide on the evolution of our planet.

III.

If this history be true of the Earth and the Moon, it should throw light on many peculiarities of the solar system. In the first place, a corresponding series of changes must have taken place in the Moon herself. Once on a time she must have been molten, and the great extinct volcanoes revealed by the telescope are evidences of her primitive heat. The molten mass must have been semi-fluid, and the Earth must have raised in it enormous tides of molten lava. Doubtless the Moon once rotated rapidly on her axis, and the frictional resistance to her tides must have impeded her rotation. She rotated then more and more slowly until the tide solidified, and thenceforward and to the present day she has shown the same face to the Earth. Helmholtz was, I believe, amongst the first in modern times to suggest this as the explanation of the fact that the Moon always shows us the same face.¹ Our theory, then, receives a striking confirmation from the Moon; for, having ceased to rotate relatively to us, she has actually advanced to that condition which may be foreseen as the fate of the Earth.

Thus far I have referred in only one passage to the influence of solar tides, but these are of considerable importance, being large enough to cause the conspicu-

¹ Kant, in the middle of the last century, drew attention to the importance of tidal friction in celestial dynamics; but as he did not

clothe his argument in mathematical form, he was unable to deduce most of the results which are explained in this paper.

ous phenomena of spring and neap tides. Now, whilst the Moon is retarding the Earth's rotation, the Sun is doing so also. But these solar tides react only on the Earth's motion round the Sun, leaving the Moon's motion round the Earth unaffected. It might perhaps be expected that parallel changes in the Earth's orbit would have proceeded step by step, and that the Earth might be traced to an origin close to the Sun. But the smallness of the Earth's mass compared with that of the Sun here prohibits the application of the theory of tidal friction, and it is improbable that our year is now longer, from this cause at any rate, by more than a few seconds than it was at the very birth of the solar system.

Although the solar tides can have had no perceptible influence upon the Earth's movement in its orbit, they will have affected the rotation of the Earth to a considerable extent. Let us imagine ourselves transported to the indefinite future, when the Moon and the Earth shall be revolving together in fifty-five of our days. The lunar tide in the Earth will then be unchanging, just as the Earth tide in the Moon is now fixed; but the Earth will be rotating with reference to the Sun, and, if there are unfrozen oceans, its rotation will still be subject to retardation in consequence of the solar tidal friction. The day will then become longer than the month, which for a very long time will continue to occupy about fifty-five of our present days. It is known that there are neither oceans nor atmosphere on the Moon; but if there were, she would have been subject to solar tidal friction, and would have undergone a parallel series of changes.

Up to recent times it might have been asserted plausibly that the absence of any such mode of motion in the solar system afforded a reason for rejecting the actual efficiency of tidal friction in celestial evolution. But in 1877 Professor Asaph Hall discovered in the system of the planet Mars a case of the kind of motion

which we have reason to foresee as the future fate of the Earth and the Moon; for he found two satellites, one of which has a month shorter than the planet's day.

In his paper on the discovery of these satellites, Professor Hall gives an interesting account of what had been conjectured, partly in jest and partly in earnest, as to the existence of satellites attending that planet. He quotes Kepler as writing, after the discovery of the satellites of Jupiter, "I am so far from disbelieving the existence of the four circumjovial planets" (that is, satellites) "that I long for a telescope to anticipate you, if possible, in discovering two round Mars, six or eight round Saturn, as the proportion seems to require, and perhaps one each round Mercury and Venus." This, was of course, serious, although based on fantastic considerations. At a later date Swift poured contempt on men of science in his account of the inhabitants of Laputa, whom he describes as dexterous enough on a piece of paper, and in the management of the rule, the pencil, and the dividers, but as a clumsy, awkward, and unhandy people, and perplexed in their conceptions upon all subjects except mathematics and music. He writes, however, of the Laputans, "They have likewise discovered two lesser stars or satellites, which revolve about Mars, whereof the innermost is distant from the centre of the primary exactly three of his diameters, and the outermost five." In one of his satires, Voltaire also represents an imaginary traveler from Sirius as making a similar discovery.

These curious prognostications were at length verified by Professor Asaph Hall in the discovery of two satellites, which he named Phobos and Deimos, — Fear and Panic, the dogs of war. The period of Deimos is about thirty hours, and that of Phobos about eight hours, whilst the Martian day is of nearly the same length as our own. The month of the inner minute satellite is thus less

than a third of the planet's day; it rises to the Martians in the west, and passes through all its phases in a few hours; sometimes it must even rise twice in a single Martian night. As we here find an illustration of the condition foreseen for our own planet and satellite, it seems legitimate to suppose that solar tidal friction has slowed down the planet's rotation. The ultimate fate of Phobos must almost certainly be absorption by the planet.

Several of the satellites of Jupiter and Saturn present faint inequalities of coloring, and telescopic examination has led astronomers to believe that they always present the same face to their planets. The theory of tidal friction would certainly lead us to expect that these enormous planets would have worked out the same result for these relatively small satellites that the Earth has effected in the Moon.

The efficiency of solar tidal friction must be far greater in its action on the planets Mercury and Venus than on the Earth. The determination of the periods of rotation of these planets thus becomes a matter of much interest. But the markings on their disks are so obscure that their rates of rotation have remained under discussion for many years. Until recently the prevailing opinion was that in each case the day was of nearly the same length as our own; but a few years ago Schiaparelli of Milan, an observer endowed with extraordinary acuteness of vision, announced, as the result of his observation, that both Mercury and Venus rotate only once in their respective years, and that each of them always presents the same face to the Sun. These conclusions have recently been confirmed by Mr. Percival Lowell from observations made in Arizona, and are exactly conformable to our theoretical expectation. Whilst it is not easy to see how these astronomers can have been mistaken, yet it is proper to note that others, possessing apparently equal advantages, have failed to detect the

markings on the planets. Accepting, however, this conclusion, we have the planets Mercury and Venus, the satellites of the Earth, and Jupiter and Saturn presenting evidence favorable to the theory of tidal friction, whilst the case of the Martian system is yet more striking as an instance of an advanced stage in evolution.

It would need another article to discuss the various aspects of this theory in relation to the histories of the planets and of their satellites. I may say, however, that it serves in great measure to explain the fact that the Earth is tilted over with reference to its orbit round the Sun, and that it throws light on the fact that the plane of the Moon's orbit is not coincident with that of the Earth. The same cause may also be proved to tend toward making the orbit of a satellite eccentric, and it is this effect of tidal friction to which Mr. See has appealed. I shall not here repeat his arguments, but in section iv. I will make some comments on his theories.

With respect to the efficacy of tidal friction as a factor in the evolution of the Earth, it is not too much to say that if we postulate a planet consisting partly or wholly of molten lava, and rapidly rotating about an axis at right angles to its orbit round the Sun, and if that planet have a single satellite, revolving nearly as rapidly as the planet rotates, then a system will necessarily be evolved in time closely resembling our own.

A theory reposing on true causation, which brings into quantitative correlation the lengths of the present day and month, the obliquity of the ecliptic, and the eccentricity and inclination of the Moon's orbit, must, I think, have strong claims to acceptance.

IV.

There are in the heavens many pairs of closely neighboring stars which revolve about each other under the influence of their mutual gravitation. The

fact that both members of a pair are visible seems to indicate that they do not differ widely in mass, and it is also a striking peculiarity of these binary systems that the orbit is commonly very eccentric. The distinction is great between our solar system, with its large central mass and infinitesimal planets moving in nearly circular orbits, and these binary systems, and hence there is abundant reason for supposing that the course of evolution has been very different in the two cases.

Mr. See explains the high degree of eccentricity in these binary orbits by the influence of tidal friction. The tide undoubtedly operates under conditions which give it a wide scope, when two large masses are revolving about one another; and tidal friction is the only known cause capable of converting a nearly circular orbit into a very eccentric one. But this does not afford quite sufficient reason for the acceptance of the theory, for the assumption is involved that orbits now very eccentric were formerly nearly circular. Mr. See accordingly also puts forward a theory of the method by which double stars originated, and to this I shall return later.

At first it may not be easy to see how the truth of this theory of the origin of the eccentricity is to be tested; it may be worth while, therefore, to point out the direction which, to me at least, seems the most promising in the search for confirmation or refutation.

It is thought by some spectroscopists that the ages of stars are already determinable by the nature of their spectra, and although the theories which have been advanced do not meet with universal acceptance, yet they foreshadow views which may some day be universally accepted. It has been plausibly contended that stars which are young in their evolution must consist of incandescent gas, and must therefore have spectra furrowed by bright lines; later in their histories they are supposed to be-

come more condensed and to give continuous spectra. Now if, from theories of this kind, we could ascertain the stage of evolution of a binary system, we should be able to form a judgment of the truth of the tidal theory; for the younger systems should present smaller eccentricity of orbit than the older ones, and the periodic times in the young systems should be shorter, on the whole, than those in the old ones. Delicate spectroscopic measurements make it theoretically possible to determine the relative masses of a binary pair, but hitherto the measurements have been carried to a successful issue in only a very few cases. It is to be expected, however, that the number of known masses will be largely multiplied in the future. A small star must cool more rapidly than a large one, and should present the appearance of greater age. We may hope, then, in time, not only to attain to crucial tests of spectroscopic theories of age, but also to be furnished with the materials for judging of the truth of the tidal theory of evolution of stellar systems.

The second and yet more speculative branch of Mr. See's theory is that which concerns the mode of origin of binary systems. Man must ultimately be brought face to face with the incomprehensibility of the origin of matter and motion, but this consideration will never prevent him from peering into the past to the utmost of his powers. It is certain that the stars are continually undergoing change, and it seems impossible to accept their existence as an ultimate fact not susceptible of explanation. Thus we feel bound to trace their histories back to a past so remote that their preceding course of evolution becomes inscrutable.

The fact that two stars are now found to be revolving about each other leads to the conviction that their relationship is not a casual one, but that they have been connected from an early epoch, which for convenience we may call the origin of the system. It appears almost beyond

question that this starting-point must have been at a time when the two stars were united in a single rotating mass. As the basis of his explanation of the manner in which a single mass may split into two, Mr. See takes certain theoretical investigations as to the shapes which a mass of gravitating and rotating fluid is capable of maintaining. I will not recapitulate his theories, but I wish to emphasize the uncertainties with which we are here brought face to face.

Many years ago Sir John Herschel drew a number of twin nebulae as they appear through a powerful telescope. The drawings probably possess the highest degree of accuracy attainable by this method of delineation, and the shapes present evidence confirmatory of Mr. See's theory of the fission of nebulae. But since Herschel's time it has been discovered that many details, to which our eyes must remain forever blind, are revealed by celestial photography. The photographic film is, in fact, sensitive to those photographic rays which we may call invisible light, and many nebulae are now found to be hardly recognizable, when photographs of them are compared with drawings. A conspicuous example of this is furnished by the great nebula in Andromeda; for whereas the drawing exhibits a cloud with a few dark streaks in it, the photograph shows a flattened disk surrounding a central condensation; moreover, the disk is seen to be divided into rings, so that the whole system might have been drawn by Laplace to illustrate his celebrated nebular hypothesis of the origin of the solar system.

Photographs, however, do not always aid interpretation, for there are some which serve only to increase the chaos visible with the telescope. We may suspect, in fact, that the complete system of a nebula often contains masses of cool and photographically invisible gas, and

in such cases it would seem that the true nature of the whole will be forever concealed from us.

Another group of strange celestial objects is that of the spiral nebulae, whose forms irresistibly suggest violent whirlpools of incandescent gas. Although in all probability the motion of the gas is very rapid, yet no change of form has been detected. We are here reminded of a rapid stream rushing past a post, where the form of the surface remains constant, whilst the water itself is in rapid movement, and it seems reasonable to suppose that in these nebulae it is only the lines of flow of the gas which are visible. Again, there are other cases in which the telescopic view may be almost deceptive in its physical suggestions. Thus, the Dumb-Bell Nebula (27 Messier Vulpes), as viewed telescopically, might be taken as a good illustration of a nebula almost ready to split into two stars. If this were so, the rotation would be about an axis at right angles to the length of the nebula. But a photograph of this object shows that the system really consists of a luminous globe surrounded by a thick and less luminous ring, and that the opacity of the sides of the ring takes a bite, as it were, out of each side of the disk, and so gives it the apparent form of a dumb-bell. In this case the rotation must be about an axis at right angles to the ring, and therefore along the length of the dumb-bell.¹

From what I have said it must be obvious that the subject is surrounded by difficulties and uncertainties; Mr. See is therefore to be congratulated on having laid before the world an hypothesis which appears to explain the facts as far as we know them. The subject is necessarily a speculative one, and we must look forward to future spectroscopic and photographic researches for the confirmation or refutation of his theories.

G. H. Darwin.

¹ It is proper to state that Mr. See does not refer to this nebula as confirmatory of his theory.

A NOOK IN THE ALLEGHANIES.

I.

I LEFT Boston at nine o'clock on the morning of April 23, and reached Pulaski, in southwestern Virginia, at ten o'clock the next forenoon, exactly on schedule time, — or within five minutes of it, to give the railroad no more than its due. It was a journey to meet the spring, — which for a Massachusetts man is always a month tardy, — and as such it was speedily rewarded. Even in Connecticut there were vernal signs, a dash of greenness here and there in the meadows, and generous sproutings of skunk cabbage about the edges of the swamps; and once out of Jersey City we were almost in a green world. At Bound Brook, I think it was, the train stopped where a Norway maple opposite my window stood all in yellow mist of blossoms, and chimney-swifts were shooting hither and thither athwart the bright afternoon sky. By the time Philadelphia was reached, or by the time we were done with running in and out of its several stations, the night had commenced falling, and I saw nothing more of the world, with all that famous valley of the Shenandoah, till I left my berth at Roanoke. There the orchards — apple-trees and peach-trees together — were in full bloom, and on the slopes of the hills, as we pushed in among them, rounding curve after curve, shone gorgeous red patches of the Judas-tree, with sprinklings of columbines, violets, marsh-marigolds, and dandelions, and splashes of deep orange-yellow, — clusters of some flower then unknown to me, but pretty certainly the Indian puccoon; not the daintiest of blossoms, perhaps, but among the most effective under such fugitive, arm's-length conditions. A plaguing kind of pleasure it is to ride past such things at a speed which makes

a good look at them impossible, as once, for the better part of a long forenoon, in the flatwoods of Florida and southern Georgia, I rode through swampy places bright with splendid pitcher-plants, of a species I had never seen and knew nothing about; straining my eyes to make out the yellow blossoms, cursing the speed of the train, — which, nevertheless, brought me into Macon several hours after I should have been in Atlanta, — wishing for my Chapman's Flora (packed away in my trunk, of course), and bewailing the certainty that I was losing the only opportunity I should ever have to see so interesting a novelty. And still, — I can say it now, — half a look is better than no vision.

For fifty miles beyond Roanoke we traveled southward; but an ascent of a thousand feet offset, and more than offset, the change of latitude, so that at Pulaski we found the apple-trees not yet in flower, but showing the pink of the buds. The venerable, pleasingly unsymmetrical sugar maples in the yard of the inn (the reputed, and real, comforts of which had drawn me to this particular spot) were hung full of pale yellow tassels, and vocal with honey-bees. Spring was here, and I felt myself welcome.

Till luncheon should be ready, I strayed into the border of the wood behind the town, and, wandering quite at a venture, came by good luck upon a path which followed the tortuous, deeply worn bed of a brook through a narrow pass between steep, sparsely wooded, rocky hills. Along the bank grew plenty of the common rhododendron, now in early bud, and on either side of the path were trailing arbutus and other early flowers. Yes, I had found the spring, not summer. The birds bore the same testimony: thrashers, chippers, field sparrows, black-and-white creepers, and a

Carolina chickadee. Summer birds, like summer flowers, were yet to come. A brief song, repeated at intervals from the ragged, half-cleared hillside near a house, as I returned to the village, puzzled me agreeably. It should be the voice of a Bewick's wren, I thought, but the notes seemed not to tally exactly with my recollections of a year ago, on Missionary Ridge. However, I made only a half-hearted attempt to decide the point. There would be time enough for such investigations by and by. Meanwhile, it would be a poor beginning to take a first walk in a new country without bringing back at least one uncertainty for expectation to feed upon. It is always part of to-day's wisdom to leave something for to-morrow's search. So I seem to remember reasoning with myself; but perhaps a thought of the noon-day luncheon had something to do with my temporizing mood.

In any case no harm came of it. The singer was at home for the season, and the very next morning I went up the hill and made sure of him: a Bewick's wren, as I had guessed. I heard him there on sundry occasions afterward. Sometimes he sang one tune, sometimes another. The song heard on the first day, and most frequently, perhaps, at other times, consisted of a prolonged indrawn whistle, followed by a trill or jumble of notes (not many birds trill, I suppose, in the technical sense of that word), as if the fellow had picked up his music from two masters, — a Bachman finch and a song sparrow. It soon transpired, greatly to my satisfaction, that this was one of the characteristic songsters of the town. One bird sang daily not far from my window (the first time I heard him I ran out in haste, looking for some new sparrow, and only came to my senses when halfway across the lawn), and I never walked far in the town (the city, I ought in civility to say) without passing at least two or three. Sometimes as many as that would be within hearing at

once. They preferred the town to the woods and fields, it was evident, and for a singing-perch chose indifferently a fence picket, the roof of a hen-coop, a chimney-top, or the ridgepole of one of the churches, — which latter, by the bye, were most unchristianly numerous. The people are to be congratulated upon having so jolly and pretty a singer playing hide-and-seek — the wren's game always — in their house-yards and caroling under their windows. As a musician he far outshines the more widely known house wren, though that bird, too, is excellent company, with his pert ways, at once furtive and familiar, and his merry gurgle of a tune. If he would only come back to our sparrow-cursed Massachusetts gardens and orchards, as I still hope he will some time do, I for one would never twit him upon his inferiority to his Bewickian cousin or to anybody else.

The city itself would have repaid study, if only for its unlikeness to cities in general. It had not "descended out of heaven," so much was plain, though this is not what I mean by its unlikeness to other places; neither did it seem to have grown up after the old-fashioned method, a "slow result of time," — first a hamlet, then a village, then a town, and last of all a city. On the contrary, it bore all the marks of something built to order; in the strictest sense, a city made with hands. And so, in fact, it is; one of the more fortunate survivals of what the people of southwestern Virginia are accustomed to speak of significantly as "the boom," — a grand attempt, now a thing of the past, but still bitterly remembered, to make everybody rich by a concerted and enthusiastic multiplication of nothing by nothing.

Such a community, I repeat, would have been an interesting and very "proper study;" but I had not come southward in a studious mood. I meant to be idle, having a gift in that direction which I am seldom able to cultivate as

it deserves. It is one of the best of gifts. I could never fall in with what the poet Gray says of it in one of his letters. "Take my word and experience upon it," he writes, "doing nothing is a most amusing business, and yet neither something nor nothing gives me any pleasure." He begins bravely, although the trivial word "amusing" wakens a distrust of his sincerity; but what a pitiful conclusion! How quickly the boom collapses! It is to be said for him, however, that he was only twenty years old at the time, and a relish for sentiment and reverie — that is to say, for the pleasures of idleness — is apt to be little developed at that immature age. I had passed that point by some years; I was sure I could enjoy a week of dreaming; and, unlike Bewick's wren, I took to the woods.

To that end I returned again and again to the brookside path, on which I had so fortunately stumbled. A man on my errand could have asked nothing better, unless, perchance, there had been a mile or two more of it. Following it past two or three tumble-down cabins, the stroller was at once out of the world; a single bend in the course of the brook, and the hills closed in behind him, and the town might have been a thousand miles away. Life itself is such a path as this, I reflected. The forest shuts behind us, and is open only at our feet, with here and there a flower or a butterfly or a strain of music to take up our thoughts, as we travel on toward the clearing at the end.

For the first day or two the deciduous woods still showed no signs of leafage, but tall, treelike shadbushes were in flower, — fair brides, veiled as no princess ever was, — and a solitary red maple stood blushing at its own premature fruitfulness. Here a man walked between acres of hepatica and trailing arbutus, — the brook dividing them, — while the path was strewn with violets, anemones, buttercups, bloodroot, and

houstonia. In one place was a patch of some new yellow flowers, like five-fingers, but more upright, and growing on bracted scapes; barren strawberries (*Waldsteinia*) Dr. Gray told me they were called, and one more Latin name had blossomed into a picture. A manual of botany, annotated with place-names and dates, gets after a time to be truly excellent reading, a refreshment to the soul, in winter especially, as name after name calls up the living plant and all the wild beauty that goes with it. And with the thought of the barren strawberry I can see, what I had all but forgotten, though it was one of the first things I noticed, the sloping ground covered with large, round, shiny, purplish-green (evergreen) leaves, all exquisitely crinkled and toothed. With nothing but the leaves to depend upon, I could only conjecture the plant to be galax, a name which caught my eye by the sheerest accident, as I turned the pages of the Manual looking for something else; but the conjecture turned out to be a sound one, as the sagacious reader will have already inferred from the fact of its mention.

In such a place there was no taking many steps without a halt. My gait was rather a progressive standing still than an actual progress; so that it mattered little whether or how far the path might carry me. I was not going somewhere, — I was already there; or rather, I was both at once. Every stroller will know what I mean. Fruition and expectation were on my tongue together; to risk an unscriptural paradox, what I saw I yet hoped for. The brook, tumbling noisily downward, — in some places over almost regular flights of stone steps, — now in broad sunshine, now in the shade of pines and hemlocks and rhododendrons, was of itself a cheerful companionship, its inarticulate speech chiming in well with thoughts that were not so much thoughts as dumb sensations.

Here and there my footsteps disturbed a tiny blue butterfly, a bumblebee, or an

emerald beetle, — lovers of the sun all of them, and therefore haunters of the path. Once a grouse sprang up just before me, and at another time I stopped to gain sight of a winter wren, whose querulous little song-sparrow-like note betrayed his presence under the overhanging sod of the bank, where he dodged in and out, pausing between whiles upon a projecting root, to emphasize his displeasure by nervous gesticulatory bobbings. He meant I should know what he thought of me; and I would gladly have returned the compliment, but saw no way of doing so. It is a fault in the constitution of the world that we receive so much pleasure from innocent wild creatures, and can never thank them in return. Black-and-white creepers were singing at short intervals, and several pairs of hooded warblers seemed already to have made themselves at home among the rhododendron bushes. Just a year before I had taken my fill of their music on Walden's Ridge, in Tennessee. Then it became almost an old story; now, if the truth must be told, I mistook the voice for a stranger's. It was much better than I remembered it; fuller, sweeter, less wiry. Perhaps the birds sang better here in Virginia, I tried to think; but that comfortable explanation had nothing else in its favor. It was more probable, I was bound to conclude, that the superior quality of the Kentucky warbler's music, which was all the time in my ears on Walden's Ridge, had put me unjustly out of conceit with the performance of its less taking neighbor. At all events, I now voted the latter a singer of decided merit, and was ready to unsay pretty much all that I had formerly said against it. I went so far, indeed, as to grow sarcastic at my own expense, for in my field memoranda I find this entry: "The hooded warbler's song is very little like the redstart's, in spite of what Torrey has written." Verily the pencil is mightier than the pen, and a note in the field is worth two in the study. Yet that,

after all, is an unfair way of putting the matter, since the Tennessee note also was made in the field. Let one note correct the other; or, better still, let each stand for whatever of truth it expresses. Happily, there is no final judgment on such themes. One thing I remarked with equal surprise and pleasure: the song reminded me again and again of the singing of Swainson's thrush; not by any resemblance between the two voices, it need hardly be said, but by a similarity in form. Oven-birds were here, speaking their pieces in earnest schoolroom fashion; a few chippering snowbirds excited my curiosity (common *Junco hyemalis*, for aught I could discover, but I profess no certainty on so nice a point); and here and there a flock of migrating white-throated sparrows bestirred themselves lazily, as I brushed too near their browsing-places.

So I dallied along, accompanied by a staid, good-natured, woodchuck-loving collie (he had joined me on the hotel piazza, with a friendly look in his face, as much as to say, "The top of the morning to you, stranger. If you are out for a walk, I'm your dog"), till presently I came to a clearing. Here the path all at once disappeared, and I made no serious effort to pick it up again. Why should I go farther? I could never be farther from the world, nor was I likely to find anywhere a more inviting spot; and so, climbing the stony hillside, over beds of trailing arbutus bloom and past bunches of birdfoot violets, I sat down in the sun, on a cushion of long, dry grass.

The gentlest of zephyrs was stirring, the very breath of spring, soft and of a delicious temperature. My New England cheeks, winter-crustured and still half benumbed, felt it only in intermittent puffs, but the pine leaves, more sensitive, kept up a continuous murmur. Close about me — close enough, but not too close — stood the hills. At my back, filling the horizon in that direction, stretched an unbroken ridge, some hundreds of feet

loftier than my own position, and several miles in length, up the almost perpendicular slope of which, a very rampart for steepness, ranks of evergreen-trees were pushing in narrow file. Elsewhere the land rose in separate elevations; some of them, pale with distance, showing through a gap, or peeping over the shoulder of a less remote neighbor. Nothing else was in sight; and there I sat alone, under the blue sky, — alone, yet with no lack of unobtrusive society.

At brief intervals a field sparrow somewhere down the hillside gave out a sweet and artless strain, clear as running water and soft as the breath of spring-time. How gently it caressed the ear! The place and the day had found a voice. Once a grouse drummed, — one of the most restful of all natural sounds, to me at least, “drumming” though it be, speaking always of fair weather and woodsy quietness and peace; and once, to my surprise, I heard a clatter of cross-bill notes, though I saw nothing of the birds, — restless souls, wanderers up and down the earth, and, after the habit of restless souls in general, gregarious to the last. A buzzard drifted across the sky. Like the swan on still St. Mary’s Lake, he floated double, bird and shadow. A flicker shouted, and a chewink, under the sweet-fern and laurel bushes, stopped his scratching once in a while to address by name a mate or fellow traveler. A Canadian nuthatch, calling softly, hung back downward from a pine cone; and, nearer by, a solitary vireo sat preening his feathers, with sweet soliloquistic chattering, “the very sound of happy thoughts.” I was with him in feeling, though no match for him in the expression of it.

Again and again I took the brookside path, and spent an hour of dreams in this sunny clearing among the hills. Day by day the sun’s heat did its work, melting the snow of the shadbushes and the bloodroot, and bringing out the first scattered flushes of yellowish-green on the lofty tulip-trees, while splashes of

lively purple soon made me aware that the ground in some places was as thick with fringed polygala as it was in other places with hepatica and arbutus. No doubt, the fair procession, beauty following beauty, would last the season through. A white violet, new to me (*Viola striata*), was sprinkled along the path, and on the second day, as I went up the hill to my usual seat, I dropped upon my knees before a perfect vision of loveliness, — a dwarf iris, only two or three inches above the ground, of an exquisite, truly heavenly shade, bluish-purple or violet-blue, standing alone in the midst of the brown last year’s grass. Unless it may have been by the cloudberry on Mount Clinton, I was never so taken captive by a blossom. I worshiped it in silence, — the grass a natural prayer-rug, — feeling all the while as if I were looking upon a flower just created. It would not be found in Gray, I told myself. But it was; and before many days, almost to my sorrow, it grew to be fairly common. Once I happened upon a white specimen, as to which, likewise, the Manual had been before me. New flowers are almost as rare as new thoughts.

It was amid the dead grass and rust-colored stones of this same hillside that I found, also, the velvety, pansy-like variety of the birdfoot violet, [here, and there a plant surrounded by its relatives of the more every-day sort. This was my first sight of it; but I saw it afterward at Natural Bridge, and again at Afton, from which I infer that it must be rather common in the mountain region of Virginia, notwithstanding Dr. Gray, who, as I now notice, speaks as if Maryland were its southern limit. Indeed, to judge from my hasty experience, Alleghanian Virginia is a thriving-place of the violet family in general. In my very brief visit, I was too busy (or too idle, but my idleness was really of a busy complexion) to give the point as much attention as I now wish I had given to it, else I am sure I could furnish the

particulars to bear out my statement. At Pulaski, without any thought of making a list, I remarked abundance of *Viola pedata*, *V. palmata*, and *V. sagittata*, with *V. pubescens*, *V. canina Muhlenbergii*, and four forms new to my eyes, — *V. pedata bicolor* and *V. striata*, just mentioned, *V. hastata* and *V. pubescens scabriuscula*. If to these be added *V. Canadensis* and *V. rostrata*, both of them common at Natural Bridge, we have at least a pretty good assortment to be picked up by a transient visitor, whose eyes, moreover, were oftener in the trees than on the ground.

My single white novelty, *V. striata*, grew in numbers under the maples in the grounds of the inn. The two yellow ones were found farther away, and were the means of more excitement. I had gone down the creek, one afternoon, to the neighborhood of the second furnace (two smelting-furnaces being, as far as a stranger could judge, the main reason of the town's existence), and thence had taken a side-road that runs up among the hills in the direction of Peak Knob, the highest point near Pulaski. A lucky misdirection, or misunderstanding, sent me too far to the right, and there my eye rested suddenly upon a bank covered with strange-looking yellow violets; like *pubescens* in their manner of growth, but noticeably different in the shape of the leaves, and noticeably not pubescent. A reference to the Manual, on my return to the hotel, showed them to be *V. hastata*, — "rare;" and that magic word, so inspiriting to all collectors, made it indispensable that I should visit the place again, with a view to additional specimens. The next morning it rained heavily, and the road, true to its Virginian character, was a disconcerting junction of slipperiness and supreme adhesiveness; but I had come prepared for such difficulties, and anyhow, in vacation time and in a strange country, there was no staying all day within doors. I

had gathered my specimens, of which, happily, there was no lack, and was wandering about under an umbrella among the dripping bushes, seeing what I could see, thinking more of birds than of blossoms, when behold! I stumbled upon a second novelty, still another yellow violet, suggestive neither of *V. pubescens* nor of anything else that I had ever seen. It went into the box (I could find but two or three plants), and then I felt that it might rain never so hard, the day was saved.

A hurried reference to the Manual brought me no satisfaction, and I dispatched one of the plants forthwith to a friendly authority, for whom a comparison with herbarium specimens would supply any conceivable gaps in his own knowledge. "Here is something not described in Gray's Manual," I wrote to him, "unless," I added (not to be caught napping, if I could help it), "it be *V. pubescens scabriuscula*." And I made bold to say further, in my unscientific enthusiasm, that whatever the plant might or might not turn out to be, I did not believe it was properly to be considered as a variety of *V. pubescens*. In appearance and habit it was too unlike that familiar Massachusetts species. If he could see it growing, I was persuaded he would be of the same opinion, though I was well enough aware of my entire unfitness for meddling with such high questions.

He replied at once, knowing the symptoms of collector's fever, it is to be presumed, and the value of a prompt treatment. The violet was *V. pubescens scabriuscula*, he said, — at least, it was the plant so designated by the Manual; but he went on to tell me, for my comfort, that some botanists accepted it as of specific rank, and that my own impression about it would very likely prove to be correct. Since then I have been glad to find this view of the question supported by Messrs. Britton and Brown in their new Illustrated Flora, where the plant is

listed as *V. scabriuscula*. As to all of which it may be subjoined that the less a man knows, the prouder he feels at having made a good guess. It would be too bad if so common an evil as ignorance were not attended by some slight compensations.

These novelties in violets, so interesting to the finder, if to nobody else (though since the time here spoken of he has seen the "rare" *hastata* growing broadcast, literally by the acre, in the woodlands of southwestern North Carolina), were gathered, as before said, not far from the foot of Peak Knob. From the moment of my arrival in Pulaski I had had my eye upon that eminence, the highest of the hills round about, looking to be, as I was told it was, a thousand feet above the valley level, or some three thousand feet above tide-water. I call it Peak Knob, but that was not the name I first heard for it. On the second afternoon of my stay I had gone through the town and over some shadeless fields beyond, following a crooked, hard-baked, deeply rutted road, till I found myself in a fine piece of old woods, — oaks, tulip-trees (poplars, the Southern people call them), black walnuts, and the like; leafless now, all of them, and silent as the grave, but certain a few days hence to be alive with wings and vocal with spring music. In imagination I was already beholding them populous with chats, indigo-birds, wood pewees, wood thrushes, and warblers (it is one of our ornithological pleasures to make such anticipatory catalogues in unfamiliar places), when my prophetic vision was interrupted by the approach of a cart, in which sat a man driving a pair of oxen by means of a single rope line. He stopped at once on being accosted, and we talked of this and that; the inquisitive traveler asking such questions as came into his head, and the wood-carter answering them one by one in a neighborly, unhurried spirit. Along with the rest of my interrogatories I inquired

the name of the high mountain yonder, beyond the valley. "That is Peach Knob," he replied, — or so I understood him. "Peach Knob?" said I. "Why is that? Because of the peaches raised there?" "No, they just *call* it that," he answered; but he added, as an afterthought, that there *were* some peach orchards, he believed, on the southern slope. Perhaps he had said "Peak Knob," and was too polite to correct a stranger's hardness of hearing. At all events, the mountain appeared to be generally known by that more reasonable-sounding if somewhat tautological appellation.

By whatever name it should be called, I was on my way to scale it when I found the roadside bright with *hastate-leaved* violets, as before described. My mistaken course, and some ill-considered attempts I made to correct the same by striking across lots, took me so far out of the way, and so much increased the labor of the ascent, that the afternoon was already growing short when I reached the crest of the ridge below the actual peak, or knob; and as my mood was not of the most ambitious, and the clouds had begun threatening rain, I gave over the climb at that point, and sat down on the edge of the ridge, having the wood behind me, to regain my breath and enjoy the landscape.

A little below, on the knolls halfway up the mountain, was a settlement of colored mountaineers, a dozen or so of scattered houses, each surrounded by a garden and orchard patch, — apple-trees, cherry-trees, and a few peach-trees, with currant and gooseberry bushes; a really thrifty-seeming alpine hamlet, with a maze of winding by-paths and half-worn carriage-roads making down from it to the highway below. With or without reason, it struck me as a thing to be surprised at, this colony of black highlanders.

The distance was all a grand confusion of mountains, one crowding another on the horizon; some nearer, some farther

away, and one lofty and massive peak in the northeast lording it over the rest. Close at hand in the valley, at my left, lay the city of Pulaski, with its furnaces, — a mile or two apart, having a stretch of open country between, — its lazy creek, and its multitudinous churches. A Pulaskian would find it hard to miss of heaven, it seemed to me. Everywhere else the foreground was a grassy, pastoral country, broken by occasional patches of leafless woods, and showing here and there a solitary house, — a scene widely unlike that from any Massachusetts mountain of anything near the same altitude. Hereabout (and one reads the same story in traveling over the state) men do not huddle together in towns, and get their bread by making things in factories, but are still mostly tillers of the soil, planters and graziers, with elbow-room and breathing-space. The more cities and villages, the more woods, — such appears to be the law. In Massachusetts there are six or seven times as many inhabitants to the square mile as there are in Virginia; yet Massachusetts seen from its hilltops is all a forest, and Virginia a cleared country.

Rain began falling by the time the valley was reached, on my return, and coming to a store in the vicinity of the lower furnace, — the one store of that suburb, so far as I could discover, — I stepped inside, partly for shelter, partly to see the people at their Saturday shopping. A glance at the walls and the show-cases made it plain that one store was enough. You had only to ask for what you wanted: a shotgun, a revolver, a violin case, a shovel, a plug of tobacco, a pound of sugar, a coffee-pot, a dress pattern, a ribbon, a necktie, a pair of trousers, or what not. The merchant might have written over his door, "*Humani nihil alienum*;" if he had been a city shopkeeper, he might even have called his establishment a department store, and filled the Sunday newspapers with the wonders of it. Then it would have been but a step to

the governor's chair, or possibly to a seat in the national council.

The place was like a beehive; customers of both sexes and both colors going and coming with a ceaseless buzz of gossip and bargaining, while the proprietor and his clerks — two of them smoking cigarettes — bustled to and fro behind the counters, improving the shining hour. One strapping young colored man standing near me inquired for suspenders, and, on having an assortment placed before him, selected without hesitation (it is a good customer who knows his own mind) a brilliant yellow pair embroidered or edged with equally brilliant red. Having bought them, at an outlay of only twelve cents, he proceeded to the piazza, where he took off his coat and put them on. That was what he had bought them for. His taste was impressionistic, I thought. He believed in the primary colors. And why quarrel with him? "Dear child of Nature, let them rail," I was ready to say. It is not Mother Nature, but Dame Fashion, another person altogether, and a most ridiculous old body, who prescribes that masculine humanity shall never consider itself "dressed" except in funereal black and white.

What Nature herself thinks of colors, and what freedom she uses in mixing them, was to be newly impressed upon me this very afternoon, on my walk homeward. In a wet place near the edge of the woods, at some distance from the road, — so sticky after the rain that I was thankful to keep away from it, — I came suddenly upon a truly magnificent display of Virginia lungwort, a flower that I half remembered to have seen at one time and another in gardens, but here growing in a garden of its own, and after a manner to put cultivation to the blush. The homely place, nothing but the muddy border of a pool, was glorified by it; the flowers a vivid blue or bluish-purple, and the buds bright pink. The plants are of a weedy sort,

little to my fancy, and the blossoms, taken by themselves, are not to be compared for an instant with such modest woodland beauties as were spoken of a few pages back, trailing arbutus, fringed polygala, and the vernal fleur-de-lis; but the color, seen thus in the mass, and come upon thus unexpectedly, was a memorable piece of splendor. Such pictures, humble as they may seem, and little as they may be regarded at the time, are often among the best rewards of travel. Memory has ways of her own, and treasures what trifles she will.

And with another of her trifles let me be done with this part of my story. There was still the end of the afternoon to spare, and, the rain being over, I skirted the woods, walking and standing still by turns, till all at once out of a thicket just before me came the voice of a bird, — a brown thrasher, I took it to be, — running over his song in the very smallest of undertones; phrase after phrase, each with its natural emphasis and cadence, but all barely audible, though the singer could be only a few feet away. It was wonderful, the beauty

of the muted voice and the fluency and perfection of the tune. The music ceased; and then, after a moment, I heard, several times repeated, still only a breath of sound, the mew of a catbird. With that I drew a step or two nearer, and there the bird sat, motionless and demure, as if music and a listener were things equally remote from his consciousness. What was in his thoughts I know not. He may have been tuning up, simply, making sure of his technic, rehearsing upon a dumb keyboard. Possibly, as men and women do, he had sung without knowing it, — dreaming of a last year's mate or of summer days coming, — or out of mere comfortable vacancy of mind. Catbirds are not among my dearest favorites; a little too fussy, somewhat too well aware of themselves, I generally think; more than a little too fragmentary in their effusions, beginning and beginning, and never getting under way, like an improviser who cannot find his theme; but this bird in the Alleghanies sang as bewitching a song as my ears ever listened to.

Bradford Torrey.

LOVE IN THE WINDS.

WHEN I am standing on a mountain crest,
Or hold the tiller in the dashing spray,
My love of you leaps foaming in my breast,
Shouts with the winds and sweeps to their foray;
My heart bounds with the horses of the sea,
And plunges in the wild ride of the night,
Flaunts in the teeth of tempest the large glee
That rides out Fate and welcomes gods to fight.
Ho, love! I laugh aloud for love of you,
Glad that our love is fellow to rough weather;
No fretful orchid hothoused from the dew,
But hale and hardy as the highland heather,
Rejoicing in the wind that stings and thrills,
Comrade of ocean, playmate of the hills.

Richard Hovey.

ON THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH.

It is probably because we live in the midst of it that we are not fully sensible of the change now taking place in our intellectual life. Possibly, too, because we are looking for some general spectacular transformation at the beginning of the next century, we fail to see the bearing of the one that has already taken place in this. But the knowledge we now have of the interrelation of natural phenomena, and the limitation such knowledge places upon us, must, directly or remotely, condition all our thought. While the facts of life may have remained the same, their significance is irrevocably altered. It is no longer possible for us, strive as we may, to have the same ideas that our grandfathers had, when we think about the things of most concern to us. If we try to formulate our notions as they formulated theirs, we must perforce give the terms a meaning which they have never had before. If we make our notions anew, the break with the past is apparent. But, obvious or not, the break is a real one, and a widening of the cleft is inevitable.

If we set ourselves to consider the intellectual life of the last quarter-century apart from all political and social manifestations, we shall see much in it to suggest a parallel to that of western Europe in the last quarter of the fifteenth century. Then the area of thought had been enlarged by the discovery of a new world, and the great pieces snatched from the unknown had been found to be much like the known. The operations of nature were seen to be complex and intricate, stretching out far beyond the ken of what then constituted men's knowledge. A formal and mechanical idea of the universe had thus to be superseded by one more elastic and more in accord with ascertained fact. So now, the bounds of human knowledge have extended

themselves with such rapidity as to leave us temporarily without standards. What in its first expression seemed to be a promising method of biological study has become the method of knowledge itself, and has presented to the mind a new conception of the unity of the universe. At the same time, it has upset past notions of the relation of the individual to his environment, and has brought in its train secondary changes which are rapidly altering the face of society.

The quickening of mental activity, the expansion of the horizon of thought, the reawakening of sympathy, the changed notions of the physical world, the concern for the future of the race, — there seems but one thing missing to make the parallel perfect, namely, the kindling of the imagination to the creation of a new art and a new literature. But it is yet too early to say that even this feature is absent: we may have already before us a manifestation of such an art and such a literature that is not yet intelligible; or the spark that is ultimately to burst into flame may be still smouldering, and we must await another generation to behold its splendor.

When the Renaissance first came to England, the men who were the bearers of the newly kindled torch of learning immediately set to work to reform the educational system of their country. They were unwilling to enjoy by themselves and in their own time what they thought should be the property of all for all time. They were fully aware that the work of their generation was to prepare the next to enter upon its inheritance. So the opposition they met in the universities only strengthened them in their endeavor to found good preparatory schools; they were content to hold their own against their contemporaries, if they could win over posterity.

And no student of literature can fail to see that the glorious development which we find in the work of Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton is directly traceable to the efforts of these men of the English Renaissance to adapt the English educational system to the new conditions.

In doing this they were able to seize and expand a foreign ideal of culture, to read into it a new meaning, to inspire it with a new force, to make it their own by the simple process of extension. This was the best they could do, — the only thing they could do. England's intellectual life had not yet furnished enough material to build a new culture out of. Its past literature, even if it had been adequate, was not understood; what it might have done for men, had they been able to understand it, is shown by the influence the early printed texts of Chaucer, with all their mistakes and their absence of rhythm, had upon Spenser. There was nothing left but to graft upon the native stock a richer growth, if they were to secure the full fruitage they desired. Nevertheless, the classical ideal was a foreign ideal, and English learning and English literature suffered, though unavoidably, from the grafting. The damage, however, was not apparent at once. Spenser, though he did dabble in English hexameters, was strong enough to escape the infection; Shakespeare derived his learning from life; Milton had Spenser for a model. But the lesser contemporary geniuses paid the penalty, the literature of the following periods suffered for it, and we of this generation inherit a culture that is inadequate to our needs because of it.

Our situation to-day is much the same as the one England found itself in at the opening of the sixteenth century. We need a new ideal. We should begin just as the English humanists did; we should readjust our educational machinery in the light of our new need.

But this time we should seek our ideal at home, and try to find it in the fuller development of our own national life. Our first aim should be to make our children masters of the form of thought that is native to them, and familiar with its best expression. Once they are given a home in their own place and in their own generation, we may safely attempt to make them citizens of the world. To reverse the process in our present situation is to defeat the best ends of culture.

The classical ideal transferred bodily into our national life will no longer satisfy us. There are too many contradictions and anomalies in it; it is not possible to revivify it, or even to galvanize it into a semblance of life, and make it do the work of the present time. We may go on making successive attempts to modify it, but we shall never find it adequate, because it is a culture essentially unsympathetic, aristocratic, exclusive. Whether we view it from the standpoint of ancient or from that of post-medieval history, it will always have a significance for us, and no small one; and in its historic setting it will continue to be the richest field known to human experience. But to make it the norm of our education, to rely on the diffusion of it to better and beautify the world and to rectify all the horrible social unevennesses which confront us, is to fail to realize the age we live in.

We are kept from abandoning the present system chiefly because we do not yet understand the fitness of our language to impart disciplinary training, and the richness of our literature to give us the basis of intellectual culture. We would rather

"bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of."

Yet if we fully understood the richness of the gift that modern scholarship has made us, we should see that our fears are idle. We should know that the historical study of the English language would bring us into contact with

a range of phenomena precisely similar to those presented by the study of other natural phenomena, training the mind to notice and classify essential distinctions, and not accidental ones. We should know that the historical study of our literature would put us in immediate possession of a past national experience which we now get only indirectly and after long toil, through imperfect glossaries and inapt annotations. We should then cease to be surprised that Shakespeare, who knew not Plato, could see into the meaning of life with his English eyes as far as Plato did with his Greek eyes, and give up all foolish attempts to father his work on some one else whom we consider a better philosopher. English poetry would appeal to us with a familiar voice that would make its way without impediment to the depths of our richest experience, and we should cease to hypnotize ourselves with imperfectly understood rhythms foreign to our ears. After we had studied English in this way, the study of any language or of any literature would fall into its proper place, bringing its contribution to our experience unalloyed with meaningless distinctions and transcendental vaguenesses.

Again we are held back by the fear that our love of beauty will fall victim to our love of knowledge, if we forsake our ancient ideal of beautiful form as it is presented to us by classic culture. Here we make the same difficulty in a new way that we used to make for ourselves when we set to work to understand the world of sense. We preconceive a norm of what things ought to be, and strive to make things conform to it. We make our pursuit of beauty an endeavor after a perfection that does not exist, a conformity to a simple type made out of a few intelligible elements abstracted from a complex whole. We naturally find such a type in its purest state in a culture unenriched by an intricate experience. There was a period

in the history of English literature when the ideal of a perfect sentence was one in which English thought was so run into a classic mould as to make the English reader stand on his head to see the meaning of it. That was because the obvious fact in most Latin sentences was a periodic structure; it was an easy road to beautiful expression to assume this perfection for English sentences, and make them conform to it. Men shut their eyes to a multiplicity of form in English writing which they did not understand, and chose out of a foreign tongue a single form which they did. In the same way, a false type of beauty has often been set up in high places where men should look for a real one. "Truth is beauty," and art will never starve on fact, if facts are rightly known. Even if we had to abandon Hellenic culture entirely, — which we need not do, — we should not have to concern ourselves with a possible loss of our sense of beauty. If we devote ourselves, therefore, to widening and deepening the channels for the communication of truth, we need not worry about the sordidness and ugliness of human life. Art is meaningless that is not founded upon universal sympathy, and sympathy is but the refinement of the intelligence.

The study of our own language and its literature thus lies at the root of the whole matter. Any plan which leaves it out, or gives it but second place, will surely fail. Any plan based on it, no matter how imperfect, will yield profit if we follow it.

In the first place, language is not only our means of expressing thought, but is also the instrument of our thinking. Our minds are a sort of senate, wherein we transact our little affairs of state, — playing now the rôle of speech-maker, now that of audience, now that of president, — and our business is conducted in the words which are native to us. Language is thus part and parcel of our thinking life. We cannot escape

from it. It becomes a part of us, and throat and hand, ever in readiness to wait upon the activities of the brain, unite in the operation of thought, and make the function a triple one, to formulate, interpret, or record at the will of the thinker. It is because language is thus thought itself that it has a life of its own, continually and unconsciously changing its form with the mental operations of the individual and of the race.

Our knowledge, then, of our vernacular, our familiarity with its resources, our consciousness of its limitations, determine the quality of our thought. The number of words we speak or write each day may be small or great, according to our habits of life, but if we are thinking men, the number we actually use is measured by the ten thousands; and to us users of the English language they are English words.

And they will always be English words so long as our mothers speak the English language. There is a sense, even, in which we cannot Americanize them. We may differentiate their forms or modify their sounds, but we cannot make a new language that will be American, as German speech is German, any more than we could make for ourselves six-fingered right hands. The teaching of the English language, therefore, ought to be the first and chief concern of our education. Though the student never expected to put pen to paper, never expected to read a book for anything but the absolute knowledge contained in it, he ought to know, and know thoroughly, the idiom of his vernacular. Ignorance or half knowledge of it is for him the greatest risk he can incur. If he is to think clearly, he must have clear notions of words, — what they represent, what they convey. He must formulate all that he is to know of the relation he stands in to the world about him by means of words, and in proportion as they live in his mind will his thought be quick and vital.

But, some one may say, we have already this knowledge of our native tongue through an experience dating from childhood, and therefore education need not concern itself with it. A partial knowledge, yes, and a substantial knowledge as far as it goes, if it were only let alone, and the "heir of all the ages" were allowed undisturbed possession of his heritage. His thought brings with it its own words, the clearest, strongest words of the language. His natural experience adds to their number and power, and, were it not interfered with, would lead him, as it has led so many men who have not been forced through the routine of our higher culture, to something like ultimate mastery of idiom. But the natural process is interfered with. The interference begins so early that it is difficult to appreciate its extent. A child is learning to read English. Its early progress is rapid. The mystery begins to unravel. The cat catches the rat in the picture; the cat catches the rat as the eye follows the signs beneath the picture; the cat catches the rat as the hand follows the eye along the straight and crooked lines beneath the print. Ear, eye, and hand, each alone and unaided, can make the cat catch the rat, — three powers over an absent world of sense where there was but one before. So far all is simple and beautiful, and he is a dull teacher who cannot make the mind glow in its realization of such a possession. Soon, however, there comes confusion: there is *cow*, *plough*, and *furrow*, there is *rough*, and *though*, and *slough*. Some words sound like others, but look quite different when printed or written. Some words look like others, but are sounded differently. The child can write and read some words by a simple process of association which soon becomes a reflex action. Others he has to memorize, and it is a long time before he can reproduce their forms unconsciously; in some cases he never learns to write them without a voluntary effort.

Thus, outside his proper language, there is a large number of written words which are mere pictures learned and reproduced bodily, Chinese-fashion, every time they are needed. Now, he does not know which of these forms are genuine, and which are counterfeit; that is, he does not know which represent the form of the language he uses, and which represent something else. The whole circulation is therefore confused, and he grows suspicious of the genuine coin.

The confusion soon extends from the representation of thought to thought itself. Meaningless and artificial distinctions become a part of it, and the child develops a literary sense in addition to his common sense. What he is really doing when he employs the written language is to use symbols which were once more or less accurate representations of the sounds the words had in Middle English and early New English. As the changes which have taken place since then have been uniform for the most part, the discrepancy between the New English word and its Middle English equivalent is not apparent except in the case of letters which have been lost out of the modern speech. The student becomes aware of it only when he studies a foreign language which uses the same alphabet. But there are a number of words — common ones, too — where we have got hold of a written form which never has represented the spoken form we now yoke with it. It is these words which cause the worst confusion. The confusion, however, would be one of form only, and would not taint the thought, if the student, while learning to use his language, were also gaining a knowledge of its development and a power to classify its phenomena intelligently. Unfortunately, our elementary education gives no knowledge of historical English grammar, though the subject is neither difficult nor recondite.

The student completes his early training with as little knowledge of the his-

tory of his speech as he would have if it were Greek. Indeed, he often knows more about Greek than he does about English; so that later on in his educational career, when he becomes a special student of English and makes some attempt to read it in its earlier form, he fails to grasp the significance of its commonest phenomena, because he looks at them through the blue spectacles of his Hellenic culture.

The consequent ignorance of English that is to be found among the most highly educated men is amazing. The public discussions that turn on points of "etymology," pronunciation, or syntax rarely fail to reveal it. Men cavil at idioms that are as old as the language itself, and argue with one another about questions of authenticated fact until "philologist" has almost come to mean "quibbler."

What wonder that the ignorance is so widespread, when so little interest is taken in the scientific study of the subject? We have now associations for the furtherance of almost every doctrine or endeavor conceivable: the collection of postage-stamps has its society, the propagation of esoteric Buddhism has its band of enthusiasts, the study of Browning's poetry has its cultus, and hundreds of other objects and aims, trivial or serious, are thrust upon the notice of the public through the organized effort of unselfish propagandists. But there is no American society or association in existence whose sole object is the dissemination of scientific knowledge of the history and structure of the language by which all such concerted action is rendered possible and effective. Nor are we better off in respect to special journals. Germany has two excellent ones devoted solely to the scientific study of English; America and England have none.

A knowledge of the history and structure of English is necessary to the full understanding of English literature, and is a necessity which we cannot escape. Our literature is written in a living lan-

guage, constantly changing, and never fixed in a classic form. While it is quite true that in many cases he who makes literature is conscious of a deliberate effort to transcend the limits of his own generation and write for all time, he can achieve his end only by making himself intelligible to his own generation; and unless there is something in his work to catch contemporary attention he does not stand much chance of reaching posterity. The literature of a living language must always appeal to the ears of contemporaries, for the maker of it cannot forecast the language of the future. Bacon knew this, and chose Latin to be the vehicle of his thought when he set about "raising his monument of enduring bronze," because Latin, being a classic, was not subject to change. English literature, therefore, to be read with full intelligence, must be read in the language of the time when it was written; it must needs suffer somewhat if translated into a subsequent vernacular.

The first thing to do, then, in the study of English literature, is to read it intelligently, to hear the very voice of it speaking to us directly and without impediment, to make its thought pass through our minds as it passed through the minds of those who created it, to make its thought our thought. There must be no half-knowledge, no vague concepts. The words of it should not convey hazy notions. If we are to know the full force of it, we must know that the words which the author chose were the only words he could have chosen. The turns of expression must be happy, fitting the thought like a glove. It is the perfection of form that makes it literature and gives it a claim to our attention.

Without an historical knowledge of our language such a full appreciation of much of our best literature is impossible. Criticism with the best of intentions cannot make up by any æsthetic fervor for what it lacks of such knowledge. A concrete

case may make this clearer. There has appeared but lately an imposing book on the history of English poetry, which speaks of the influence of Chaucer's harmonious and scientific versification upon the early Elizabethans. In the ten lines quoted for illustration there are five forms of expression that Chaucer could not have used, two that he did not use, and one that no writer or speaker of English has ever used. The critic could not read intelligently the poetry he was criticising, — a disqualification which one feels ought to be a serious one. If the writer had chosen the history of Greek poetry for his field, he would have been laughed out of court for such errors.

It might be urged that such incompetence concerns only the early periods of English literature; that in the treatment of the later periods our criticism is quite adequate. But such ignorance as that cited shows how important it is to know, and know thoroughly, too, the whole history of English literature, if one is to understand any part of it. While it may not be possible, in discussing its later forms, to make such gross mistakes as those cited from our critic of Chaucer, we do fail, and always shall fail, to get the full force of its thought where the words are strangers to us. This is especially true of Shakespeare. We do not need to cite examples in evidence of half-knowledge of Shakespeare's vocabulary and idiom. The common editions bristle with them. The amount of good printers' ink that has been wasted in tortuous discussions of Shakespeare's text, where the text was perfectly clear to Elizabethan ears, would have been far better used if employed to disseminate a knowledge of Shakespeare's idiom and its historical development. The cumbersome apparatus of annotation and glossary could then be dispensed with, and the poet would speak to us simply and directly, without the need of an interpreter. Indeed, the burden of comment on Shakespeare's text is already felt to

be intolerable, and one is tempted to doubt the worth of literature which needs so much explanation to make it clear. We have at last a text constructed upon sound principles of evidence from the material which has come down to us. Why not take it as being the best we are likely to get, and study it in the light of the best knowledge attainable of Shakespeare's speech; giving over such idle speculations as whether he might have written "shuffle off this mortal veil" or "shuffle off the mortal soil," and trying to fathom the meaning of "shuffle off this mortal coil"? Similarly, in reading our English Bible, if we are to use Tyndale's translation of the New Testament, why not learn Tyndale's language, and cease to think of it as a sacred tongue; or if it seems to us to be mystical and but half intelligible, why not make a new translation into modern English for ourselves?

Our present system of studying English literature from the standpoint of New English grammar is creating for us two languages where but one has existed in the past, — a formal language of literary expression more or less transcendental, and an informal language of every-day life, practical, familiar, simple, direct. In the case of the Bible, the one has already become a sacerdotal tongue, full of anomalies in syntax and idiom, and set apart as a sacred speech because of its obsolete pronouns and outgrown verb-forms. The homely speech of an early Christianity which sought inspiration in the humblest walks of life has thus become artificial, and has got separated from actual experience. It now stands in need of a gloss almost as much as the Vulgate did when, in answer to the homely cry "Give us the Scriptures," Tyndale translated it into the speech of every-day life. When the historical development of the English language and literature is once clearly understood, this artificial process will be at an end.

There is another advantage to be de-

rived from the historical study of English grammar, which is directly connected with the study of our literature, and that is the escape from the petty tyrannies of shallow criticism. A book like the one already cited, with its array of unfamiliar names, its multitude of terms which the reader assumes to be technical because he does not understand them, its apparent familiarity with the niceties of classical culture, stands, like an imposing porter, haughtily demanding credentials for admittance to the walled garden of English literature. If the reader knew the English language thoroughly, and could always read it without having it explained to him, he would easily be able to distinguish between sound criticism and parade of learning. The text itself would be intelligible to him, and he would resent all attempts to make it mystical. Culture would thus become a vital thing to him, ever germane to his experience.

In like manner, he would escape the petty tyrannies of artificial distinctions in writing; he would no longer be restricted to an idiom that conformed to the principles of the art of rhetoric as interpreted by men who knew more of Latin than of English. Instead of being restricted to a narrow range of unexceptionable phraseology he would know the literary power of his own speech, writing it simply and clearly, and expecting others to do the same. If they did not make themselves clear, he would seek the reason in the obscurity of their thinking, and not in his unfamiliarity with their idiom. He would thus gain independence and freedom in expressing his thought, and his gain would undoubtedly be ultimately the gain of literature.

There remains another and perhaps the most cogent reason why we should give over our present system of English teaching, and should devise one more in accord with present needs in the light of the best knowledge we can get. That

is the one of economy. If education is to cope with the present, to say nothing of the future, there must be a saving of time somewhere. The development of new sciences, the urgency of competition, the enhancing of practical achievements, the necessity for more thorough preparation for life at an earlier age, and above all the need for a culture that shall be widespread and not confined to a fortunate few, — these have been putting burdens on our educational system, until now the load can no longer be borne.

It was earlier thought possible to solve the problem by differentiating culture and specializing training; but the duality that has been supposed to exist between science and culture is not so apparent as it used to be. We are coming to think that there is only one kind of knowledge, and that is knowledge. A culture that is built up in ignorance of the world that lies about it is inadequate, not to say foolish. A science that knows the world as it is, and does not know what man has thought about the world, has lost its perspective. Neither humanistic ignorance nor crude science is a desirable ideal. So this division of labor in education is not possible. But to teach both science and the humanities is not practicable, with our present system; for by the time the process of education is complete, the individual, remaining a consumer, has run into the period when he ought to be a producer of wealth. He has practically been set apart to receive his education, while others, not so set apart, have had to support him. Such culture must always be selfish, continually growing more so as conditions of life become more complex.

To lengthen the period is out of the question: we must make better use of the time we have. Economy must be introduced; things of doubtful value must give place to things of ascertained value; remote expediences must be sacrificed for immediate necessities.

It has already been shown how the

study of English will aid us in thinking more clearly, in itself a saving of time; and in conveying thought more easily, again a saving of time. Beside these and the economy arising from substituting a natural for an artificial process, we shall gain to some better use the time we now waste in teaching an unintelligible system of orthography. Even if we continue to write the English of an earlier day, as we think that of our own, it will not take us so long to learn to write it if we understand what we are doing. Perhaps, too, when we have learned that the difficulty of spelling is of our own creating, standards will become more flexible, and we shall gradually get rid of the grosser anomalies of the written language, such as that of thinking a word of one dialect and writing that of another. As the written language thus becomes more uniform, we shall have to spend less time in teaching children to read it and to write it. Perhaps in the twentieth century we shall get so far as to be able to spell English as well, say, as the people of the tenth century did; or shall take as common sense a view of the matter as Chaucer's contemporaries did, who tolerated as much variation when English was written as when it was spoken; or shall even get up to Spenser's standpoint (and few poets have been as careful in their rhythm as Spenser was), who would write or allow his printer to set up the same word in half a dozen different ways.

The time we now take in trying to coerce ourselves into the belief that English is a dead language is time wasted, whether we consider the effort from a practical or from a scientific standpoint. Indeed, from a scientific point of view, time is worse than wasted which is spent in confusing natural processes and benumbing natural functions. From the historian's point of view, to falsify evidence, whether through ignorance or with design, is nothing less than criminal.

While it may not be practicable to

represent all the minute variations of spoken language with scientific accuracy, it certainly is practicable to write the language we speak, and not an obsolete form of it. And to do so we need not add a single letter to our alphabet, we need not destroy an iota of evidence as to the sound of our language, we need not abandon a single book of our literature. Nor do we need to establish a new custom in writing our language. We

need only teach the historical grammar of English, and let the matter take care of itself.

The question of changing the writing or printing of modern English is one of expediency; the question of teaching historical English grammar is not one of expediency, but one of paramount necessity, if we are to preserve the power of our language to formulate our thought aptly, clearly, and easily.

Mark H. Liddell.

IN THE NORTH.

COME, let us go and be glad again together
Where of old our eyes were opened and we knew that we were free!
Come, for it is April, and her hands have loosed the tether
That has bound for long her children,—who her children more than we?

Hark! hear you not how the strong waters thunder
Down through the alders with the word they have to bring?
Even now they win the meadow, and the withered turf is under,
And, above, the willows quiver with foreknowledge of the spring.

Yea, they come, and joy in coming; for the giant hills have sent them,—
The hills that guard the portal where the South has built her throne;
Unloitering their course is,—can wayside pools content them,
Who were born where old pine forests for the sea forever moan?

And they, behind the hills, where forever bloom the flowers,
Do they ever know the worship of the re-arisen Earth?
Do their hands ever clasp such a happiness as ours,
Now the waters foam about us and the grasses have their birth?

Fair is their land,—yea, fair beyond all dreaming,—
With its sun upon the roses and its long summer day;
Yet surely they must envy us our vision of the gleaming
Of our lady's white throat as she comes her ancient way.

For their year is never April,—oh, what were Time without her!
Yea, the drifted snows may cover us, yet shall we not complain;
Knowing well our Lady April—all her raiment blown about her—
Will return with many kisses for our unremembered pain!

Francis Sherman.

SHALL WE STILL READ GREEK TRAGEDY?

IN the revolt against the long primacy of the classics we find united temporarily, by the bond of common hostility, several camps that on other questions are much at variance with one another. There are, for example, men of practical affairs who think lightly of things of the mind; there are some men of science who think lightly of all literature and art; there are many who, seeing modern life so rich and full, would allow antiquity scant space in the crowded present. In literature itself, the abundance and range and manifold interest of the world's best, from Dante to Tennyson, in languages still living, and therefore worth acquiring for reasons commercial and social as well as literary, are in truth persuasive arguments against what seems so much more remote. Hence, even serious students of literature, not a few, would allow even to the greatest of the ancients no primacy beyond priority in date. No less a poet and scholar than Robert Browning, as his friend and biographer, Mrs. Sutherland Orr, has told us,¹ in spite of his "deep feeling for the humanities of Greek literature, and his almost passionate love for the language," refused "to regard even the first of Greek writers as models of literary style," and found "the pretensions raised for them on this ground inconceivable." The growing recognition — in itself heartily to be welcomed — of the importance of our own literature and tongue as humanizing subjects of study often brings with it, especially among younger men, an inclination to depreciate Greek literature in itself, apart from any reference to its place in education. The terms classicism and romanticism, and notions more or less clear as to old controversies that centred in them, play no small part in developing

the tendency. It is perhaps the Greek dramatists who are oftenest alluded to with depreciation: partly, no doubt, because they are so much read in college by students who do not yet know the language well enough to understand them; and partly because in them Greek literature comes into closest contact with the modern, and the comparison with Shakespeare lies so near. It was against Æschylos that Browning delivered his attack, in his version of the *Agamemnon*, which puzzled so many readers before Mrs. Orr gave us the explanation.

Under these circumstances, a student of the Attic drama finds himself involuntarily reviewing the question from new standpoints, and endeavoring to settle in his mind where the truth lies. The question is not, of course, whether Æschylos or Shakespeare is the greater, but whether Æschylos and his compeers are really great; and if so, how and why.

Suppose we first sum up the indictment. A Greek tragedy, we are told, is but a slender streamlet beside the mighty river of Shakespeare's presentation of human life and passion in a *Hamlet* or a *Macbeth*. The plot is simple, the characters are few, the total impression is that of meagreness. The chorus is an essentially undramatic element that in Greek times was never quite sloughed off; it takes slight part in the action, and its lyric comments break the continuity and make the tragedy an assemblage of incongruous fragments rather than an organic unit. Even in the dialogue there is little action and much narrative; long speeches abound. But drama, by its very name, is action; if that is lacking, the work is so far not drama, or at best is dramatic in form only, — a poem to be read instead of a play to be acted. Even in this aspect, as poetry simply, the reader finds it comparatively tame and color-

¹ *Life and Letters*, ii. 477f.

less. It has been called statuesque; it is indeed marble in its coldness. What is vaunted as restraint and due observance of bounds closely resembles poverty, and seems to us lack of inspiration. The poetry warms us but faintly, because the internal fire burned low. The conclusion of the whole matter is, the Greek drama is merely the germ of which the Elizabethan drama is the full flower, — a germ exceedingly interesting for what came of it, but of no great significance otherwise.

Running all through this strain of criticism, which has a very familiar sound, and which I trust I have not exaggerated, is that outspoken or tacit reference to Shakespeare as the norm of perfection, by which the world's drama is to be judged. Now human thought progresses by beating against the wind, and the tacks are sometimes long. Once it was the classicists who made Greek tragedy the norm of perfection, and judged Shakespeare by that; and the new school had a hard struggle to get the critics to see that the end of that tack had been reached, and it was time to put about. Plainly, one principle is no more right than the other. Any well-defined school of art must be judged by itself; some method must be sought more fruitful and conclusive than comparisons of the sort that are odious, and some other criterion than mere personal preference. By wider induction it must be possible to find some principles that shall be, not final, perhaps, but at least safer guides to opinion than the preconceptions of an individual, or even a race, whether ancient or modern. Let us see.

First as to this view that for the modern world the Attic drama has interest and value mainly, or even solely, as being the seed from which sprang the Elizabethan bloom. It was a precious seed, if nothing more; but one naturally asks, How was it with other arts of Hellas? Are they also related to those of later ages only as the germ to what comes of

it? Sculptors are pretty well agreed that in their branch of art that figure tells only a small fragment of the truth. Since the Parthenon marbles were made accessible to Europe, they have been the wonder and despair of sculptors, not primarily on scientific grounds, as early stages in the evolution of something finer, but in themselves, as great artistic creations, and in spite of mutilation and removal from their architectural setting. They and other Hellenic marbles brought to light in this century have been the inspiration of the recent and current revival of sculpture in Europe and America. The like is true of architecture, though time's tooth and barbarian hands have dealt still more hardly with its monuments. The Doric temple is deemed the peer of the Gothic church, and we cannot spare either of them. Greek music is lost; even the fragments lately discovered at Delphi tantalize more than they inform us. In painting, too, we have scant materials for judgment; but the vases, gems, and other minor products of art industry that museums treasure from Greek hands are valued and sought for their own sake, as things of beauty perennially. Indeed, it was apropos of those very late Hellenistic portraits from Egypt that John La Farge, an artist saturated with the best art of all times and many races, exclaimed, — finding even the mere perfunctory trade-work in them full of meaning for their methods and technique as well as their historical associations, — "Anything made, anything even influenced by that little race of artists, the Greeks, brings back our mind to its first legitimate, ever continuing admiration; with them the floating Goddess of Chance took off her sandals and remained." Of course, a people may do great things in many arts, and do lesser things or fail in one. La Farge may be right, and yet the drama be no more than Brown-ing or still more unsympathetic readers believe. But the example of the other arts, whose products have been rated so

high for their intrinsic beauty by the most competent among many successive peoples, does create a certain presumption in favor of the belief that the admiration for, say, the Agamemnon of Æschylos as a great work of art, also an admiration shared by many competent critics of diverse races and times, rests, after all, on a firmer and broader base than personal preference or a taste created by education. These tragedies come to us from the same city and period that raised the Parthenon and its sister temples, and carved the marbles that adorned them. There is some probability that the plays in which those generations of that little clan delighted are themselves informed with a like spirit. Another branch of the same race created the epic; few would maintain that any later epic is to Homer, in respect to intrinsic literary value, as maturity to infancy. Perhaps the Attic drama is itself a flower, of equal beauty and fragrance with the Elizabethan, which grew after many seasons and in a different soil from seed that the Attic flower let fall.

But there is little action in a Greek play, and the drama, by its very name, is action. The appeal to etymology as an argument may easily lead astray. A little study of words makes it clear that etymology merely shows us the starting-point of a word's life; usage develops, changes, and often completely transforms its meaning, so that the truth in such an argument may be like Gratiانو's reasons, two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff. In any case, to press an etymology too far is either mental strabismus or sophistry. This etymological argument about the drama reminds me of those shallow "educators" — happily no longer common — for whom the entire theory of education is an elaboration of the dictum that *educō* means *draw out*. Whatever theory one may now hold about the importance of action in a play, it was Greek tragedy, not modern, to which the name drama

was first given by those who invented both word and thing. They may be presumed to have known what they were doing. They called this new form of the "goat-song" drama because its characteristic feature, that which differentiated it from epic narrative as from Æolic and Dorian lyric, was that the performers personated the people in the story, instead of relating or singing in their own character. The gods and the men who figured in the myth were made to appear bodily, in mimic presentation, doing and saying in their own persons what they were imagined to have done and said. That has always been the generic mark of drama, and gives the real meaning of the term. Plato's mind was not befogged on this point when he wrote the Republic. The most undramatic prologues of Euripides are dramatic in the etymological sense, because they are spoken by an individual who personates another character; and that fact may illustrate the value of the etymological argument from another side. The questions how complex the plot thus acted should be, how many or how few the characters, how many and what acts shall be visibly performed before the audience, — these are questions to be settled on a variety of grounds; but no play has ever dispensed entirely with narrative, nor with certain elements that in Greek tragedy were concentrated in the choral songs. To demand that narrative and reflection and the lyric strain shall be quite excluded, and the whole story be presented through action alone, is to demand pantomime. There everything is action; but a tragedy is something higher. It would be instructive to go through several of the best modern plays, noting all the passages of pure narrative in them, — passages, I mean, in which one character relates to another, and so to the audience, events that have taken place elsewhere, instead of being enacted visibly.

It is quite true, however, that in Greek tragedy the plot is simple and the char-

acters are few. A theatre-goer, making his first acquaintance with Sophokles through a performance of the *Antigone* in English, would inevitably find the action slow and meagre. The world of ideas and motives is not that to which he is accustomed; he cannot in a brief session come to feel at home there. And though he compel himself to make due allowance on that score, and also for the impoverishment caused by translation, our theatre-goer may be pardoned if he still find the plot wanting in variety and "go." The question, however, may be fairly raised, how far this impression of meagreness is due to inherent defect, and how far to association. Inasmuch as all great English tragedies are more elaborate in plot, and we rarely see on our stage one of the Greek type, mere unfamiliarity with the type would be as a thick mist before the eyes. Fanny Kemble, in the recollections of her girlhood, records her gratitude that by her French education she learned to know and appreciate the great French dramatists before her introduction to Shakespeare, by whose genius she was later so completely overpowered that she could not then have approached French tragedy for the first time without prejudice. The lack of her fortunate experience in that regard doubtless accounts in no slight degree for the too common depreciation of Corneille and Racine among English-speaking people. And out of a score of persons who admire Rembrandt on first acquaintance, hardly one, of our northern races, enjoys at first view, without previous preparation, the great Italians who painted with and before Raphael. Yet many out of the score, if permitted by fortune to dwell for a while in that sunnier atmosphere, may come to enjoy the Italians far more than the northern genius whose kinship with ourselves appeals to us at once.

But farther, is a complex plot, involving many characters, essential to a great play? Some plot there must be, and

Aristotle, from his analysis of the plays he knew, lays great stress on the importance of it: apparently he rates *Œdipus the King* highest among Greek tragedies, largely because its plot is unusually elaborate. Yet, though the *Œdipus*, in this particular, touches the extreme limit permitted by the Greek form, it falls far short of that to which Shakespeare has accustomed us; and we may still ask, Is the comparative simplicity of plot in Greek tragedy in itself a defect?

How is it in music? We do not regard the string quartette as an imperfect form because the orchestral symphony has been invented. The symphony is more complex; it embraces in one composition a wider range and greater richness of effect, and therefore pleases and impresses more people who are not thoroughly musical. But the greatest symphonic composers have also chosen frequently to write in quartette form. The truth is, the range of each single instrument is so wide that the four combined are an adequate vehicle for a great musical work. Four or five human souls of tragic mould in the grip of tragic circumstance may be enough, in the hands of a master, to produce a harmony that shall move us to the depths of our being. A Greek play is never so meagre as the quartette. That comparison fits better the plays of Racine. One might liken Greek tragedy rather to a symphonic movement for a small orchestra, omitting or making slight use of the drums and brasses. Analogies in detail to such music often recur to me in reading the plays. And in other arts? The masterpiece of Pheidias, we are told, was not one of the groups in the Parthenon gables, but the Zeus at Olympia; not an elaborate composition, in the sense of one containing a great number of figures in variously correlated action, but a single figure, grand in conception, perfect in detail. The compositions in marble, whose remnants are the glory of the British Museum, he left to other hands

to execute; his own strength found a more congenial task in the endeavor to embody in the more precious medium of gold and ivory the ancient ideal of the Olympian god, seated in a majestic repose whose calm expressed more power than any action could. And if we turn to Raphael, is the School of Athens, or any of the larger and more complex compositions in the Vatican, a greater work than the Sistine Madonna? The world has not thought so. To conceive that greatness in art depends on multiplicity of larger constituents or complexity of their arrangement is a mistake of like nature with conceiving that national greatness is identical with bigness and wealth. In either sphere greatness is something quite different. The quality of the central idea, the perfection with which that idea is rendered, with the just amount and due subordination of contributory detail, — these are far more than mere size and number in whatever wealth of circumstance. We apply this principle elsewhere in literature. We do not consider *The Scarlet Letter*, with its few characters and simple external incidents, and its revelation of the depths of the human heart, as therefore inferior to, let us say, *Les Misérables*. We do not compare the two; nor do I now, farther than to illustrate this one point in our inquiry. Without urging the parallel too far, I may say that they represent in the novel a like distinction of class to that which I wish to point out between Greek and Elizabethan tragedy. In short, the wider the basis of our induction, the clearer becomes the conclusion which Amiel stated in the broad and philosophic generalization, "The art which is grand, and yet simple, is that which presupposes the greatest elevation, both in artist and in public."

Perhaps the ground is now sufficiently cleared to enable us to approach, with less risk of entanglement, two positive features of Greek tragedy that sometimes repel the modern reader. First

the chorus, — to the Greek always the central and perhaps most interesting element, to us presenting rather the aspect of an excrescence. It would be vain to attempt here to conjure about us the antique atmosphere of prepossession in favor of the chorus; it is enough if we can dissipate our modern prepossession against it, and see the matter as it is, if we cannot see it as it was. Passing over, therefore, the well-known historical explanation of its presence, if we examine the six or eight best plays that have survived the wreck of the Middle Ages, what do we find the chorus to be, and how are its odes related to the whole? The Agamemnon of Æschylos may be taken as one illustration; his Eumenides and Prometheus, as well as the two *Cædipus* plays of Sophokles, and the *Antigone* and *Elektra*, fairly belong with it; perhaps the *Medea* and *Tauric Iphigeneia* of Euripides may be added. In the Agamemnon, then, the chorus is a company of twelve elderly men, councilors of Klytæmnestra and of the absent king, summoned to meet the queen that they may hear the great news of Troy's capture and receive the returning monarch. Their presence at the palace is thus as clearly called for, dramatically, as that of the herald or *Kassandra*. From this point of view, they might be likened to the nobles of various degree that fill so large a space in attendance on Shakespeare's kings; the only marked difference is that the ancient poet unites his nobles into a group, who generally, though not always, act and speak as one. In the *Antigone* and *Cædipus the King* the chorus is of the same character. Its leader has about the same interest and part in the action as Polonius or Horatio; the entire band as much, at least, as the Players in *Hamlet*, or those citizens and gentlemen and other minor characters who make the background of so many scenes. In the *Eumenides* the interest is far greater, for the members of the chorus are the dread Furies themselves in pursuit of the crim-

inal. In *Œdipus at Kolonos* they are the men who dwell near the sacred grove; gathering to repel the profaning wanderer, they hear his defense, and remain as representative Athenians to share in protecting him, and in receiving the blessing which his supernatural death and burial are to confer on their country. In the *Aias of Sophokles* they are the *Salaminians*, sailors and fighting men, who have accompanied *Aias* to *Troy*. The devoted followers have heard rumors of their lord's insane attempt, and have come to his tent to learn the truth, to defend him from his foes, and, as it proves, to guard his corpse and to bury him. To another class belong the women who come to cheer, advise, and condole with a suffering woman, as *Elektra* or *Medea*. The priestess *Iphigeneia* has her temple ministrants about her. These may all be fairly compared, in a way, with *Juliet's* nurse, with *Nerissa*, with the inevitable *confidentes* and *waiting-women*.

Such is the chorus from one side. On the other side, what is its function in the choral odes? Regarded merely as the formal divisions between acts or scenes, the odes are certainly as pleasing, and detract as little from unity of effect, as the fall of a curtain and the tedious wait filled in by inferior music that has nothing to do with the play, and merely accompanies the chat of the audience. In fact, however, these songs are not out of character and are not an interruption: they are a lyric utterance of participants in the action, even if minor participants, — the expression of their emotions and thoughts called forth by specific events, by the dramatic situation. So much is plain even to the reader who does not understand the elaborate and beautiful versification; and some time a composer will be moved to write such music for one of the plays as will assist our imagination to realize the stately antique chant in unison, with instrumental accompaniment, strictly conforming to the poetic rhythm. The interpretative dance, which rendered the

sentiment in graceful motion and made it visible, we can only imagine. But two facts need to be emphasized: First, the choral odes are dramatic, in the sense in which *Browning's Dramatic Lyrics* are, — the expression of emotion and reflection called forth by the situation, not in the bystander or spectator merely, but in those who have a vital interest and part in the action. Occasionally, it is true, the choral song swerves a little from the strictly dramatic function. It exhibits a tendency on the one hand to become the mouthpiece of the poet himself, and on the other to utter the sentiments of what has been called the ideal spectator. Yet this tendency appears but rarely in the best plays, and appears only for an instant; the dramatic idea quickly resumes its normal sway. Secondly, such lyric material has a legitimate place in the drama, which aims to present life at its fullest, and is based on the convention that the soul, in such moments of most intense life, feels no hindrance, from without or within, to complete self-expression. In the modern drama this emotional and reflective element is more distributed. We find it often in soliloquy, or scattered through the conversation in comments on persons or events, and in occasional snatches of song. In part, however, it is left unexpressed, and that is a loss. It is characteristic of Greek art that this element, distinctly recognized as belonging in the drama, has its own medium and style of presentation in appropriate lyric form, — in essence the same form that we employ for like purposes outside the drama, though we have isolated the dance, and given it over to the ballet and to social amusement. The song from the *skéné*, or lyric solo by a more prominent character, fits perfectly into our conception, or is at least accepted easily by one who accepts the *Wagnerian* music-drama, that latest direct offshoot of *Attic* tragedy.

Another feature that perhaps requires

brief examination is the messenger and his narrative. He is the result of two well-known conventions of the Greek theatre, which are natural enough in themselves, but have been much misunderstood. The chorus ordinarily remained on the scene when the leading characters withdrew; nearly everything took place in the open air; no curtain was used. The play was thus continuous; a change of scene was so inconvenient that it was seldom employed. Hence, whatever the story required to take place elsewhere than in the presence of the council, or the confidantes, or whoever the chorus were, had usually to be narrated. Again, Athenian taste refused to tolerate scenes of death and violence before the eyes of the audience. The Greeks were not less cruel or bloody in actual life than we are, or than Englishmen were three centuries ago; but their average artistic sense was finer. They perceived that when death or bodily mutilation is simulated in broad daylight illusion undergoes a severe strain, and they felt their æsthetic enjoyment of such scenes interfered with or destroyed. At any rate, such scenes were pretty nearly banished; hence the catastrophe itself is usually narrated, and the messenger is rather prominent among the minor personages. The device must be regarded as part of that simplicity of structure which we have already considered, — a device that deepens the impression of unity as much as it detracts from variety. The poet, however, does not rely upon narrative alone to present the catastrophe. Like the painter, who makes the deed hold the deed in its effect, the dramatist shows us *Œdipus* just blinded, — shows us the bodies of *Antigone* and *Hæmon*, and the sorrow and too late repentance of *Kreon*. It is open to question whether such a method is not more effective in the end than the cruder way of displaying everything before the bodily eye. The painter's art, in spite of being limited to a single moment of the action, satisfies the

imagination better than the kinetoscope and like mechanisms. I do not see how a tragic event could be more powerfully presented than is the king's murder in the *Agamemnon*. *Kassandra*'s wild and whirling words foretell it and her own fate as close at hand; his last cry reaches our ear; and finally, the murderous wife is seen holding the bloody instrument of death over her prostrate victims, while she acknowledges and glories in her crime. The sense of horror could not have been deepened by sight of the deed itself; the pity and fear that purge the soul would thereby have lost in efficacy, debased by a coarser strain.

One other item of the indictment must not be passed over, — the supposed lack of force and fire, which, according to one's attitude, is accounted either cause or effect of the Greek principle of moderation. Style, especially in a foreign tongue, is a difficult thing to discuss convincingly. The sense for it is much like musical taste; original endowment and the degree and school of training create differences of judgment; mediation between them is dangerous, and the issue must generally be left to the slow-sifting process of time. In this case the sifting process has been going on some centuries, and perhaps one may venture on a temperate search for a guiding principle or two.

The close kinship between Greek poetry and Greek sculpture is a commonplace; whoever finds one cold will probably find the other so. It is true, also, that a little time and study are needful before one becomes accustomed to the Hellenic manner far enough to see fully what it means. But if one fancies the *Hermes* of *Praxiteles* or the torsos from the eastern gable of the *Parthenon* cold, the reason must be in the observer or his circumstances. Perhaps he has not seen the originals, but only a translation of them into cold plaster or flat black and white. Perhaps fortune has not favored him with time enough: such things are

not importunate ; they do not strive nor cry ; they know they can wait. But after a time, unless one is by nature incapable, the quiet marble begins to quiver with life ; even the passion of grief, the adequate expression of which is commonly thought peculiar to Christian art, is seen to be nowhere more movingly portrayed than in the calmly throned Demeter of Knidos. All this in spite of mutilation, and without the color with which we know the ancients gave an added warmth and life to detail in sculpture. The contortions of Bernini's figures, on the bridge of St. Angelo and in various Roman churches, are in one sense just as true or even truer to nature, but are by comparison frigid, unmeaning, and false. Bernini's way was less difficult. It is easier to model or draw an old man, with the passion and experience of a long generation graven in furrows across his face, than to portray a strong and well-poised soul that finds a subtler outward expression in the more flowing outlines of youth or middle life. To make a simple transcript from nature, caught in a moment of violent action, is easier than to create after nature, from a profound and sympathetic comprehension of many such moments, a work that shall embody their essence, — a work full of their passionate life, yet maintaining that comparative calm without which nothing can please permanently. The mere transcript tells its tale more quickly, but the artist's creation more powerfully.

The principle may be verified in all the arts, but nowhere better than in Greek sculpture and Greek tragedy in contrast with sculpture of the seventeenth century and with the Elizabethan drama. Shakespeare himself makes Hamlet enforce the lesson on his Players : " For in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness." In every art this advice is good, though conveyed with an iter-

ation of metaphor that itself offends against the principle." Accustomed as we are to the ruder way that delights in vehemence, in the sharpest contrast, in the " torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of passion," we are less quick to appreciate under the finer manner that force which is strong enough to hold in leash its own strength. Hence, too, the common mistake regarding character-drawing in Greek tragedy. A careless reader finds little of it, because it is mostly effected by gentle means, a delicate stroke of color sufficing where we look for the light and shadow of a Rembrandt. The analogy with sculpture here, also, is very close. Once more Amiel may furnish us a phrase : " The art of passion is sure to please, but it is not the highest art." And again : " A well-governed mind learns in time to find pleasure in nothing but the true and just." The world may yet learn much from Hellas in this direction, and the drama is one of the best means of teaching us. If we would see in English verse what this quality in tragic style is, Robert Browning is one of the last among the great poets in whom to look for it. The best sustained illustration, perhaps, is the dialogue of Matthew Arnold's *Merope*. The choral parts of that little-read play are very inadequate ; Arnold was far from being a Sophokles in original power, and the antique subject is remote from our interest ; but of the dialogue style and the general structure of Greek tragedy his *Merope* gives a truer notion than any translation or any other imitation that I know.

I have failed in my purpose unless I have made it seem probable that in its masterpieces Greek tragedy is worthy, after all, to rank with the masterpieces of any later dramatic school. Its peculiar form and special qualities are the outgrowth of its own historical conditions. The soil and air, though not our own, were good ; the vine was vigorous, and the product is of a sound and generous

kind that has kept well. Due appreciation of one vintage need not dull our taste for another; why not be thankful for both? Like the Doric temple, Greek tragedy is simple in its plan and structure, but of infinite elaboration and subtle variety in detail. In the chorus, in the messenger's narrative, and in the dialogue as well, the principle of grouping details in larger masses reminds us of the sculptured pediment, the metopes alternating with triglyphs, the massive yet graceful columns planted firmly to withstand all destroyers but man; everywhere grouping, symmetry, perfection of workmanship, and delicate harmony. In calling such masterpieces models, one does not mean that the type is now to be directly imitated. The form is not adapted to express or serve, in new examples of it, our modern life. So of temples and sculptured gods; modern repetitions have at best an exotic air. But that is no condemnation of the originals, which were adapted to express the best side of ancient life. The Shakespearean form of drama is also really adapted only to the age that gave it birth; witness the omissions and alterations in our finest revivals of Shakespeare's plays. Our more exacting demands in regard to stage-setting and machinery are alone enough to modify greatly the notion of what is good in dramatic structure, and in many other respects taste has changed not a little since Elizabeth's time. But to state this is not to depreciate Shakespeare. Is Cologne Cathedral any less noble because it would be ill adapted to the use of a Protestant non-liturgical service?

The Italian type of Madonna and Child was worked out under special conditions of the eleventh to the fifteenth centuries. It is not one to be copied now. Unless the painter be a very great artist, who knows thoroughly both his mind and the cunning of his hand, he had better not attempt to employ the type even with a modern application and meaning. But is the type, and are the great Madonnas of Italian art, therefore not great? They remain among the accumulated treasures wherewith the past has endowed the present and the future. They, and whatever else goes to make up the sum of the best that has been thought and done in the world, are to be cherished and used for the education of the race.

The great advantage that literature has over the other arts, the advantage that alone secures it a preëminence over them in the general educational scheme, is the readiness with which the masterpieces can be indefinitely multiplied, and brought in their original form directly before the mind. In the best plays of Æschylos and Sophokles the force of Hellenism is felt in concentration. The reconstruction of the ancient theatre, which the young science of archæology has but lately made possible, has enhanced their value to us, by freeing our conception of them from the distorting effect of later traditions, and restoring them to our imagination in the simple dignity of their original presentation. Many generations will pass from the scene, and many a little system and literary school will have its day, before those plays lose their freshness and their power to elevate and charm.

Thomas Dwight Goodell.

THIRST IN THE DESERT.

It is not a pleasant thing, thirst. It is not soft or savory, but harsh and hideous; something never to be forgotten, though seldom to be mentioned, and then lightly and reservedly, with the severer features tempered or veiled. Yet it is a phase of life — and death — which those who would know the hard course of human pioneering must needs picture. It has been limned by Lundgren and penned by Owen Wister, skillful painters both, yet both so fortunate as to have painted partly — though not wholly — at second-hand.

There is a suffering miscalled thirst which sometimes adds to the pangs of hunger in humid lands; there is a thirst of the sea, aggravated by the salt spray on lip and nostril though the pores are bathed in moist air, which is hardly less horrible than hunger; and there is the dryness of the desert, the gradual desiccation of mucus and skin and flesh, which inflicts a torture that hunger only palliates, and this alone is worthy to be called thirst. In Death Valley, in farther Papagueria (the desert borderland of Arizona and Sonora), and elsewhere in arid America, the region in which routes are laid by "waters," and in which the "last water" and "next water" are ever present and dominant ideas, the earth is soilless sand so hot as to scorch thin-shod feet, and dry as fired pottery. Daily for months the air is 120° F. or more in the shade, and dry, — so dry that a basin of water evaporates in an hour, so dry that no drop of sweat is shed by hard-pushed horse or toiling pedestrian. The only plants able to survive the heat and drought are water-storing monstrosities, living reservoirs like cacti and agaves; the animals are peculiar in structure and physiological process; even the Indians gathered in the moister spots have a shrunken

and withered mien, half mummied before death as they are wholly after. Here thirst abides; and here tombless skeletons whitening in the sun, and staring skulls sowing teeth and shreds of shriveled meninges as they bowl before the sand-storm, give ghastly evidence of its insatiate passion.

Even in the desert there are stages of thirst. In the earlier stages the tissues simply dry and shrink like lifeless wood; in the later stages, seldom seen and scarce ever survived, vitality plays a rare rôle, and the external tissues become inflamed and suffused, and finally disorganized, while yet the internal organs continue to work, although with little aim and less reason. The stages of thirst arise and pass at a rate varying with the condition of the sufferer as much as with the heat and dryness of the air. In the open-pored tenderfoot or housling they may run their course between sun and sun of a single day, while in the long-inured and leather-skinned vaquero the agony may stretch over several days, mitigated nightly by the extreme chilling yet imperceptible moistening of the air; for where thirst holds sway the diurnal range of the mercury is fifty or sixty, or even eighty degrees.

Perhaps doctors may disagree as to the number of stages, yet patients will detail symptoms in their own way; and to one who has run the gauntlet two thirds through, exchanged confidences with two or three equally fortunate victims, and gleaned external observations on unsuccessful runners, five stages seem clear and definite, though the first is but a preface to the four gloomy chapters that follow. The order is fixed, though the features of the stages vary, particularly when delirium disturbs the due course of events and hastens the end.

At first the mouth feels dry and hot, and a tension in the throat leads to an involuntary swallowing motion, and ducks the chin when the motion occurs; the voice is commonly husky, the nape or occiput may pain steadily or throbbingly, and there is a diffused sense of uneasiness, or even of irritation, leading to querulous chatter and petulant activity. The sensations and outward symptoms suggest slight fever, and the temperature usually rises perceptibly.

The condition is alleviated by the farmer-boy's device of carrying a pebble or twig in the mouth to excite the flow of saliva; it is relieved by a pint of liquid. The sensations are yet partly subjective; if the water is muddy or ill smelling, half a pint will do; and if a hair or helpless bug is water-logged in the cup, still less will suffice for the stomach, though the feverish irritation may increase apace.

This is the clamorous stage, or the stage of complaining; it is experienced many times over by all men of arid regions, and is of little note save as the beginning of a series.

In the second stage of dryness, which might be called the first stage of thirst, the fever rises; the scant saliva and mucus spume sluggishly on lip and tongue and catch in the teeth, clogging utterance, and catching the tongue against the roof of the mouth; a lump is felt in the throat, as if suspended by tense cords running from the Adam's apple toward the ears, and the hand instinctively seeks to loosen these aggravating bands, but succeeds only in opening the collar and exposing more skin to evaporation; the head throbs fiercely, and with each throe the nape travails and the pains shoot down the spine. Meantime the ears ring and sometimes change tone suddenly, as when a down-grade train dashes into a tunnel; the vision is capricious, conjuring verdant foliage near by and delectable lakes in the distance, though it is half blind to the trail.

The sense of uneasiness grows into strong irritation, with a sort of mechanical mixture of lethargy and ill-aimed activity; there is hot, perhaps half consciously impotent wrath against the idiot of a cook who provided the too small water-barrel, the condemned broncho that bucked off and "busted" the best canteen, the spring that failed, the satanic sun that burns the shoulders through the shirt and bakes the soles through the shoes; perhaps there is keen, crazing remorse for the sufferer's own neglect, if he is honest enough to confess himself to himself as the original sinner. Alone, he is sullenly silent, but given to breaking out sporadically in viciously impassioned invective or more continuous monologue, according to his habit of mind; with others, he commonly strains tongue and throat to talk in a husky or queerly cracked voice, — to talk and talk and talk, without prevision of the next sentence or memory of the last; and all the talk is of water in some of its inexpressibly captivating aspects. A group of ranchmen, tricked by an earthquake-dried spring, creaked and croaked of rivers that they had forded in '49, of the verdure of the blue-grass region in which one of them was born, of a great freshet in the Hassayampa which drowned the family of a friend and irrigated the valley from mountain to mesa, of the acre-inches of water required to irrigate a field seeded to alfalfa, of the lay of the land with respect to flowing wells, of the coyote's cunning in "sensing" water five feet down in the sand, of the fine water-melons grown on Hank Wilson's ranch in Salado valley. Now and then articulation ceased, and lips and tongue moved on in silent mockery of speech for a sentence or two before the sound was missed, when, with a painful effort, the organs were whipped and spurred into action, and the talk rambled on and on, — all talking slowly, seriously, with appropriate look and gesture, not one consciously hearing a word.

When I was deceived into dependence upon the brine of a barranca on Encinas desert, thirst came, though in softer guise; and some of the party babbled continuously of portable apparatus for well-boring, of keeping kine by means of the bisnaga — a savagely spined cactus yielding poisonless water — and reveling in milk, of the memory of certain mint juleps in famous metropolitan hosteries on the other border of the continent, of the best form of canteen (which should hold at least two gallons, — three gallons would be better). They were bright men, clear and straight and forcible thinkers when fully sane; yet they knew not that their brilliant ideas and grandiloquent phrases were but the ebullition of incipient delirium, and they seriously contracted for five gallons of ice-cream, to be consumed by three persons, on arriving at Hermosillo, and this merely as a dessert.

In this stage of thirst, the face is pinched and care-marked; the eyes are bloodshot and may be tearful; the movements are hasty, the utterances capricious; the sufferer is a walking fever patient without ward or nurse.

The condition is hardly alleviated by any device that does not yield actual liquid; it is relieved by half a gallon or a gallon of water taken at a draught or two, though the skin cries out for twice as much more applied externally — and the stray hair or drowned insect in the cup is carefully lifted out and shaken dry above the water, lest a drop be lost. It is in this stage that the wanderer eagerly seeks the bisnaga, cuts away the spiny covering with a machete, or hunting-knife, and sucks or swallows the cool pulp, and nibbles the deliciously refreshing lemon-acid fruit. The Mexican nomads have learned by experience to prevent the dry-mouthed patient from drinking deeply at once, lest death follow; but their experience is mainly with a microbe-laden fluid which is only slower poison in small doses.

This is the cotton-mouth stage of thirst; hundreds have passed through it, and scores have hit on the same expressive designation for it.

The third stage is an intensification of the second. The mouth-spume changes to a tough, collodion-like coating, which compresses and retracts the lips in a sardonic smile, changing to a canine grin; the gums shrink and tear away from the teeth, starting zones of blood to thicken in irregular crusts; the tongue, exposed to the air by the retraction of lips and gums, is invested with saliva collodion, and stiffens into a heavy stick-like something that swings and clicks foreignly against the teeth with the movement of riding or walking, and speech ends, though inarticulate bellowing, as of battling bull or stricken horse, may issue from the throat. There are other pains, innumerable, excruciating. The head is as if hooped with iron, and when the sufferer spasmodically casts off his hat, and snatches at hair and scalp, he is surprised to find no relief; the nape and half the spine are like a swollen tumor when pressed hard, with the surgeon's lancet pushing through it; with each heart-beat a throb of torment darts from the head to the extremities with a sudden thunder and blackness apparently so real and vast that it is a constant amazement to see the mountains still standing in mocking fixity and the sun still gibbering gleefully. Tears flow until they are exhausted; then the eyelids stiffen as the snarled lips have done, and the eyeballs gradually set themselves in a winkless stare. Between the slow earthquake throbs of the heart there are kaleidoscopic gleams before the eyes, and crackling and tearing noises in the ears, perhaps with singing sounds simulating bursts of music, — all manifestations of incipient disorganization in the sensitive tissues. Then it becomes hard, very hard, to keep the mind on the trail; to remember that the thorn-decked cactus is not a sweating water-cooler, that the

shimmering sand-flat is not a breeze-rippled pond, that the musical twanging of the tympanum is not a signal for rest. Withal a numbness creeps over the face, then over the hands, and under the clothing, imparting a dry, strange, rattling, husklike sensation, as if one did not quite belong to one's skin; and as the numbness advances, ideas become more and more shadowy and incongruous.

An eminent naturalist caught on the threshold of this stage was impressed by the laborious beating of his heart, and he gained a sense of the gradual thickening of his blood as the water which forms nearly ninety per cent of the body slowly evaporated. He was unable to see, or saw in mirage-like distortion when they were pointed out to him, the familiar birds and mammals of which he was in search. A prospector, later in this stage, tore away his sleeve when the puzzling numbness was first felt; afterwards, seeing dimly a luscious-looking arm near by, he seized it and mumbled it with his mouth, and greedily sought to suck the blood. He had a vague sense of protest by the owner of the arm, who seemed a long way off; and he was astounded, two days later, to find that the wounds were inflicted upon himself. Deceived by a leaky canteen on the plateau of the Book Cliffs of Utah, I held myself in the real world by constant effort, aided by a mirror, an inch across, whereby forgotten members of my body could be connected with the distorted face in which my motionless eyes were set; yet I was rent with regret (keen, quivering, crazy remorse) at the memory of wantonly wasting — actually throwing away on the ground — certain cups of water in my boyhood; and I gloried in the sudden discovery of a new standard of value destined to revolutionize the commerce of the world, the beneficent unit being the rational and ever ready drop of water. I collected half a dozen double-eagles from each of four pockets, tossed them in my hand, scorned their heavy

clumsiness and paltry worthlessness in comparison with my precious unit, and barely missed (through a chance gleam of worldly wisdom) casting them away on the equally worthless sand. In this stage of thirst fierce fever burns in the veins, but the deliberate doctor is not there to measure it.

The condition is seldom alleviated save through delirium, rarely relieved save by water, — water in gallons, applied inside and out; any water will serve, however many the hairs and drowned insects, however muddy or foul; but it is well to guard the thirsty man, lest he saturate the desiccated tissues so suddenly and so unequally as to initiate disorganization and death.

This is the stage of the shriveled tongue. It comes within the experience of many pioneers and within the memory of some, though only the vigorous in body and the well balanced in mind are sane enough to remember the details of the experience.

With the fourth stage of the drying up of the tissues the dilatory process changes to a more rapid action, and a new phase of thirst begins. The collodion-like coating of the lips cracks open and curls up, as freshet-laid mud curls when the sun shines after the storm, and the clefts push into the membrane and flesh beneath, so that thickened blood and serum exude. This ooze evaporates as fast as it is formed, and the residuum dries on the deadened surface to extend and to hasten the cracking. Each cleft is a wound which excites inflammation, and the fissuring and fevering proceed cumulatively, until the lips are reverted, swollen, shapeless masses of raw and festering flesh. The gums and tongue soon become similarly affected, and the oasis in the desert appears in delirium when the exuding liquid trickles in mouth and throat. The shrunken tongue swells quickly, pressing against the teeth, then forcing the jaws asunder and squeezing out beyond them, a reeking fungus,

on which flies — coming unexpectedly, no one knows whence — love to gather and dig busily with a harsh, grating sound, while an occasional wasp plunks down with a dizzying shock to seize or scatter them; and stray drops of blood escape the flies, and dribble down the chin and neck with a searing sensation penetrating the numbness; for the withered skin is ready to chap and exude fresh ooze, which ever extends the extravasation. Then the eyelids crack, and the eyeballs are suffused and fissured well up to the cornea and weep tears of blood; and as the gory drops trickle down, the shrunken cheeks are welted with raw flesh. The sluggishly exuding ooze seems infectious; wherever it touches there is a remote, unreal prickling, and lo, the skin is chapped, and dark red blood dappled with serum wells slowly forth. The agony at the nape continues, the burden of the heart-throb increases, but as the skin opens the pain passes away; the fingers wander mechanically over the tumid tongue and lips, producing no sensation save an ill-located stress, when they, too, begin to chap and swell and change to useless swinging weights, suggesting huge Spanish stirrups with over-heavy tapaderos. The throat is as if plugged with a hot and heavy mass, which gradually checks the involuntary swallowing motion, causing at last a horrible drowning sensation, followed by a dreamy gratification that the trouble is over. The lightning in the eyes glances, and the thunder in the ears rolls, and the brow-bands tighten. The thoughts are only vague flashes of intelligence, though a threadlike clue may be kept in sight by constant attention, — the trail, the trail, the elusive, writhing, twisting trail that ever seeks to escape and needs the closest watching; all else is gone until water is “sensed” in some way which only dumb brutes know.

In this stage there is no alleviation save by the mercy of madness, no relief except judiciously administered water,

which brings hurt oftener than healing. Rice remembered hearing his horse (which, startled by a rattlesnake, had escaped him twenty hours before, but which he had trailed in half-blind desperation) battering at the cover of a locked watering-trough with fierce pawing like that of a dog digging to a fresh scent. The vaqueros, awakened by the horse, found the man wallowing, half drowned, in the trough. He always ascribed the bursting of his lips and tongue to his earlier efforts to get moisture by chewing stray blades of grass, and he never consciously recognized the normal symptoms of the fourth stage. When my deer-path trail on the Utah plateau turned out of the gorge over a slope too steep for the fixed eyes to trace, I followed the ravine, to stumble into a chance water-pocket, with a submerged ledge, on which I soaked an hour before a drop of water could be swallowed; then, despite a half-inch cream of flies and wasps, squirming and buzzing above and macerated into slime below, I tasted ambrosia! A poor devil on the Mojave desert reached a neglected water-hole early in this stage. Creeping over debris in the twilight, he paid no attention to turgid toads, sodden snakes, and the seething scum of drowned insects, until a soggy, noisome mass turned under his weight, and a half-fleshed skeleton, still clad in flannel shirt and chaparejos, leered in his face with vacant sockets and fallen jaw. He fled, only to turn back later, as his trail showed, seeking the same water-hole. During his days of delirium in the hands of rescuers he raved unremitting repentance of his folly in passing by the “last water.”

This is the stage of blood-sweat. It is not in the books, but it is burned into some brains.

As the second stage of thirst intensifies into the third, so the fourth grows into the fifth and last. The external symptoms are little changed; the internal or subjective symptoms are known

only by extension of the knowledge of the earlier stages, and by the movements inscribed in the trail of the victim; for in the desert perception is sharpened, and scarcely visible features in the track of man or beast open a faithful panorama to the trained vision of the trailer, whether white or red. The benumbing and chapping and suffusion of the periphery and extremities continue; in this way the blood and serum and other liquids of the body are conveyed to the surface and cast out on the thirsty air, and thus the desiccation of the organism is hastened. Perhaps the tumid tongue and livid lips dry again as the final spurts from the capillaries are evaporated. Thirsty insects gather to feast on the increasing waste; the unclean blow-fly hastes to plant its foul seed in eyes and ears and nostrils, and the hungry vulture soars low. The wanderer, striving to loosen the tormenting browbands, tears his scalp with his nails and scatters stray locks of hair over the sand; the forbidding cholla, which is the spiniest of the cruelly spined cacti, is vaguely seen as a great carafe surrounded by crystal goblets, and the flesh-piercing joints are greedily grasped and pressed against the face, where they cling like beggar-ticks to woolen garments, with the spines penetrating cheeks and perhaps tapping arteries; the shadow

of shrub or rock is a Tantalus' pool, in which the senseless automaton digs desperately amid the gravel until his nails are torn off. Then the face is forced into the cavity, driving the thorns further into the flesh, breaking the teeth and bruising the bones, until the half-stark and already festering carcass arises to wander toward fresh torment.

In this stage there is no alleviation, no relief, until the too persistent heart or lungs show mercy, or kindly coyotes close in to the final feast. A child in a single garment wandered out on Mojave desert and was lost before the distracted mother thought of trailers; his tracks for thirty hours were traced, and showed that the infant had aged to the acuteness of maturity in husbanding strength and noting signs of water, and had then slowly descended into the darkness and automatic death of the fifth stage of thirst, and had dug the shadow-cooled sands with tender baby fingers, and then courted and kissed the siren cactus, even unto the final embrace in which he was held by a hundred thorns too strong for his feeble strength to break.

This is the stage of living death. In it men die from without inward, as the aged tree dies that casts top and branches while yet the bole bears verdure.

And of these stages is the thirst of the desert.

W. J. McGee.

THE HOLIDAY EVENING.

I.

AN old house, having a long lower room filled with old things. The colors of the room are faded colors, soft, dim, harmonious; such yellows, browns, reds, and greens as one sees in autumn leaves, and in the rugs and hangings of ancient dwellings. Furniture, bric-a-brac, and

pictures are the evident collection of a traveler in foreign lands.

Geraldine Pearl, a woman of about fifty, is shaking a dusting-cloth out of a door from which a path leads through a garden to a figure of Flora. The door is of glass, so that when closed it serves as a window. On the wall, in this part of the room, is a crucifix of carved wood,

an extensive display of Tyrolean photographs and water-colors, and a peasant's hat of dark green felt ornamented with a tuft of feathers.

Geraldine Pearl, having vigorously shaken her duster, turns back to her work, making, as she proceeds, disapproving comments: "Old warming-pan: no, I thank you, I prefer a hot-water bag. Old harp," — runs her fingers over the strings: "sounds as if it might be first cousin to the one 'that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed.' Now, why should people care for things because they are old? — making exception, of course, in favor of such rubbish as has some connection with one's ancestors. Nice, pretty, old-fashioned manners are about the only old things I care for, — you don't see them any too often nowadays; and as for that modern method of shaking hands — well, all I can say is, it is worse than no manners at all."

She opens a "bride's chest," and unfolds different articles of feminine attire, — bodices, aprons, quaint gowns and gay petticoats, — selects a lace kerchief and a white muslin dress sprigged with violets, spreads these over a chair and puts the rest carefully back.

"Some one was asking, the other day, if this house were going to be an institution, and have by-laws and a board of managers. I said I was n't prepared to state what it was going to be in the future, but at present it was to be entirely given over to a form of private hospitality; in other words, a number of friends had been invited to visit and to stay as long as they were contented. I should have been ashamed to explain the actual facts of the case, and how Miss Lavinia, being carried away with a sort of mania for collecting old things, could n't rest easy until she had got together a set of antiques in the shape of six old ladies, to enliven her museum, as it were."

Geraldine closes the lid of the chest, and from a table near by takes up an hour-glass. "Now what does that re-

mind one of, if it is n't of the sands of life ebbing out, and nobody able to stop them? Makes one think of gravestones and funeral wreaths, and 'there is a reaper whose name is Death.' Cheerful assortment Miss Lavinia has got to amuse the aged on a rainy afternoon, when they'll be rummaging round the house. It seems they are going to be allowed to make tea in their rooms. Of course they'll set fire to something, — that's to be expected. I suppose there is a heavy insurance; and after all, everything considered, a fire would n't be such a very bad thing."

A jar of Venetian glass next attracts her attention. She holds it so that the light shines through it. "I really don't see how that was brought so far without breaking. I should think it would have been in a thousand and one pieces before it was out of sight of Venice. But you never can tell. Sometimes it is the most delicate things that last the longest: and that makes me wonder how it is going to be with the old ladies. I can't say I particularly enjoy the prospect of watching by six death-beds; of seeing six candles flicker lower and lower, and just as you think they have flickered out, all of a sudden surprise you by flaring up again. Speaking of death-beds, if I had n't been so short-sighted as to promise Miss Lavinia's mother on hers that I'd always stand by the family, come what would, I might manage to extricate myself from this ridiculous situation. It is n't right, when one is about to set off for a better world, to complicate the troubles of the survivors. It would be a good deal more Christian-like and considerate to leave things trustingly in the hands of the Lord, — although of course it takes an awful sight of faith not to attempt to assist Him. As far as trusting in the Lord is concerned, being on the subject, I suppose I may as well make a personal application, and endeavor to believe that if there is any sort of a worth-while side to Miss Lavinia's

plan, the Almighty will be the very first to find it out, and act accordingly. I really don't think, either, that Miss Lavinia's mother would have taken such an advantage of me, if she had had the slightest suspicion of the way things were coming out. Who could have foreseen that from collecting buttons, and butterflies, and postage-stamps, and old coins, and china, and pewter, and second-hand books and furniture, one would be eventually led to collecting aged persons?"

With the lace kerchief and violet-sprigged gown over her arm she crosses the room, stops before an old piano and opens it, stops again before the portrait of a brown-haired, brown-eyed girl dressed in the fashion of some thirty years previous, and says, speaking to the pictured face, "Now, you need n't put on such a reproachful expression. I don't want your old things burned, and I don't mind your collecting old ladies, — no, not in the least. I rather like it, and I'm going to do the best I can by them, and so is Mary Roselle, and so is Mr. Fred."

II.

On a rustic seat under the Flora in the garden a girl of about two-and-twenty is arranging flowers in diminutive nosegays. She too is talking to herself, and the little rippling murmur sounds like the refrain of a song. "Purple and yellow pansies for Mrs. Pearson, and white ones for Mrs. Page; and forget-me-nots, of course, for Mrs. Preller, to remind her of the Fatherland; and clove pinks for Miss Hamilton, who is so fond of a bit of gay color; and a rose for Dear, and another for Darling; and for every precious one of them a sprig of thyme and of lavender and of lemon verberna."

"Thinking aloud, Miss Mary Roselle?" asks the voice of some one coming up the path.

The girl rises quickly and makes a deep curtsy.

The owner of the voice says admiringly, "What is it, — what have you been doing to yourself? Is it a new gown?"

"No, a very old one. Geraldine brought it for me to wear in what she calls the opening scene. She says she puts the entire performance under the head of private theatricals, and we need n't expect to hear a pleasant word from her till the curtain falls at the end of the final act."

The man laughs, and asks if the paper he sees protruding from the girl's belt is an old love-letter found in the pocket.

"It is a love-letter," Mary Roselle answers, "but a modern one: it is Miss Lavinia's first letter to me regarding my new position. I brought it to read to you." She ties the old ladies' flowers with some narrow white ribbon, places them on the bench, each bunch by itself, unfolds the letter and reads: —

DEAR MARY ROSELLE, — I knew and loved your mother when we were girls, and have loved her ever since. They tell me you are exactly like her: therefore I know and love you.

And now to another important subject. I am about to open the old house at home under the name of *The Holiday Evening*. Some day when my own evening shall come, which will be before very long (I suppose you have never thought, dear Mary Roselle, in how short a time one can reach the age of seventy), I intend to return and live in it myself. In the meantime six old ladies have consented to do this for me. Would you be willing to become their professional visitor and partial companion? I should like you to see that they are surrounded with pleasant little attentions. I should like you to let them hear the old harp and the spinet. I should like you to invite a few well-behaved little children on a Saturday afternoon to play in the

garden, for the sake of the sound of their voices. There will be a sum set apart for use, at your discretion, in providing cap-ribbons, peppermints, posies in the winter, birthday remembrances, — in short, whatever your judgment suggests. The other details of the establishment are already in the hands of my valued Geraldine Pearl and my nephew Frederick Dillingham. As a reference for my sanity, I beg you to consult your dear mother's memories. She will doubtless tell you that I have always been called somewhat eccentric, — a reputation which, intelligently considered, may mean several things. Let it mean in the present instance a sincere earnestness of purpose. Be favorable to my proposition, and thus make happy six otherwise daughterless old women and

Your mother's friend and yours,

LAVINIA DILLINGHAM.

The man, looking up as Mary Roselle stops reading, notices that her eyes are sweetly moist, and has a sensation of having come unexpectedly upon a brook hidden under violet leaves.

"It's so kind," the girl says, "so very, very kind. Think of Miss Lavinia's expressing it in that way, instead of writing that she had learned of our reverses and wanted to give me a pleasant opportunity of earning a regular income! And when I hesitated about accepting the generous remuneration offered for so little service, I was assured that I need have no scruples on that score, since I would be expected to spend a considerable amount for the benefit of the cause; that I was to keep myself abundantly supplied with pretty hats and gowns, because it would do the old ladies so much good to see me in them. Of course I understand that this is only Miss Lavinia's lovely way of showing her friendship for mamma, and I accept most gratefully; but imagine being paid for such charming duties as playing on the harp and the spinet!"

"And buying peppermints!" interrupts the man. "It's perfectly absurd, is n't it? By the way, I believe I have aunt Lavinia's first letter to me on this subject somewhere at hand."

He produces the letter, gives the six nosegays in a bunch to Mary Roselle, and the two walk up and down the path-way, the man reading.

III.

DEAR FRED, — Fate, Providence, my guardian angel, — call it what you will, — has lately brought me into constant and intimate relationship with a number of industrious fellow countrywomen, all of whom appear to be engaged, when at home, in some professional pursuit, such as conducting cooking-classes, giving lectures, keeping bees, raising mushrooms; in short, honestly striving to do their duty and earn their own living, or that of some one dependent upon them.

This has been to me a rebuking revelation. It is so long since I have lived at home for any continued period that I have fallen quite behind the times. I thought the young girls were still growing up to wait for their wooing and winning, whereas it seems they are growing up with a view to obtaining proficiency in some practical pursuit, so that the virgins of to-day have oil in their lamps. Under the influence of my new impressions, I have been going through a process of self-examination, have been asking myself if there were not some special and individual work I could undertake for the good of the few or the many; until, having arrived at the humiliating discovery that I know how to do nothing, unless it be to select, classify, and preserve objects of art and antiquity, I said aloud, half jestingly, "Why not go a step further, — why not collect and preserve ancient human beings?"

Whereupon the friend before whom this remark was uttered surprised me by

taking my hand and telling me, with tears in her eyes, of this old woman and that old woman who would be so happy in those long-unused rooms of mine, and more particularly of a certain two, familiarly called Dear and Darling, who had read, studied, and economized together in devoted companionship through many years, thus preparing their minds and saving their money for a long European journey, which should come when they felt able to retire from their profession as teachers.

One day Darling was taken ill. Winters and summers passed before she recovered; even then she was not quite well, and she would never be again. Meanwhile, the expenses of the sickness had so encroached upon what the two friends had set aside as their "European fund" that, little by little, all thought of the journey was of necessity abandoned. They bore the disappointment bravely. What did it matter, after all, they said; they had had the delightful hours of anticipated pleasure; they had still remaining a slender income, enough for the modest wants of their quiet life. But it happened that they were to be deprived of this, also. A bank failed, and their resources were swept away as by the wind. When I heard this story, I thought that to offer an opportunity of living among my foreign collections would be a cruel aggravation, and that I ought, at any sacrifice, to have these two old friends comfortably transported across the Atlantic, and then by easy stages to whatever spots they most desired to visit. But my friend assures me they are too feeble to travel, and too sweet and sensible to be aggravated. So I have concluded to make them as happy as I can at home, and four others with them.

Thus a word spoken in jest has become an affair of serious import, — although, between ourselves, Fred, I am heartily ashamed of its limitations, because, in looking for the four others, I have heard of at least forty, and no

doubt should have heard of four hundred, had I been conducting the search in person.

Geraldine has written to say that if it is in my heart to assist the aged, I ought either to establish an old ladies' home on approved plans, or give whatever I intend to spend in this direction for the enlargement of one already established, and that there is nothing so woefully needed as old ladies' homes; that she herself could fill a dozen without going as many miles; moreover, that my scheme in its present form is not philanthropic, but merely the gratification of an idle whim. She also alludes to my future guests as the six "Figurines," exactly as if they were to be made of terra cotta, and would arrive packed in straw. But I know Geraldine.

I hear that Tom Meadows has come home and opened a studio. I wish you would prevail upon him to drop in upon the members of my household now and then of an evening, in a neighborly way, for a game of cards or a little music and talk. Tell him I will remember that one good turn deserves another.

This is all at present, written to prepare you for what is coming, and to ask you to love my Figurines as you love your

AUNT LAVINIA.

Mr. Fred and Mary Roselle are now at the end of the path by the glass door. They open this and go into the long room. Under the portrait of Miss Lavinia as a girl is a stand holding a tea-service of white and gold. As Mary Roselle places her nosegays on the stand, the street bell is heard to ring. Directly Geraldine enters, announcing "Mrs. Pearson," and is followed by a thin little old lady wearing a black dress and black bonnet and shawl. The shawl has a palm-leaf border.

Mary Roselle greets her with pretty cordiality, and leads her to a chair. Mr. Fred offers his hand, saying, "I am glad to see you, Mrs. Pearson." The door of

a Black Forest clock opens, and a little bird, showing its head, calls "Cuckoo."

Mrs. Pearson, who appears greatly bewildered, exclaims, "Am I no longer an aged and indigent female?"

"No, certainly not," returns Mary Roselle reassuringly.

"No, indeed. Don't think of such a thing," says Mr. Fred.

"You'll feel better when you've had some tea," observes Geraldine.

She takes the old lady's bonnet and shawl, and then busies herself about the tea-table.

"This is not like life," resumes the old lady. "It is only in impossible books that the rich search you out and do for you at the right moment. I'm a great reader. I've read quantities of just such books. I never believed in them. I don't believe in them now. Either I am asleep, or this is a most remarkable exception to what generally happens."

She pulls out her handkerchief and begins to weep, interrupting her tears to relate how, for months and months, she has been presented before doorways, some of which bore the inscription "Home for Aged and Indigent Females," and others "Home for Aged and Indigent American Females," without obtaining admittance, either because there was no vacancy at the time, or because she was not the right kind of applicant, and that she is mortified beyond measure on account of her present behavior; but who could help being overcome at finding one's self suddenly in the midst of such a beautiful room and such a friendly reception, with no questions asked as to the length of time one had lived in the town or whether one were a church member, and no subjection to scrutiny, and nobody trying to discover if one had tendencies to blindness or were of a quarrelsome disposition, and nothing mandatory, nothing provoking retort? No, it was not like life, nor like anything ever before heard of.

"Sometimes," says Mr. Fred, "life is quite as improbable as the most improbable story."

"Life let us cherish," hums Mary Roselle, and she goes to the piano and sings the pleasant old song,

"Life let us cherish,
While yet the taper glows,
And the fresh flow'ret,
Pluck ere it close."

During the singing Mrs. Pearson recovers her composure, and is able to drink the cup of tea which Geraldine has prepared for her.

IV.

It is the afternoon of a twofold festival, — that of Miss Lavinia's birthday and of the formal opening of the house. In the Tyrolean corner stands a flower-decked table, ready for the little feast which is to be a part of the programme. At one end of the room a white curtain has been stretched like a screen, and near it Tom Meadows is engaged in making selections from a box of lantern-slides. Two old ladies, dressed exactly alike in gray with white kerchiefs folded at the throat, are wandering about, arm in arm, and uttering delighted ejaculations as they consider the various objects.

One of them says to the other, "Did you hear, Darling, how Geraldine said we might dust this room, if it would be any satisfaction to us?" And Darling replies, laughing gently, as over a pleasant joke, "We never expected, did we, Dear, that it would one day be permitted us to dust Europe?"

Two more old ladies occupy the settle by the fireplace, — one youthfully and elegantly dressed, the other agedly and simply. Both have beautiful snow-white hair. The young old lady is Miss Hamilton, the old old lady is Mrs. Page, and to her Miss Hamilton is saying that she never could see why people desired to observe birthdays, and that as far as the

date of her own birthday is concerned, she has absolutely forgotten it.

"I am sure I have forgotten mine," returns Mrs. Page, "but I never pretend to remember anything now. I wonder if I am ninety? I know I have been high in the eighties for a good while."

"You might be high in the nineties and not be old," observes Miss Hamilton, "and you might be nine and yet be the oldest person living; it's all a matter of temperament. You never hear people called old because they happen to live in old houses, neither ought they to be called old because they happen to live in old bodies. Still, I confess I have a preference for bodies that are at least comparatively young, they are so much more convenient to get about in." Then she relates how, when she had pneumonia the winter before, the family who took care of her, thinking she was going to die, sent for a minister, — not her own minister, but some one she had never seen; and how, when this man bent over her and asked, "Is there anything you particularly desire, Miss Hamilton?" she had replied, in as distinct a whisper as her weakened condition would permit, that she desired youth and health and wealth and beauty. "And after that," says Miss Hamilton, "there was no more introducing of strangers into my presence without first ascertaining whether it were going to be agreeable to my feelings."

"Where's that little boy who was standing at my elbow?" asks Mrs. Page suddenly.

"I have n't seen any little boy," returns Miss Hamilton, looking about. "I don't think there has been one in the room."

"I must have been dreaming," says Mrs. Page. "I hope you will excuse me. Falling asleep seems to be the only accomplishment I've got left. I can't read, and I can't use my hands, and I'm sure I have n't any manners, but I can always fall asleep."

Mrs. Pearson and Mrs. Preller are chatting by the glass door in the Tyrolean corner. Mrs. Preller is a round, sunny-faced old lady, with knots of heliotrope ribbon on her dainty white cap. Her companion wears a shawl of cream-colored merino having a border of shaded roses.

Mrs. Pearson has been explaining to her companion that she makes it a matter of principle, when possible, to wear a shawl, not because she is cold, but because it is the easiest way of keeping the moths out of it; that she possesses a shawl for every month in the year, besides a dozen or so odd ones; that every acquaintance who dies is sure to leave her a shawl, and she often wishes something different might be left, but it appears to be another case of to him that has much, much shall be given.

"That is a handsome one you are wearing to-day," says Mrs. Preller, feeling the texture of the article in question; "it must have cost a good deal when it was new; it's very becoming to you."

They walk about the table and admire the flowers; Mrs. Preller wishing they could have eaten in the garden, and regretting that there is no table in front of the bench by the Flora. "It would be so *gemüthlich* for afternoon coffee." She opens the glass door and steps into the garden, Mrs. Pearson following.

As they go out, Geraldine, Mary Roselle, and Mr. Fred enter the room from the opposite side. Mary Roselle is saying to Mr. Fred, "What should you think of having a little rustic stand placed before the Flora, so that Mrs. Preller can invite her German friends to drink coffee on Sunday afternoons? I am confident that is what she is longing for this very moment. Germans are so fond of Sundaying together and drinking coffee in gardens."

Mr. Fred replies that the suggestion meets with his entire approval. He speaks somewhat absently, being preoccupied with thoughts called up by a

cluster of Cherokee roses which Mary Roselle wears. As a usual thing he does not enjoy seeing a woman's dress adorned with flowers, and is apt to be filled with a desire to remove them and put them into water; he has often experienced a feeling of positive annoyance at the sight of roses with yard-long stems, or violets massed in a solid and enormous bunch, as a supplement to some fashionable gown, such arrangements appearing to him un-rose-like and un-violet-like. When Mary Roselle wears flowers it seems to be different, and he is conscious of perceiving a charming fitness of things.

V.

Geraldine arranges some chairs in a group opposite Miss Lavinia's picture, and gradually the company are seated. Mr. Fred stands under the picture, Geraldine with the maids of the house somewhat in the background.

Mr. Fred begins by saying that he has been thinking how happy his aunt must be on account of this gift of six new friends who have met to keep her birthday; that a birthday is such a pleasant thing; and that a long series of them might be considered as resembling the petals of a rose, and the development they afforded like the growth of the rose of character; so that by letting sun or shade, weal or woe, serve its purpose of adding richness and depth to the coloring, this rose of character would every year grow rounder and fairer, until it should become a fit flower for the garden of paradise. "Therefore," says Mr. Fred, "let us rejoice in the number of our birthdays." A pleasant way to speak of growing old. Even Miss Hamilton nods approvingly.

Mr. Fred continues by telling his listeners that until he learned something of the experiences of his aunt Lavinia's guests he had never realized the appropriateness of comparing life to a voyage

across an untried and tempestuous sea: how one does, indeed, set forth gayly and confidently; but, as time goes on, one passes into regions of storm and peril, and there are long days and longer nights of drifting, one knows not whither, of struggling against despondency and despair, against allowing one's courage to ebb and one's faith to fade. Occasionally it may be that the sea is unruffled from port to port; and yet, to miss the opportunity of facing and defying danger — of making, as his aunt Lavinia's guests have done, a brave passage; of bringing, as they have brought, a wealth of kindness and gentleness unharmed across life's sea — would be, taking the voyage for all it is worth, infinitely more of a loss than a gain.

The old ladies are all smiles and tears. They consider the words quite remarkable, coming from so young a man. (Mr. Fred is thirty-eight.)

He draws a little nearer to his listeners now, and tells them he remembers having heard his aunt say of things especially beautiful and peace-giving that they reminded her of the one hundredth psalm, and that he thinks she would like this used at the opening of her house. He repeats the psalm from memory, adding at the close, "And may He who is gracious, whose mercy is everlasting, keep this house and its owner, keep us all, who go in and out over its threshold, from this time forth forever. Amen."

Then Tom Meadows jumps up, and announces briskly that, since tea is to be served in the Tyrol, it is necessary to bestir themselves in order to reach that country; and may he ask the birthday party to arise, so that the chairs can be turned facing the opposite direction.

The change being accomplished and the room darkened, a succession of enchanting views, the fruit of Tom Meadows's camera during a Tyrolean mountain tramp, are thrown upon the screen. There are glimpses of the old imperial road of the Cæsars, leading from Ger-

many through the Tyrol into Italy; there are snow-topped heights and fertile valleys; there are wayside shrines, and flowers, and picturesque houses and villages: and thus loveliness melts into loveliness, until the quaint little town of Botzen appears, with its statue of Walter of the Vogelweide in the market-place, and next the doorway of an inn, and next a smiling peasant maid in the dress of the country.

Then the pictures vanish, all but the last, which seems to have stepped down into the room; for when the light is admitted, it shines upon Mary Roselle, wearing a dark stuff skirt, a white chemisette, a black bodice with silver ornaments, a sky-blue apron, and a canary-colored kerchief caught at the neck with a deep red rose, and waiting to receive the little company, as, in the mood of the happiest of travelers who ever passed over the Brenner on a glad June day, Miss Lavinia's guests seat themselves around the birthday table.

VI.

This Tyrolean trip is followed by others of a similar character, gay little improvised journeys, occurring on an appointed evening of every week, and participated in by the six old ladies, Mary Roselle, Geraldine, Mr. Fred, Tom Meadows, and later by Father Paul, the venerable clergyman of the neighboring church, St. Ann's, in whom Miss Hamilton has discovered an acquaintance dating back to the time of her young-ladyhood. The discovery proves a most useful one, Miss Hamilton being in peculiar need of what Mrs. Preller calls *ein jugend Freund*.

To explain this need, it must first be stated that, some months previous, Mary Roselle, in sending her weekly report to Miss Lavinia, had inclosed a water-color of herself wearing the sprigged muslin gown and playing on the old harp.

Thereupon, Miss Lavinia, delighted with the sketch, and desiring to be helpful to Tom Meadows, whose work it is, conceives the idea of having the portraits of the six old ladies painted, to hang in a row on the walls of "Little Europe," as Dear and Darling have christened the long room. She communicates this wish, and Tom Meadows begins the portraits, finding, with one exception, willing sitters. The exception is Miss Hamilton, who says it is a very responsible thing to leave a large oil painting of one's self in the world; it is n't like a miniature that can be tucked out of sight or thrown down a well. In her opinion, only the young and beautiful ought to be painted, and certainly no woman over forty, although she does not wish to be thought sweeping in this assertion, and she considers the five portraits already finished by Mr. Tom excellent as likenesses and agreeable as works of art; only she would prefer not to add her own to the number, unless it could be painted at a more favorable age than the one she has attained. She also mentions the fact of having in her possession an old daguerreotype, taken when she was eighteen. Would Mr. Tom think it worth while to make a portrait from that?

Yes, Mr. Tom thinks it would be decidedly worth while, especially as this appears to be the only manner in which Miss Hamilton's portrait can be secured.

The daguerreotype is produced, and he sets to work on an enlarged copy, for the intelligent criticism of which it is very desirable that some one should be found who knew Miss Hamilton in her youth. Hence the renewal of friendship with Father Paul is most opportune; and thanks to his suggestions, various alterations are made, — something is changed about the mouth, a flower is added to the dress, and a necklace, — until a charming old-time belle smiles from out the canvas, "and yet looking very much as our Miss Hamilton looks to-day," say

the five old ladies standing in an approving row before it.

When the portraits are completed, a "private view" is held in Little Europe; and not long after this, fame begins to knock at Tom Meadows's door. He spends a profitable year, and at the end of it goes abroad for further study, and to thank Miss Lavinia for the opportunity she has given him. He does not tell her of the great sorrow that has befallen him, — his "first great sorrow," he calls it to himself: he has asked Mary Roselle's hand in marriage, and not received it.

Meanwhile, Geraldine Pearl, following the bent of her own ideas, has written to Miss Lavinia that half a dozen of anything is a skimpy number, and has asked why she does not branch out in a Christian spirit, and enlarge her accommodations by the addition of a few rooms to her house, "it being a cheap time for building, — although building, even at a cheap time, is always costly."

Miss Lavinia writes back favorably, and the family are awaiting the final word which shall mean twelve instead of six old ladies at *The Holiday Evening*.

Things are progressing thus, when Mary Roselle has a singular dream. She seems to be watching in the room where Dear and Darling sleep. From this she can look, as through a glass partition, across the room called Little Europe, and beyond into the garden. Mr. Fred is standing by the Flora. She remembers having promised to meet him there. She cannot keep her appointment, because she must watch by Dear and Darling; only it does not appear to be exactly they, but something they have left and which bears their semblance. The two old friends themselves she perceives moving about in the long room, dusting every object lovingly and carefully. When their work is completed, they pause for a moment, say, "Good-by, Little Europe," and disappear.

VII.

Mary Roselle awakes. It is seven in the morning. She dresses hurriedly, and goes to *The Holiday Evening*. Upstairs, in the little sitting-room shared by Dear and Darling, Mr. Fred is reading a letter. As the girl comes into the room, he holds out his hand and says, "How did you know, dear?"

The sun is shining across the floor; the canary-bird is singing in his cage, but not disturbing any one. In the inner room Dear and Darling sleep peacefully, as they have hoped all their lives some day to sleep. The letter is one which they have written together. Mr. Fred reads it to Mary Roselle, and after a little the two go down to the garden, sit on the bench by the Flora, and talk of life and death, of joy and sorrow, of the end that may hold so wonderful a beginning, of that strange, sweet thing that knows no end, — "there is no end to love."

The letter contains a request that during the first day following their departure the old harp shall stand in the outer room, and Mary Roselle shall play upon it now and then. Of course, so Dear and Darling say, they do not quite expect to be able to hear her; still it is possible, and in any case the music will be pleasant for the others. They also say that they have never felt reconciled to funerals as generally conducted; that they have always thought there must be some better way of managing, but that people would perhaps never find it, because each funeral must of necessity be a totally new experience to those most interested. For themselves, they desire that a brief service be held on the Sunday after the earthly garment of their souls has been put away, provided this service can be so arranged as to leave a glad and happy impression. They should like it to take place in Little Europe, and to consist partly of the singing of their three

favorite hymns, and of the reading of the burial service of the Prayer Book with certain modifications, such as the omission of all details touching the dissolution of the body, and all references to the wrath of God. Furthermore, they wish to be remembered and spoken of as two would-be travelers, who, with hearts full of thankfulness for the beautiful things accorded during their time of waiting, have finally set forth in perfect trust and joy.

Early in the day Mrs. Pearson enters the inner room, bringing two white crape shawls, which she has always kept very choice, and lays one on the foot of each bed. After that, the well-behaved little children who play on Saturdays in the garden come, and say to one another how sweet Dear and Darling look with the pretty white shawls about them; and when they are told that the two friends will awaken in a beautiful country, they believe all that is said, prattle pleasant things about the awakening, and go away on tiptoe.

Then the family gather in the room without, Mary Roselle plays softly on the old harp, and Father Paul repeats a prayer or two, and reads aloud passages found marked in a Bible which Dear and Darling have used; among them is this: "He asked life of thee, and thou gavest it him, even length of days for ever and ever."

On the following Sunday, the household and a number of invited guests meet in Little Europe. The well-behaved

children are present, also; likewise the choir-boys from St. Ann's, and Father Paul in his robe of office. Under the portraits of Dear and Darling is a jar filled with white immortelles and vines of evergreen, fresh that day from the woods. Father Paul renders the service in the manner desired. The boys from St. Ann's sing the three favorite hymns. The first two are those of welcome:—

"'Come to Me,' saith One, 'and coming,
Be at rest.'"

"Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,

And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Angels of Jesus,

Angels of light,

Singing to welcome

The pilgrims of the night."

The third is the triumph song of Bernard of Cluny:—

"O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!"

Then Mrs. Pearson, who has been wearing a black cashmere shawl with a black ribbon border, slips it off, and appears festively arrayed in one of delicate green silk, showing vague flowers, and Mary Roselle, the well-behaved little children grouped about her, stands with Mr. Fred before Father Paul.

"Dearly beloved," Father Paul begins, "we are gathered together here in the sight of God, and in the face of this company, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony."

And no one is in the least surprised.

Harriet Lewis Bradley.

A FLORIDA FARM.

OUR purpose in going thither was primarily to make money. Incidentally, we hoped to find vigor in an outdoor life, and other pleasant possibilities allured us and led us to embark in the

venture. The venture seemed promising. Immigrants were pouring into the state, and land-prices were rising. Lake Osseoyo was linked by its drainage canal with a chain of navigable waters, which

flowed at last into the sea, and by the permanent lowering of its level a vast margin of rich soil was dried. The chief settlement of the region was already a city, and the capital of a county; not a paper city of the land-speculators, but a municipality, presided over by a mayor, misruled by a board of councilmen, and provided with schools, churches, and drinking-saloons. A newspaper devoted itself to its praises; rail and water carriage met on its long pier. A Mississippi steamer, with towering funnels, swung at anchor in the offing. Another, belonging to the drainage company, lay belching black smoke, or swept away toward the horizon with a ribbon of foam unwinding from its broad stern wheel. The tattoo of the builder's hammer sounded all day in the woods and by the water.

We had seen many towns and villages, in a prospecting tour; we had an extensive acquaintance with land-agents, and we were disheartened by the memory of many ineligible offers of property. We liked little that was characteristically Floridian, except certain agricultural possibilities of the winter. In this mood we had waked, one morning, at Osseeyo City, and looked out to see what it was like. For the first time in many days we had slept refreshingly; no mosquitoes, no sultry heats, had jaded us. A steady wind laden with forest odors was drawing through the open windows; the globe of the sun lay on the verge of a wide rippled water, crimsoning fresh meadows and the trunks of innumerable pines. An intermittent tinkling of bells, a smell of sawn cypress wood, a delicious chill of the morning wind, stirred certain fibres of happy memory. We seemed suddenly to be listening to the clank of Swiss cowbells, and inhaling the fragrance of dew and unpainted pine, in some inn of the Oberland. It was a far reminiscence, for the meadows and forest glades were level as the lake; but it pleased and curiously predisposed

us. Here, at last, was coolness; here was green grass, and a pleasant un-Floridian impression of Florida. We looked sanguinely out into the blue morning.

After breakfast we lighted cigarettes, and glanced about indulgently for the city. At first we saw nothing more urban than sparse pines and their steady shade, cropping cattle and their moving shadows. But the city disclosed itself, as we wandered about, skeptically credulous, subtly prepossessed by the absence of mosquitoes and land-agents, ready to have faith in a sub-tropical region where the May breeze was vivifying and the turf firm underfoot. The clusters of dwellings proved to be more numerous than we had thought, for the city was laid out on a generous plan, with an eye to the future. When we had visited the residence quarters, we strolled upon the hard sands of the lake shore and admired the vast bowl of blue ripples. As we looked, the wind freshened; dark flurries scudded over the shining level; a little sailing-boat bent to the gusts, threw up a white furrow, and shot into the sun-path. We loved wind and bright water; we felt a joy in sails as of a sea-bird in its wings. We did not say so, but our dream of farming in Florida was blent with a vision of water, and the ploughing of waves in this manner seemed germane to the purpose.

So when we reached the blue frame "blocks" at the pier, the basking steamer, the hardware store, the two grocery stores, the dry-goods store, the druggist's, and the saloons, — fronting the morning sun with blistered paint and foggy glass, — we were already won over in some measure. Our hearts did not sink at the pyramids of scarlet canned goods beneath a festoon of calf boots and calicoes, at the loungers on the unswept doorsills, at the whiff of spilled liquors from the saloons. Rather, we smiled at these things, and found them more urban than we had expected. A cowboy, with a broad hat and jingling spurs, gave

them a fine frontier flavor, as he issued from a saloon and rode jauntily off, his whip-lash whirling and pistoling about his head.

In due season the land-agent appeared, and we fell into his lap like ripened fruit. It was of quite a little principality that he disburdened himself in our favor, — a great lake-fronting meadow, fringed about with virgin pine-lands. The woods came to the water's brink at one corner, with a house-site, as if we had so willed it. A strip of silver sand, firm and broad as a highway, coasted the meadow and shelved beneath the clear lip of the lake. We departed, with lightened purses, to return in the autumn.

In September I engaged the services of a young New Englander, named Rufus, and put up with him at the Osseeyo City Hotel. A camp-kit followed us from the North, and a serviceable cedar boat, with sculls and a jointed mast, which we christened the Egret. We bought a brisk-gaited gray gelding and a green wagon, and drove daily to the principality, the sawmill, and other points, upon our business of settling. At last all was made ready, and the trunks, camp-kit, and provisions were loaded on the green wagon. My heart sank a little, now that the time was come. Osseeyo City assumed an unwonted pleasantness; the hotel was beginning to exhale a faint prophecy of dinner. But I was outward bound, in the rôle of a sturdy pioneer, and I must cover my qualms with a smiling face. I unmoored the Egret with a great appearance of unconcern, and ran out the oars, while Rufus drove off upon the load.

An alligator on the beach appeared to be the only tenant of my demesne, when I grounded the Egret; but as I entered the wood-edge I perceived oxen yoked to a load of yellow lumber, and the driver reclining on the grass. A building-site was chosen, and the fresh planks fell with a hollow clatter on the

grass. When the driver was gone, I strolled off and reassured myself about the spot. A small oak grove was on the lakeside to the left, another to the right. Two lanceolate tufts of saw-palmetto flanked an open way between, and the blue water showed all along. The land broke from a low terrace to the beach. It was a site made to hand.

Rufus admitted it, when he drove up with the creaking load. We accordingly fell to with hammer and saw; and when the dusk began to thicken, the timber anatomy of a small cottage glimmered already among the pines. We hastened to lay planks on the joists of the upper floor, and had a tent stretched on these, and the gray tethered beneath, when the night closed in. Rufus made coffee upon an oil-stove and opened a tin of meat; and the tent, with cots neatly spread and a swinging lantern above, took a homelike look, as we supped from a pine box. So I tried to think, at all events, and I remarked upon it to Rufus, who assented. But this was the official view. The forest lay all about, shuddering with breezes and vocal with crickets and strange movings in the palmettos, and the solitude seemed to creep into the tent when the ladder was drawn up and the light put out.

The sky was exquisitely mottled, as we went down to the lake, after some hours of uneasy tossing followed by a sleep. The clouds stretched high and far, like a vast frostwork, over the dawn, and I thought I had never seen anything so vivid and so delicately flushed. The still lake glassed it to the horizon, and the mirrored sky rose like a lifted banner in the ripple from our feet. The splash of the water-buckets startled some long-billed birds that were spearing for fish in the margin, and we made our toilets in a whirl of withdrawing wings. We kindled a fire, ate and drank; and the day's work began.

The woods rang with our hammers, day by day; but the little house grew

slowly. The grass went wintry with sawdust and shavings; billets and plank-ends lay thick about, and the details of construction appeared likewise to accumulate. Doors, windows, stairs, closets, verandas, fed on our brains like a fever. Amateur house-building was an economy of dollars, perhaps, but it proved to be costly in time and strength. Finally, it seemed best to call in a man of the craft. Rufus's face grew visibly younger when this decision was announced, and the gray showed brisk heels as he galloped off for a carpenter.

The carpenter came presently, — a trim figure of a fellow, with a shotgun over his shoulder, and a half-filled game-pouch beside his tool-bag. He saw the situation at a glance, and met it like the quiet woods gentleman that he was. I was n't a carpenter, was I, he tactfully inquired. Well, he 'lowed perhaps I was n't; and carpentering was a trade, sure enough. He had worked at it himself a right smart while, but it was puzzlin' even to him sometimes.

I was now a cognoscente in joinery, and took pleasure in his skill. He thumbed an edge-tool like an artist; he would sit on a heady scaffold, his long legs dangling, plant a nail in the ceiling, and bring his hammer nonchalantly true upon it, where I must have lain on my back, and still have bruised the planks with wild target-practice. Cupboards, framings, rails, and lattices grew like exhalations. A tiny stable was set up as one builds a house of cards, and at length the gray ceased to look over his manger upon our dinners, and the tent was furled.

My partner, Farley, had now joined us with a reinforcement of energy, and the time was come to settle down seriously to the business of husbandry. Practically, Farley and I knew little of this business, but we had an acquaintance with the theory, like young physicians ready for patients. We ploughed several acres of grass-land by the lake,

and left the turf to decay for the spring garden. The ploughed land "turned up well," Rufus said; and in the late winter, as the sun began to rise from the solstice, we sowed cucumber seeds in the warming soil. This was pleasant, light labor for breezy mornings, and we permitted it to be irradiated with a hope of profit. Winter cucumbers in New York, we knew, were sold like choice roses. We could not look for the top of the market in late March or April, it was true, but we were not avaricious: a few hundred dollars per acre, we observed, would do for a beginning.

The field lay along a low dune of beach sand that gleamed against the lake. Tall woods hedged the inland boundary, and a great waterside prairie broadened from one end. We made mounds with the hoe, worked a handful of phosphate into each, and leveled the top. In these we traced trenches with the fingers, sprinkled a line of seeds, and covered and "firmed" them in. A week later we sowed a second line, and in another week a third, to make triply sure against mishaps of cold. It was the third sowing that found favoring heats, and far on in March the vines were beginning to creep outward from the hills. It was late even for a return of a few modest hundreds of dollars per acre; but we blithely hoed and hoped, and the mocking-birds sang, with mellow throats, above the speckling blossoms.

The mocking-birds, much at ease, fluted in the balmy noons; and the cucumber vines, likewise much at ease, lengthened and branched, till the field was a tangle of overlapping leaves. Market quotations for cucumbers went slowly down, and the vines manifested no concern. We made ready for the crop, with crates and shipping-plans, and the vines nonchalantly sunned their rank leaves and bedecked them with yellow bloom. "Consider the *cucumbers* of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin." It was a beautiful sight, and we tried to

look upon it as Solomon might have done. It occurred to us that we might gather wisdom, even if we could not gather cucumbers.

The blossoms began to fall, and we moused sharply among the vines. And lo! on a sudden, a cucumber! Farley discovered it, and we gathered about it with becoming emotions. There it was at last, a cucumber, an indubitable cucumber, — lilliputian, indeed, but complete in all its parts, green and spiny, with a festive blossom at the end. Farley and I knelt and adored it, as it were. It was like the joys of paternity.

Rufus looked on with a sardonic humor which he kept for rare occasions. "Git out your crates, — git out your crates," he said grimly: "time to ship the crop. Crop's small, but so are the prices!"

I turned to him, unaffected by the *inuendo*, the flush of fruition in my face. "I say, Rufus, how long does it take a cucumber to grow up?"

Rufus's face grew red, his spare frame underwent a contortion; he slapped his knee and burst into a fit of laughter. "Don't you know?" he cried, choking. "Oh, fifteen to twenty years, without the weather's warm. If it is, four or five days."

In four or five days, the weather being warm, the cucumber had grown up, and the vines were teeming with pickles. We began to ship the crop toward the end of April, and we ceased to ship it when the first returns came in. We kept the wisdom for our own consumption.

After the cucumbers were gathered the weather grew summer-like. We had taken the precaution to acquaint ourselves in advance with the seasons by means of sundry pamphlets issued to induce immigration. We were aware that the Florida summer was more genial than the torrid summer of the North. Fanning winds spiced with the resin of the woods, a shining equableness, show-

ers with a glint of lightning to manufacture ozone, brief aspersions with-drawn at the sojourner's convenience, a general blueness and balminess, — such we understood to be the Florida summer.

We were a little surprised, therefore, to find it hot, blazingly and blisteringly hot. The May sun rose, every morning, like a huge ruddy coal. Despite the resinous breezes, possibly fanned by them, it burned swiftly to an intolerable incandescence, and smote us with languor as we toiled forth to our tasks. It flagellated our backs, our knees weakened beneath it, in the field; our lips parched with thirst; we seemed about to ignite, but when we had drunk rivers of water a merciful perspiration burst forth and prevented the conflagration. Nevertheless, we accomplished much. I do not know how we did it, for it was a feat merely to exist. Perhaps the heroism of this performance nerved us to further effort. We not only existed: we cooked meals and ate them; we cleared them away, and went out to delve and plough; we routed pillaging cattle and pigs; we added a great stretch of tillage-land to the cucumber field, and fenced it.

But it was not till the rains of summer came on that we fully realized the horrors of this delightful season. The first showers brought wafts of coolness and allayed the burning of the sands. They brought, too, a changed aspect of the monotonous earth and sky. The white scalp of a cloudy Himalaya would appear in the blue, and soon there would be a range of insufferable snows beetling toward the zenith. After the languorous dream of a sub-tropical morning, it was stirring to see the splendid energies of the air, the sweeping shadows, and the dramatic burst of lightning and wind. The ground trembled with the following thunder, and the world went out in a fog of driven water.

After a time the skyey pageants ceased to be events; the lightning began to jave-

lin the pines about the cottage, and the weather fell into a lamentable aqueous intemperance. The soil filled to the surface, and exuded water like a soaked sponge. We could go nowhither without wading; and when the sun came out, it was to blaze on a waste of wetness and fill the air with steam. The time was come to rest from our labors. We abandoned the farm for a little to the elements and the frogs.

We returned somewhat soberly for the second season's work. Reports from the farm region had been all of rains and flooding waters. Despite its drainage canal the lake had come steadily up, like a rising tide. The beach lay beneath a fathom of water; fishes swam in the arable land; the canal and the drainage company were a mark for curses. But the weather "faired off" at last, and the ebb set in. When the higher soil had dried, beds were made for cabbage and cauliflower seeds. This was pretty gardening work in the mellow autumn sunshine. The beds were heaped, leveled, and overlaid with fine mould; then they were "firmed" with a trodden plank, and sprinkled to a uniform moisture. A toothed implement made shallow holes for the seeds, and these were dropped in one by one and carefully covered; for the cauliflower seeds were costly. Within a few days the beds were quick with files and phalanges of pale shoots.

There are, I dare say, keener delights than the cultivation of cabbages and cauliflowers, yet I am not sure of it, as I recall the fascination of pottering in the brown earth and taking a hand in its miracles, — not with the languid sense of the sedentary man, to whom a cabbage is merely a cabbage, but with faculties quickened by fresh air and good blood, and a pocket modestly sanguine. For the cabbage and the cauliflower and most things that grow in a pot-garden are but little known to him who sees them only in the pot or on the plate.

To see them thus is to know them in their death, and the man who merely assists at their obsequies and inters them stolidly in his belly has as small notion of them as the citizen digesting a meadow lark may have of the carol in the grasses and the flash of the wings. If he have a soul, and an eye which is more than an optical convenience, the gardener will walk among his vegetables with a joy beyond the smacking of lips. He will see a country-lass-like comeliness in the lusty leaves of his cabbages, and thump their green polls as he might fondle a cheek. He will gaze tenderly into the white faces of his cauliflowers, as with pinned leaves he wimples them from the sun.

Pleasant it was to sow seeds; pleasant, also, in the late afternoon, to sprinkle the young plants with a rain of clattering drops. Farley and I would oftenest do this by ourselves, our heads, necks, and forearms bared to the soft wind, our legs naked above the knees for the lake-wading. It was an outward trip, with the empty water-cans swinging, the feet first in the cushiony plough-land, and then on the firm beach and in among the netting sunbeams of the margin; the eyes on the vast slumbrous level, melting to violet in the offing. It was an inward trip, with the muscles stiffened to the burden, the legs and arms cooled by the dip, and the eyes on the curtain of pines, taking redness of the low sun. Forth and back, forth and back, each turn a change in the deepening color, perhaps till the sun was gone, and the silver of the moon was in the long ripple and the brimming cans. To walk to and fro with the watering-cans and whistle in the twilight, — this truly was a wage of the day, if it had been wearisome and parching; for the heat and cares of it were done, and here was its quintessence in the commerce with calm beauty and the fluting of mellow notes, — mellow notes for the maker, although a sorry enough sibilation in others' ears,

if they had listened; for the whistler whistles to kindle his fancy, and wakens fairy flutes and horns, unheard by others, with the thin piping of his lips.

The ears of Rufus would now and then hearken by the cottage stove, and his mouth would echo my staves — bettering them, I dare say — in a mocking travesty above the frying-pan. As I came in, he would eye me quizzically and ask if I had been whistling for my supper. Upon my accepting the thought, he would clap a mound of griddle-cakes on the table, with the remark, "Well, here it is, then." And with this we would seat ourselves, Farley, Rufus, and I, whilst the dogs beat their tails on the floor.

The sun shot a milder and more oblique ray as the autumn waned, and the evenings grew chill enough for a hearth-fire of pine-knots. But the cauliflower and cabbage plants thrived with the copious dews, and in November and December we set them out in the field. The transplanting on a large scale was novel to us, but a system was soon developed, and the work took a military method. A little force of hired hands was marshaled as the sun began to decline. One hauled water and filled casks deposited about the field; another drew the marker and cross-marker; others uprooted plants from the beds. When the sun was an hour or so from the lake-rim, the plant-droppers went ahead, like skirmishers, the main transplanting body followed with flourishing trowels, and the waterer brought up the rear. Finally, the whole force turned about and filled the watering-holes with a motion of the feet.

By the middle of December the fields bristled with thrifty growth. The soil had been made fat with muck from the marshes composted with mineral plant-foods. The cauliflowers shot up with extraordinary vigor; their leaves rustled like crisp silk and drenched us with dew to the waist as we walked the rows in a

search for heads. At last creamy buds appeared here and there at the hearts of the plants. Shipments began in January. The heads were cut late in the day, when the air had cooled. After supper, Farley, Rufus, and I would hang lanterns in the packing-house, and labor till the evening harvest was disposed of. The heads were neatly trimmed of leaves, mopped to remove vestiges of dew, covered with white paper, and closely packed in crates or ventilated barrels. Sometimes the work would be over by midnight. Often the morning sun would be scarlet on the pines as we marked the last barrels. The loads went off early to avoid the noon heat, and were dispatched from Osseeyo City by express.

The epicure garnishing his midwinter meal with cauliflower guesses little of the sedulous labors that purvey it for his palate. I once sat near such an one in a New York restaurant, and saw him fastidiously degust the tender flowers and growl at their costliness. "It's shameful, simply shameful!" he declared. "The growers must be a parcel of robbers!" And he glanced at me as much as to say, "You feel with me, I'm sure." But I did not. I looked at his smug cheeks and gluttonous lips, at his soft hands and bulging waistcoat, and wished that he might earn his tidbits in the sun. "Sir," I thought, "you are deficient in imagination; you reason hastily upon abstruse matters. The gentle cauliflower is unvengeful, but there is indignation in it unless it be genially absorbed. You are gazing on a purveyor unaware. He wishes you no ill, but he is just. He mildly disagrees with you, — and prays that the cauliflower may do likewise."

At this period we were uncertain of the profitableness of cauliflowers, but we hoped much from them. The first returns were fabulously encouraging. The commission merchants poured dollars and encomiums into our laps, and we went about with a dream of wealth in our

eyes. The fame of the crop and of the returns went abroad like a murder, and the world looked in upon us on a sudden. We were called upon day by day to tell the secrets of our success and blush in a circle of listeners. If we had a key to wealth, it was plain that other fingers were itching for it. A journalist wrote us up, our story was blown upon the winds, and the region and ourselves were enveloped in an atmosphere of fable. It appeared that we had raised some hundreds of barrels of cauliflowers per acre through the virgin richness of the soil, and realized more than the profit of an acre of wheat upon each barrel. Our costly applications of fertilizer and other minor facts were overlooked in a spirit of statistical proportion, and the account bristled with dollars.

We presently had occasion to take our fame somewhat grimly, and to tarnish it with a reputation for mendacity by revealing the facts. The earliest cauliflowers had been shipped in cool weather, — that started them crisp and sound; but a warm spell followed, and our consignees wrote of decay and unsalable lots. There was still an average profit, however, and we hoped for better luck. But without warning the cold returned in a long, keen-blowing northern wind, and the bulk of the crop was harvested with a sickle of frost.

It was our first taste of freezing weather in Florida. The winter before had been cool at times. We had looked out in many a sharp dawn expecting to see a rime on the fields; but there had not been so much as a feathered grass-spear. The frost that killed our cauliflowers was without a fellow for fifty years back, and we inevitably took it for the exception to the rule of mildness. This was the general view of it, till it was found to be the beginning of a term of cold winters, and but a balmy forerunner of the great "freeze" of 1894.

As it settled upon us, we rallied cheerfully to fight it. The day went down

in a yellow burnished glow beyond the woods; the northern wind flowed out of the twilight in a broad stream, and the crisp grasses and pine needles sang with it. Spanish moss was heaped over the maturer plants; great fires of fat pine were kindled on the northern edges of the field, and a curtain of smoke drifted all night beneath the stars. But at dawn the soil was frozen in the very lee of the flames.

On the following day the sky darkened as if for snow, and the wind whitened the lake in a steady roaring blast that sheeted the pier with frozen spray. The distinctions of a thousand southerly miles were done away, and for two days we had the biting winds and iron furrows of New England. On the third day the thermometer rose above the freezing-point, and a warm sun shone out. The cauliflowers, which had been embalmed by the frost, drooped and fell into decay, and we began to practice philosophy. The cauliflower field was replanted with potatoes, beans, cucumbers, and other garden crops, and something was saved from the season's wreck. The returns, indeed, were considerable, and a qualified success with the frosted cabbages further heartened us.

We entered the third season with some confidence. The greater part of the plough-land was devoted to cabbages and potatoes, which had specially thriven and had proved marketable. The tillage now included a great marsh, dried by a further lowering of the lake, a mellow residuum of decayed bog plants, on which the thrifty crops lay like designs on velvet. We had gathered an efficient force of hands of the "poor white" class, a class which our experience inclined us to esteem. These came from various Southern States, and brought a habit of industry less nervous and superficially energetic than the Northern, but not less telling in the long result. Commonly, also, they had tact and a flavor of courtesy, and were men with whom a

gentleman might be at ease in the field as with a homely variety of his own species.

As the season advanced, the bulk of the increased crops made us take to the water for our freighting. A lighter was built and moored off the beach, and this was heaped, in the early morning, with packed crates and barrels, and taken in tow for Osseeyo City by a steamer. The cabbage heads, gathered in sacks, were stripped of loose leaves and wedged into crates; the potatoes were sorted by sizes and barreled. If the weather allowed, this was done on the beach, with the lake shimmering at hand, and perhaps the smoke of the approaching steamer quickening the toil. Three hoarse blasts of her whistle would be the signal for every nerve to be strained; the last loads would be hurried aboard, the mules and oxen splashing the bright water; and then all would be still again, save for the farewell blast and the throb of the departing engines.

The harvesting of potatoes was a sociable toil. The men plied their digging-hoes by twos and threes in adjoining rows, with an accompaniment of gossip and ringing laughter. It had, too, a zest of subterraneous exploration like mining. One stroke of the hoe would unearth a disappointment, perhaps only a single big tuber among a cluster of "seconds;" but the next would make up for it, and lay bare a hatful of fat potatoes. The tubers came clean and abundant out of the brown marsh soil, and made a great volume of valuable shipments.

We now went often to town, for the mail or groceries, in the little Egret; and a sail in her was a delicate water-pleasure, for she was apt in all sailing points and a light pull for the oars. She would slip swiftly over the shining miles, the ripples tinkling at her bow, and bring us home again with no more delay than a little waiting on the wind, if it were calm and we disinclined for the oars. These trips to civilization polished

us and sensibly thinned the rust of the woods. We affected a stoicism, as persons not unused to the world; but, emerging fresh from the wilderness, we were secretly a little dazed as we came among men. The small city gleamed pleasantly amid its pines, and cast a picture on the wave. Here were the triple verandas and red roofs of the hotel; yonder the blue and white business "blocks;" the square belfry and green blinds of the Methodist church rose among its live-oaks, and the Baptist church uplifted a horn; here were cottages, and even houses; there the new bank, painted in three colors, and some buildings of brick. Pleasure-boats put forth with a freight of muslined femininity; people went to and fro, in a holiday mood, on the verandas; a train drew up at the station, and a locomotive bound for far cities panted on the rails. We entered these stirring scenes with a certain thrill and a wary self-command, as of rustics minded not to stare too curiously. There were lists of supplies to be filled; perhaps a hardware and a dry-goods store to be nonchalantly visited, as if it were quite an every-day thing to be at leisure and make purchases. And when these things were done, there were the newly distributed mails, with precious letters. Lastly came the strange experience of a hotel dinner, served luxuriously in little oval dishes that some one else washed. When this was eaten, we commonly lingered on the hotel piazzas with fellow farmers, gathered from about the lake, and voluble upon drought, freight-charges, and mutilated returns. Or there might be a sojourning beauty or two, curious about frontier ways, and, Desdemona-like, willing to listen sympathetically to a tale of tanned Othellos.

The sinking sun roused from these dalliances: the Egret's sail was hoisted to the breeze, and her stem once more pointed for the wilds. There was a strange delightfulness in these twilight cruises, a sense of satisfied home-return-

ing oddly at variance with the departure from comfortable meals and the neighborhood of men. The city sank away in a mellow dusk, its lights sparkling out here and there; the bearded cypress on the halfway point grew, on the darkening waste; the little Egret bounded sanguinely over the waves; and by and by, lo! yonder — the far pale curve of the farm beach, and Rufus's lantern twinkling like a star!

Thus far the outlook had been pleasantly auroral, but it now began to change. Little by little, in our three laborious seasons, we had learned to encounter the difficulties of our undertaking, and we fancied that we knew them all. The farm had raised increasing harvests of vegetables, and it now began to raise a little thrifty livestock: cattle ranging the grass-land; swine fattening on the crop waste; and tow-haired children of the hands, indirectly sprung from the returns. These things had been fought for and wrung from a raw soil and a climate which was an ambush of surprises. The farm had also begun to yield a crop of expectations, and it seemed as if these were to be harvested. To recur to the metaphor I have used, the aspects appeared to be those of a slow sunrise, bound to be accompanied with a little gold at last. But it was really a sunset time, and the prospect was brightening only to darken the more blankly.

When we gathered for the fourth season, we found the lake overbrimmed and rippling far inland. The unsubmerged fallows were too soft for the foot; even the sandier earths were sodden with long rains. The wet season had been phenomenal, and it was still at its height a month after it commonly closed. There was nothing for it but to sow seeds for transplants, and trust that there might by and by be dry land to receive them.

The rain paused, the lake fell, the fields here and there upbore the plough, and we hastened to make up for lost weeks. The

rain paused till we had planted large tracts. Then it fell upon our work, and undid it. It held off again, and again we planted; and once more it fell upon us, like a lurking cat upon mice. Writing after the event, I should seem to tell only of fatuities if I were to say how often we replanted, and how often we were redeluged. We seized upon each fair day, we contested every inch, as it were, of the season and the farm, till the lake had risen from the lowland to the upland, and the last tilled acre was expunged. The normal rainy season is of about four months' length; the heavy rains of this year lasted for eight months. When it was too late to plant for market, the skies cleared and the lake withdrew with our costly flotsams.

Certain weeks of this flood-time were curiously pleasant. After the agony of the struggle there came a truce. The season was lost, the farm-hands were dispersed, and our hopes and cares were ended for a time. We lay on our arms and looked indifferently on the victorious waters. Farley sat all day before an easel in the still lakeside chamber, I thumbed old classics by a crackling hearth, and the rains tinkled on the roof. By turns, we went down to light the kitchen fire and tend the kettle and the skillets. We grumbled at these tasks, yet we rather enjoyed the making of meals. When the table was cleared, we washed the dishes sociably, in a little red kitchen like a ship's galley. Afterward, Farley mounted the latticed stair, and I paced the veranda, above the flood, as Noah may have paced the Ark's quarter-deck. The scene had a primeval quality that fits the parallel. The cottage lawn, indeed, was mown and set with orange-trees, but all beyond was the immemorial wilderness of the Seminoles. Their arrow-heads lay thick in the beach sand, — some sharp as if just chipped for the shaft, others broken as they may have rebounded from Spanish corselets. The barky pillars of the pines loomed

sparsely from the near palmettos, and thickened to a blue curtain in the distance. Gray mosses hung from their sombre needles, and dripped with the showers or flaunted in the wind-gusts. Thickets of fantastic palms broke the gray stretch of the lake. Except for the farm-buildings to the north, and the lawn, there was no hint of man in the wide prospect,—only an aboriginal solitude of woods and water.

But now and then a rifle-shot cracked across the lake; or a cowboy from the saloons whooped in the forest, and discharged the chambers of his revolver, with a brisk, humanizing effect. If the wind were right, it brought us, too, in the mid-morning and the dusk, a far-away thunder of trains and clarion blasts from the northern express. And often the clouds would lift for a few hours, the leaden water would turn to silver, and the brooding pines and palmettos kindled with colors.

The fifth season opened with dry soil in all parts of the farm. We had received a blow between the eyes, and we were still somewhat staggered; but that, clearly, was a reason for new efforts. The crops were sown and planted; they came up well; the lake drew far out upon its sands. We ceased to tremble at a cloud, and presently began to wish for one with water in it. Sometimes the sky thickened, and a few drops speckled the dust; but soon the sun was out again, and the soil lay unslaked. The weeks went by, and no rain fell but an occasional niggard sprinkle; the months passed without any wetting of the parched fields. The crops on the high land took autumnal tints, and withered; the crops on the lower land dried away; the crops on the lowest land still grew. It seemed that we might yet make half a harvest. But far on in March, when the thermometer had long been in the eighties, the wind

whipped suddenly into the north, and the air cooled fifty degrees in a night.

We were in the field, perspiring in linens, when the change came, with an abrupt overcasting of the sky. A whiff like the breath from a glacier struck us, the wind blew each moment keener, and before we fairly saw how it was our teeth were chattering. It was well-nigh unbelievable; but presently there could be no doubt that a January norther was upon us, two months out of season. When we realized this, we set all hands at work to earth over the half-grown potato vines. Only a few hours of the day were left, but the men worked desperately with hoes and ploughs through the bleak twilight, and much was done. But not all. When we came out, shivering, in the first daybreak, we saw that our short harvest was to be lamentably shortened.

We perceived now, at last, how it was with us: we were not farming, but gambling with the elements. The climate had been merely toying with us, a trump-card of spring frosts lying in its sleeve. It had dealt with our venture as it dealt, on a great scale, with the ill-fated orange plantations. And this was a refinement of its craft: the local temperature kept a certain proportion with the latitude. By the record figures the late frosts were mild enough, but they blighted as ruthlessly as frosts further to the north, for they fell in the midst of hotter days and upon tenderer growths. The thermometer itself had been a deceit.

The fortunes of the region were now rapidly shifting. The tide of settlement which brought us in had risen a little higher, and then gradually ebbed. One by one the farms about the lake had been abandoned, and the wide water, that used to be flecked with sails on blue days, was grown desolate. The Egret's weathered canvas winged it almost alone. And soon this, too, was gone.

F. Whitmore.

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

OF the four national parks of the West, the Yellowstone is far the largest. It is a big, wholesome wilderness on the broad summit of the Rocky Mountains, favored with abundance of rain and snow, — a place of fountains where the greatest of the American rivers take their rise. The central portion is a densely forested and comparatively level volcanic plateau with an average elevation of about 8000 feet above the sea, surrounded by an imposing host of mountains belonging to the subordinate Gallatin, Wind River, Teton, Absaroka, and Snowy ranges. Unnumbered lakes shine in it, united by a famous band of streams that rush up out of hot lava beds, or fall from the frosty peaks in channels rocky and bare, mossy and bosky, to the main rivers, singing cheerily on through every difficulty, cunningly dividing and finding their way east and west to the two far-off seas.

Glacier meadows and beaver meadows are outspread with charming effect along the banks of the streams, park-like expanses in the woods, and innumerable small gardens in rocky recesses of the mountains, some of them containing more petals than leaves, while the whole wilderness is enlivened with happy animals.

Beside the treasures common to most mountain regions that are wild and blessed with a kind climate, the park is full of exciting wonders. The wildest geysers in the world, in bright, triumphant bands, are dancing and singing in it amid thousands of boiling springs, beautiful and awful, their basins arrayed in gorgeous colors like gigantic flowers; and hot paint-pots, mud springs, mud volcanoes, mush and broth caldrons whose contents are of every color and consistency, plashing, heaving, roaring, in bewildering abundance. In the adjacent

mountains, beneath the living trees the edges of petrified forests are exposed to view, like specimens on the shelves of a museum, standing on ledges tier above tier where they grew, solemnly silent in rigid crystalline beauty after swaying in the winds thousands of centuries ago, opening marvelous views back into the years and climates and life of the past. Here, too, are hills of sparkling crystals, hills of sulphur, hills of glass, hills of cinders and ashes, mountains of every style of architecture, icy or forested, mountains covered with honey-bloom sweet as Hymettus, mountains boiled soft like potatoes and colored like a sunset sky. A' that and a' that, and twice as muckle's a' that, Nature has on show in the Yellowstone Park. Therefore it is called Wonderland, and thousands of tourists and travelers stream into it every summer, and wander about in it enchanted.

Fortunately, almost as soon as it was discovered it was dedicated and set apart for the benefit of the people, a piece of legislation that shines benignly amid the common dust-and-ashes history of the public domain, for which the world must thank Professor Hayden above all others; for he led the first scientific exploring party into it, described it, and with admirable enthusiasm urged Congress to preserve it. As delineated in the year 1872, the park contained about 3344 square miles. On March 30, 1891, it was enlarged by the Yellowstone National Park Timber Reserve, and in December, 1897, by the Teton Forest Reserve; thus nearly doubling its original area, and extending the southern boundary far enough to take in the sublime Teton range and the famous pasture-lands of the big Rocky Mountain game animals. The withdrawal of this large tract from the public domain did no harm to any one; for its height, 6000 to over 13,000

feet above the sea, and its thick mantle of volcanic rocks, prevent its ever being available for agriculture or mining, while on the other hand its geographical position, reviving climate, and wonderful scenery combine to make it a grand health, pleasure, and study resort, — a gathering-place for travelers from all the world.

The national parks are not only withdrawn from sale and entry like the forest reservations, but are efficiently managed and guarded by small troops of United States cavalry, directed by the Secretary of the Interior. Under this care the forests are flourishing, protected from both axe and fire; and so, of course, are the shaggy beds of underbrush and the herbaceous vegetation. The so-called curiosities, also, are preserved, and the furred and feathered tribes, many of which, in danger of extinction a short time ago, are now increasing in numbers, — a refreshing thing to see amid the blind, ruthless destruction that is going on in the adjacent regions. In pleasing contrast to the noisy, ever changing management, or mismanagement, of blundering, plundering, money-making vote-sellers who receive their places from boss politicians as purchased goods, the soldiers do their duty so quietly that the traveler is scarce aware of their presence.

This is the coolest and highest of the parks. Frosts occur every month of the year. Nevertheless, the tenderest tourist finds it warm enough in summer. The air is electric and full of ozone, healing, reviving, exhilarating, kept pure by frost and fire, while the scenery is wild enough to awaken the dead. It is a glorious place to grow in and rest in; camping on the shores of the lakes, in the warm openings of the woods golden with sun-flowers, on the banks of the streams, by the snowy waterfalls, beside the exciting wonders or away from them in the scallops of the mountain walls sheltered from every wind, on smooth silky lawns

enameled with gentians, up in the fountain hollows of the ancient glaciers between the peaks, where cool pools and brooks and gardens of precious plants charmingly embowered are never wanting, and good rough rocks with every variety of cliff and scaur are invitingly near for outlooks and exercise.

From these lovely dens you may make excursions whenever you like into the middle of the park, where the geysers and hot springs are reeking and spouting in their beautiful basins, displaying an exuberance of color and strange motion and energy admirably calculated to surprise and frighten, charm and shake up, the least sensitive out of apathy into newness of life.

However orderly your excursions or aimless, again and again amid the calmest, stillest scenery you will be brought to a standstill, hushed and awe-stricken, before phenomena wholly new to you. Boiling springs and huge deep pools of purest green and azure water, thousands of them, are plashing and heaving in these high, cool mountains, as if a fierce furnace fire were burning beneath each one of them; and a hundred geysers, white torrents of boiling water and steam, like inverted waterfalls, are ever and anon rushing up out of the hot, black underworld. Some of these ponderous geyser columns are as large as sequoias, — five to sixty feet in diameter, 150 to 300 feet high, — and are sustained at this great height with tremendous energy for a few minutes, or perhaps nearly an hour, standing rigid and erect, hissing, throbbing, booming, as if thunder-storms were raging beneath their roots, their sides roughened or fluted like the furrowed boles of trees, their tops dissolving in feathery branches, while the irised spray, like misty bloom, is at times blown aside, revealing the massive shafts shining against a background of pine-covered hills. Some of them lean more or less, as if storm-bent, and instead of being round are flat or fan-shaped, issuing

from irregular slits in silex pavements with radiate structure, the sunbeams sifting through them in ravishing splendor. Some are broad and round-headed like oaks; others are low and bunchy, branching near the ground like bushes; and a few are hollow in the centre like big daisies or water-lilies. No frost cools them, snow never covers them nor lodges in their branches; winter and summer they welcome alike; all of them, of whatever form or size, faithfully rising and sinking in fairy rhythmic dance night and day, in all sorts of weather, at varying periods of minutes, hours, or weeks, growing up rapidly, uncontrollable as fate, tossing their pearly branches in the wind, bursting into bloom and vanishing like the frailest flowers, — plants of which Nature raises hundreds or thousands of crops a year with no apparent exhaustion of the fiery soil.

The so-called geyser basins, in which this rare sort of vegetation is growing, are mostly open valleys on the central plateau that were eroded by glaciers after the greater volcanic fires had ceased to burn. Looking down over the forests as you approach them from the surrounding heights, you see a multitude of white columns, broad, reeking masses, and irregular jets and puffs of misty vapor ascending from the bottom of the valley, or entangled like smoke among the neighboring trees, suggesting the factories of some busy town or the camp-fires of an army. These mark the position of each mush-pot, paint-pot, hot spring, and geyser, or gusher, as the Icelandic word means. And when you saunter into the midst of them over the bright sinter pavements, and see how pure and white and pearly gray they are in the shade of the mountains, and how radiant in the sunshine, you are fairly enchanted. So numerous they are and varied, Nature seems to have gathered them from all the world as specimens of her rarest fountains, to show in one place what she can do. Over four thousand

hot springs have been counted in the park, and a hundred geysers; how many more there are nobody knows.

These valleys at the heads of the great rivers may be regarded as laboratories and kitchens, in which, amid a thousand retorts and pots, we may see Nature at work as chemist or cook, cunningly compounding an infinite variety of mineral messes; cooking whole mountains; boiling and steaming flinty rocks to smooth paste and mush, — yellow, brown, red, pink, lavender, gray, and creamy white, — making the most beautiful mud in the world; and distilling the most ethereal essences. Many of these pots and caldrons have been boiling thousands of years. Pots of sulphurous mush, stringy and lumpy, and pots of broth as black as ink, are tossed and stirred with constant care, and thin transparent essences, too pure and fine to be called water, are kept simmering gently in beautiful sinter cups and bowls that grow ever more beautiful the longer they are used. In some of the spring basins, the waters, though still warm, are perfectly calm, and shine blandly in a sod of overleaning grass and flowers, as if they were thoroughly cooked at last, and set aside to settle and cool. Others are wildly boiling over as if running to waste, thousands of tons of the precious liquids being thrown into the air to fall in scalding floods on the clean coral floor of the establishment, keeping onlookers at a distance. Instead of holding limpid pale green or azure water, other pots and craters are filled with scalding mud, which is tossed up from three or four feet to thirty feet, in sticky, rank-smelling masses, with gasping, belching, thudding sounds, plastering the branches of neighboring trees; every flask, retort, hot spring, and geyser has something special in it, no two being the same in temperature, color, or composition.

In these natural laboratories one needs stout faith to feel at ease. The ground sounds hollow underfoot, and the awful

subterranean thunder shakes one's mind as the ground is shaken, especially at night in the pale moonlight, or when the sky is overcast with storm-clouds. In the solemn gloom, the geysers, dimly visible, look like monstrous dancing ghosts, and their wild songs and the earthquake thunder replying to the storms overhead seem doubly terrible, as if divine government were at an end. But the trembling hills keep their places. The sky clears, the rosy dawn is reassuring, and up comes the sun like a god, pouring his faithful beams across the mountains and forest, lighting each peak and tree and ghastly geyser alike, and shining into the eyes of the reeking springs, clothing them with rainbow light, and dissolving the seeming chaos of darkness into varied forms of harmony. The ordinary work of the world goes on. Gladly we see the flies dancing in the sunbeams, birds feeding their young, squirrels gathering nuts; and hear the blessed ouzel singing confidently in the shallows of the river, — most faithful evangel, calming every fear, reducing everything to love.

The variously tinted sinter and travertine formations, outspread like pavements over large areas of the geyser valleys, lining the spring basins and throats of the craters, and forming beautiful coral-like rims and curbs about them, always excite admiring attention; so also does the play of the waters from which they are deposited. The various minerals in them are rich in fine colors, and these are greatly heightened by a smooth, silky growth of brilliantly colored *confervæ* which lines many of the pools and channels and terraces. No bed of flower-bloom is more exquisite than these myriads of minute plants, visible only in mass, growing in the hot waters. Most of the spring borders are low and daintily scalloped, crenelated, and beaded with sinter pearls; but some of the geyser craters are massive and picturesque, like ruined castles or old burned-out sequoia stumps, and are adorned on a grand scale

with outbulging, cauliflower-like formations. From these as centres the silex pavements slope gently away in thin, crusty, overlapping layers, slightly interrupted in some places by low terraces. Or, as in the case of the Mammoth Hot Springs, at the north end of the park, where the building waters issue from the side of a steep hill, the deposits form a succession of higher and broader terraces of white travertine tinged with purple, like the famous Pink Terrace at Rotomahana, New Zealand, draped in front with clustering stalactites, each terrace having a pool of indescribably beautiful water upon it in a basin with a raised rim that glistens with *confervæ*, — the whole, when viewed at a distance of a mile or two, looking like a broad, massive cascade pouring over shelving rocks in snowy purpled foam.

The stones of this divine masonry, invisible particles of lime or silex, mined in quarries no eye has seen, go to their appointed places in gentle, tinkling, transparent currents or through the dashing turmoil of floods, as surely guided as the sap of plants streaming into bole and branch, leaf and flower. And thus from century to century this beauty-work has gone on and is going on.

Passing through many a mile of pine and spruce woods, toward the centre of the park you come to the famous Yellowstone Lake. It is about twenty miles long and fifteen wide, and lies at a height of nearly 8000 feet above the level of the sea, amid dense black forests and snowy mountains. Around its winding, wavering shores, closely forested and picturesquely varied with promontories and bays, the distance is more than 100 miles. It is not very deep, only from 200 to 300 feet, and contains less water than the celebrated Lake Tahoe of the California Sierra, which is nearly the same size, lies at a height of 6400 feet, and is over 1600 feet deep. But no other lake in North America of equal area lies so high as the Yellowstone, or

gives birth to so noble a river. The terraces around its shores show that at the close of the glacial period its surface was about 160 feet higher than it is now, and its area nearly twice as great.

It is full of trout, and a vast multitude of birds — swans, pelicans, geese, ducks, cranes, herons, curlews, plovers, snipe — feed in it and upon its shores; and many forest animals come out of the woods, and wade a little way in shallow, sandy places to drink and look about them, and cool themselves in the free flowing breezes.

In calm weather it is a magnificent mirror for the woods and mountains and sky, now pattered with hail and rain, now roughened with sudden storms that send waves to fringe the shores and wash its border of gravel and sand. The Absaroka Mountains and the Wind River Plateau on the east and south pour their gathered waters into it, and the river issues from the north side in a broad, smooth, stately current, silently gliding with such serene majesty that one fancies it knows the vast journey of four thousand miles that lies before it, and the work it has to do. For the first twenty miles its course is in a level, sunny valley lightly fringed with trees, through which it flows in silvery reaches stirred into spangles here and there by ducks and leaping trout, making no sound save a low whispering among the pebbles and the dipping willows and sedges of its banks. Then suddenly, as if preparing for hard work, it rushes eagerly, impetuously forward, rejoicing in its strength, breaks into foam-bloom, and goes thundering down into the Grand Cañon in two magnificent falls, 100 and 300 feet high.

The cañon is so tremendously wild and impressive that even these great falls cannot hold your attention. It is about twenty miles long and a thousand feet deep, — a weird, unearthly-looking gorge of jagged, fantastic architecture, and most brilliantly colored. Here the

Washburn range, forming the northern rim of the Yellowstone basin, made up mostly of beds of rhyolite decomposed by the action of thermal waters, has been cut through and laid open to view by the river; and a famous section it has made. It is not the depth or the shape of the cañon, nor the waterfall, nor the green and gray river chanting its brave song as it goes foaming on its way, that most impresses the observer, but the colors of the decomposed volcanic rocks. With few exceptions, the traveler in strange lands finds that, however much the scenery and vegetation in different countries may change, Mother Earth is ever familiar and the same. But here the very ground is changed, as if belonging to some other world. The walls of the cañon from top to bottom burn in a perfect glory of color, confounding and dazzling when the sun is shining, — white, yellow, green, blue, vermilion, and various other shades of red indefinitely blending. All the earth hereabouts seems to be paint. Millions of tons of it lie in sight, exposed to wind and weather as if of no account, yet marvelously fresh and bright, fast colors not to be washed out or bleached out by either sunshine or storms. The effect is so novel and awful, we imagine that even a river might be afraid to enter such a place. But the rich and gentle beauty of the vegetation is reassuring. The lovely *Linnaea borealis* hangs her twin bells over the brink of the cliffs, forests and gardens extend their treasures in smiling confidence on either side, nuts and berries ripen well, whatever may be going on below; and soon blind fears vanish, and the grand gorge seems a kindly, beautiful part of the general harmony, full of peace and joy and good will.

The park is easy of access. Locomotives drag you to its northern boundary at Cinnabar, and horses and guides do the rest. From Cinnabar you will be whirled in coaches along the foam-

ing Gardiner River to Mammoth Hot Springs; thence through woods and meadows, gulches and ravines along branches of the Upper Gallatin, Madison, and Firehole rivers to the main geyser basins; thence over the Continental Divide and back again, up and down through dense pine, spruce, and fir woods to the magnificent Yellowstone Lake, along its northern shore to the outlet, down the river to the falls and Grand Cañon, and thence back through the woods to Mammoth Hot Springs and Cinnabar; stopping here and there at the so-called points of interest among the geysers, springs, paint-pots, mud volcanoes, etc., where you will be allowed a few minutes or hours to saunter over the sinter pavements, watch the play of a few of the geysers, and peer into some of the most beautiful and terrible of the craters and pools. These wonders you will enjoy, and also the views of the mountains, especially the Gallatin and Absaroka ranges, the long, willowy glacier and beaver meadows, the beds of violets, gentians, phloxes, asters, phacelias, goldenrods, eriogonums, and many other flowers, some species giving color to whole meadows and hill-sides. And you will enjoy your short views of the great lake and river and cañon. No scalping Indians will you see. The Blackfeet and Bannocks that once roamed here are gone; so are the old beaver-catchers, the Coulters and Bridgers, with all their attractive buckskin and romance. There are several bands of buffaloes in the park, but you will not thus cheaply in tourist fashion see them nor many of the other large animals hidden in the wilderness. The song-birds, too, keep mostly out of sight of the rushing tourist, though off the roads thrushes, warblers, orioles, grosbeaks, etc., keep the air sweet and merry. Perhaps in passing rapids and falls you may catch glimpses of the water ouzel, but in the whirling noise you will not hear his song. Fortunately, no road

noise frightens the Douglas squirrel, and his merry play and gossip will amuse you all through the woods. Here and there a deer may be seen crossing the road, or a bear. Most likely, however, the only bears you will see are the half-tame ones that go to the hotels every night for dinner-table scraps, — yeast-powder biscuit, Chicago canned stuff, mixed pickles, and beefsteaks that have proved too tough for porcelain teeth.

Among the gains of a coach trip are the acquaintances made and the fresh views into human nature; for the wilderness is a shrewd touchstone, even thus lightly approached, and brings many a curious trait to view. Setting out, the driver cracks his whip, and the four horses go off at half gallop, half trot, in trained, showy style, until out of sight of the hotel. The coach is crowded, old and young side by side, blooming and fading, full of hope and fun and care. Some look at the scenery or the horses, and all ask questions, an odd mixed lot of them: Where is the umbrella? What is the name of that blue flower over there? Are you sure the little bag is aboard? Is that hollow yonder a crater? How is your throat this morning? How high did you say the geysers spout? How does the elevation affect your head? Is that a geyser reeking over there in the rocks, or only a hot spring? A long ascent is made, the solemn mountains come to view, small cares are quenched, and all become natural and silent, save perhaps some unfortunate expounder who has been reading guidebook geology, and rumbles forth foggy subsidences and upheavals until he is in danger of being heaved overboard. The driver will give you the names of the peaks and meadows and streams as you come to them, call attention to the glass road, tell how hard it was to build, — how the obsidian cliffs naturally pushed the surveyor's lines to the right, and the industrious beavers, by flooding the valley in front of the cliff, pushed them to the left.

Geysers, however, are the main objects, and as soon as they come in sight other wonders are forgotten. All gather around the crater of the one that is expected to play first. During the eruptions of the smaller geysers, such as the Beehive and Old Faithful, though a little frightened at first, all welcome the glorious show with enthusiasm, and shout, Oh, how wonderful, beautiful, splendid, majestic! Some venture near enough to stroke the column with a stick, as if it were a stone pillar or a tree, so firm and substantial and permanent it seems. While tourists wait around a large geyser, such as the Castle or the Giant, there is a chatter of small talk in anything but solemn mood; and during the intervals between the preliminary splashes and upheavals some adventurer occasionally looks down the throat of the crater, admiring the silex formations and wondering whether Hades is as beautiful. But when, with awful uproar as if avalanches were falling and storms thundering in the depths, the tremendous outburst begins, all run away to a safe distance, and look on, awe-stricken and silent, in devout, worshipping wonder.

The largest and one of the most wonderfully beautiful of the springs is the Prismatic, which the guide will be sure to show you. With a circumference of 300 yards, it is more like a lake than a spring. The water is pure deep blue in the centre, fading to green on the edges, and its basin and the slightly terraced pavement about it are astonishingly bright and varied in color. This one of the multitude of Yellowstone fountains is of itself object enough for a trip across the continent. No wonder that so many fine myths have originated in springs; that so many fountains were held sacred in the youth of the world, and had miraculous virtues ascribed to them. Even in these cold, doubting, questioning, scientific times many of the Yellowstone fountains seem able to work miracles. Near the Prismatic Spring is the great Excel-

sior Geyser, which is said to throw a column of boiling water 60 to 70 feet in diameter to a height of from 50 to 300 feet, at irregular periods. This is the greatest of all the geysers yet discovered anywhere. The Firehole River, which sweeps past it, is, at ordinary stages, a stream about 100 yards wide and three feet deep; but when the geyser is in eruption, so great is the quantity of water discharged that the volume of the river is doubled, and it is rendered too hot and rapid to be forded.

Geysers are found in many other volcanic regions, — in Iceland, New Zealand, Japan, the Himalayas, the Eastern Archipelago, South America, the Azores, and elsewhere; but only in Iceland, New Zealand, and this Rocky Mountain park do they display their grandest forms, and of these three famous regions the Yellowstone is easily first, both in the number and in the size of its geysers. The greatest height of the column of the Great Geyser of Iceland actually measured was 212 feet, and of the Strokhr 162 feet.

In New Zealand, the Te Pueia at Lake Taupo, the Waikite at Rotorna, and two others are said to lift their waters occasionally to a height of 100 feet, while the celebrated Te Tarata at Rotomahana sometimes lifts a boiling column 20 feet in diameter to a height of 60 feet. But all these are far surpassed by the Excelsior. Few tourists, however, will see the Excelsior in action, or a thousand other interesting features of the park that lie beyond the wagon-roads and hotels. The regular trips — from three to five days — are too short. Nothing can be done well at a speed of forty miles a day. The multitude of mixed, novel impressions rapidly piled on one another make only a dreamy, bewildering, swirling blur, most of which is unrememberable. Far more time should be taken. Walk away quietly in any direction and taste the freedom of the mountaineer. Camp out among the grass and gentians of glacier meadows, in craggy garden nooks

full of Nature's darlings. Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you, and the storms their energy, while cares will drop off like autumn leaves. As age comes on, one source of enjoyment after another is closed, but Nature's sources never fail. Like a generous host, she offers here brimming cups in endless variety, served in a grand hall, the sky its ceiling, the mountains its walls, decorated with glorious paintings and enlivened with bands of music ever playing. The petty discomforts that beset the awkward guest, the unskilled camper, are quickly forgotten, while all that is precious remains. Fears vanish as soon as one is fairly free in the wilderness.

Most of the dangers that haunt the unseasoned citizen are imaginary; the real ones are perhaps too few rather than too many for his good. The bears that always seem to spring up thick as trees, in fighting, devouring attitudes before the frightened tourist, whenever a camping trip is proposed, are gentle now, finding they are no longer likely to be shot; and rattlesnakes, the other big irrational dread of over-civilized people, are scarce here, for most of the park lies above the snake-line. Poor creatures, loved only by their Maker, they are timid and bashful, as mountaineers know; and though perhaps not possessed of much of that charity that suffers long and is kind, seldom, either by mistake or by mishap, do harm to any one. Certainly they cause not the hundredth part of the pain and death that follow the footsteps of the admired Rocky Mountain trapper. Nevertheless, again and again, in season and out of season, the question comes up, "What are rattlesnakes good for?" As if nothing that does not obviously make for the benefit of man had any right to exist; as if our ways were God's ways. Long ago, an Indian to whom a French traveler put this old question replied that

their tails were good for toothache, and their heads for fever. Anyhow, they are all, head and tail, good for themselves, and we need not begrudge them their share of life.

Fear nothing. No town park you have been accustomed to saunter in is so free from danger as the Yellowstone. It is a hard place to leave. Even its names in your guidebook are attractive, and should draw you far from wagon-roads, — all save the early ones, derived from the infernal regions: Hell Roaring River, Hell Broth Springs, The Devil's Caldron, etc. Indeed, the whole region was at first called Coulter's Hell, from the fiery brimstone stories told by trapper Coulter, who left the Lewis and Clark expedition, and wandered through the park, in the year 1807, with a band of Bannock Indians. The later names of the Hayden Geological Surveys are so telling and exhilarating that they set our pulses dancing, and make us begin to enjoy the pleasures of excursions ere they are commenced. Three River Peak, Two Ocean Pass, Continental Divide, are capital geographical descriptions, suggesting thousands of miles of rejoicing streams and all that belongs to them. Big Horn Pass, Bison Peak, Big Game Ridge, bring brave mountain animals to mind. Birch Hills, Garnet Hills, Amethyst Mountain, Storm Peak, Electric Peak, Roaring Mountain, are bright, bracing names. Wapiti, Beaver, Tern, and Swan lakes conjure up fine pictures, and so also do Osprey and Ouzel falls. Antelope Creek, Otter, Mink, and Grayling creeks, Geode, Jasper, Opal, Carnelian, and Chalcedony creeks, are lively and sparkling names that help the streams to shine; and Azalea, Stellaria, Arnica, Aster, and Phlox creeks, what pictures these bring up! Violet, Morning Mist, Hygeia, Beryl, Vermilion, and Indigo springs, and many beside, give us visions of fountains more beautifully arrayed than Solomon in all his purple and golden glory. All these and a host of others

call you to camp. You may be a little cold some nights, on mountain tops above the timber-line, but you will see the stars, and by and by you can sleep enough in your town bed, or at least in your grave. Keep awake while you may in mountain mansions so rare.

If you are not very strong, try to climb Electric Peak when a big, bossy, well-charged thunder-cloud is on it, to breathe the ozone set free, and get yourself kindly shaken and shocked. You are sure to be lost in wonder and praise, and every hair of your head will stand up and hum and sing like an enthusiastic congregation.

After this reviving experience, you should take a look into a few of the tertiary volumes of the grand geological library of the park, and see how God writes history. No technical knowledge is required; only a calm day and a calm mind. Nowhere else in the Rocky Mountains have the volcanic forces been so fiercely busy. More than 10,000 square miles hereabouts have been covered to a depth of at least 5000 feet with material spouted from chasms and craters during the tertiary period, forming broad sheets of basalt, andesite, rhyolite, etc., and marvelous masses of ashes, sand, cinders, and stones now consolidated into conglomerates, charged with the remains of plants and animals that lived in the calm, genial periods that separated the volcanic outbursts.

Perhaps the most interesting and telling of these rocks, to the hasty tourist, are those that make up the mass of Amethyst Mountain. On its north side it presents a section 2000 feet high of roughly stratified beds of sand, ashes, and conglomerates coarse and fine, forming the untrimmed edges of a wonderful set of volumes lying on their sides, — books a million years old, well bound, miles in size, with full-page illustrations. On the ledges of this one section we see trunks and stumps of fifteen or twenty ancient forests ranged one above another,

standing where they grew, or prostrate and broken like the pillars of ruined temples in desert sands, — a forest fifteen or twenty stories high, the roots of each spread above the tops of the next beneath it, telling wonderful tales of the bygone centuries, with their winters and summers, growth and death, fire, ice, and flood.

There were giants in those days. The largest of the standing opal and agate stumps and prostrate sections of the trunks are from two or three to fifty feet in height or length, and from five to ten feet in diameter; and so perfect is the petrification that the annual rings and ducts are clearer and more easily counted than those of living trees, countless centuries of burial having brightened the records instead of blurring them. They show that the winters of the tertiary period gave as decided a check to vegetable growth as do those of the present time. Some trees favorably located grew rapidly, increasing twenty inches in diameter in as many years, while others of the same species, on poorer soil or overshadowed, increased only two or three inches in the same time.

Among the roots and stumps on the old forest floors we find the remains of ferns and bushes, and the seeds and leaves of trees like those now growing on the southern Alleghanies, — such as magnolia, sassafras, laurel, linden, persimmon, ash, alder, dogwood. Studying the lowest of these forests, the soil it grew on and the deposits it is buried in, we see that it was rich in species, and flourished in a genial, sunny climate. When its stately trees were in their glory, volcanic fires broke forth from chasms and craters, like larger geysers, spouting ashes, cinders, stones, and mud, which fell on the doomed forest in tremendous floods, and like heavy hail and snow; sifting, hurtling through the leaves and branches, choking the streams, covering the ground, crushing bushes and ferns, rapidly deepening, packing

around the trees and breaking them, rising higher until the topmost boughs of the giants were buried, leaving not a leaf or twig in sight, so complete was the desolation. At last the volcanic storm began to abate, the fiery soil settled; mud floods and boulder floods passed over it, enriching it, cooling it; rains fell and mellow sunshine, and it became fertile and ready for another crop. Birds, and the winds, and roaming animals brought seeds from more fortunate woods, and a new forest grew up on the top of the buried one. Centuries of genial growing seasons passed. The seedling trees with strong outreaching branches became giants, and spread a broad leafy canopy over the gray land.

The sleeping subterranean fires again awake and shake the mountains, and every leaf trembles. The old craters with perhaps new ones are opened, and immense quantities of ashes, pumice, and cinders are again thrown into the sky. The sun, shorn of his beams, glows like a dull red ball, until hidden in sulphurous clouds. Volcanic snow, hail, and floods fall on the new forest, burying it alive, like the one beneath its roots. Then come another noisy band of mud floods and boulder floods, mixing, settling, enriching the new ground, more seeds, quickening sunshine and showers, and a third noble magnolia forest is carefully raised on the top of the second. And so on. Forest was planted above forest and destroyed, as if Nature were ever repenting and undoing the work she had so industriously done; as if every lovely fern and tree she had planted had in turn become a Sodomite sinner to be utterly destroyed and put out of sight.

But of course this destruction was creation, progress in the march of beauty through death. Few of the old world monuments hereabouts so quickly excite and hold the imagination. We see these old stone stumps budding and blossoming and waving in the wind as magnifi-

cent trees, standing shoulder to shoulder, branches interlacing in grand varied round-headed forests; see the sunshine of morning and evening gilding their mossy trunks, and at high noon spangling on the thick glossy leaves of the magnolia, filtering through the translucent canopies of linden and ash, and falling in mellow patches on the ferny floor; see the shining after rain, breathe the exhaling fragrance, and hear the winds and birds and the murmur of brooks and insects. We watch them from season to season; we see the swelling buds when the sap begins to flow in the spring, the opening leaves and blossoms, the ripening of summer fruits, the colors of autumn, and the maze of leafless branches and sprays in winter; and we see the sudden oncome of the storms that overwhelmed them.

One calm morning at sunrise I saw the oaks and pines in Yosemite Valley shaken by an earthquake, their tops swishing back and forth, and every branch and needle shuddering as if in distress, like the birds that flew, frightened and screaming, from their snug hiding-places. One may imagine the trembling, rocking, tumultuous waving of those ancient Yellowstone woods, and the terror of their inhabitants, when the first foreboding shocks were felt, the sky grew dark, and rock-laden floods began to roar. But though they were close-pressed and buried, cut off from sun and wind, all their happy leaf fluttering and waving done, other currents coursed through them, fondling and thrilling every fibre, and beautiful wood was replaced by beautiful stone. Now their rocky sepulchres are broken open, and they are marching back into the light singing a new song,—shining examples of the natural beauty of death. In these forest Herculeans Old Mortality is truly an angel of light.

After the forest times and fire times had passed away, and the volcanic furnaces were banked and held in abeyance,

another great change occurred in the history of the park. The glacial winter came on. The sky was again darkened, not with dust and ashes, but with snow flowers which fell in glorious abundance, piling deeper, deeper, slipping from the overlaid heights in booming avalanches suggestive of their growing power. Compacting into glaciers, they flowed forth, meeting and welding into a ponderous ice-mantle that covered all the landscape perhaps a mile deep; wiping off forests, grinding, sculpturing, fashioning the comparatively featureless lava beds into the beautiful rhythm of hill and dale and ranges of mountains we behold to-day; forming basins for lakes, channels for streams, new soils for forests, gardens, and meadows. While this ice-work was going on, the slumbering volcanic fires were boiling the subterranean waters, and with curious chemistry decomposing the rocks, making beauty in the darkness; these forces, seemingly antagonistic, working harmoniously together. How wild their meetings on the surface were we may imagine. When the glacier period began, geysers and hot springs were playing in grander volume, it may be, than those of to-day. The glaciers flowed over them while they spouted and thundered, carrying away their fine sinter and travertine structures, and shortening their mysterious channels.

The soils made in the down-grinding required to bring the present features of the landscape into relief are possibly no better than were some of the old volcanic soils that were carried away, and which, as we have seen, nourished magnificent forests, but the glacial landscapes are incomparably more beautiful than the old volcanic ones were. The glacial winter has passed away like the ancient summers and fire periods, though in the chronology of the geologist all these times are recent. Only small residual glaciers on the cool northern slopes of the highest mountains are left of the vast all-embracing ice-mantle, as solfataras and

geysers are all that are left of the ancient volcanoes.

Now the post-glacial agents are at work on the grand old palimpsest of the park, inscribing new characters; but still in its main telling features it remains distinctly glacial. The moraine soils are being leveled, sorted, refined, and re-formed, and covered with vegetation; the polished pavements and scoring and other superficial glacial inscriptions on the crumbling lavas are being rapidly obliterated; gorges are being cut in the decomposed rhyolites and loose conglomerates, and turrets and pinnacles seem to be springing up like growing trees; while the geysers are depositing miles of sinter and travertine. Nevertheless, the ice-work is scarce blurred as yet. These later effects are only spots and wrinkles on the grand glacial countenance of the park.

Perhaps you have already said that you have seen enough for a lifetime. But before you go away you should spend at least one day and a night on a mountain top, for a last general calming, settling view. Mount Washburn is a good one for the purpose, because it stands in the middle of the park, is unincumbered with other peaks, and is so easy of access that the climb to its summit is only a saunter. First your eye goes roving around the mountain rim amid the hundreds of peaks: some with plain flowing skirts, others abruptly precipitous and defended by sheer battlemented escarpments, flat topped or round; heaving like sea-waves, or spired and turreted like Gothic cathedrals; streaked with snow in the ravines, and darkened with files of adventurous trees climbing the ridges. The nearer peaks are perchance clad in sapphire blue, others far off in creamy white. In the broad glare of noon they seem to shrink and crouch to less than half their real stature, and grow dull and uncommunicative, — mere dead, draggled heaps of waste ashes and stone, giving no hint of the multitude of

animals enjoying life in their fastnesses, or of the bright bloom-bordered streams and lakes. But when storms blow they awake and arise, wearing robes of cloud and mist in majestic speaking attitudes like gods. In the color glory of morning and evening they become still more impressive; steeped in the divine light of the alpenglow their earthiness disappears, and, blending with the heavens, they seem neither high nor low.

Over all the central plateau, which from here seems level, and over the foothills and lower slopes of the mountains, the forest extends like a black uniform bed of weeds, interrupted only by lakes and meadows and small burned spots called parks, — all of them, except the Yellowstone Lake, being mere dots and spangles in general views, made conspicuous by their color and brightness. About eighty-five per cent of the entire area of the park is covered with trees, mostly the indomitable lodge-pole pine (*Pinus contorta*, var. *Murrayana*), with a few patches and sprinklings of Douglas spruce, Engelmann spruce, silver fir (*Abies lasiocarpa*), *P. flexilis*, and a few alders, aspens, and birches. The Douglas spruce is found only on the lowest portions, the silver fir on the highest, and the Engelmann spruce on the dampest places, best defended from fire. Some fine specimens of the flexilis pine are growing on the margins of openings, wide-branching, sturdy trees, as broad as high, with trunks five feet in diameter, leafy and shady, laden with purple cones and rose-colored flowers. The Engelmann spruce and sub-alpine silver fir also are beautiful and notable trees, — tall, spiny, hardy, frost and snow defying, and widely distributed over the West, wherever there is a mountain to climb or a cold moraine slope to cover. But neither of these is a good fire-fighter. With rather thin bark, and scattering their seeds every year as soon as they are ripe, they are quickly driven out of fire-swept regions. When the glaciers

were melting, these hardy mountaineering trees were probably among the first to arrive on the new moraine soil beds; but as the plateau became drier and fires began to run, they were driven up the mountains, and into the wet spots and islands where we now find them, leaving nearly all the park to the lodge-pole pine, which, though as thin-skinned as they and as easily killed by fire, takes pains to store up its seeds in firmly closed cones, and holds them from three to nine years, so that, let the fire come when it may, it is ready to die and ready to live again in a new generation. For when the killing fires have devoured the leaves and thin resinous bark, many of the cones, only scorched, open as soon as the smoke clears away, the hoarded store of seeds is sown broadcast on the cleared ground, and a new growth immediately springs up triumphant out of the ashes. Therefore, this tree not only holds its ground, but extends its conquests farther after every fire. Thus the evenness and closeness of its growth are accounted for. In one part of the forest that I examined, the growth was about as close as a cane-brake. The trees were from four to eight inches in diameter, one hundred feet high, and one hundred and seventy-five years old. The lower limbs die young and drop off for want of light. Life with these close-planted trees is a race for light, more light, and so they push straight for the sky. Mowing off ten feet from the top of the forest would make it look like a crowded mass of telegraph-poles; for only the sunny tops are leafy. A sapling ten years old, growing in the sunshine, has as many leaves as a crowded tree one or two hundred years old. As fires are multiplied and the mountains become drier, this wonderful lodge-pole pine bids fair to obtain possession of nearly all the forest ground in the West.

How still the woods seem from here, yet how lively a stir the hidden animals are making; digging, gnawing, biting,

eyes shining, at work and play, getting food, rearing young, roving through the underbrush, climbing the rocks, wading solitary marshes, tracing the banks of the lakes and streams. Insect swarms are dancing in the sunbeams, burrowing in the ground, diving, swimming, — a cloud of witnesses telling Nature's joy. The plants are as busy as the animals, every cell in a swirl of enjoyment, humming like a hive, singing the old new song of creation. A few columns and puffs of steam are seen rising above the treetops, some near, but most of them far off, indicating geysers and hot springs, gentle-looking and noiseless as downy clouds, softly hinting at the reaction going on between the surface and the hot interior. From here you see them better than when you are standing beside them, frightened and confused, regarding them as lawless cataclysms. The shocks and outbursts of earthquakes, volcanoes, geysers, storms, the pounding of waves, the uprush of sap in plants, each and all tell the orderly love-beats of Nature's heart.

Turning to the eastward, you have the Grand Cañon and reaches of the river in full view; and yonder to the southward lies the great lake, the largest and most important of all the high fountains of the Missouri-Mississippi, and the last to be discovered.

In the year 1541, when De Soto, with a romantic band of adventurers, was seeking gold and glory and the fountain of youth, he found the Mississippi a few hundred miles above its mouth, and made his grave beneath its floods. La Salle, in 1682, after discovering the Ohio, one of the largest and most beautiful branches of the Mississippi, traced the latter to the sea from the mouth of the Illinois, through adventures and privations not easily realized now. About the same time Joliet and Father Marquette reached the "Father of Waters" by way of the Wisconsin, but more than a century passed ere its highest sources in these mountains were seen. The advancing

stream of civilization has ever followed its guidance toward the west, but none of the thousand tribes of Indians living on its banks could tell the explorer whence it came. From those romantic De Soto and La Salle days to these times of locomotives and tourists, how much has the great river seen and done! Great as it now is, and still growing longer through the ground of its delta and the basins of receding glaciers at its head, it was immensely broader toward the close of the glacial period, when the ice-mantle of the mountains was melting: then, with its 300,000 miles of branches outspread over the plains and valleys of the continent, laden with fertile mud, it made the biggest and most generous bed of soil in the world.

Think of this mighty stream springing in the first place in vapor from the sea, flying on the wind, alighting on the mountains in hail and snow and rain, lingering in many a fountain feeding the trees and grass; then gathering its scattered waters, gliding from its noble lake, and going back home to the sea, singing all the way. On it sweeps through the gates of the mountains, across the vast prairies and plains, through many a wild, gloomy forest, cane-brake, and sunny savanna, from glaciers and snowbanks and pine woods to warm groves of magnolia and palm, geysers dancing at its head, keeping time with the sea-waves at its mouth; roaring and gray in rapids, booming in broad, bossy falls, murmuring, gleaming in long, silvery reaches, swaying now hither, now thither, whirling, bending in huge doubling, eddying folds; serene, majestic, ungovernable; overflowing all its metes and bounds, frightening the dwellers upon its banks; building, wasting, uprooting, planting; engulfing old islands and making new ones, taking away fields and towns as if in sport, carrying canoes and ships of commerce in the midst of its spoils and drift, fertilizing the continent as one vast farm. Then,

its work done, it gladly vanishes in its ocean home, welcomed by the waiting waves.

Thus naturally, standing here in the midst of its fountains, we trace the fortunes of the great river. And how much more comes to mind as we overlook this wonderful wilderness! Fountains of the Columbia and Colorado lie before us interlaced with those of the Yellowstone and Missouri, and fine it would be to go with them to the Pacific; but the sun is already in the west, and soon our day will be done.

Yonder is Amethyst Mountain, and other mountains hardly less rich in old forests which now seem to spring up again in their glory; and you see the storms that buried them, — the ashes and torrents laden with boulders and mud, the centuries of sunshine, and the dark, lurid nights. You see again the vast floods of lava, red-hot and white-hot, pouring out from gigantic geysers, usurping the basins of lakes and streams, absorbing or driving away their hissing, screaming waters, flowing around hills and ridges, submerging every subordinate feature. Then you see the snow and glaciers taking possession of the land, making new landscapes. How admirable it is that, after passing through so many vicissitudes of frost and fire and flood, the physiognomy and even the complexion of the landscape should still be so divinely fine!

Thus reviewing the eventful past, we see Nature working with enthusiasm like a man, blowing her volcanic forges like a blacksmith blowing his smithy fires, shoving glaciers over the landscapes like a carpenter shoving his planes, clearing, ploughing, harrowing, irrigating, planting, and sowing broadcast like a farmer and gardener doing rough work and fine

work, planting sequoias and pines, rose-bushes and daisies; working in gems, filling every crack and hollow with them; distilling fine essences; painting plants and shells, clouds, mountains, all the earth and heavens, like an artist, — ever working toward beauty higher and higher. Where may the mind find more stimulating, quickening pasturage? A thousand Yellowstone wonders are calling, "Look up and down and round about you!" And a multitude of still, small voices may be heard directing you to look through all this transient, shifting show of things called "substantial" into the truly substantial, spiritual world whose forms flesh and wood, rock and water, air and sunshine, only veil and conceal, and to learn that here is heaven and the dwelling-place of the angels.

The sun is setting; long, violet shadows are growing out over the woods from the mountains along the western rim of the park; the Absaroka range is baptized in the divine light of the alpenglow, and its rocks and trees are transfigured. Next to the light of the dawn on high mountain tops, the alpenglow is the most impressive of all the terrestrial manifestations of God.

Now comes the gloaming. The alpenglow is fading into earthy, murky gloom, but do not let your town habits draw you away to the hotel. Stay on this good fire-mountain and spend the night among the stars. Watch their glorious bloom until the dawn, and get one more baptism of light. Then, with fresh heart, go down to your work, and whatever your fate, under whatever ignorance or knowledge you may afterward chance to suffer, you will remember these fine, wild views, and look back with joy to your wanderings in the blessed old Yellowstone Wonderland.

John Muir.

WILLIAM MARSDAL'S AWAKENING.

I.

It was eight o'clock in the morning; Cæsar was sweeping the broad porch of the Marsdal mansion, his gray head and wrinkled black face occasionally visible through gaps in the tall oleanders that spread their pink panicles against the whiteness of Ionic columns. It was a vision familiar to many of the passers-by; for so, in the freshness of morn, had he swept it, when not traveling with his master, for more than forty years. He had reached the end where climbed an immense Lamarque, and was shaking his broom free of dust, when the slender Moorish gate at the street entrance, a hundred feet away, clicked and closed beneath its arch, and the quick footsteps of a child were heard upon the brick walk leading to the short flight of stone steps. There is character in every footstep, and there was decided character in the crisp, clear echoes of these little heels. Ere they had reached the steps Cæsar had transferred himself to the landing, and was holding up his hands, his earnest face wearing an anxious look, and his puckered lips giving forth a series of mysterious sounds intended to attract attention and bring about silence. The owner of the little heels, however, was placidly indifferent to the pantomime. They hit brick and stone with undiminished force until she neared him. Moreover, she called to him in a clear, silvery voice, not the least modulated, "Where is Uncle William?"

The negro was in despair. "For de Lord sake, honey, *ain't* you see me makin' *signs* for you ter stop er comin' so hard?" —

"Where is Uncle William?"

—"an' hesh yo' loud talkin'? Er runaway horse would er shied roun' de house fum me" —

"Where is Uncle William?"

—"an' you ain' so much as break yo' pace!"

"Where is Uncle William?"

"He in dere *tryin'* to *sleep* in es *chair*," the old man continued petulantly, — "*tryin'* to snatch des er *nap 'fo' bre'kfus'*; an' you mus' n' 'sturb him, nuther!" As the little girl laughed and passed on he raised his voice: "Don't you do hit, honey! 'Deed an' if he don't get some sleep, I don't know what 's goin' to happen!"

"Cæsar!" The tones of a quick, harsh voice floated out.

"Yes, sah! I 'm er comin'! — Now, chile, you see what comes of trottin' so hard on dem bricks, an' not payin' no 'tention."

"Cæsar, what the thunder are you talking about?" said the voice testily. "Come off that porch and" —

The sentence was suspended. The owner stood in the hall. He was tall, heavy, florid, and clean-shaven; his thin grayish blond hair was scattered carelessly over his round head and gently waving in the draft. He was without coat or vest; his shirt was unbuttoned at the throat, and he wore slippers. The frown disappeared as he beheld his visitor, and a hearty, cheery note came into his voice.

"Ha, Humming-Bird! Come in, come in! Why, God bless me, child, did Cæsar dare halt an angel upon *my* threshold? Cæsar, you black rascal!" But Cæsar had gone a roundabout way through the shrubbery to sweep off the carriage-step, and for the moment was not visible. The gentleman thereupon lifted the child in his arms and kissed her. He looked into her eyes, and then quickly toward the sky. "Bless me!" he cried again, "you are wearing your blue eyes this morning! How becoming!"

The child laughed and struggled down to the floor. She clasped something in her hand, and went into the sitting-room without ceremony.

"I'm going to make the birds sing," she said, with a precision of language unusual with Southern children, and exquisitely funny to her host.

"Oh, you are," he said, imitating her walk and tones as he followed. "Then I am coming to hear the birds sing. Silence!" he commanded, frowning around him upon the heavy furniture, "silence while the birds sing!" And everything obeyed,—everything except the gilt clock under its tall glass cover on the mantel.

The little girl climbed into a big leather chair, and seated herself upon the edge of the centre-table.

"Won't you try the chandelier?" he suggested. "Birds like high places."

But she was busy with the something she had been tightly clasping in her hand, and which proved to be a curious little silver toy, half bird, half whistle, partly filled with water. Blowing into this gravely, her eyes meantime watching his face for signs of delight, she produced a series of birdlike notes and trills. He dropped into the chair at her feet.

"And what," he said, with voice husky from the intensity of his interest, and with mouth corners drawn down, "what bird in this world can sing as beau-u-tifully as that?"

She looked steadily at him and reflected.

"That's a mocking-bird!" she said at last.

"Oh yes, so it is. How well you do it!"

She tried again, looking to him for approval.

"Seems like I have heard that song somewhere!" he mused, rubbing his red ear. "Where could it have been? Surely"—

"That's a canary," she declared. Again she essayed her skill.

He clapped his hands. "Lovely! lovely! You beat them all! But stay! What bird sings now?"

Her bird lore was limited. She reflected again.

"Oh, that's a parrot!"

And this time he really laughed. "It is so natural! I'll have to give you a cracker. Polly have a cracker?"

She pushed away his hand, and went on with her concert.

"That is my little dog barking at night," she said in explanation.

"Good! How does he bark in the daytime?"

She showed him. It was very much like his night bark. And again her auditor laughed.

"Listen to the dog's bark," he said to the furniture.

Then the little girl from across the street gave him the cow's moo, the little calf's appeal for milk, and the hen's cackle, waiting each time for applause. Presently she remembered the circus menagerie, and she gave him one by one all the songs, from the elephant's down. They all sang like the mocking-bird,—a discovery that filled him with a huge delight.

"I see now," he said gayly to the furniture, "how great an artist the mocking-bird really is."

And the concert went on.

Cæsar had not returned. He was outside the gate, broom in hand, talking. A lady had come leisurely along the shaded walk for the morning air, and was turning back at the Marsdal mansion where the level land fell away abruptly, when Cæsar's profound salutation claimed her attention. It was but natural that, having inquired kindly as to the old servitor's health, she should inquire as to her neighbor, his master, and linger indulgently while he poured forth his voluble reply.

"Des toler'ble, Miss Helen,—des toler'ble! When a man don't sleep, somep'n' is out er fix; an' Marse William

ain't sleep er wink in er week, — not er wink!"

"Is it possible?"

"Yes, ma'am. He orter be ersleep right dis minute, an' I 'spec' he would, but de little gyurl fum 'cross de street come in to blow her whistle for 'im, an' he got to set up an' hear it."

"Blow a whistle for him!"

"Yes, ma'am," and Cæsar stopped to laugh. "Child sorter got erway wid Marse William yestiddy; she sho' did. She come 'long hyah, er whole passel of 'em, an' tore up an' down de yard an' thoo de house like dey allus doing, an' Marse William tell 'em, if dey don't break down none of his rose-bushes, dey can catch all de hummin'-birds dey want. He been tellin' 'em dat for twenty years, an' his ma befo' him."

"I remember that she used to tell me that," said the lady, smiling. "There was a tree on the other side of the house, in the grove, that attracted humming-birds. They seemed to gather something from the bark and twigs, — no one could ever discover what."

"Hit's dere yet, ma'am, de same tree. Well, dese chillun des lak all de rest. Dey hide in de bush, an' wait for hummin'-bird to git 'mongst de fo'-o'clocks an' sech-like, an' dey run up an' try to ketch 'em. Dey mos' ketch 'em, dey say ev'y time; an' Marse William set up yonner on de po'ch, an' look lak he los' his las' frien'. But dis here chile, de one in yonner right now, she ain' lak nair 'nother chile ever come to dis house. She was born ole, an' she do lak she please 'spite of ev'ybody. She was er settin' up yonner on top step wid a big lily in her han' yestiddy, an' done gone soun' ersleep, when 'long come ole Mis' Hummin'-Bird an' smell her flower. She back off suspicious-like, but she come ergin an' stick her head down in dere fer to git de honey; an' 'bout dat time de chile wake up fum de hummin' of de wings, — mebbe she ain' been 'sleep, — an' clamp her han' down on dat flower,

an' des scream one time an' ernother loud as she could, lak she done gone plumb crazy, 'I got 'im! I got 'im! I got 'im, Uncle William! I got 'im! I got 'im!' An' Marse William so skeered he mos' fall over back'ards. 'Got what?' he say, 'got what? Got er fit? got er spasm?' An', Miss Helen, she had 'im!"

"Den Marse William come an' set down dere feelin' mighty bad. De hummin'-birds was his ma's special pets forty years back, and dey was his. Ain' nobody ever hurt one on de place. He look solemn an' worried, 'cause his word was out. First thing he do was to on-clench her fingers, an' he say, 'Soft, soft, my chile, or you 'll kill 'im. Soft; lemme see 'im; he shan't git erway,' — des so. An' he tear open de flower an' give de bird some air. Den he sont me to fetch de big glass kiver fum over de gole clock, an' he put hit on de flo' wid de edge prop up, an' ole Mis' Hummin'-Bird under hit. Lord! but de chillun des fell over one ernother lak somep'n' crazy, an' Marse William had er job to keep 'em fum breakin' de glass. De little gyurl say den she mus' take de bird home to show her ma, an' Marse William look sad ergin. Bimeby he tell me to watch de glass, an' he tell dat chile to wait; he mus' go roun' de corner an' inform ole Mis' Hummin'-Bird's chillun dat she been ketched, an' dey need n' 'spect to see her no mo', an' not to wait supper for her. Little gyurl look mighty bad when she hear dat; but bimeby she brighten up an' say, 'I reck'n deir pa can take care of 'em.' An' Marse William drop his eye on me an' shet his lips tight; an' I knowed hit warn't no time to laugh.

"But he go roun' de corner, tellin' all de chillun to stay back, 'cause he promise ole Mis' Hummin'-Bird long time ago not to let nobody know where her house was hid."

"I'm not sure," said Cæsar's listener gravely, "that anything would justify a

deception of that kind. I think that children should be told the truth."

"Lor', Miss Helen, I 'spect Marse William, if it come to er pinch, would tell er lie to save er hummin'-bird, or his word. Anyhow, bimeby," continued Cæsar, laughing, "he come 'long back wid his han'k'ch'ef up, an' say de hummin'-bird's chillun was carryin' on so he could n' bear to stay, — said de baby of de fambly fairly moan an' sob like hits po' little heart'd break; an' she ask him to please tell de little gyurl to let her po' ma come 'long home an' nuss her, for she dat hongry she mos' perish for somep'n' to eat. She say, 'Ask little gyurl how she lak for *her* little baby sister to starve to death, an' for somebody to steal *her* ma while she off 'cross de street.' Well, missus, he mos' make *me* cry, hit soun' so natchul. An' de little gyurl sorter lif' de edge of de glass higher an' higher while she was studyin' 'bout somep'n', — lif' hit des a little at a time lak she can't he'p herse'f; an' ole Mis' Hummin'-Bird bimeby see her way clear, an' gone lak er streak er grease lightnin'. Well, ma'am, de little gyurl fell to cryin' den fit to kill herse'f; but Marse William ketch her up in his arms, an' tell her he got somep'n' for her. An' he go unlock de liberry, an' take out fum a drawer a little silver whistle what you put water in an' blow tell hit des fairly sings. His ma gave him dat whistle when he was a little boy hisse'f. He take hit an' show her how hit work, an' tell her how much better to have somep'n' what can sing lak all de birds, an' not a po' little hummin'-bird what ain't good for nothin' 'cep'n' to nuss her babies. An' dat settles it. But de little gyurl done caught on to de blowin' herse'f, an' come 'long back dis mornin'. She in yonner now blowin' fit ter kill, — lissen! Hear dat fuss? An' he des as much distracted as if he warn't dyin' ter sleep. — Yes, sah!" continued the old man, lifting his voice as he heard his name called. "I'm er comin'! — Des er dyin' for sleep. Morn-

in', missus! Does me good to see you sometimes. Lord, but you got yo' pa's walk, — carry yo' head des like 'im, high an' proud. Seem like hit warn't but yestiddy I seen Colonel Bailey stan-nin' right dere in yo' tracks, tellin' me, 'Cæsar, 'spect some er dese days you goin' to have er new' " —

"Well, good-by, Cæsar. Mr. Marsdal is calling again."

"Good-by, Miss Helen! — Yes, sah! I'm comin'!"

"Cæsar," said his master gravely, when he did come, "the young lady will honor us this morning at breakfast. Put a suitable chair to the table for her." Seeing a troubled look upon the little face turned to his, he added, "And step across the street and say to her mother that I shall be greatly obliged if she will not interfere with the arrangement."

The child's face brightened, and the bird concert continued.

Out of the garret's dust came a child's high-backed chair to do duty for the tiny guest; out of the great china closet, a little cup and saucer and plate, with their blue forget-me-nots and butterflies of gold; out of the velvet-lined recess behind the sliding panel in the wall where gleamed the old Marsdal silver, the little knife, fork, and spoon. For Cæsar's greatest value lay in his quick perception of the fitness of things.

And such a breakfast as it was! There were the brownest of waffles, feathers in weight, cooled milk rich with cream, delicate broiled chicken, a golden omelet, and delicious rolls. Piled up about the vase of regal roses, behold the blended hues of the vineyard!

Long and wistfully the man watched his little guest and marked the workings of her mind. When Cæsar started the old ebony music-box, whose enfeebled spring failed in the middle of *What are the Wild Waves* saying? she ceased for a while to eat, and resumed her whistle, to prove her loyalty; and when at last, as the wonderful hour was drawing to its

close, a humming-bird invaded the window, hovered above a box of nasturtiums a moment, and, remembering perhaps the drama whispered of in bird circles the day before, darted up a lane of sunlight to freedom again, she looked grave and startled.

"Got to go now," she said suddenly; and sliding from the chair, she trotted out into the hall, her little feet making sweet music on the floor.

"Good-by!" he called to her. "Come again and let the birds sing me asleep."

"Good-by!" floated back from her lips.

"What is it, Cæsar?" he asked of that worthy, who was silently laughing.

"Gone to see if anybody done ketched her ma."

"You have a mind, after all," said the gentleman, turning quickly toward him. Then, "Go to the door and see that she gets back across the street safely."

He was looking thoughtfully on the vacant chair; perhaps he was dreaming some old dream anew, when a vision dawned upon him. Clad in the softest, whitest of muslins, with broad summer hat to match, a rich glow upon her dark Southern face, balancing on her hand a silver waiter full of blue celestial figs, ripe and blushing peaches, and gorgeous pomegranates laid open to their hearts, stood a young woman, the daintier reproduction of Titian's daughter. Whether she interrupted or completed his dream may not be known. William Marsdal passed his hand across his eyes and came forward quickly. He took her face in both hands and kissed her forehead.

"Mother sends these with her best wishes," she said, "and as soon as convenient would like to see you."

"See me?" Then a smile came upon his lips. "I understand. Are you very happy, Marjory?"

But blushing Marjory, putting the waiter aside hurriedly, fled, looking back from the front door to kiss her hand.

II.

Few men have greater cause for congratulation than had William Marsdal at thirty. The only son in a family distinguished even in Southern society by its gentility and elegance, possessed of wealth and of a war record that would have made him a field marshal under the Empire, he came home from years of study and travel, to take his father's place and face the responsibilities of life. Barring a slight haughtiness of manner which he wore in public, yet so perfectly blended with deferential courtesy that it did not offend, he was an ideal gentleman from even the critical standpoint of his own neighbors. It was understood that he would marry and settle down; and aside from the commotion in many a cote of shy doves, there was public interest in the fact that the old house would be again thrown open to society.

The old house had seen many a gay throng within its walls. Withdrawn behind the loveliness of its shrubbery it brooded now; but within doors were abundant evidences of refinement. The harmony of artistic natures was felt in the antique furnishings, and the total absence of the garish and bizarre; a good woman's heart, a good man's thought, spoke in all that hand or eye might rest upon, from ground to garret. Those whose tastes were not blunted by contact with the coarseness of life outside caught there the flavor of lives that had passed away. It takes many a year for a house to earn such a character,—as long as it takes to make a gentleman. Dignity and that fine beauty which is called indefinable are axillary blossoms on family trees, and the home shares them. How soon, how easily, are they lost! A vulgar family can debauch such a house within a month, and break no civil law. Herein lies the gravest defect of the American system; there should be no way to sell the family home while

the family lives; for within is the fountain-head of patriotism. That man who has a home full of memories and traditions is his country's sentinel.

To his home came William Marsdal, and people waited. Then, after some months, society said, "They were made for each other," — William and Helen, the only child of Colonel Marcus Bailey, whose little cottage was hidden behind the magnolias and roses a few hundred yards up the street, whose orchard of fine fruits broadened out in the rear until checked by the pasture for his splendid Jerseys, whose pasture was limited by spreading fields of cotton growing upon red levels, and whose cotton-fields — well, there is an end to all things, and the colonel's land ended somewhere.

Made for each other, — that was the verdict. The verdict was seemingly indorsed; for soon the colonel was often seen taking his martial form, with assistance from his gold-headed cane, down to the Marsdals', and fanning himself upon the broad veranda, while old Mrs. Marsdal, with her lace cap above her aristocratic face, sat near, and they discussed the changes war had made, the solid South in Congress, and the alleged Kuklux. They discussed another matter with befitting dignity; for Mrs. Marsdal mentioned her son's devotion to Helen, now apparent to everybody, and gave her host an impartial outline of William's character and a frank statement of his financial condition. The colonel said that William had always been a favorite of his, and that, however the young people might decide matters, he should be proud if Cupid brought about an alliance between his family and that of "Edward Marsdal, God rest his soul, — than which no purer, broader, truer, ever animated the form of man." Whereupon Mrs. Marsdal gave him her hand a moment, and pressed a filmy kerchief to her eyes, in which tears rivaled the rays of the single diamond upon her thin finger. From this Cæsar felt au-

thorized to launch upon the undercurrents of society the announcement of an engagement.

But the matter was not settled.

William and Helen were much together. He told her of the scene upon the porch, and she blushed and looked from him. He did not say the necessary word; he did not know how. Any statement from him, he felt, would be trite and useless. Could she not see for herself? Was he not telling her his love every day in the most eloquent of languages, the language of the heart? Alas, he was fourteen years her senior, and knew little of the girl's heart. He drifted with the current, proud and happy. There were rivals, and among them was Robert Delamar, a cotton factor growing rich in the world of trade; and Robert was confidently assiduous. But why should William fear any of them? He had reason, but he did not know it. Lacking the something in his make-up that renders self-analysis possible, Robert did not perceive the truth of the situation. He had always been told that he was handsome and irresistible; how could the old planter's daughter fail to find him so? When, one day, she gave him hesitatingly a conditional "yes," he was only surprised at the conditions and at her refusal to add love's token.

The news came to William from a source he could not doubt. Amazed, angry, sick at heart, he went to Helen, and stood by her side a moment. She looked away from him.

"Is it true?" he asked.

Her lips seemed not to move, but she whispered, "Yes."

He was silent, the girl's bosom rising and falling with agitation. He lifted his hat, and went away. Her eyes sought him then, full of fright and anguish. She could not bring herself to speak. He never came again until fourteen years had passed, and, impoverished by speculation, broken-spirited, broken-hearted, Robert Delamar lay dying in the little

cottage from excess of drink. Then he returned; for the dying man, with a clear perception of the truth and the nobility of his rival's heart, had sent for him. When he issued forth they were rivals no longer: one was dead, and the other a trustee and guardian.

The latter did his duty well. The fields had long before been sold; likewise the pasture and the orchard; and the cottage was mortgaged to its full value. How Robert Delamar had lived no one knew. But they came back, — the orchard first, then the pasture, and then the red levels; and upon these levels, at William's command, the patient mules went to and fro as of old with the heavy ploughs, until the fields were white with the summer snows of the South. One day the mortgage fell away from the little cottage, and a thrill of delight ran through the town; for with all their bickerings, jealousies, and heart-burnings, the people in these old towns love one another and the past.

But William Marsdal was another man in most respects. From the blow delivered by a woman's hand he shrank back and back within himself and the old home, until he almost disappeared from public view. The mantle of haughtiness became as masque and mail of iron. Still, as a rule, coldly polite, he developed an irritability that made politeness difficult; and there were times when, impatient from interference or the neighborly efforts of uncongenial persons to be friendly, he lost restraint. As the years passed he found it easier to be alone. People accepted him as an eccentric, explosive man, with whom it was unsafe to trifle, but upon whom every one might rely to do the right thing at last in the wrong way.

And yet they loved him! Little Marjory Delamar, his ward, soon learned to brave the dragon for the wonders of the Marsdal house. He was no dragon with her. She called him "Uncle William," and as one by one she led in her

playmates, they called him "Uncle William" too, and none were afraid; for, tolerating the boys, he became at last almost the slave of the little girls. People outside, who had felt the man's irascibility, his biting sarcasm, and the thunders of his resentment, laughed to see his softer side. They came to realize that, like some strong tree crowded by wall or cliff, he was developing toward all the sunshine that could reach him. In these years no child's demand ever went unnoticed by William Marsdal. Can any one ever forget the time when, losing a day by an accident, John Robinson's circus thought to slight the old town for a rival in red and yellow paint, twenty miles away; and this after the bills were up, and William Marsdal's promise had lain for weeks next to the hearts of the children who wore his flowers? Not one of them, at least. They were frightened and distressed, it is true, by the bad news and William's strange disappearance, and they paid many an anxious visit to Cæsar, much to that worthy's discomfiture. One day there was a blare of trumpets, and William Marsdal rode into town upon his big black horse at the head of the circus procession, pointed out a site for the tent in his own pasture, went around and adjourned the schools, closed up business houses, and gave a free performance. The glory of that day was William's, for had he not vanquished an impudent rival, and plucked victory from defeat? But with William the glorious feature of the day was the bank of young girls rising to the canvas roof itself, their faces radiant with delight, their ribbons and tresses dancing under the swaying cloth, their little hands beating time to the music of the scarlet band.

He was the king! For at his command the lady in short skirts came back twice on the claybank horse and waltzed through rings of living flame; the trained dogs went through their antics over and over, and the trick mule stayed in the

ring until too tired to kick. He cornered for his small guests the market for peanuts and lemonade; and as though this were not enough, he gave Cæsar to the clown to make more fun for them; but when the clown climbed the ropes for his present, and Cæsar, half afraid, resisted, and they rolled together in the dust, and the smallest girls began to cry, he bought Cæsar back for five dollars — extortion he called it — and stilled the rising tumult. Oh, the rapture of that day!

There was the recent affair of the new church organ. How violently, sarcastically, almost venomously, he opposed the purchase! And yet when the committee lacked sixty per cent of the needed amount, and the local sheet outlined a church fair, he called in Marjory one day, and sent her with a check for the sixty per cent, and a message to the effect that as between two evils he chose the lesser one.

Marjory was twelve when she became the ward of this strange man. Now she was eighteen; and as, rigidly erect in his faultless dress, he walked to the cottage responsive to her mother's summons, a long procession of events filed past him in review. But he could count upon the fingers of one hand the times he had been to the cottage since Helen's marriage: when Robert Delamar died; when he was buried; when the trust began; and finally when, freed from all incumbrances and productive, the little property was turned over to its former owner. This was the fifth time: he would make it the last.

And Robert Delamar had been six years dead!

He lifted the latch and passed along the gravel walk to the house, and then into the living-room. The woman who entered was Helen Bailey grown older. He held her hand a moment, while her eyes rested upon him with a sad, inquiring gaze that he seemed to understand. It was a gaze that, passing rap-

idly over his attire, touched for a moment the thin gray hair upon his temples, and rested upon the stern, uncompromising lines of his face. He could not endure even the suggestion of pity in her. He flushed for an instant, and the perpendicular line between his eyes deepened; but the gentility of his race quickly swept away all resentment.

"I thank you, Helen," he said, "for your kind remembrance this morning, and dear Marjory's bright face. How can I serve you?"

Her sad smile came back; for a woman at thirty-eight is wiser than most men at fifty-two. She hesitated.

"Cæsar tells me you are not well; is it serious?"

"Cæsar is a babbling fool, Helen! I have suffered a little from insomnia for the week past."

"You have not slept at all! But be seated. There must be some cause for this," she continued. "You should consult a physician, Mr. Marsdal. Let me insist that you see a physician."

A grim smile came upon his face. "And you have one that you can recommend, I suppose."

"Oh," she laughed, "yes. But I had forgotten. It is of him I wish to speak. He told me," she said, looking down, "that you had given your consent to his marriage with Marjory; and now I have to tell you — that — circumstances — render it almost necessary for the marriage to take place soon. In fact, they have selected the date two weeks from today. Henry is going North and abroad for several years' study and hospital practice and" —

"I see. Let them go." He said this so bluntly that the woman resented it with flashing eyes.

"That is your reply?" she asked, somewhat coldly. "I thought you would be more interested, at least."

"I am sufficiently interested; I have neglected nothing. I know who Henry Vernon is; and his family for four gener-

ations back. I knew them when he came to me; for I am not blind, and found out in advance. And when I gave my consent, he signed a contract that will in a measure protect her. There is no longer any need of delay. He is able and keen in his profession; that is, he is an accomplished humbug. But I make no complaint. He is a necessary evil."

"I see you are still unchanged in your opinion of physicians."

"Entirely so. Will you be pleased to read the contract? I guessed at the nature of your business, and brought it with me."

"I shall be glad to read it," she said, surprised.

He drew forth a document and handed it to her. It was in his own well-known handwriting, she saw. She read:—

"In consideration of William Marsdal's consent to my marriage to his ward, Marjory Delamar, before she is of age, I hereby agree that one week after said marriage I will send her back to her mother to remain twenty-four hours. If upon the expiration of that time she fails to return to me, I pledge my honor as a gentleman never again to seek her presence or attempt to communicate with her, and that I will consent to a legal separation without prejudice. If she does return to me, then at the expiration of two years she shall again return to her mother for one day, upon the same terms. And I hereby give to this contract all legal force possible, making it a part of the religious contract yet to be solemnized, and will faithfully abide by it.

[Signed] HENRY VERNON."

Helen looked up from the paper, startled and embarrassed.

"How strange!" she whispered. "And yet"—

"I told him," continued William Marsdal, "that the average marriage credited to a heavenly making was a slander upon God Almighty; that a woman at eighteen knows nothing, and my object was to save something of life for my

child if she erred in her judgment. The fellow agreed with me instantly,"—he paused and stared at his listener, as though not yet recovered from astonishment; "and I had never liked him until then. He said he would sign anything that would throw safeguards about Marjory's future; that the husband was the only danger from which the law did not guard a woman. A man with a heart and mind like that ought to abandon humbuggery."

"It was thoughtful of you,—thoughtful of you," said Helen.

"The idea did not originate with me. I only carried out the unformed plan of your husband, revealed in his last moments."

She made no reply to this. Her breath came in gasps for one instant, and then she buried her face in her handkerchief and wept silently.

He came to her side. "Yes, Helen, Robert Delamar saw his mistake when life's perspective was complete. All that he could do was to turn it to account for his daughter's sake. You were a good wife, a devoted wife to him. Look up. I have told you the truth, to—hallow his memory." After a few moments' silence he continued: "I have two requests, Helen, to make of you: I want Marjory to wear this,"—he held out an exquisite little coronet set with diamonds,— "and I wish her marriage to take place in my house. It is eminently proper that it should, since I am her guardian, and your house is small. I want to see her a bride, crowned with these jewels, in the home of William Marsdal. I bought the trinket more than twenty years ago. You will not refuse me!" He wavered slightly and pressed his hand to his brow, a look of confusion in his eyes; but before she could reach him with outstretched hand he had steadied himself.

"Won't you let Henry come to see you, Mr. Marsdal? You are really ill. Don't refuse *me*. I refuse you nothing."

He felt in his pocket and handed her some papers.

"Here," said he, "are expressed a week's efforts to calculate a year's interest upon a simple note for six hundred and ninety dollars. The interest gets bigger and bigger every time, and upon the first trial it was greater than the principal. Something slipped in here," he said, touching his forehead, "and since then I have n't slept. If Henry can prescribe for bad arithmetic, send him around."

At the door he turned, to find her, sad and distressed, watching him. "Let nothing delay the marriage," he said.

III.

Keen, quick, modern, well balanced, and bold, a healer by intuition and a physician by conscientious acquisition, Henry Vernon had begun his professional life with the conviction that failure was impossible. He grasped the new solutions of old problems, and placed himself in harmony with the new methods as fast he could master them; and he mastered everything he attempted until he met with William Marsdal. Behind the abruptness, the cynicism, and the sarcasm of this man he found an intellectual force and perception unsuspected, an ego unknown, unknowable, and elusive. Moreover, he found a disbeliever in the claims made for medicine. This opposing combination of forces placed him at great disadvantage when he came to study into the disorder which affected the sick man. There was another disadvantage: he had not been called; he had been sent. The pressure was behind. On the other hand, he and William Marsdal were practically of one family, and that fact, with the ironical message accompanying the arithmetical attempts, must perforce suffice for excuse to beard the lion in his den; and putting aside pride he bearded him.

William Marsdal grasped the young man's situation at once, and something like a smile hovered about his mouth when he contemplated the swarthy, square-jawed professional. How the data for a diagnosis were obtained Dr. Vernon could never entirely recall; but a dozen times during the hour he was sorely tempted to pick up his hat and leave without ceremony. Yet his host's outward manner was perfect. Still, he seemed to be fencing with an unfriendly antagonist in the dark, and despite a determination and promise to keep his temper, he from time to time received thrusts and blows that were maddening. Only the memory of Marjory and the undoubted goodness of the older man sustained him. But he satisfied himself at last that his first suspicions were correct. Armed with his conviction he was on better ground. He suited his action to the strong character before him.

"Mr. Marsdal," he began, "I have to tell you that you are not only ill, but threatened with a serious danger. It is best to tell you so frankly."

"Right so far, my young friend. Proceed."

"It may be paresis. It may be a growing tumor. It may be the effects of a slight lesion that will pass away by absorption, or a trifling inflammation that ten hours' sleep will relieve. Whatever it is, it is in the brain."

William Marsdal laughed. "It is but another way of saying that I consider you a very able man, sir, when I say again I agree with you. Proceed."

"My advice is to board the first train with a competent nurse, and go to a specialist in New York under whom I studied. If any one can cure you, he is the man."

"I won't go. What next?"

"Then you must put your life in my hands."

"Ah! That's another question. What do you propose to do with it, young man?"

"Preserve it."

"I see, — I see. Modest, but still it is to the point. However, I won't do that, either."

This was one of the times that Dr. Vernon reached for his hat, but he changed his mind. He looked his unwilling patient straight in the eyes.

"You said 'yes' to me, Mr. Marsdal, when I asked you for Marjory Delamar, and at the same time told me she was dearer to you than life itself. I believe those were the words? But you seem to be more careful of your life than of your ward, after all."

The slightly raised eyebrows and distinct sarcasm, the impudence of it all, astonished his hearer so that for a moment he could but stare. William Marsdal had one profane word that he used on extra occasions, and on this occasion he used it eloquently.

"I would not swear," said the young man coolly, — "unless for amusement. Avoid every form of mental excitement. There is too much excitement now, or you would sleep. My remark was not irrelevant nor intended for impertinence. I said you must put your life in my hands, but I did not say that I would accept the trust. I would do it only upon conditions. These might not suit you. There are other doctors in town" —

"All humbugs!"

"As you please. I have nothing else to suggest. I sincerely desire to help you for reasons you know in advance, but I cannot do it by main force."

"Young man," said William Marsdal, after a moment of silence, during which he perhaps tried to get his own consent to apologize for the profanity, "you may have diagnosed my present malady correctly, but there are other things in there besides tumors and lesions and inflammation. There is a love for Marjory Delamar that escaped you. If William Marsdal puts his life in your hands, and you lose it, your future, in this town, is ruined. You would never survive the

tongues of your professional brethren. My interest in the matter lies in the fact that professional ruin for you would cast a shadow over Marjory's future. My life is of little value; it shall not become a menace to her. I know my case; it is serious. Nothing but sleep can save me." His manner had changed. For one moment he was grave and serious.

Touched to the heart, amazed, repentant, Dr. Vernon sat silent, looking upon the floor.

"Think no more of it," said the host. "Come in occasionally with Marjory, and suggest — mind you, I say suggest — things to try. If I get well, I'll tell the world you saved me. If I die, you can tell them that it happened because I would n't let you." His old manner had returned.

So the matter arranged itself. But sleep would not come to the tired brain. All medical remedies failed. And the days passed.

The singular illness of William Marsdal soon became the absorbing topic of the town. He was amazed to find how many friends he had, and was touched by their loving solicitude; and then he raved to Cæsar about the annoyance. Every one was forbidden the yard but Marjory and her fiancé, and the children. The little ones tiptoed in and gathered flowers as usual. They even invaded the cool sitting-room and looked into the haggard face for the old smile, and found it. A thousand remedies were suggested; and the little girl across the street broke loose from restraining hands and one day brought another. She sat upon the carriage-step and gravely took off her shoes, and then went in, slamming the gate with a little extra force; so it seemed to Cæsar. She passed noiselessly on till she found her friend stretched upon the leather lounge, waiting. She had remembered his remark about the birds.

"Goin' to let the birds sing you to sleep," she said positively.

He turned his head quickly, not having heard her enter the room, and he laughed silently.

"Good! I have tried everything else!" he said. "Now, I'll shut my eyes tight, and you make the birds sing; and when I get to sleep, you can slip out and go home and tell them you beat the town. I'm ready; go ahead." And with a smile still upon his face, he shut his eyes.

The little girl made the birds sing. Cæsar felt that their shrill voices would never, never cease; but the invalid, judging from his facial expression, was floating in a sea of bliss. At last, however, her breath gave out. Coming close to her friend, she said, "Are you asleep?"

"Sound asleep," he replied. "Tell the birds I'm so much obliged."

Full of the glory of her conquest, the child ran off. Cæsar watched her out of the gate.

"Oomhoo!" he said. "Done lef' dem shoes 'settin' out dere."

That meant a trip across the street for Cæsar.

Dr. Vernon came up that evening with Marjory, bringing a message from her mother and a waiter of fruit. The next day was the marriage day. Their plans had been changed; for William Marsdal would not listen to a postponement, and the doctor would not consider the performance of the ceremony in that house under the circumstances. The old Presbyterian church had been substituted.

"Since I have been lying here," the sick man said, maintaining his playfulness, "I have been wondering how I could have ever been so sleepy that I could n't hold up my head; and yet I remember distinctly that, as a boy, there were times when I thought I should die if they did n't let me sleep. My parents were strict church people, and I being an only child, they tried all sorts of experiments with me." He laughed silently over some memory, and continued: "Sunday was to me a nightmare. I had to be

scrubbed by the nurse before breakfast, have my ears bored out with a finger concealed in a coarse towel, and study my Sunday-school lesson. At nine o'clock I was taken down to the school, — same old school going on now every Sunday under the same old church up the street, — and very much as Abraham took Isaac into the mountains, to be sacrificed. At ten they led me upstairs for the two hours of prayer and sermon. How sleepy I used to get! — for I was only a little fellow at that time. My feet could n't touch the floor of the pew, and my back would n't reach the pew's back. I knew about as much of what was going on as a cow does of astronomy. I would sit up, and wave to the right and left, and bob forward, and my father or mother would straighten me up patiently and frown. There was a Greek border around the ceiling — I saw the same thing in Italy when first I went abroad, and it made me homesick — that I played was a boulevard, and I drove my pony around the church, nearly twisting my head off when he went behind the organ, and twisting it back in a complete circle to see him come out on the other side. And there was a circle in the centre of the ceiling where I raced him. Sometimes he went so fast I would get dizzy and fall against mother, to be firmly elbowed up again and reproved with a grave face and compressed lips. Sometimes I would look at the cushioned seat and think that if I could just stretch out at full length there, with my head in mother's lap, I should be willing to die for it. But I was too much frightened to try it, for in front of me was a being of great power. He was bald on the top of his head, with his hair roached forward over his temples, and wore a high stock that kept him from turning his head. The sunlight would come down through the round panes of colored glass above the tall windows and crown him with changing glories; and it is a fact that I picked him out as the person in-

tended when the preacher spoke of an awful being whose face was forever hid from the eyes of man. When prayer-time came, I prayed to him from behind. I do not remember that I ever learned his name."

So the excited brain worked and worked, throwing off old impressions as one who digs in the garden upturns roots and bulbs, mementos of a bygone spring. Dr. Vernon listened intently, his brow in his hand, his face in the shadow. To him the pictured scenes were themselves symptoms. He could have placed his finger upon the localities of the brain that were affected. As, with Marjory, he walked home under the stars, he was strangely silent and thoughtful for one so near the realization of his dream. Marjory wondered and was piqued. It was the first but not the last time that a jealous mistress interfered with her plans.

"Will you give me an hour to-morrow?" he asked. "I am going to try an experiment."

"Certainly, Henry; but to-morrow will be my busiest day."

"I know, but my experiment is for William Marsdal. You noticed that the progress of his malady has reached the mysterious records of youth; the little cells are giving back their impressions. I want to try and uncover some that will exert a good influence. I will explain to-morrow."

"Just to oblige me, Uncle William; it is not far, and the walk will do you good. You have not heard the new organ, and you have never heard Marjory play. Don't refuse; remember that this is the last day your little girl" —

"Get my hat."

Marjory danced off delighted, and the two set out; William Marsdal still erect, but thin and haggard, and the old defiant look in his eyes changed to that of a hunted animal. Still, his splendid strength sustained him.

But few passers-by saw the two, and

those who did supposed they were strolling for exercise only. They went into the old church, and Dr. Vernon joined them by what was apparently a mere chance.

"Have you memory enough," he said, smiling, "to find your boyhood's scene of suffering?"

William Marsdal had been standing, gazing about him abstractedly, thinking of the long-gone days.

"Yes," he said gravely, and together they walked to the pew he designated. Again he sat in the familiar spot. "It is more comfortable now. I can touch the floor and the back both. Nothing else appears changed. Dear me! dear me! but where are the faces, the forms, I knew? Forty years! It is a long time, and yet it was but yesterday!"

"I must not tire you," said Marjory, obeying a signal from Dr. Vernon. "I'll run up and try the organ now."

As she began to play, William Marsdal looked back and upward to where he could see her curls above the rail.

Marjory made the beautiful instrument sing all the old-time tunes. Dr. Vernon excused himself to "keep an engagement," but he stood outside in the vestibule, and through a half-opened door watched the little scene within. And this is what he saw: The sick man sat dreaming in the pew, his chin in his hand, for many minutes, and then he began idly to study the surroundings, having forgotten the music and the player. His face was lifted, and his eyes followed in its zigzag course the Greek border under the ceiling, the boulevard of his boyhood days. Then they appeared to find the big circle. A half smile lit his face; his clinical aspect improved. He lowered his head and sank into reverie, and time and again he lifted it and went through the familiar pantomime. But when many minutes had passed, and the fair player was gently drawing from the instrument the strains of that sadly beautiful old hymn, "Come,

ye disconsolate," Dr. Vernon started forward quickly: the figure in the pew had distinctly swayed. Instantly it recovered and was rigid. And then again the unmistakable motion made in nodding was apparent. William Marsdal was decidedly sleepy. He appeared to struggle with his weakness; then he involuntarily yielded. He did that which brought a smile of delight to the young man's face: he looked about him cautiously, measured the cushion with his eye, and, with sudden surrender of his scruples, calmly stretched himself out at full length. Dr. Vernon rushed noiselessly, breathlessly, to the organ-loft.

"Play on! play on!" he whispered eagerly, for Marjory's pretty mouth and eyes were open, and she was pausing in sheer astonishment. But she rallied, and played, "Come, ye disconsolate," over and over and over, until she almost dropped from the seat. Then Henry came up again, radiant and joyful.

"Thank God, he sleeps!" he said. "Don't stop! don't stop yet!"

She made only one false note, which was doing well when kisses were being showered upon her lips and her head was drawn back.

"Keep a thread of music running through his dream, dear; one hand will do, — chords, fifths. I am afraid of silence. Oh, if I could pray, I believe I should try the Presbyterians' long prayer!"

She had never seen him in this mood. "Henry!" she said reprovingly.

And then he uttered an exclamation that was not a prayer, and dashed downstairs again; for a dozen girls, laden with flowers, had passed into the church, and were preparing to decorate for Marjory's marriage. In a moment he was among them, and they were silenced with six words: "William Marsdal is asleep at last!" But he suffered them to pass noiselessly through the aisles, and wreathed the altar, lamp-stands, and brackets with flowers, and fill the vases.

It was a strange scene for that dim old church, the girls in white, working so swiftly, silently, intelligently, banishing the sadness of the solitude with their regal blossoms. It was as though Spring with her handmaidens had come into the little world. When all was ended, and the physician stood over the sleeper with lifted hand, the fairies glided by, each with a tender look into the familiar face touched with the violet hues of the painted glass, and were gone. In their stead were the odor of flowers, the gleam of white blossoms, and the thread of melody descending from above.

So slept the sick man; and another problem arose. The bride was forced away, and later, friends took the place of the groom. A guard stood at the door to bar intruders and answer questions, and one in the street to bar all vehicles. Noon's short shadows lengthened toward the east, and the sun set. As the hour for the ceremony drew near, the physician ruled the groom. Henry Vernon declared that no consideration would tempt any of those interested to awaken the sleeper: that was out of the question. "Postpone the wedding? No," said he promptly; "that will excite him when he does awake. We will carry out his original plan."

So they went to work again. This time Cæsar slaved for the fairies. The old Marsdal mansion was thrown open, and the windows flashed outward their lights for the first time in many a year. A young bride wearing a tiara of diamonds stood beneath the smilax, an old man's dream made visible, and was married to the man she loved. Nine o'clock rang as she gave him her pledge, and she did not notice a slight commotion near the door. But when the prayer was ended, and, pushing back her veil, she faced the phalanx of well-wishing friends, she saw standing there William Marsdal, his face bright with the dews of rest, his eyes lit by the old familiar flame. With a cry she ran to him and hid her head

upon his breast, sobbing with happiness. He could but kiss her forehead over and over, and whisper. He turned from the eager congratulations pouring in upon him, and from the forms about him.

"Kind friends," he said, "you caught William Marsdal napping. I missed some sleep forty years ago, but I caught up to-day. Enjoy yourselves; the house is yours." He retired precipitately, and hid himself in the shadow of the *Lamarque* at the far end of the veranda to recover his equanimity. As he stood there he felt a touch upon his arm, and, looking down, saw in a little patch of moonlight the face of Helen Bailey.

"I am so glad," she said, "I must tell you! And, Mr. Marsdal, we have not met often; we may not meet again. I want to thank you — oh, I wish I could thank you for your kindness to me and my child. I did not deserve it, — I did not, I did not!" She covered her face with her hands and stood in the shadow.

"Helen," he said, "how could you do it?" The question crying for utterance so long had burst from him at last.

"Oh," she said brokenly, "you did not understand, — no man understands! I wanted to be asked, to be wooed, — every girl wishes that. It was all so matter of fact — and I was proud! If you had spoken one word — that day — oh, if you had touched me with your hand, I would have thrown myself into your arms!"

"What!" he cried. "You loved me!"

"Every minute of my life since I met you!"

"And I," he said in awe, as the sad mistake began to be apparent, "thought that my fourteen years — that I was too old — I thought that the trouble was there!"

She did not speak, but stood struggling with her emotion. He came and put his hand reverently upon her head.

"Helen," he said, "in the hours of that blessed sleep in the old church I

dreamed of you. My mind ran all the way up from childhood to those happy days of ours; and I thought I saw you standing in this house a bride. I got no further than that. I awoke with the moon looking down into my face, and came away happy and yet sad. Is it too late for that dream to come true? Let me see your face."

And he saw it with the love-light shining through wet lashes.

"To-night," he whispered, — "let it be to-night!"

She was too much amazed to answer.

Then William Marsdal was himself again. "It shall be to-night, now, madam! You have robbed me of twenty years. You shall not rob me of another day."

Her protestations were useless. She found herself laughing and half indignant over her situation; but resistance was useless. He marched her in through a side-window, and stood by while she laved her eyes and arranged her hair, and he checked her frequent rebellions in their incipency. When he took her into the broad parlor, and, standing where the young couple had just stood, announced his intention, there was almost a cheer from the assemblage; for the romance in his life was a town legend. And under the smilax, in a silence that was almost too solemn, William Marsdal's dream came true.

Little more remains to be told. Society was shaken to its foundation, of course; and then it smiled over the affair, which it called thoroughly *Marsdalesque*; for who else could have looked death in the face at nine A. M., and a bride at nine P. M., and in the meantime have secured twelve hours of sleep?

Cæsar came out on the sidewalk next morning to sweep the carriage-step, and found a good-looking mulatto woman similarly engaged across the street.

"Tell de little gyurl Marse William done ketch er hummin'-bird hisse'f up

on de same po'ch," he said. "Ketched her once befo' an' turn' her loose. Bet he don't turn her loose no more!"

"Caesar!" called an imperative voice from the porch.

"Yes, sah!"

"Carry these roses down to your Miss Helen with my compliments, and say that I will call for her with the carriage at ten o'clock!"

Harry Stillwell Edwards.

THE ROMANCE OF A FAMOUS LIBRARY.

THE dispersion of a great collection of books has necessarily its aspect of melancholy. The chagrin is less keen, however, when the greatness of the collection has consisted rather in the richness of the individual items than in their aggregate importance as representative of any one subject. Of such a character was that portion of the Ashburnham library recently auctioned off in London. Exceeding as was the interest of the items individually, they had no special significance in juxtaposition. Their dispersion, therefore, but carries forward another stage the wanderings to which books of their class are subject, and which make their career one of incessant adventure.

But the sale which brings to an end this famous library naturally recalls its origins, and these in turn an episode perhaps the most extraordinary, involving circumstances among the most picturesque, in bibliothecal history. This episode has in it so much that is suggestive of the vicissitudes which the literary treasures of Europe have undergone that, even apart from its special relation to

the Ashburnham collection, it seems now to deserve recital in full.¹

About the year 1830 there came to Paris from Florence one William Brutus Timoleon Libri-Carrucci. He professed the title of count, and explained himself as a refugee from political persecution. As Florence was at this time the scene of various political disorders, he was very likely a fugitive from prosecution, if not from persecution. He was only twenty-seven years old, but his talents soon commended him to Arago, who made him a protégé. He became a naturalized French citizen in 1833, and very shortly, in succession, a member of the Institute, a member of the Faculty of Sciences of Paris, a contributor to the *Journal des Savants*, and, in 1843, professor in the College of France. His early interest was mathematics, but soon he turned to the history of science, and then to bibliography and palæography. His aptitude for these latter studies appears to have been remarkable. His taste for old books and old manuscripts, rendered definite and substantial as it was by erudition, soon became a passion. He formed

¹ For simplicity in narrative the statement which follows assumes as proved certain allegations which may yet be subject of controversy. The career of Count Libri is even now, however, not fully explicit. As to his motives, as to his methods, and as to the extent of his depredations, there is still room for disagreement. Sympathetic agreement can hardly be expected between those who were the victims of his frauds and those who benefited by them. The evidence for the former is detailed in a re-

port submitted in 1883 by M. Delisle, director of the Bibliothèque Nationale, to the minister of public instruction.* It is this report which in the main is followed in the subjoined narrative. The evidence which it sets forth has not been answered, I believe, by authorities from the British side. It covers, however, but a portion of the material to which the allegations of fraud refer. That there was a fraud, ingenious, daring, and of sufficient proportions, seems to be clearly established.

a design for amassing a great collection of his own, but before he had gone far with this he seems to have been touched with cupidities purely mercantile, and thereafter he gave up almost his entire time to the purchase and sale of rare books, manuscripts, and autographs. In 1837 he had been considered for a position in the National Library; two years later he was an applicant for one, but his application did not succeed. The minister of public instruction sent him a polite note of regret, which, however, threw him into a rage of mortified vanity. At the time this took the form merely of a sarcastic letter to the minister, but seems to have found other satisfaction later in such injury as he could contrive against the library itself and French libraries in general. In 1841, under a different minister, a project was formed for a general catalogue of the manuscripts in the public (communal) libraries of France, and Libri was named the secretary of a commission charged with the preliminaries of this undertaking. In the course of the following year, fortified with letters of introduction from the minister, he made a tour of the most important of these libraries. Now, it is in these institutions that are preserved many of the most precious of the literary legacies of the Dark Ages and of the Middle Ages. This is true of Dijon, Lyons, Grenoble, Carpentras, Montpellier, and Poitiers, but especially of Tours and of Orleans. The town library of Tours, for instance, contains the spoils of the old abbey of Marmoutier, of the famous community of St. Martin of Tours, of the cathedral chapter, and of many minor convents and churches. It boasts an evangeliary of the eighth century; a charter given by Henry II. of England to the Carthusians whom he established in England as part

of the expiatory offering for the murder of Thomas à Becket; several manuscripts of Boethius of the ninth and tenth centuries; material rich in contribution to local archive, to religious history, of course, but the classics also: Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Seneca, Horaces of the ninth and tenth centuries, Lucans and Virgils of the tenth and eleventh. These libraries, representing in large part spoils from religious institutions, had undergone strange vicissitudes: that of Tours had undergone the sack of Tours by the Normans in the ninth century, the pillage by the Protestants in 1652, and the vandalism of the revolutionary epoch; and with all the rest it had suffered a continual petty pillage by amateurs in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The year 1842 found most of these collections in sad disorder, ill housed, ill catalogued, and without proper custodians.

Count Libri, however, brought to his examination of them a knowledge of their value, and in the ignorance and negligence of their custodians he found his opportunity. Proceeding systematically and at his leisure, he culled out and carried off with him some of the best of the manuscripts; here taking the full volume, sometimes substituting for it one of less value, sometimes taking only sections of a volume; varying his practice, apparently, as he found the material in more or less disorder, and the attendants more or less intelligent or careful.¹ In this way he seems to have garnered several hundreds of manuscripts, among them some of the most precious of the literary heirlooms of France.

On returning to Paris, he set about disfiguring the manuscripts. One purpose of this was, of course, to insure against detection, — against their identification as having come from these par-

¹ When he took a breviary of Alarie, No. 204, he put in its place a copy of the Institutes of Justinian. "He knew," says the chronicler, "that the custodian was not in a case to dis-

tinguish the Institutes of Justinian from the breviary of Alarie." So in another place he substituted an Hippocrates for an ancient manuscript of Oribase.

ticular libraries; but his design seems to have gone beyond this. Perhaps it was malice for the old affront that he had received from France; perhaps it was merely the proper patriotism of a native of Italy; at all events, he put much ingenuity into alterations which should indicate an Italian in place of a French origin. He erased such notes as existed indicating the latter, and inserted notes indicating Italian origin. Some very slight changes sufficed,—the erasure of one earmark, and the substitution of another. Of the phrases substituted, “*Est sancti Petri de Perusio*” was one; “*Liber Abbatiae Sancti Maria de Florentia*,” another; “*Sancte Justina de Padua*,” another. The Latin names for Fleury and for Florence (the one *Floriacum*, the other *Florentia*) were so nearly alike that by changing the last three syllables in the adjectival form of the first he was able to attribute to a Florentine church one of the incomparable manuscripts of the abbey of Fleury. In this way, the credit of beautiful manuscripts which gave eloquent testimony to the literary activities of the ancient schools of St. Denis, of Lyons, of Tours, of Orleans, was transferred to the religious houses of Grotta Ferrata, Padua, Pistoia, Perugia, Mantua, Verona, and Florence. As an additional safeguard, Libri had many of the old French bindings taken off, and Italian bindings substituted.

All these erasures, insertions, and forgeries were done with exquisite skill and learning, reproducing the characters appropriate to the period with which the main body of the manuscript in each case corresponded. Finally, Libri hoped to cloak the stolen manuscripts under a collection bought by him from an Italian, Francesco Redi, and to this end he forged upon some of them the name of Francesco Redi.

Now, to these various manuscripts, so disguised,—rendered in many cases unrecognizable by inversion of sections or

of leaves, or by being dissected and having their fragments scattered through various volumes,—Libri added material stolen from the National Library and other Paris libraries, and some material no doubt legitimately acquired. In 1845 he issued a catalogue of this collection, comprising about 2000 items; but he seems not to have pressed the sale in France. He corresponded with Panizzi of the British Museum, and Panizzi undertook to negotiate a sale to the Museum, without, however, mentioning Libri's name. These endeavors coming to nothing, Libri tried to treat with the University of Turin; this also failed. There then ensued a negotiation with the Earl of Ashburnham.

The Earl of Ashburnham was one of those wealthy British noblemen with the fancies of a collector, with a country-seat and with ample funds. Libri's collection was brought to his attention first through the medium of an official of the Museum, John Holmes; but the utmost secrecy was urged and insisted upon, on both sides. If Libri's insistence upon secrecy mystified Lord Ashburnham, it did not, apparently, lead him to inquiry. He engaged a bookseller, named Rodd, to act for him. Rodd was to go to Paris, and to bring back with him a couple of items as samples of the collection. He went and examined the manuscripts, and selected two volumes. One of these appears to have been a Pentateuch stolen by Libri from the library of Tours. On the strength of this exhibit, and assuming the rest of the collection to be as indicated in the catalogue, Lord Ashburnham bought it entire for the sum of £8000. In April, 1847, it was shipped, and duly arrived at Ashburnham Place.

At about the same time with this sale of his manuscripts, Libri announced a sale of his printed books. But inconvenient rumors had begun to circulate as to the origins of his collection. He received intimation of a criminal prosecution, and fled to England, trailing

after him eighteen boxes of books. In 1850 a regular indictment was issued against him, and he was condemned, on non-appearance, to ten years' imprisonment.

In spite of his flight he continued to assert his innocence, and his friends, of whom he numbered many among the savants, contended hotly for it. Paul Lacroix was persistent on his behalf, and Prosper Mérimée was so fiery in defending him as to subject himself to a fortnight's imprisonment. The battle waged back and forth for years. In time Libri left England and withdrew to Fiesole, where he died on the 28th of September, 1869.

In the meantime Ashburnham Place gained distinction throughout Europe by the presence there of a collection of such extraordinary richness. Two years after the purchase of the Libri material, Lord Ashburnham bought a second collection, — also in part culled from the libraries of France. This collection, containing some 700 numbers, he bought for £6000 from a Frenchman named Barrois. Barrois appears to be entitled to rank, not as a thief, but as a receiver of stolen goods. He was accustomed to purchase material purloined from the National Library and other libraries of France, and to disguise it in somewhat the same manner as did Libri. It would naturally be supposed that Lord Ashburnham would have had his suspicions aroused by the proceedings against Libri, and would have looked with hesitation upon material so nearly akin to that which Libri was accused of having stolen; but if he had a suspicion, he did not permit it to defeat his ambition of raising Ashburnham Place to renown as the seat of a great collector.

In 1849 there came into the English market a very famous English collection, known as the Stowe collection. It grew out of the library of manuscripts formed by the keeper of the records in the Tower. It comprised 996 num-

bers, — Anglo-Saxon charters, wardrobe books, state correspondence, early English homilies, registers, cartularies of English monasteries, heraldic manuscripts, and the Irish collections of Dr. O'Connor; being mostly manuscripts of the thirteenth to the fifteenth centuries. This collection, also, Lord Ashburnham bought for a lump sum of £8000.

Finally, miscellaneous material, consisting of about 250 manuscripts, purchased from various sources at the cost of about £8000, completed a collection which has been one of the most famous of modern times, — famous, not on account of its size (for the entire library comprised less than 4000 items, of which the Libri section made up 1923), but from the extraordinary nature of the material of which it was composed. Nor was its reputation due to any urgent publicity. On the contrary, in the hands of the elder earl it seems to have been kept unusually secluded even for a private library. Indeed, there was some complaint that it was unreasonably inaccessible to scholars. It would be unfair to assert that such privacy was due to a doubt on the part of the owner as to the legitimacy of his title. That he was not wholly oblivious, however, of an antecedent fraud — as regards the Libri section — would appear from a letter written by him to Delisle in 1869, in which the following passage occurs: "I am naturally most interested in your observations upon manuscripts in my possession. My books are in the country, and therefore I will not speak positively to the fact that the Pentateuch, which, according to Signor Libri, came from Grotta Ferrata, does not contain any note to that effect, but such is my impression. This, however, is of little consequence, for Libri states the fact in his catalogue, and other manuscripts from his collection contain what I have long suspected and what you state to be fraudulent attempts to conceal the true '*Unde derivantur*' of property that

has been lost or stolen. The numbers 1, 6, 14, in Libri's catalogue are all important manuscripts, and, if I mistake not, are clearly traceable to churches and monasteries at or in the neighborhood of Tours."

In 1878 the elder Lord Ashburnham died, and a couple of years later his son announced that he was about to dispose of the Ashburnham library by sale. He offered it first to the British Museum, and set the price at £160,000. (Its actual cost, thirty years before, had been £32,000.) The Museum authorities, after a careful examination, were urgent for purchase, and petitioned Parliament for a special grant for the purpose; and to further the negotiation Lord Ashburnham intimated that he had received proposals from an American for the entire collection. In the meantime France had awakened to a sense of its own interest in the matter. Delisle had been investigating: he now warned the trustees of the British Museum that the Libri and Barrois collections contained many manuscripts stolen from French libraries and falsified. He selected particular items, — fourteen of the most ancient of the Libri manuscripts, — and adduced evidence to show that in 1842 they had been in the libraries at Lyons, Tours, Troyes, and Orleans. He secured the appointment by the French government of a commission to act for France, and furnished this commission with a list of 166 titles as to which he claimed his evidence to be conclusive. This commission arranged with the British Museum that in case the Museum should purchase the entire Ashburnham library these 166 manuscripts should be returned to France, on the payment by the latter of 600,000 francs, which was deemed a fair proportion on the basis of 4,000,000 francs for the entire library. Unfortunately, the British government declined to consider the purchase of the entire library for the Museum, assenting finally to the purchase of the Stowe

collection alone, for the sum of £45,000 (for which the elder earl had paid £8000 thirty years before).

Meanwhile, Delisle had had correspondence directly with Lord Ashburnham; he had been particularly positive in his assertions as to "No. 7" of the Libri collection, claiming that it was composed simply of sections torn by Libri in 1842 from the Pentateuch "No. 329" of Lyons. Lord Ashburnham demanded proof. Delisle replied with an offer to submit his evidence to the librarians of the British Museum, of the Bodleian, and of Cambridge. Lord Ashburnham rejoined with an offer to consider the evidence himself. The evidence presented was a statement by a German, Fleck, in a book of travels published at Leipsic in 1835, describing the Pentateuch as examined by him at Lyons. On this information Lord Ashburnham admitted the proof to be complete, and placed in the hands of Leon Say, the French ambassador at London, the fragments of the precious Pentateuch, which, he said, "the law of England would authorize him to retain, but which he would insist upon making a gift to France."

The grace of this episode was somewhat marred by an acrimonious correspondence later, upon Delisle's assertion that the above statement was an admission that *all* the Libri manuscripts had been stolen from France.

The French government offered 700,000 francs for the Libri and Barrois collections together, assuming that this sum, representing twice the amount paid by the elder earl, would be an adequate price; but Lord Ashburnham called their attention to the fact that interest had not been figured. In 1883, however, he offered to sell the Libri, the Barrois, and the Appendix together, which had cost his father £22,000, for £140,000.

In both the Libri collection and the Appendix were many manuscripts of interest to Italy. At first Italy attempted to pool with France: this failing, she ne-

gotiated on her own account, but refused to buy what was claimed by France. In 1884 she bought the Libri collection minus the 166 manuscripts claimed by France and identified by Delisle; and in addition she bought forty-two Dante manuscripts which formed part of the Appendix collection.

Three years later, Lord Ashburnham authorized Trübner, of Strasburg, to effect a sale of all that remained of the original Ashburnham library; the price stated being £100,000 for the whole, or £76,000 less the manuscripts claimed by France.

Trübner's commercial cleverness devised a plan bringing a fourth country into the transaction. Germany also had been mourning a loss; but it was one that antedated Count Libri's activities by more than two hundred years. This loss was that of the *Manessische Liederhandschrift*, so called. In the early part of the fourteenth century, Roger Manessè, a nobleman of Zürich, had brought together a number of songs of love and chivalry composed by nobles of Switzerland and Suabia. This collection survives in some 7000 strophes, interspersed with miniatures. The text, as standing for so large a body of the work of the Minnesingers, is of value incalculable to the literary history of Germany. In 1601 the manuscript was in the possession of a German noble in the Rhine valley. Then it went to Zürich. In 1607 it went to Heidelberg, to the Kurfürst Friedrich IV. In 1622 Tilly took Heidelberg, and the Archduke Maximilian sent its entire library to Pope Gregory XV. in Rome. The next appearance of the *Manessische Liederhandschrift* was in Paris in the latter half of the seventeenth century, in a collection belonging to the brothers Pierre and Jacques du Puy. On the 4th of July, 1657, they gave it to the king of France, who placed it in the Royal Library, afterward the *Bibliothèque Nationale*; and there, although of interest predom-

inantly to Germany, it remained for more than two hundred years.

So the year 1888, which found England possessed of manuscripts passionately coveted by France, found France possessed of a manuscript ardently coveted by Germany.

Trübner, to whom these facts were known, formed a project of triple exchange; and on February 7, 1888, the exchange was effected, Trübner ceding to the *Bibliothèque Nationale* the 166 manuscripts from the Ashburnham library claimed by France, and the *Bibliothèque Nationale* ceding to Trübner for Germany the *Manessè* collection, with a bonus of 150,000 francs. To complete the transaction, the German government presumably transmitted to Lord Ashburnham, through Trübner, the remaining 450,000 francs which would represent the price of the *Manessè* on the basis of 600,000 francs formerly quoted for the stolen manuscripts. On February 23, 1888, there was a formal surrender of the 166 stolen manuscripts. It took place at the London Trübner's, on Ludgate Hill. On the same day and at the same hour the *Manessè* was surrendered to the German ambassador at Paris, and on April 10 was formally deposited at Heidelberg, accompanied with a letter of congratulation from the Emperor Frederick to the Grand Duke of Baden.

In their negotiations with the British Museum and with Lord Ashburnham, the French representatives took a lofty moral ground with reference to the stolen manuscripts. They pointed out that every principle of the higher justice required that France should be permitted to regain that of which she had been unlawfully dispossessed. When, however, the manuscripts had been received by the National Library, and the question was of replacing them in the town libraries from which they had been stolen, the authorities of the National Library said the case was very differ-

ent: it was the negligence of the town libraries that had given opportunity for the theft; it was not for those libraries now to profit by the diligent effort of the national officials and of the administration of the National Library which had recovered them at the expense of the state. Accordingly, at the last account, the manuscripts were still at Paris.

The sales which took place in London in July and November last were sales of the remnants of the Ashburnham collection still in the hands of the younger earl. The books brought extraordinary prices, — the aggregate sum realized being nearly \$250,000. A copy of the first printed edition of the Bible, with miniatures and illuminations, was sold for \$20,000; a Caxton's Jason (which had been sold twice before for \$500) brought \$10,000. Assuming the entire collection to have realized the £160,000 originally demanded, the \$160,000 paid for it thirty years before may be reckoned to have yielded interest at the rate of sixteen per cent per annum, — an indication that rare manuscripts offer a profitable field for investment.

The annals of great libraries bear instances in plenty of thefts, and thefts on a large scale and of important material. Our own national library has only within the past few weeks recovered a portion of the five hundred autograph manuscripts said to have been stolen from it by an employee, and resold, through dealers, to the Lenox and other purchasers. In 1885 the library at Parma reported five thousand volumes stolen, and the secretary of the library was arrested. At St. Petersburg, upward of a thousand volumes and a thousand pounds' worth of manuscripts, which had been missing from the Imperial Library, were found at the house of Dr. Aloys Pichler. Dr. Pichler was the director of the library: he had shown great concern at the losses, and had instituted a process of rigid search of all per-

sons leaving the building. The zeal of the doorkeeper finally extended to the search of Dr. Pichler's own greatcoat, on a day when the doctor's presence seemed unusually imposing; and there were disclosed certain rare folios which he was carrying off to add to his private collection. Not long ago the Casanatensian Library at Rome reported stolen the *Mundus Novus*, — four precious parchment leaves written by Amerigo Vespucci; and a little later the Italian government offered a reward of ten thousand lire for information of the whereabouts of a codex of Cicero, *De Officiis*, stolen from the municipal library of Perugia. In 1882 a fine manuscript of the *De Consolatione* of Boethius was stolen from the Vatican Library, and within a few hours was resold to another Roman library. We have a parallel to this in a theft from the Astor Library, in 1893, of an Ovid and a Zarathe which were resold to the Columbia College Library for eighty dollars. The thief was a Greek named Douglas. He had spent three years in Yale; but in his case a college career did not overcome a disposition doubtless congenital.

In 1886 there were offered for sale in Paris various rare books and fifteenth-century manuscripts of wonderful beauty which had come into the hands of a bricabrac collector importing from Spain. The consignment was tapestries; and the books and manuscripts had been used merely as "packing." They bore marks of mutilation; and what had been cut out was the signet of the Columbine, bearing the inscription "*Biblioteca Columbiana*," and certain notes at the beginning and end of each book added by Fernando Columbus, son of Christopher Columbus; for they had come from the Columbian Library of Seville, which had been turned over by Fernando to the chapter of Seville Cathedral.

Nor have such depredations been confined to libraries whose administration is habitually slumbrous. In 1882 the

Bibliothèque Nationale missed several diplomas of Charles the Fat, Otho, and the Emperor Louis; charters of bishops and lords of Lorraine, Burgundy, Champagne, and Languedoc, — in all sixty-six parchments, valued at a million francs. True, these all were found, on search of the apartments of one Chevreux; but the fact of the theft shows that the vigilance of a well-conducted European library does not suffice.

When to plunder by conquest is added occasional theft on a large scale, and to this, again, constant pillage by amateurs,¹ it is not strange that many of the most famous of existing manuscripts are scattered in fragments throughout Europe;² nor that few of them could present a clear title in the present owners, — that is, a title every link of which was lawful in the conventional sense.

But with respect to books, habit, if not convention, has tended to establish a special code of ethics, distinct from that applicable to ordinary properties. It may well be that the property right in a book is but a limited and provisional right, — a right which continues in the owner only until it appears that the volume will confer a greater benefit upon some one else. This view, which may justify — nay, which to a sensitive conscience may sorrowfully compel — the expropriation of a book, does not necessarily extend to the expropriation of the contents of a book: and we have it as a singular contrast that many persons of repute, who would hold it a theft to pla-

giarize other men's ideas, hold it no more than a plagiarism to purloin their books. In using the term "theft" in connection with books we should therefore explain that by theft we mean no more than the dispossession of one holder in favor of another; and set apart wholly the question of moral turpitude in the transaction.

Of all the episodes in bibliothecal history involving the possible use of such a term, that of Count Libri is entitled to preëminence for many reasons: the picturesque early career of the thief; his ingenious learning; the eminence of his friendships; his audacity in selecting for theft material unique and of national importance; the skill with which he contrived to disguise its origin; the sentiment which shaped this disguise so as to transfer to his native Italy literary credits which belonged to France; the credulity of the elder Earl of Ashburnham in accepting the stolen material without adequate inquiry; the fame of the collection in his possession; his persistent refusal to recognize any title in the dispossessed libraries against his own equities as a *bona fide* purchaser without notice; the canniness of the younger earl in negotiating a sale; the interest which the sale aroused, bringing in as it did four great governments of Europe, which made the matter one of international concern; the magnitude of the price paid; and the dramatic disposition of the stolen material upon the final adjustment.

Herbert Putnam.

¹ The French, according to Mr. Lang, have a euphemistic term for this pillage by bibliophiles, with great greed and little conscience: they call it *indélicatesse*!

² M. Delisle instances: —

1. A Virgil in capital letters, of which part is at the Vatican, part at Berlin (Royal Library).

2. Homilies of St. Augustin on papyrus and parchment: part at the Bibliothèque Nationale, part at the Library of Geneva.

3. Collection of barbaric laws: part at the

Bibliothèque Nationale, part at Ashburnham Place, part at the British Museum.

4. Horace of the tenth century: part at the Bibliothèque Nationale, part at the Hamburg Library.

5. Allegorical Bible of the thirteenth century: part at the Bibliothèque Nationale, part at the Bodleian, part at the British Museum.

6. A Mirror of History which belonged to Pregent de Contivy: vol. i. at the Vatican, vol. ii. at the British Museum, vol. iv. at the Bibliothèque Nationale.

THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG.

XII.

PHILIP D'AVRANCHE sauntered slowly through the Vier Marchi, nodding right and left to people who greeted him. It was Saturday, and market-day. The square was fast becoming crowded. All was a cheerful babel; there was movement, color, everywhere. Here were the high and the humble, the ugly and the beautiful, — hardi vlon and hardi biau; the dwarfed and the tall, the dandy and the dowdy, the miser and the spend-thrift; young ladies gay in silks, laces, and scarves from Spain, and gentlemen with powdered wigs from Paris; sailors with red tunics from the Mediterranean, and fishermen with blue and purple blouses from Brazil; man-o'-war's men with Greek petticoats, Turkish fezes, and Portuguese espadras. Jersey housewives, in bedgones and white caps, with molleton dresses rolled up to the knees, pushed their way through the crowd, with baskets of eggs, or black butter, or jugs of cinnamon brandy on their heads. From La Pyramide — the hospitable base of the statue of King George II. — fishwives called the merits of their conger-eels, lobsters, crack-fish, and ormers; and the clatter of a thousand sabots made the Vier Marchi to sound like a ship-builder's yard.

In this square Philip had loitered and played as a child. Down there, leaning against a pillar of the Corn Market piazza, was the grizzly-haired seller of foreign cloths and silks and droll odds and ends, who had given him a silver flageolet when he was a little lad. There were the same swaggering manners, the big gold rings in his ears, the brown stockings; there was the same red sash about the waist, the loose unbuttoned shirt, the truculent knife-belt; there were the same keen brown eyes that looked you through

and through, and the mouth with a middle tooth in both jaws gone. He was stooping over the beautiful brass-nailed bahue, lifting out gay cloths, laces, neck-lets, slippers, oddments and curios, just as he had done twenty years before.

At least fifteen years had gone since Philip had talked with this picturesque merchant of the pavement, who opened his chest where he pleased, and bought and sold where no one else dared buy or sell; for most folk in Jersey shrank from interfering with Elie Mattingley, pirate, smuggler, and sometime master of a privateer. He had had dealings with people high and low in the island, and they had not always, nor often, been conducted in the open Vier Marchi.

Fifteen years ago he used to have his little daughter Carterette always beside him when he displayed and sold his wares. Philip wondered what had become of her. He glanced round. . . . Ah! there she was, not far from her father, over in front of the guard-house, between the Rue des Vignes and the Coin ès Anes, selling, at a little counter with a canopy of yellow silk (brought by her father from that distant land called Piracy), a famous stew made of milk, bacon, colewort, mackerel, and gooseberries; mogues of hot soupe à la graisse, simnels, curds, coffee, and Jersey wonders, which last she made on the spot by dipping little rings of dough in a bashin of lard on a charcoal fire at her side.

Carterette was short and spare, with soft yet snapping eyes as black as night — or her hair; with a warm, dusky skin; a tongue which clattered pleasantly, and very often wisely; a hand as small and plump as a baby's; a pretty foot, which, to the disgust of some mothers and maidens of greater degree, was encased in a red French slipper instead of a wooden sabot stuffed with straw, her ankles nicely

dressed in soft black stockings in place of the woolen native hose which became her station. Once, the Lady of St. Michael's, passing through the square, and seeing the gay brodered and laced cap which Carterette wore, had snatched it from her head, thrown it on the ground, and bade her dress as became her place. But the Lady of St. Michael's repented her of that, because her lord saw fit, for certain private reasons persistently urged by Elie Mattingley, to apologize in writing for this high-handed exercise of his wife's social governance. So Carterette wore her red slippers and her cap whenever she came to the Vier Marchi, and she continued to wear them on Sunday. At all other times she wore the pink bed-gône, the molleton dress, the blue stockings, and the plain white cap and apron tied with blue ribbon, like other girls of her class, though indeed she was unique among them by reason of her father's mysterious life and occupation.

Philip watched Carterette now for a moment, a dozen laughing memories coming back to him; for he had teased her and played with her when she was a child, had even called her his little sweetheart. But then he had always been doing that sort of thing, even as a lad. Carterette had a sunny, almost languorous temper, and she was not easy to rouse, but when roused she was as uncontrollable as an animal in its rage. Looking at her now, he wondered what her fate would be. To marry one of these fishermen or carters? No, she would look beyond that. Perhaps it would be one of those adventurers wearing bearskin caps and buckskin vests, with strings of ivory ornaments round their necks, home from Gaspé, where they had toiled in the great fisheries, some as common fishermen, some as mates, and maybe one or two as masters. No, she would look beyond that. Perhaps a red coat and pipe-clay would catch her eye: she would drift away to camp or barracks, and become a dreary slattern, with every cheerful prospect

dead. No, her own shrewdness would be her safety. Perhaps she would be carried off by some well-to-do, black-bearded young farmer, with red knitted queminzolle, blue breeches, and black cocked hat, with his great pile of Chaumontel pears, kegs of cider, baskets of gooseberries, and bunches of parsley.

Yes, that would be her fate, no doubt, for there was every prejudice in her favor among the people of the island. She was Jersey-born; her father was reputed to have laid by a goodly sum of money,—not all got in this Vier Marchi; and that he was a smuggler, and had been a pirate, roused a sentiment in their bosoms nearer to envy than anything else. He who went beyond this isle adventuring, and brought back golden proofs that a Jerseyman had gathered profit out of other countries and with a minimum of labor, was to be cherished. Go away naked and come back clothed, empty and come back filled, simple and come back with a wink of knowledge, penniless and come back with the price of numerous vergées of land, and you shall answer the catechism of the Vier Marchi without apprehension. Be lambs in Jersey, but harry the rest of the world with a lion's tooth, was the eleventh commandment in the Vier Marchi: hence Mattingley's secure and enviable place therein. Some there were who hated the smuggler, but their time was not yet come.

Yes, thought Philip idly now, as he left the square, the girl would probably marry a farmer, and when he came again he should find her stout of body, and maybe shrewish of face, crying up the virtues of her butter and her knitted stockings; having made the yellow silk canopy above her there into a gorgeous quilt for the nuptial bed.

Yet the young farmers who hovered near her, buying a glass of cider or a mogue of soup, received but scant attention from the girl. She laughed with them, treated them lightly, and went

about her business again with a toss of the head. Not once did she show a moment's real interest, not until a fine up-standing fellow came round the corner from the Rue des Vignes and passed her booth.

She was dipping a doughnut into the boiling lard, but she paused with it suspended. The little dark face took on a warm glow, the eyes glistened. She paid no attention to the lieutenant-bailly, with whom she was a favorite, and who half paused with a "Lord love you, little brown angel!" as he was passing into the Coin *ès Anes*.

"Maitre Ranulph!" called the girl softly. Then, as the tall fellow turned to her and lifted his cap, she said briskly, "Where away so fast, with face hard as a hatchet?"

"Gargon Cart'rette!" he said abstractedly, — he had always called her that.

He was about to move on. She frowned in vexation, yet she saw that he was pale and heavy-eyed, and she beckoned him to come to her.

"What's gone wrong, my big wood-worm?" she asked, eying him closely, striving anxiously to read his face.

He looked at her sharply, but the softness in her black eyes somehow reassured him, and he said quite kindly, "Nannin, 'tite gargon, nothing's the matter."

"I thought you'd be blithe as a sparrow, with your father back from the grave!" Ranulph's face seemed to darken, and she added, "He's not worse, he's not worse?"

"No, no, he's well enough now," he replied, forcing a smile.

She was not satisfied, but she went on talking, intent to find the cause of his abstraction. "Only to think," she said, "only to think that he was n't killed at all at the battle of Jersey, and was a prisoner in France, and comes back here to you, — and we all thought him dead, did n't we?"

"I left him for dead, that morning, on

the Grouville road," he answered. Then, as if with a great effort, and after the manner of one who has learned a part, he said, "As the French ran away mad, the paw of one on the tail of the other, they found him trying to drag himself along the road. They nabbed him, and made him go aboard one of their boats and pilot them out from La Roque Platte and over to France. Then, because they had n't gobbled us up here, what did the French gover'ment do? They clapped a lot of 'em in irons and sent 'em away to South America, and my father with 'em. That's why we heard neither click nor clack of him. He escaped a year ago. Afterward he fell sick. When he got well he set sail for Jersey, was wrecked off the Ecréhos, and everybody knows the rest. Diantre! he had a hard time, my father."

The girl had listened intently. She had heard all these things in flying rumors, and she had believed the rumors; but now that Maitre Ranulph told her — Ranulph, whose word she would have taken quicker than the oath of a jurat — she doubted; and with that doubt her face flushed, as though she herself had been caught in a lie, had done a mean thing. Somehow her heart was aching for him, and yet why it was so she could not have said. All this time she had held the doughnut poised; she seemed to have forgotten her work. Suddenly the wooden fork which held the cake was taken deftly from her fingers by the daft Dormy Jamais, who had crept near.

"Des monz à fous," he cried, "to spoil good eating so! What's the old Jersey saying? — When sails flap, owner may whistle for cargo. Tut, tut, goose Cart'rette!"

Carterette took no note, but said to Ranulph, "Of course he *had* to pilot the Frenchmen back, or they'd have killed him, and it'd done no good to refuse. He was the first man that fought the French on the day of the battle, was n't he? I've always heard that."

Unconsciously she was building up a defense for Olivier Delagarde. She was, as it were, anticipating insinuation from other quarters. She was playing Ranulph's game, because she instinctively felt that behind this story there was gloom in Maître Ranulph's mind and mystery in the tale itself. She noticed, too, that Ranulph shrank from her words. She was not very quick of intellect, so she had to feel her way fumblingly. She must have time to think, but she asked tentatively, "I suppose it's no secret? I can tell any one at all what happened to your father?"

"Oh yes, of course!" he said rather eagerly. "Tell every one about it. He does n't mind."

Maître Ranulph deceived but badly. Bold and convincing in all honest things, he was as yet unconvincing in this grave deception. He had kept silence all these years, enduring what he thought a buried shame; but now how different it was, and how terrible! His father had conspired with the French, had sought to betray the island into their hands: if the truth were known to-day, he would be hanged for a traitor on the Montès Pendus; no mercy would be shown him.

Whatever came, Ranulph must drink this bitter cup to the dregs. He could never betray his own father. He must consume with inward disgust while Olivier Delagarde shamelessly babbled his monstrous lies to all who would listen. And he must tell these lies, too, conceal, deceive, and live in daily fear of discovery. He must sit opposite his father day by day at table, talk with him, care for him, and shrink inwardly at every knock at the door, lest it should be an officer come to carry the pitiful traitor off to prison. While this criminal lived, his nights must be sleepless, his days heavy and feverish, his thoughts clouded, his work cheerless.

More than all a thousand times, he must give up forever the thought of Guida. Here was the acid that ate home, here

the torture, the black hopelessness, the cloud upon his brain, the machine of fate that clamped his heart. Never again could he rise in the morning with a song on his lips; never again could his happy meditations go lilting with the clanging blows of the adze and the singing of the saws; never again could he lie at night in his tent upon the shore thinking of Guida in hope, and watching the stars wheel past.

All these things had vanished when he looked into the hut door on the Ecréhos, and heard a querulous voice call his name. Now, in spite of himself, whenever he thought upon Guida's face, this other fateful figure, this Medusan head of a traitor, shot in between.

His father had not been strong enough to go abroad since his return, but to-day he had determined to walk to the Vier Marchi. At first Ranulph had decided to go to his shipyard at St. Aubin's; but something held him in St. Helier's, and at last, in fear and anxiety, he had come to the Vier Marchi. There was a horrible fascination in being where his father was, in listening to his falsehoods, in watching the turns and twists of his gross hypocrisies.

But sometimes he was moved by a strange pity, for Olivier Delagarde was, in truth, far older than his years: a thin, shuffling, pallid invalid, with a face of mingled saintliness and viciousness. If the old man lied, and had not been in prison all these years, he must have had misery far worse, for neither vice nor poverty alone could so shatter a human being. The son's pity seemed to look down from a great height upon the contemptible figure with the soft, beautiful hair, the fine forehead, the unstable eye, and the abominable mouth. This compassion kept him from becoming hard, but it would also preserve him to hourly sacrifice and agony, — Prometheus chained to his rock. In the short fortnight that had gone since the day upon the Ecréhos he had changed as much as

do most people in ten years. Since then he had not seen Philip or Guida.

To Carterette he appeared not the man she had known. With her woman's instinct she knew that he loved Guida, but she also knew that nothing that might have happened between them could have brought this look into his face: it had in it something shrinking and shamed. As these thoughts flashed through her mind her heart grew warmer. Suppose Ranulph was in some trouble: well, now might be her great chance. All that the stubborn, faithful little heart in the little body could do for him she would do. She might show him that he could not live without her friendship, and then, perhaps, by and by, that he could not live without her love.

Ranulph was about to move on. She stopped him.

"When you need me, Maître Ranulph, you know where to find me," she said, scarce above a whisper.

He looked at her sharply, almost fiercely; but again the tenderness of her eyes, the directness of her look, convinced him. She might be, as she was, a little uncertain with other people; with himself she was invincibly straightforward.

"Pr'aps you don't trust me?" she added, for she read his changing expression.

"Oh, I'd trust you quick enough!" he replied.

"Then do it now — you're having some bad trouble," she rejoined.

He leaned over her stall, and said to her steadily and with a little moroseness, "If I was in trouble, I'd bear it by myself; I'd ask no one to help me. I'm a man, and I can stand alone. Don't go telling folk that I look as if I were in trouble. I'm going to launch to-morrow the biggest ship that has ever gone from a Jersey building-yard: that does n't look like trouble, does it? Turn about is fair play, garçon Cart'rette: so when you're in trouble come to me. You're not a man, and it's a man's place to help

a woman, — all the more when she's a fine and good little stand-by like you."

He forced a smile, turned upon his heel, and threaded his way through the square, — nodding to people, answering them shortly, moving on, and keeping a lookout for his father. This he could do easily, for he was the tallest man in the Vier Marchi by at least three inches.

Carterette, quite oblivious of all else, stood looking after him. She was recalled to herself by Dormy Jamais, who was humming some patois verses which had been handed down from generation to generation, passed on from veille to veille, to which, when the whim seized him, he added poignant local allusions. He was diligently cooking Carterette's Jersey wonders, occasionally turning his eyes up at her, — eyes which were like spots of grayish, yellowish light in a face of putty and flour; without eyelashes, without eyebrows, a little like a fish's, something like a monkey's. They were never still. They were set in the face, as it were, like little round glowworms in a mould of clay. They burned on, night and day; no man had ever seen Dormy Jamais asleep.

Carterette did not resent his officiousness. He had a kind of kennel in her father's loft, and he was devoted to her. More than all else, Dormy Jamais was clean. His clothes were mostly rags, but they were comely, compact rags. When he washed them no one seemed to know, but no languid young gentleman who lounged where the sun was warmest against the houses in the Vier Marchi was better laundered.

As Carterette turned round to him he was twirling a cake on the wooden fork, and singing, or rather trolling: —

"Caderoussel he has a coat,
All lined with paper brown;
And only when it freezes hard
He wears it in the town.
What do you think of Caderoussel?
Ah, then, but list to me:
Caderoussel is a bon e'fant" —

"Come, come, dirty-fingers!" she

cried. "Leave my work alone, and stop your chatter."

The daft one held up his fingers, but to do so had to thrust a cake into his mouth.

"They're as clean as a ha'pendy," he protested. Then he took the cake out of his mouth, and was about to place it with the others.

"Black *béganne*," she cried, "how dare you! V'là — into your pocket with it!"

He did as he was bid, humming to himself again: —

"M'sieu' de la Palisse is dead,
Dead of a maladie;
Quart' of an hour before his death
He could breathe like you and me!
Ah bah, the poor M'sieu'
De la Palisse is dead!"

"Shut up! Mon doux d'la vie, you chatter like a monkey!"

"The poor Maitre, the poor Maitre Ranulph!" said Dormy.

"What's the matter with him?" asked Carterette, turning on him sharply.

"Once he was as lively as a basket of mice, but now" —

"Well, now, *achocre*!" she exclaimed irritably, and stamping her foot.

"Now the cat's out of the bag, and the mice are gone — *oui-gia*!"

She looked at him keenly. What did this simpleton know, or did he know anything?

"You've got things in your noddle!" she said, in angry impatience.

He nodded, grinning. "As thick as haws, but I can't get at them for the brambles."

"And they call you an idiot!" she cried, in furious despair. This fool was eluding her. She gripped her big wooden fork with energy. If it had been a hoe-handle she would have struck him. "You're as deep as the sea!"

He nodded again, and his eyes rolled in his head like marbles as he kept them on the wooden fork in her hand, to dodge at the right moment.

"As cunning as a Norman," he mumbled.

She heard a laugh behind her, a laugh of foolish good nature, which made her angry, too, for it seemed to be making fun of her. She wheeled to see M. Savary *dit* Détrican leaning with both elbows on the little counter, his chin in his hand, grinning provokingly.

"Oh, it's you!" she said snappishly. "I hope you're pleased."

"Don't be cross," he returned, his head moving about a little unsteadily. "I was n't laughing at you, heaven-born Jersienne! I was n't, 'pon my honor! I was laughing at a thing I saw five minutes ago." He shook his head from side to side in a gurgling enjoyment now. "You must n't mind me, *seraphine*," he added; "I'd a hot night, and I'm warm as a thrush now. But I saw a thing five minutes ago!" He rolled on the stall. "Sh!" he said in a loud mock whisper. "Here he comes now. *Milles diables*! but here's a tongue for you, and here's a royal gentleman that speaks truth like a traveling dentist!"

Carterette followed his gesture, and saw coming out of the Route *ès Couochons*, where the brave Pierson issued to his death eleven years before, the father of Maitre Ranulph, Olivier Delagarde.

He walked with the air of a man who courted observation. He imagined himself a hero; he had told his lie so many times that now he almost believed it himself. The long nose, the overhanging brows, the pale face, the white hair, the rheumatic walk, which still was unlike the stolid stiffness of his laborious fellow countrymen, the unchanging smile, almost a leer, made him an inescapable figure.

He was soon surrounded. Never a favorite when he lived in Jersey before the invasion years ago, all that seemed forgotten now; for the word had gone abroad that he was a patriot raised from the dead, — an honor to his country.

Many pressed forward to shake hands with him.

"Help of heaven, is that you, m'sieu'!" said one.

"Misery me! you owed me five cheilins, but I wiped it out — oh my good!" cried another.

"Es-tu gentiment, Delagarde?" asked a third.

"Ah, man pèthe bénin, this man!" exclaimed a fourth.

"Shakez!" said a tall carter, holding out his hand. He had lived in England, and now made English verbs into French by adding a syllable.

"Holy morning — me too! And have a cup of cider!" called another, until it would seem as though the whole Marchi were descending upon the hero of the hour.

One after another called on him to tell his story; some tried to hurry him to La Pyramide, but others placed a cider-kég for him where he stood, almost lifting him upon it.

"Go on, go on! tell us the story!" they cried. "To the devil with the Frenchies!"

"Here, — here's a dish of Adam's ale!" said an old woman, handing him a bowl of water.

They cheered him lustily. The pallor of his face changed to a warmth. The exaltation of his successful deceit was on him. He had the fatuousness of those who have deceived with impunity; with confidence he unreeled the dark line out to the end. Still hungry for applause, he repeated the account of how the sombre tatterdemalion brigade of Frenchmen came down upon him out of the night, and how he should have killed Rullecour himself had it not been for a French officer who at the critical moment struck him down from behind.

During this recital both Ranulph and Détricand had drawn near. As it progressed Ranulph's face became gloomier and gloomier. Of course this lie was necessary from his father's standpoint,

but it was horrible. He watched the enthusiasm with which the crowd received every little detail of the egregious history. Everybody believed the old man: *he* was safe, no matter what happened to himself, Ranulph Delagarde, ex-artilleryman, ship-builder — and son of a criminal. At any rate, the worst was over now, the first public statement of the life-long lie. He drew a sigh of mingled relief and misery.

At that instant he caught sight of a flushed face, which broke into a laugh of tipsy mirth when Olivier Delagarde told how the French officer had stricken him down just as he was about to finish off Rullecour. It was Détricand. All at once the whole thing rushed upon Ranulph.

What a fool he had been! He had met this officer of Rullecour's these ten years past, and never once had the Frenchman, by so much as a hint, suggested that he knew the truth about his father. Here and now the contemptuous mirth upon the Frenchman's face told the whole story. The danger and horror of the situation descended on him. He made up his mind immediately what to do, and started toward Détricand.

At that moment his father caught sight of Détricand, also, saw the laugh, the sneer on his face, recognized him, and, halting suddenly in his speech, turned pale and trembled, staring as at a ghost. He had not counted on this. His breath almost stopped as he saw Ranulph approach Détricand.

Now the end was come. His fabric of lies would be torn down; he would be tried and hanged on the Mont *ès* Pendus, or perhaps be torn to pieces by this crowd. He could not have moved a foot from where he was if he had been given a million pounds.

The sight of Ranulph's face revealed to Détricand the true meaning of this farce, and how easily it might become tragedy. He read the story of Ranulph's torture, of his sacrifice, and his decision

was instantly made: he would befriend the son. He looked straight into Ranulph's eyes, and his own eyes said he had resolved to know nothing whatever about this criminal on the cider-cask. The two men telegraphed to each other a glance of perfect understanding, and then Détricand turned on his heel and walked away into the crowd.

The sudden change in the old man's appearance had not been lost on the spectators, but they attributed it to weakness or a sudden sickness. One ran for a glass of brandy, another for cider, and an old woman handed up to him a hanap of cinnamon drops, saying, "Ah bidemme, the poor old éfant!"

The old man lifted the brandy with a trembling hand and drank it. When he looked again Détricand had disappeared. A dark, sinister expression crossed his face, and an evil thought pulled down the corners of his mouth. He stepped from the cask. His son went to him, and, taking his arm, said, "Come, you have done enough for to-day."

Delagarde made no reply, but submissively walked away into the Coin à Anes. Once, however, he turned and looked the way Détricand had gone, muttering. Some of the peasants cheered him as he passed. When they were free of the crowd and entering the Rue d'Egypte, he said, "I'm going alone; I don't need you."

"Where are you going?" asked Ranulph.

"Home," answered the old man gloomily.

"All right; better not come out again to-day."

"You're not going to let the Frenchman hurt me?" asked Delagarde, with a morose, querulous anxiety. "You're going to stop that? They'd put me in prison."

Ranulph stooped over his father, his eyes alive with anger, his face blurred with disgust.

"Go home," said he, "and never

again while you live mention this, or I'll take you to prison myself."

Ranulph watched his father disappear down the Rue d'Egypte, and then he retraced his steps to the Vier Marchi. With a new-formed determination he quickened his walk, and ruled his face to a sort of forced gayety, lest any one should think his moodiness strange. One person after another accosted him. He listened eagerly to hear if anything were said which might show suspicion of his father. The gossip, however, was all in M. Delagarde's favor. From group to group he went, answering greetings playfully, and steeling himself to the whole disgusting business.

Presently he saw entering the square from the Rue des Très Pigeons the Chevalier du Champsavoys and the Sieur de Mauprat. This was the first public appearance of the chevalier since the lamentable business at the Vier Prison, a fortnight before. The simple folk had forgotten their insane treatment of him then, and they saluted him now with a chirping "Es-tu biaoû, chevalier?" and "Es-tu gentiment, m'sieu?" to which he responded with an amicable forgiveness. To his idea they were only naughty children, their minds reasoning no more clearly than they saw the streets before their homes through the tiny squares of bottle-glass in the windows.

The two old gentlemen were offered odd little drinks in odd little wooden cups, as they threaded their way among the clattering hucksters; and once or twice, with as odd little courtesies, they drank. They even accepted bunches of leaves from Manon Moignard, the witch, who passed, feared yet favored, among the frequenters of the Vier Marchi. These leaves, steeped in brandy, were to cure them of stiffness of step, to make them young again. By and by they came face to face with Détricand. The chevalier stopped short with pleased yet wistful surprise. His fine smooth brow knitted a little when he saw that his compatriot

had been drinking again, and his eyes had a pained look as he said eagerly, "Have you heard from the Comte de Tournay, monsieur? I have not seen you these weeks past; you said you would not disappoint me."

Détricand drew from his pocket a letter and handed it to the chevalier, saying, "Here is a letter from the comte."

The old gentleman took the letter, nervously opened it, and read it slowly, saying each sentence over twice as though to get the full meaning.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "he is going back to France to fight for the King!" Then he looked at Détricand sadly, benevolently. "Mon cher," said he, "if I could but persuade you to give up the wine-cup and follow his example!"

Détricand drew himself up with a jerk, and made an abrupt motion of the hand. "You can persuade me, chevalier," said he. "This is my last bout. I had sworn to have it with — with a soldier I knew, and I've kept my word. But it's the last, the very last in my life, on the honor of — of the Détricands. And I'm going with the Comte de Tournay to fight for the King."

The little chevalier's lips trembled, and, taking the young man by the collar of his coat, he stood on tiptoe and kissed him on both cheeks.

"Will you accept something from me?" asked M. de Mauprat in a shaking voice, joining in his friend's enthusiasm. He took from his pocket a timepiece which he had carried for fifty years. "It is a little gift to my France, which I shall see no more," he added. "May no time be ill spent that it records for you, monsieur."

Détricand laughed in his careless way, but the face that had been seamed with dissipation took on a new and better look, as, with a hand-grasp of gratitude, he put the timepiece in his pocket.

"I'll do my best," he said simply. "I'll be with de la Rochejaquelein and the army of the Vendée to-morrow night."

Then he shook hands with both little gentlemen, and moved away toward the Rue des Très Pigeons. Some one touched his arm. He turned. It was Ranulph.

"I stood near," said Ranulph; "I chanced to hear what you said to them. You've been a friend to me to-day — and these eleven years past. You knew — about my father, all the time."

Before replying Détricand looked round to see that no one was listening.

"Look you, monsieur, a man must keep some decencies in his life, or cut his own throat. What a ruffian I'd be to do you or your father harm! I'm silent, of course. Let your mind rest about me. But there's the baker Carcaud" —

"The baker escaped?" asked Ranulph, dumfounded. "I thought he was tied to a rock and left to drown."

"I had him set free after Rullecour had gone on. He got away to France. I saw him at St. Brienc four years ago."

Ranulph's anxiety deepened. "He might come back, and then if anything happened to him" —

"He'd try to make things happen to others, eh? But there's little danger of his coming back. They know *he's* a traitor, and he knows he'd be hung. If he's alive he'll stay where he is. Cheer up! Take my word, Olivier Delagarde has only himself to fear." He put out his hand. "Good-by! We'll meet again, if we both live. If ever I can do anything for you, if you ever want to find me, come or send to — No, I'll write it," he suddenly added, and he scribbled something on a piece of paper.

Ranulph took it, and, scarce looking at the address, put it into his pocket.

They parted with another hand-shake, Détricand making his way down into the Rue d'Egypte and toward the Place du Vier Prison.

Ranulph stood looking at the crowd before him dazedly, misery, revolt, and bitterness in his heart. He who had deserved well of fate, he must live a life of

shame and deception, he must feel the ground of his home and his honor crumbling beneath his feet, through no fault of his own. This French adventurer, Détrican, after years of riotous living, could pick up the threads of life again with a laugh and no shame, while he felt himself going down, down, down, with no hope of rising.

As he stood buried in his reflections the town crier entered the *Vier Marchi*, and going to *La Pyramide* took his place upon the steps of it, and in a loud voice began reading a proclamation.

It was to the effect that the great fishing company trading to Gaspé needed twenty *Jersiais* to go out and replace a number of the company's officers and men who had been drowned in a gale off the rock called *Percé*. To these twenty, if they went at once, good pay and rapid promotion would be given. But they must be men of intelligence and force, of well-known character and vigor.

The critical moment in *Maitre Ranulph's* life came now. Here he was penned up in a little island with a criminal who had the reputation of a martyr. It was not to be borne. Why not leave it all behind? Why not let his father shift for himself, abide his own fate? Why not leave him the home, what money he had laid by, and go — go — go where he could forget, go where he could breathe? Surely self-preservation was the first law; surely no known code of human opinion or practice called upon him to share the daily crimes of any living soul, — it was a daily repetition of his crime for this traitor to maintain the atrocious lie of patriotism.

He would go: it was his right.

Taking a few steps forward toward the officer of the company, who stood by the crier, he was about to speak. Some one touched him.

He turned and saw *Carterette*. She had divined his intention, and though she was in the dark as to the motive, she saw that he wished to go to Gaspé.

Her heart seemed to contract till the pain of it hurt her; then, as a thought flashed into her mind, it was freed again, and began to pound hard against her breast. She must prevent him from leaving Jersey, from leaving her. What she might feel personally would have no effect upon him; she would appeal to him from a different standpoint.

"You must not go," she said. "You must not leave your father alone, *Maitre Ranulph*."

For a minute he did not speak. Through his dark wretchedness one thought pierced its way: this girl was his good friend.

"I'll take him with me," he replied.

"He would die in the awful cold," she answered. "*Nannin-gia*, you must stay."

"*Eh ben!*" he said presently, with an air of heavy resignation, and, turning, walked away.

Her eyes followed him. As she went back to her booth she smiled: he had come one step her way.

XIII.

When Détrican left the *Vier Marchi*, he made his way along the *Rue d'Egypte* to the house of *M. de Mauprat*. The front door was open, and he could see through to the kitchen, whence came a voice singing an old chanson in the quaint Jersey patois: —

"Ma commère, quand je danse,
 Man cotillon va-t-i bain?
 I va chin, i va là,
 I va fort bain comm' i va."

Détrican listened for a moment, very well pleased. *Guida* was singing at her work, — singing unconsciously; for sometimes a line was dropped or broken off, and the verse picked up again after a slight pause. A nice savor of boiling fruit came from within, and altogether the place was so white and clean, so sweet and comfortable, that Détrican

would have waited longer at the doorway had he been an older friend in this house. He knocked, and Guida appeared, her sleeves rolled up to her elbows, her fingers stained with the rich red of the black raspberries which she was making into a preserve. Her face was alight with some inward pleasure, her eyes were as blue as the sea. She was slightly flushed with her work, and yet somehow she looked cool and fresh, a wonder of perfect health.

A curious shade of disappointment came into her face when she saw who it was. It was clear to Détricand that she expected some one else; it was also clear that his coming gave no especial pleasure to her, though she looked at him not without interest. She had thought of him more than once since that day when the famous letter to the chevalier was read, and she had wondered if he had succeeded in getting the message to the Comte de Tournay. She had also instinctively compared him, this ribald, roistering, notorious fellow, with Philip d'Avranche, — Philip the brave, the ambitious, the conquering. She was sure that Philip had never overdrunk himself in his life; and now, looking into the face of Détricand, she was sure that he had been drinking again. One thing was apparent, however: he was better dressed than she remembered ever to have seen him, — better pulled together and more alert in movement, and bearing himself with an air of purpose. But there still was that curious gray whiteness under the eyes, telling of recent dissipation. There was also the red scar along his temple, showing the track of the bullet fired at him in the Place du Vier Prison two weeks before.

"I've fetched back your handkerchief. You tied up my head with it, you know," he said, taking it from his pocket. "I'm going away, and I want to thank you and return it to you."

"Come in, will you not, monsieur?"

He readily entered the kitchen, still

holding the handkerchief in his hand, but he did not give it to her.

"Where will you sit?" she said, looking round. "I'm very busy. You mustn't mind my working," she added, going back to the fire. "This preserve will spoil if I don't watch it."

He seated himself on the *veille*, and nodded his head.

"I like this. I'm fond of kitchens; I always was. When I was fifteen, I was sent away from home because I liked the stables and the kitchen too well. I remember I fell in love with the cook."

Guida flushed, frowned, her lips tightened; then presently a look of amusement broke over her face, and she burst out laughing.

"Why do you tell me these things?" she said. "Excuse me, monsieur, but why do you always tell unpleasant things about yourself? People think ill of you, and otherwise they might think — better."

"I don't want them to think better till I am better," he answered. "The only way I can prevent myself becoming a sneak is by blabbing my faults. Now, I was drunk last night, — very, very drunk."

A look of disgust came into her face. "Why do you relate this sort of thing to me, monsieur? Do — do I remind you of the cook at home, or of an oyster-girl in Jersey?"

She was flushed, but her voice was clear and vibrant, the look of the eyes direct and fearless. How dared he hold her handkerchief like that!

"I tell you them," he replied slowly, looking at the handkerchief in his hand, then raising his eyes to hers steadily and with whimsical gravity, "because I want you to ask me never to drink again."

She looked at him, scarcely comprehending, yet feeling a deep compliment somewhere; for this man was a gentleman by birth, and his manner was respectful now, and had always been respectful to her.

"Why do you want me to ask you that?" she said.

"Because I'm going to France to join the war of the Vendée, and" —

"With the Comte de Tournay?" she interrupted.

He nodded his head. "And if I thought I was keeping a promise to a woman of the right sort, I'd not break it. Anyhow, whatever my motive, I want to make it to you."

"I'm only a girl, — not a woman," she said.

"You'll be a woman when I see you again," he returned. "Will you ask me to promise?" he persisted, watching her intently.

"Why, of course," she answered kindly, almost gently; the compliment was so friendly, he could not be all bad.

"Then say my name, and ask me," he said.

"Monsieur" —

"Leave out the 'monsieur,'" he interrupted.

"Yves Savary *dit* Détrican, will you promise me, Guida Landresse" —

"De Landresse," he interposed.

— "Guida Landresse de Landresse, that you will never again drink wine to excess, and that you will never do anything that any right sort of woman would not like a man to do?"

"On my honor I promise," he said slowly; "and I'll keep the promise, too, because Guida Landresse has asked me."

A strange feeling came over her. All at once, in some indirect, allusive way, she had become interested in a man's life. Yet she had done nothing, and in truth she cared nothing. They stood looking at each other, she slightly embarrassed, he hopeful and eager, when suddenly a step sounded without, a voice called, "Guida!" and as Guida colored and Détrican turned toward the door, Philip d'Avranche entered impetuously.

He stopped short on seeing Détrican. They knew each other slightly, and they bowed. Philip frowned. He saw that

something had occurred between the two. Détrican, on his part, realized the significance of that familiar "Guida!" which had been called from outside.

He took up his cap. "It is greeting and good-by. I am just off for France."

Philip eyed him coldly and not a little maliciously, for he knew Détrican's reputation well; the signs of a hard life were thick on him, and he did not like to think of Guida being alone with him.

"France should offer a wide field for your talents just now," he said dryly; "they seem wasted here."

Détrican's eye flashed, but he answered coolly, "It was not talent that brought me here, but a boy's waywardness and folly; it's not talent that has kept me from starving here, I'm afraid, but the ingenuity of the desperate."

"Why stay here? The world was wide, and France was a step away. You would not have needed talents there. You would no doubt have been rewarded by the court which sent you and Rullecour to ravage Jersey" —

"The proper order is, Rullecour and me, monsieur."

Détrican seemed suddenly to have got back a manner to which he had been long a stranger. His temper became imperturbable, and this was not lost on Philip; his manner had a well-bred distinction and balanced serenity, while Philip himself had no such perfect control, which made him the more impatient and angry. Détrican added, in a composed and nonchalant tone, "I've no doubt there were those at court who'd have clothed me in purple and fine linen, and given me wine and milk, but it was my whim to work in the galleys here, as it were."

"Then I trust you have enjoyed your Botany Bay, monsieur," rejoined Philip mockingly. "You have been your own jailer: you could lay the strokes on heavy or light." He moved to the *veille*, and threw a leg across a corner of it. Guida

busied herself at the fireplace, but listened intently.

"I've certainly been my own enemy, whether the strokes were heavy or light," replied Detricand, with strange candor, and lifting a shoulder slightly.

"And a friend to Jersey at the same time, eh?" was the sneering retort.

Detricand was quite in the humor to tell the truth even to this man who hated him. He was giving himself the luxury of auricular confession. But Philip did not see that when once such a man has stood in his own pillory and sat in his own stocks, he has voluntarily given satisfaction to the law and paid the piper, and will take no after-insult.

Detricand still would not be tempted out of his composure. "No," he answered, "I've been an enemy to Jersey, too, both by act and by example; but people here have been kind enough to forget the act, and the example I set is not unique."

"You've never thought that you've overstayed your welcome, eh?"

"As to that, every country is free to whoever wills, if one cares to pay the entrance fee and can endure the entertainment. One has n't to apologize for living in a country. You probably get no better treatment than you deserve, and no worse. One thing balances another."

The man's composure of manner, his cool impeachment and defense of himself, intensely irritated Philip, the more so because Guida was present, and this gentlemanly vagrant seemed to have placed him at disadvantage.

"You paid no entrance fee here; you stole in through a hole in the wall. You should have been hung."

"Monsieur d'Avranche!" said Guida reproachfully, turning round from the fire.

Detricand's answer came biting and dry: "You are an officer of your King, as was I. You should know that hanging the invaders of Jersey would have

been butchery. We were soldiers of France; we had the honor of being treated as prisoners of war, monsieur."

This shot went home. Philip had been touched in that nerve called military honor. He got to his feet.

"You are right," he answered, with a reluctant frankness. "Our grudge is not individual; it is against France, and we'll pay it soon with good interest, monsieur!"

"The individual grudge will not be lost sight of in the general, I hope?" rejoined Detricand, with cool suggestion, his clear, persistent gray eye looking coldly into Philip's.

"I shall do you that honor," said Philip, with a mistaken disdain.

Detricand bowed low. "You shall always find me in the suite of the Prince of Vaufontaine, monsieur, and ready to be so distinguished by you." Turning to Guida, he added, "Mademoiselle will perhaps do me the honor to notice me again, one day?" Then, with a mocking nod to Philip, he left the house.

Philip and Guida stood looking after him in silence for a minute. Suddenly Guida said to herself, "My handkerchief! Why did he take my handkerchief? He put it into his pocket again."

Philip turned on her impatiently. "What was that adventurer saying to you, Guida? Prince of Vaufontaine indeed! What did he come here for?"

Guida looked at him for an instant in surprise. She scarcely grasped the significance of the question. Before she had time to consider he pressed it again, and without hesitation she told him all that had happened — it was so very little, of course — between Detricand and herself. She omitted nothing save that Detricand had carried off the handkerchief, and she could not have told, if she had been asked, why she did not mention this.

Philip raged inwardly. He saw the meaning of the whole situation from Detricand's standpoint, but he was wise

enough from his own standpoint to keep it to himself; and so each of them reserved something, — she from no motive that she knew, he from an ulterior one. He was angry, too, — angry at Détricand, angry at Guida for her very innocence, and because she had caught and held even this slight line of association which Détricand had thrown.

Yet in any case Détricand was going to-morrow, and to-day — to-day should decide all between Guida and himself. Used to bold moves, in this affair of love he was living up to his custom; and the encounter with Détricand added the last touch to his resolution, nerved him to follow his strong impulse to set all upon one hazard. Two weeks ago he had told Guida that he loved her; to-day there should be a still more daring venture, — a thing which was not captured by a kind of forlorn hope seemed not worth having. The girl had seized his emotions from the first moment, and had held them. She was the most original creature he had ever met, the most natural, the most humorous in temper, the most sincere. She had no duplicity, no guile, no arts.

He said to himself that he knew his own mind always, he believed in inspirations: very well, he would back his knowledge, his inspiration, by an irretrievable move. Yesterday he had received an important communication from his commander: that had decided him, and to-day a still more important communication should be made to Guida.

"Won't you come into the garden?" he said presently.

"A moment — a moment!" She answered him lightly, for the frown had passed from his face, and he was his old buoyant self again. At this time in his life he was not capable of sustained gloom. "I'm to make an end to this bashin of berries first," she added. So saying, she waved him away with a little air of tyranny. He perched himself boyishly on the big chair in the cor-

ner, and began playing with the flax on the spinning-wheel near by and swinging his feet with idle impatience. Then he took to humming a ditty which the Jersey housewife used to sing as she spun, while Guida disposed of the sweet-smelling fruit. Suddenly Guida stopped and stamped her foot.

"No, no, that's not right, stupid sailorman," she said, and she sang a verse at him over the last details of her work:

"Spin, spin, belle Mergaton!

The moon wheels full, and the tide flows high,

And your wedding-dress you must put it on
Ere the night hath no moon in the sky —

Gigoton Mergaton, spin!"

She paused. He was entranced. He had never heard her sing, and the full, beautiful notes of her contralto voice thrilled him like organ music. His look devoured her, her song captured him.

"Please go on," he begged. "I never heard it that way."

She was embarrassed yet delighted with his praise, and she threw into the next verse a deep weirdness: —

"Spin, spin, belle Mergaton!

Your gown shall be stitched ere the old moon fade:

The age of a moon shall your hands spin on,
Or a wife in her shroud shall be laid —

Gigoton Mergaton, spin!"

"Yes, yes, that's it!" he exclaimed, with gay ardor. "That's it. Sing on. There are two more verses."

"I'll only sing one," she answered, with a little air of willfulness: —

"Spin, spin, belle Mergaton!

The Little Good Folk the spell they have cast;

By your work well done while the moon hath shone,

Ye shall cleave unto joy at last —
Gigoton Mergaton, spin!"

As she sang the last verse she appeared in a dream, and her rich voice, rising with the spirit of the concluding lines, poured out the notes like a bird drunk with the air of spring.

"Guida," he cried, springing to his feet, "when you sing like that, it seems to me that I live in a world that has nothing to do with the sordid business of life, with my dull craft, with getting the weather-gauge or sailing in triple line! You're a planet all by yourself, Mistress Guida! Are you ready to come into the garden?"

"Yes, yes, in a minute," she answered. "You go out to the big apple-tree, and I'll come in a minute."

The apple-tree was in the farthest corner of the large garden. Beehives and currant bushes hid it on one side, and from the other you looked over a low wall to the grim pillars on the Montès Pendus, which, despite their horrid associations, appeared like Druidic monuments; while the hill and the fields around the hill were as green and as sweet as this garden itself. Near to the apple-tree was the little summer-house where Guida and her mother used to sit and read: Guida on the three-legged stool, her mother on the low, wide seat covered with ferns. This place Guida used to flourish with flowers. The vines crept through the rough lattice-work, and all together made the place a bower, secluded and serene. The water of the little stream outside the hedge made music, too.

Not here, but on the bench beneath the apple-tree Philip placed himself. What a change was all this, he thought, from the staring hot stones of Malta, the squalor of Constantinople, the frigid cliffs of Spitzbergen, the noisome tropical forests of the Indies! This was Arcady; it was peace and it was content. His life was bound to be varied and perhaps stormy, — this would be the true change; that is, the spirit of this would be. Of course he would have two sides to his life, like most men: that which was lived before the world, and that which was of the home. He would have the fight for fame. In that he would have to use, not duplicity, but diplomacy, to play a kind of

game; but this other side to his life, the side of love and home, should be simple, direct, — all genuine and strong and true. In this way he would have a wonderful career, and Guida should be in that career.

He heard her footstep now, and, standing up, he parted the apple boughs for her entrance. She was dressed all in white, without a touch of color save the wild rose at her throat, and the pretty red shoes with the broad buckles which M. de Mauprat had purchased of Elie Mattingley and given to her on her birthday. Her face, too, had color, — the soft, warm tint of the peach blossom, — and her auburn hair was like an aureole.

Philip's eyes gleamed. He stretched out both his hands in greeting and tenderness.

"Guida — sweetheart!"

She laughed up at him mischievously, and put her hands behind her back.

"Ma fé! you are so very forward," she said, seating herself on the bench. "And you must not call me Guida, and you have no right to call me sweetheart."

"I know I've no right to call you anything, but to myself I always call you Guida and sweetheart too, and I've liked to think that you would care to know my thoughts."

"Yes, I wish I knew your thoughts," she responded, looking up at him seriously and intently. "I should like to know every thought in your mind. . . . Do you know — you don't mind my saying just what I think? — I find myself feeling that there's something in you that I never touch; I mean, that a friend ought to touch, if it's a real friendship. You appear to be so frank, and I know you are frank and good and true, and yet I seem always to be hunting for something in your mind, and it slips away from me always — always. I suppose it's because we're two different beings, and no two beings can ever know each other in this world, not altogether. We're what the chevalier calls

'separate entities.' I seem to understand better lately his odd, wise talk. He said the other day, 'Lonely we come into the world, and lonely we go out of it.' That's what I mean. It makes me shudder sometimes, — that part of us which lives alone forever. We go running on as happy as can be, like Biribi there in the garden, and all at once we stop short at a hedge, as he does there, — a hedge just too tall to look over, and with no foothold for climbing. That's what I want so much: I want to look over the Hedge."

How strong and fine her brow was! How perfectly clear the eye! How natural and powerful the intelligence of the face! When she spoke like this to Philip, as she sometimes did, she seemed quite unconscious that he was a listener; it was rather as if he were part of her and thinking the same thoughts. Philip had never bothered his head in that way about serious or abstract things, when he was her age, and he could not understand it. What was more, he could not have thought as she did if he had tried. She had that sort of mind which accepts no stereotyped reflection or idea; she worked things out for herself. Her words were her own. She was not imitative, nor yet was she bizarre; she was individual, simple, and inquiring.

"That's the thing that hurts most in life," she added presently, — "that trying to find and not being able to. Ah, voilà, what a child I am to babble so!" she broke off, with a little laugh, which had, however, a plaintive note. There was a touch of undeveloped pathos in her character, for she had been left alone too young, been given responsibility too soon.

He knew he must say something, and in a sympathetic tone he said, "Yes, Guida; but after a while we stop trying to follow and see and find, and we walk in the old paths and take things as they are."

"Have you stopped?" she asked wisely.

"Oh no, not altogether," he replied, dropping his tones to tenderness, "for I've been trying to peep over a hedge this afternoon, and I have n't done it yet."

"Have you?" she rejoined; then paused, for the look in his eyes embarrassed her. "Why do you look at me like that?" she asked tremulously.

"Guida," he said earnestly, leaning toward her, "two weeks ago I asked you if you would listen to me when I told you of my love, and you said you would. Well, sometimes when we have met since I have told you the same story, and you have kept your promise and listened. Guida, I want to keep on telling you the same story for a long time, — even till you or I die."

"Do you, — ah, then, do you?" she asked simply. "Do you really wish that?"

"It is the dearest wish of my life, and always will be," he added, taking her unresisting hands.

"I like to hear you say it," she answered simply, "and it cannot be wrong, can it? Is there any wrong in my listening to you? Yet why do I feel that it is not quite right? Sometimes I do feel that."

"One thing will make all right," he said eagerly, "one thing. I love you, Guida, love you devotedly. Do you — tell me — do you love me? Do not fear to tell me, dearest, for then will come the thing that makes all right."

"I do not know," she responded, her heart beating fast, her eyes drooping before him; "but when you go from me, I am not happy till I see you again. When you are gone, I want to be alone, that I may remember all that you have said, and say it over to myself again. When I hear you speak, I want to shut my eyes, I am so happy; and every word of mine seems clumsy when you talk to me; and I feel of how little account I am beside you. Is that love, Philip? Guida, do you think that is love?"

"They were standing now. The fruit that hung above Guida's head was not fairer and sweeter than she. Philip drew her to him, and her eyes lifted to his.

"Is that love, Philip?" she repeated. "Tell me, for I do not know; it has all come so soon. You are wiser; do not deceive me; you understand, and I do not. Philip, do not let me deceive myself."

"As the judgment of life is before us, I believe that you love me, Guida, though I don't deserve it," he answered, with tender seriousness.

"And it is *right* that you should love me, — that we should love each other, Philip?"

"It will be right soon," he returned, "right forever. . . . Guida, I want you to marry me."

His arm tightened round her waist, as though he half feared she would fly from him. He was right; she made a motion backward, but he held her firmly, tenderly.

"Marry — marry you, Philip!" she exclaimed, in trembling dismay.

It was true, she had never thought of that; there had not been time. Too much had come all at once.

"Marry me, — yes, marry me, Guida. That will make all right; that will bind us together forever. Have you never thought of that?"

"Oh, never, never!" she replied, impatient to set him right. "Why should I? I cannot, cannot do it. Oh, it could not be, — not at least for a long, long time, not for years and years, Philip."

"Guida," he said, gravely and persistently, "I want you to marry me to-morrow."

She was overwhelmed. She could scarcely speak. "To-morrow — to-morrow, Philip! You are laughing at me. I could not — how could I marry you to-morrow?"

"Guida dearest," — he took her hands more tightly now, — "you must, Guida. The day after to-morrow my ship is going to Portsmouth for two months; then

we return again here. But I will not go now unless I go as your husband."

"Oh no, I could not; it is impossible, Philip! It is madness, it is wrong! My grandfather" —

"Your grandfather need not know, sweetheart."

"How can you say such wicked things, Philip?"

"My dearest, it is not necessary for him to know. I don't want any one to know until I come back from Portsmouth. Then I shall have a ship of my own, — commander of the *Araminta* I shall be then. I have word from the Admiralty to that effect. But I dare not let them know that I am married until I get commissioned to my ship. The Admiralty has set its face against lieutenants marrying."

"Then do not marry, Philip. You ought not, you see."

Her pleading was like the beating of helpless wings against the bars of a golden cage.

"But I *must* marry you, Guida. A sailor's life is uncertain, and what I want I want now. When I come back from Portsmouth every one shall know, but if you love me — and I know you do — you must marry me to-morrow. Until I come back no one shall know about it except the clergyman, the Reverend Lorenzo Dow, of St. Michael's, — I have seen him, — and Shoreham, a brother officer of mine. Ah, you must, Guida, you must! Whatever is worth doing is better worth doing at the time one's own heart says. I want it more, a thousand times more, than I ever wanted anything in my life!"

She looked at him in a troubled sort of way. Somehow she felt wiser than he at that moment, wiser and stronger, though she scarcely defined the feeling to herself, though she knew that her brain would yield to her heart in this.

"Would it make you so much happier, Philip?" she said, more kindly than joyfully, more in grave acquies-

cence than in delighted belief and anticipation.

"Yes, on my honor, — supremely happy!"

"You are afraid that otherwise — by some chance — you might lose me?" She said it tenderly, yet with a little pain.

"Yes, yes, that is it, Guida dearest!" he replied.

"I suppose women are different altogether from men," she returned. "I could have waited ever so long, believing that you would come again, and that I should never lose you. But men are different: I see, yes, I see that, Philip."

"We are more impetuous. We know, we sailors, that now — to-day — is our time; that to-morrow may be Fate's, and Fate is a fickle jade: she beckons you up with one hand to-day, and waves you down with the other to-morrow."

"Philip," she said, scarcely above a whisper, and putting her hands on his arms, as her head sank toward him, "I must be honest with you; I must be that, or nothing at all. I do not feel as you do about it; I can't. I would much — much — rather everybody knew. And I feel it almost wrong that they do not." She paused a minute; her brow clouded slightly, then cleared again, and she went on bravely: "Philip, I want you to promise me that you will leave me just as soon as we are married, and that you will not try to see me until you come again from Portsmouth. I am sure that is right, for the deception will not then be so great. I should be better able, then, to tell the poor grandfather! Will you promise me, Philip — dear? It — it is so hard for me! Ah, *can't* you understand?"

This hopeless everlasting cry of a woman's soul!

He clasped her close. "Yes, Guida, my heart, I understand, and I promise you, — I promise you."

Her head dropped on his breast, her arms ran round his neck. He raised

her face; her eyes were closed, — they were dropping tears. He tenderly kissed the tears away.

XIV.

"Oh, give to me my *gui-l'année*,
I pray you, Monseigneur;
The king's princess doth ride to-day,
And I ride forth with her.
Oh, I will ride the maid beside
Till we come to the sea,
Till my good ship receive my bride,
And she sail far with me.
Oh, donnez-moi ma gui-l'année,
Monseigneur, je vous prie!"

The singer was perched on a huge broad stone, which, lying athwart several tall perpendicular stones, made a kind of hut, approached by a pathway of other upright narrow pillars, irregular and crude, such as a child might build in miniature with ragged blocks or bricks. Yet, standing alone on the little cliff overlooking the sea, the primeval structure had a sort of rude nobleness and dignity. How vast must have been the labor of man's hands to lift the massive table of rock upon the supporting shafts, — relics of an age when they were the only architecture, national monuments, memorials, and barbaric mausoleums; when savage ancestors in lion-skins, with stone weapons of war, led by white-robed Druid priests, came here and left the mistletoe wreath upon these Houses of Death builded for their adored warriors. As though some protecting spirit were guarding them through the ages, no human habitation is near them, no modern machinery of life touches them with sordid irony or robs them of their lonely pride of years. Castles and towers and forts, Rollo's and Cæsar's, have passed, but these remain.

"*Oh, donnez-moi ma gui-l'année,*
Monseigneur, je vous prie!"

Even this song sung by the singer on the rock carried on the ancient story, the sacred legend that he who wore in his breast the mistletoe got from the

Druids' altar, bearing his bride forth by sea or land, should suffer no mischance; and for the bride herself, the *morgengift* should fail not, but should attest richly the perfect bliss of the nuptial hours.

The light had almost gone from the day, though the last glittering crimson petals had scarce dropped from the rose of sunset. Upon the sea there was not a ripple; it was a lake of molten silver, shading into a leaden silence far away. The tide was high, and the ragged rocks of the Banc des Violets in the south and the Corbière in the west were all but hidden. Only two or three showed their heads placidly above the flow. Who might think that these rocky fields of the main had been covered with dead men, like any field of battle? Less merciful than the earth, the sea quickly and furtively drags its dead men out of sight, after maltreating and shamelessly disgracing their ruined bodies, leaving the fields of rock and reef deceitfully smiling and forever relentlessly lying in wait; while the just earth in kindness covers and protects those who die within her boundaries. Her warring children ravaging her fields and valleys and hills no longer, — their own bodies nourish her into benignant peace again.

"They smile and pass, the children of the sword,

No more the sword they wield;

But oh, how deep the corn upon the battle-field!"

Below the mound where the tuneful youth loitered was a path, which led down through the fields and into the highway. In this path walked lingeringly a man and a maid. Despite the peaceful, almost dormant life about them, the great event of their lives had just occurred, that which is at once a vast adventure and a simple testament of nature: they had been joined in marriage in the parish church of St. Michael's, near by. As the voice of the singer came down to them now, the two glanced up, then passed out of view.

But still the voice followed them, and the man looked down at the maid, repeating the refrain: —

"Oh, give to me my *gui-l'année*,
Monseigneur, je vous prie!"

The maid looked at the man tenderly, almost devoutly.

"I have no Druid's mistletoe from the chapel of St. George, but I will give you, — stoop down, Philip, — I will give you the first kiss I have ever given to any man."

He stooped. She kissed him on the forehead, then upon the cheek, and lastly upon the lips.

"Guida, my wife!" Philip said, and drew her to his breast.

"My Philip!" she answered softly.

"Won't you say, 'Philip, my husband'?"

She did as he asked, in a voice no louder than a bee's.

Presently she said, a little abashed, a little anxious, yet tender withal, "Philip, I wonder what we shall think of this day a year from now? No, don't frown; you look at things differently from me. To-day is everything to you; to-morrow is very much to me. It is n't that I am afraid; it is that thoughts of possibilities will come, whether one likes it or not. If I could n't tell you everything, I feel I should be most unhappy. You see, I want to be able to do that, — to tell you everything."

"Of course, of course," he said, not quite comprehending her, for his thoughts were always more material. He was reveling in the beauty of the girl before him, in her perfect outward self, in her unique personality; the more subtle and the deeper part of her, the searching soul never in this world to be satisfied with superficial reasons and the obvious cause, — these he did not know; was he ever to know? It was the law of her nature that she was never to deceive herself, to pretend anything, nor to offer pretense. To see things, to look beyond the hedge, — that was to be a passion

with her; already it was nearly that. But she was very young; she was yet to pass through the sacred and terrifying ordeal of linking her life past all recall to another's, soul and body. "Of course," Philip continued, "you must tell me everything, and I'll understand. And as for what we'll think of this in another year, why, does n't it stand to reason that we'll think it the best day of our lives — as it is, Guida!" He smiled at her, and touched her soft hair. "Evil can't come out of good, can it? And this is good, — as good as anything in the world can be. . . . There, look into my eyes that way, — just that way."

"Are you happy, very, very happy, Philip?" she asked.

"Perfectly happy, Guida," he answered; and in truth he seemed so, his eyes were so bright, his face so eloquent, his bearing so buoyant.

"And you think we have done quite right, Philip?" she asked earnestly.

"Of course, of course we have. We are honorably disposing of our own fates. We love each other. We are married as surely as other people are married. Where is the wrong? We have told no one, simply because, for a couple of months, it is best not to do so. The clergyman would n't have married us if there 'd been anything wrong."

"Oh, it is n't what the clergyman might think that I mean; it's what we ourselves think, down, down deep in our hearts. If you, Philip, if you say it is all right, I will believe that it is right; for you would not want your wife to have one single wrong thing, like a dark spot, on her life with you, would you? If it is all right to you, it must be all right for me; don't you see?"

He did see that, and it made him grave for an instant; it made him not quite so sure.

"If your mother were alive," he said, "of course she should have known; but it was n't necessary for your grandfather to know: he talks; he could n't keep it

to himself even for a month. But we have been properly married by a clergyman; we have a witness, — Shoreham over there" (he pointed toward the Druids' cromlech where the young man was singing); "and it concerns only us now, — just you and me."

"But if anything happened to you during the next two months, Philip, and you did not come back!"

"My dearest, dearest Guida," he answered, taking her hands in his and laughing boyishly, "in that case you will announce the marriage. Shoreham and the clergyman are witnesses; besides, there's the certificate which Mr. Dow will give you to-morrow; and, above all, there's the formal record on the parish register. There, little critic and sweetest interrogation mark in the world, there is the law and the gospel. Come, come, let us be gay; let this be the happiest hour we've yet had in all our lives."

"How can I be altogether gay, Philip, when we part now, and I shall not see you for two whole long months?"

"May n't I see you just for a minute to-morrow morning, before I go?"

"No, no, oh no, Philip, you must not; indeed, you must not! Remember your promise; remember that you were not to see me again until you came back from Portsmouth. Even this is not quite what we agreed, for you are still with me, and we've been married nearly half an hour!"

"Perhaps we were married a thousand years ago, — I don't know!" he answered, drawing her to him. "It's all a magnificent dream so far."

"You must go, you must keep your word. Don't break the first promise you ever made me, Philip."

She did not say it very reproachfully, for his look was ardent and worshipful, and she could not be even a little austere in her new joy.

"I am going," he said. "We will go back to the town: I by the road, you by the shore, so no one will see us, and" —

"Philip," said Guida suddenly, "is it just the same, being married without banns?"

His laugh had again a boyish ring of delight. "Of course, just the same, my doubting fay. Don't be frightened about anything. Now promise me that: will you promise me?"

She looked at him a moment steadily, her eyes lingering on his face with great tenderness, and then she said, "Yes, Philip; I will not trouble nor question any longer. I will only believe that everything is all right. Say good-by to me, Philip. I am happy now, but if — if you stay any longer — ah, please, please go, Philip!"

A minute afterward Philip and Shoreham were entering the highroad, waving their handkerchiefs to her as they went.

She was now seated on the Druids' cromlech where Philip's friend had sat, and, with swimming eyes and smiling lips, she watched the young men until they were lost to view. Her eyes lingered on the road long after the two had passed; but presently they turned toward the sea, and thoughts began to flash through her mind, many at once, some new, none quite the same as had ever come to her before. She was growing to a new consciousness; a new glass through which to see life was quickly being adjusted to her inner sight.

Her eyes wandered over the sea. How immense it was, how mysterious! How it begot in one feelings both of love and of fear! She was not at this moment in sympathy with its wonderful calm. There had been times when she had seemed of it, part of it, absorbed by it, till it flowed over her soul and wrapped her in a sleep of content. Now it was different. Mystery and the million happenings of life lay hidden in that far silver haze. It was on the brink of such a sea that her mind appeared to be hovering now. Nothing was defined, nothing was clear. She was too agitated to think; life, being, was one wide, vague sensa-

tion, partly of delight, partly of trepidation. Everything had a bright tremulousness. This mystery was not dark clouds; it was a shaking, glittering mist; and yet there came from it an air which made her pulse beat hard, her breath come with joyous lightness.

Many a time, with her mother, she had sat upon the shore at St. Aubin's Bay, and looked out where white sails fluttered like the wings of restless doves; then nearer, maybe just beneath her, there had risen the keen singing of the saw, and she could see the white flash of the adze as it shaped the beams; the skeleton of a noble ship being covered with its flesh of wood, and veined with iron; the tall masts quivering to their places as the workmen hauled at the pulleys, singing snatches of patois rhymes. She had seen more than one ship launched, and a strange shiver of pleasure and of pain had gone through her; for as the water caught the graceful figure of the vessel, and the wind bellied out the sails, it seemed to her as if some ship of her own hopes were going out between the rocks and the reefs to the open sea. What would the ship bring back to her? Or would anything ever come back?

The books of adventure, poetry, history, and mythology she had read with her mother had quickened her mind, had given her intuition, had made her temperament more sensitive — and her heart less peaceful. She suffered the awe of imagination, its delights and its penalties, the occasional contempt which it brings for one's self, the frequent disdain of the world, the vicarious suffering, and the joys that pain. She was a pipe to be played on. In her was almost every note of human feeling: home and duty, song and gayety, daring and neighborly kindness, love of sky and sea and air and orchards, the good-smelling earth and wholesome animal life, and all the incidents, tragic, comic, or commonplace, of human existence.

How wonderful love was, she thought ; how wonderful that so many millions who had loved had come and gone, and yet of all they felt they had spoken no word that laid bare the exact feeling to her or to any other. Every one must feel in order to know. The barbarians who had set up these stones she sat on, they had loved and hated, and everything they had dared or suffered was recorded — but where ? And who could know exactly what they felt ? There again the pain of life came to her, the universal agony, the trying to speak, to reveal ; and the proof, the hourly proof the wisest and most gifted have, that what they feel they cannot quite express, by sound, or by color, or by the graven stone, or by the spoken word. . . . But life was good, ah yes, and all that might be revealed to her she would pray for ; and Philip — her Philip — would help her to the revelation !

Her Philip ! Her heart gave a great throb, for the knowledge that she was a wife came home to her with a pleasant shock. Her name was no longer Guida Landresse de Landresse, but Guida d'Avranche. She had gone from one tribe to another ; she had been adopted, changed. A new life was begun.

She rose, slowly made her way down to the sea, and proceeded along the sands and shore paths to the town.

Presently a large vessel, with new sails, beautiful white hull, and gracious form, came slowly round a point. She shaded her eyes to look at it.

"Why, it's the boat Maitre Ranulph has launched to-day," she said. Then she stopped suddenly. "Poor Ranulph ! poor Ro !" she added gently. She knew that he cared for her, loved her. Where had he been these two weeks past ? She had not seen him once since that great day when they had visited the Ecréhos.

Gilbert Parker.

(To be continued.)

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF BJÖRNSON AND IBSEN.

I.

THE day I reached Christiania, on my first visit to Norway, the city was in a state of great excitement. There was evidently something unusual about to happen. All Norwegians seemed to feel that the morrow was certain to be a memorable day in the annals of their country. They realized that then a splendid opportunity would be given them to show their affection for *Gamle Norge* (Old Norway), their native land ; to declare once more with earnest sincerity that they were proud of their birthright ; and that, undivided by party strife, they all stood ready to receive with rejoicing a countryman of theirs, who in crowning

himself with glory had brought honor to the land he loved. Nansen was coming home !

King Oscar had made the journey from Stockholm to represent the government. But who was to put into words the long-pent-up enthusiasm of the citizens for this brave patriot who seemed to them to represent *Young Norway* rising to take her place among the nations of the world ? Who, I asked, would be the spokesman of the people at this important festival ? And there was but one answer : Bjørnstjerne Björnson was the only name suggested. Radicals and conservatives alike felt that he, above all others, was the one fitted to bear the message of the united, exultant nation

to its heroic son; that he was sure to find suitable words in which to express the bold patriotism of this proud though comparatively powerless people.

Nor were they disappointed. The morrow rose clear and bright, and dense crowds filled the gala-decked streets, and poured in unending stream beneath triumphal arches, all hastening to the spacious square by the ancient fortress of Akershus. An eager, expectant multitude encircled the central tribune. Nansen had been greeted with tremendous cheers, which had subsided for the moment, when a tall man, of kingly bearing, of supreme, self-confident, imposing personality, stepped forward from beside him, and stood erect as if in rapt vision gazing over the heads of his hearers to the beautiful fir-clad hills beyond.

A few cheers arose, but were quickly stifled, and then, as if by magic, the whole gathering simultaneously broke forth into a verse of the national anthem.

It was solemn. This inspiring hymn thrilled every soul in the vast assembly. Never before had it seemed to express their patriotic devotion so completely. And he, that fine, impressive figure, who stood now with head bowed before them, *he* had written it. No wonder he was chosen with one accord to voice their feelings on this great occasion.

Björnson was indeed a worthy representative. His words poured forth, sonorous, eloquent, burdened with emotion. The hearts of the hearers went out toward the moving orator as much as toward the poet, who in reality had received the dignity of laureate from their hands. They found his eloquence irresistible. They associated him with their beloved land whose praises he had sung; and even his enemies loved him.

For Björnson has enemies. The impetuosity of his nature has led him into many distressing situations, from which he has found difficulty in extricating himself with honor. He has been

accused of stirring up unnecessary strife, of untrustworthiness, of faithlessness to friends. He has apparently made such a sorry mess of his political meddlings, has created by his hasty, impolitic utterances so much ill will between Norway and its ally and neighbor-land Sweden, has shown such obvious inability to keep to one consistent policy, that he has come near undermining, at least in the cities, the beneficent influence which in his earlier years he unquestionably exercised.

Few, in truth, can escape the spell of Björnson's presence. All feel drawn at once to the big, generous, whole-souled man, who, without losing dignity, can stoop to play with a little child or make merry with congenial friends. His personality is dominating. He was never intended to play second fiddle to another, and he never will. He is convinced of his superior powers of management, and no rebuff or failure jars his self-confidence for more than a moment. He may suffer humiliation in one matter; he has soon forgotten this, and is bubbling over with enthusiasm for some new proposal. He throws all his energies into the movement which arouses his interest for the time; and his advocacy is always brilliant and effective, but it is rarely constant. His friends open their mouths in astonishment at his vagaries, and deplore his excesses; but they still admire and love him. The conservative papers call him a traitor and a fool; they still revere and honor him. One moment he is termed "the uncrowned king of Norway," the next "a blundering meddler who is bringing disgrace and dishonor to his land."

Björnson is certainly a bundle of contrasts. He has led an impulsive, inconsequent life; and yet no one, perhaps, in his generation has exerted in Norway a more powerful dominion. Especially in the country districts is his sway supreme.

"I always think my latest book my best," he once said to me in conversation; and no remark could be more

characteristic of the man. It is his capacity of concentrating his energy, his enthusiasm, his brilliance, upon one subject, to the exclusion of all others, that gives force and convincing reality to his work. He has himself a nature so many-sided, so sympathetic and imaginative, so truly poetic, that it is no wonder his books are marvelous in their charm.

I remember very well the first conversation I had with him after his return from Munich, where, as often before, he had spent the winter months. When I came in upon him that morning, he was clad in a long dressing-gown, and wore cocked carelessly on one side of his head a picturesque silk Tam O'Shanter, somewhat like a college cap, though of soft material, — a headgear which accorded superbly with his stalwart figure and striking face. He welcomed me cordially, and, introductory politeness over, began at once to talk of America.

"I have been at Harvard," he said. "You have so much to be proud of there on the other side of the ocean. I am always indignant when I observe that the European papers print only the extraordinary things which happen in the United States. It is because of this unfortunate habit our papers have got into that such erroneous ideas of America are widespread here among us. I myself am very fond of your land, and have great hopes for its future. I am always delighted when my books receive a favorable reception there."

I spoke of the presentation of his latest drama, *Over Ævne*, in Paris, and he expressed his satisfaction with the event. The performance had been more effective, he thought, because his son Björn, the actor, had been present to make the arrangements in person. He mentioned his forthcoming translations from the verse of Victor Hugo, and explained that he was even then trying to commit them to memory, for use in a proposed series of public entertainments, when he would recite them to the people,

and his daughter would accompany him and sing.

"Then you know I have written many political articles, of late, in various reviews."

"Yes," I replied. "We who are most interested in literature grudge the time you spend in this way."

"No," said he, "I feel that I can be most useful there. I have always been interested in politics: but *before* I was only a dreamer, and talked and wrote a great deal of stuff; *now*, however, it is different. People are beginning to accord me the right to have a sensible opinion on practical things, even though I am a poet. Perhaps you have seen what has been written about me in the papers?"

"To be sure," I rejoined; "opinions seem to be divided as to the utility of your political articles in the Russian reviews."

"True, true, true! They don't understand me!" he exclaimed. "And that is just what I can't endure, — that my own countrymen should judge me from the Swedish point of view." Whereupon he stood up beside the table and made a glowing oration on the hopes he had for the future prosperity of his land. "That is what so many of my countrymen will not believe I am working for. It pains me more than anything else to know that they pass a Swedish judgment on me."

A gentle tap. The door opened, and in came Björnson's daughter, Fru Sigurd Ibsen, — married to the only son of the great dramatist, though I may add that since the appearance of *The League of Youth* there has been little love lost between the two fathers.

"This is my daughter, Fru Sigurd Ibsen," he said; and as he presented me to her, he broke out impulsively, "Now, there is a man you should get to know well."

I remarked that I had once heard Dr. Ibsen give a trial lecture on soci-

ology in the university before a great throng of people, and that I had had the pleasure of sitting near Fru Ibsen at the *première* of John Gabriel Borkman.

"Oh, that's a piece I can't stand," interrupted Björnson, — "entirely pessimistic and useless; not the kind of thing we want at all. It won't do anybody any good."

His daughter soon withdrew, and I ventured to express my admiration for her beauty, which had often riveted my attention in public gatherings where I had seen her. His face lighted up with evident pleasure. "She is pretty, isn't she?" he exclaimed. "But you ought to see them all together, — my children. It is splendid to see them all happy."

The conversation then turned again to the pessimism which he thought characterized too much our modern literature; and Björnson was very forcible in expressing his dissatisfaction with the way things are drifting. "Have you met a young man here, Christian Collin?" he asked. I bowed in the affirmative, and he added, "Don't you think that he is a pioneer in a new method of criticism? He takes moral questions into consideration, and denounces what is not calculated to do good. What we want in the future is a literature which will make men better."

And with these words ringing in my ears I took my leave; not, however, before I had received from the impulsive, generous man a hearty invitation to visit him, on my return in the summer, at his beautiful country home.

II.

Could two men be more unlike than Björnson and Ibsen? Björnson, as we have seen, friendly, enthusiastic, outspoken, exuberant, fond of his family, interested in his fellows. Ibsen, reserved, cold, cautious, taciturn, never caught off his guard, always alone. Björnson has been called the heart of Norway, Ibsen its head. Björnson de-

lights in being the centre of an admiring gathering. Ibsen abhors the curious crowd. Björnson has always a word for every one; an opinion on every question, an eloquent speech for every occasion. Ibsen is one of the most uncommunicative of men: he has almost never been induced to address a meeting; he avoids expressing his opinion on any subject whatever. Björnson fills columns of the radical newspapers at a moment's notice. Ibsen keeps his ideas to himself, broods over them, and produces only one book every two years, but that as regularly as the seasons return. Björnson tells you all about his plans in advance. As for Ibsen, no one (not even his most intimate friends, if he may be said to have such) has the remotest idea what a forthcoming drama is to be about. He absolutely refuses to give the slightest hint as to the nature of the work before it is in the hands of the booksellers, though the day on which it is to be obtained is announced a month ahead. Even the actors who are to play the piece almost immediately have to await its publication.

So great has been the secrecy of the "buttoned-up" old man (if I may be allowed to translate literally the expressive Norwegian word *tillknappet*, which is so often applied to him) that the inhabitants of the far-off Norwegian capital, who have, as a rule, but little to disturb their peaceful serenity, are wrought up to an unusual pitch of curiosity on that day during the Christmas-tide when Ibsen's latest work is expected from the Copenhagen printers. Orders have been placed with the booksellers long in advance, and invariably the first edition is sold before it appears. The book then becomes the one topic of conversation for days and weeks afterward. "What does it mean?" is the question on every lip; and frequently no answer comes.

"Why not ask Ibsen himself?" the foreigner suggests. A sympathetic smile comes over the Norwegian he addresses,

who replies, "You have n't been here long; but try it, — there he comes now." And in the distance I saw (for I was the innocent foreigner who, not having then seen Ibsen, ventured to make this thoughtless remark) a thick-set man, rather under medium height, wearing a silk hat and frock coat, his gloves in one hand, a closely wrapped umbrella in the other, approach slowly with short, gingerly steps. When he came opposite us, no impulse stirred me to ask the question, and instead I watched him, then as often afterward, make his way slowly down Carl Johans Gade, the main thoroughfare of Christiania, to the Grand Hotel, where at a fixed hour every day he drinks his coffee in a little room reserved for him, and reads all the Scandinavian and German papers to be had. Ibsen, I felt, was unapproachable.

His unwillingness to speak of his own works is proverbial in Norway. No man ever was so loath to say anything regarding what he himself had written. It is thus he shields himself from the importunities of curious travelers and interviewers who plague him beyond endurance. Once I had the pleasure of attending a ball at the royal palace, at which Ibsen also was present; for, curiously enough, he seems to take delight in such festivities, where he is not expected to talk at length with any one, and where he can move about from one to another, greet his acquaintances, and gather impressions. Even at court balls, however, he is not rid of the importunate; and on this occasion it was a German lady who received one of those quiet rebukes to impertinence which have given him a well-merited reputation for silent reserve. Hardly had she been presented to him before she broke out into expressions of enthusiastic admiration, and finally wound up with the question which Ibsen has heard so often that he is now tired of it: "Do you mind telling me, Dr. Ibsen, what you meant by *Peer Gynt*?"

A dead silence reigned for a moment in the little group surrounding the old man, and I expected him to change the subject without answering the query. But no; he finally raised his head, threw back his shock of white hair, adjusted his glasses, looked quizzically into the woman's eyes, and then slowly drawled out, "Oh, my dear madam, when I wrote *Peer Gynt* only our Lord and I knew what I meant; and as for me, I have entirely forgotten."

I must say, however, that Ibsen always treated me very kindly when I was in Christiania, and invited me to his house on several occasions.

His apartment is an index to the man's character, — most carefully arranged, everything in its proper place, precise in the extreme. In the Italian paintings on the walls he takes quiet delight, and of the delicate furniture stiffly disposed in the drawing-room he seems to be proud. Nor is there more disorder in his study than in his parlor. Very few books are to be seen anywhere, and what there are seemed to me to be more ornamental than useful. His working-table is in the recess of a window looking out on a crowded street, and is not much larger than the window-sill. Ibsen does not need a large table on which to do his work. Nearly all he writes is the result of personal reflection on events in his own experience, and few ideas come to him suggested by the thoughts of others. His home has not been made as happy for him as he deserved, and not a few of his books (among others the latest, *John Gabriel Borkman*) reveal much of that home-life which has been so important an aid to him in generalization.

One morning when I was sitting in his study, on the sofa (the place of honor in Norway as in Germany), he became delightfully talkative. He spoke freely of his plays, and explained why he thought *The Emperor* and the *Galilean* the best and most enduring of them all.

He seemed for once to be off his guard, and expressed opinions on various subjects. Suddenly he fell into a reverie. Unwilling to interrupt it, I was forced to listen for some time — rather uneasy, I admit — to the passing trolley cars, which kept up their incessant hissing in the street below. Finally, he said slowly, almost unconscious of my presence, "Yes, I have tried always to live my own life, — and I think I have been right."

This seemed to me a self-revelation of the man's guiding principle. No writer in recent times has been less influenced by the works of other men. He has deliberately refrained from extensive reading, and has kept himself from under the sway of dominating personalities, ancient or modern. He does not understand a word of English or French when spoken, and can scarcely read even a newspaper article in either language. The assertion commonly made until lately, that he has been much influenced by French authors, is the veriest nonsense; he hardly knew of their existence.

He has narrated in charming verse the ancient stories of the land of the viking chieftains, but the old Norse sagas in their original form he has never examined. He has devoted his life almost exclusively to the drama, and has made himself, as I believe, incomparably the leading dramatist of his time; but even of Shakespeare, the greatest of all play-writers, he knows practically nothing, and those of his works with which he is acquainted he has read in a Danish translation. He seemed reluctant to accept my assurance that Shakespeare is still enjoyed by theatre-goers in both England and America.

Indeed, his self-devotion seems almost to have blinded his eyes to merit in others. Very rarely is he betrayed into making criticisms on other men. If he has conceit, he seldom reveals it. But I have noticed that sometimes his prejudices amount almost to intolerance. We happened once to speak of Goethe, when

he shrugged his shoulders and said that he did not think much of anything Goethe had produced. I suggested that the First Part of Faust was a masterpiece. "Yes, that is the best," he agreed, "but" — "Is there anything better in German?" I queried. "Oh no, nothing better in German," he replied; but after a moment's hesitation he changed the subject abruptly. Of English and French literature he knows practically nothing; of German, the only foreign literature with which he is at all familiar, he is unwilling to speak in admiration.

This may be a weakness, but it is the result of his theories of life, or rather, of the peculiar circumstances of the life he himself has been forced to lead. He is content to live within himself, and refrains from blaming as much as from praising others. It is possible, indeed, that this ignoring of the works of other writers may even have contributed to make Ibsen what he is, one of the most original authors of the century, the acknowledged leader of a new movement which has affected creative effort in almost every European land. It would, of course, be a misfortune if many followed his example with respect to lonely insularity. But we dare not criticise in the case of the master: his plan has permitted the fruition of his genius.

Deliberately he decided years ago to live his own life, to develop his own personality, to stand independent and express what he himself thought, unaffected by the opinions of his fellows. And this note resounds throughout his works: let every man, he teaches, make the most of the talents God has given him, strive to develop to their full the peculiar powers with which he has been endowed, so that dull uniformity shall cease, and curbing conventionality no longer check the advance of mankind.

Such feelings, occasioned, perhaps, by the circumstances of his domestic life from early boyhood, made Ibsen determine to live an isolated life. He has

been faithful to his purpose, and now in his triumphant old age, on this 20th of March, his seventieth birthday, when all his countrymen, with hosts of others, are ready to bow to him in grateful admiration, he inhabits glory in solitude, self-centred and alone.

Yet there is something inspiring in such a picture. The poor apothecary boy in a tiny country village, hopelessly

remote from the great centres of literary endeavor, has risen by the sheer force of indomitable will and by unswerving fixity of purpose to be perhaps the greatest writer his land has ever known; the one Norwegian in this century who, above all others, has succeeded in influencing profoundly the thoughts of men far, far beyond the confines of that wild but glorious land which gave him birth.

William Henry Schofield.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I HAVE just finished reading a volume of French stories, avowedly of an impossible character, — *contes incroyables*. One or two of them are what we generally call detective stories. The author speaks of two well-known tales of Poe (whose name Frenchmen see fit to write Poë), *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* and *The Purloined Letter*, as if they had been models to him.

In the introduction to the former of these stories, Poe has a great deal to say about analytic power, skill in solving a mystery from following up indications: and such is indeed the art or science of the actual "detective." But in reading the whole mass of detective stories, it is amusing to reflect that they exhibit none of this analytic, this unfolding art at all. Their art, such as it is, is purely synthetic or constructive. The author has the solution of his own mystery all in his mind; he knows perfectly well who is the murderer; he then proceeds carefully to cover up his own tracks, and, having got them into the requisite state of concealment, elaborately to withdraw his own veils. Much skill is often shown in the selection of circumstances which are to lead to the desired solution; but art in solving the mystery there is none, for to the author it was no mystery from the beginning.

The real way to write a detective story would be this: Let one writer of fiction conceive a criminal situation, and surround the *corpus delicti* with as many events and circumstances, slight or prominent, as he sees fit. In this work, as far as possible, he must keep his murder, his forgery, or his abduction a mystery to himself. Let another writer, not in co-operation with the first, work out a complete solution, accounting for every circumstance, and introducing no new ones at all inconsistent with the asserted facts. The interest might be prolonged by calling on the original author to criticise the offered solution, with reference not to any theory in his own mind, but solely to the situation as he originally drew it. Of course he will have been bound originally by no restriction as to what this is to be, except that he must not create a purely physical impossibility; his personages must not be described as being in two places at once.

After author number one has written his critique, author number two will be invited to defend and develop his solution. If not, the fiction passes into the realm of unsolved mysteries, — common enough in real detective history.

A certain society at college once held a mock trial, — a classmate was tried for the murder of a tutor. The counsel for

the prosecution were obliged to submit the incriminating circumstances, as devised by them, to the counsel for the prisoner, who were at liberty to present any testimony they liked in their case; six witnesses only being called on each side. The prisoner's counsel met the prosecution at nearly every point; in fact, they confined themselves so rigidly to this task that they entirely forgot to make their evidence amusing, and the succession of laughs which greeted every step in the witty case of the prosecution almost wholly failed as we heard the sadly serious if close reply. Yet at the last they left one circumstance unexplained, which, though slight, told heavily against the accused. But the detective, whether in fact or in fiction, must leave nothing unaccounted for which concerns his solution of the mystery.

It may be remarked that Poe, in *The Purloined Letter*, makes C. Auguste Dupin (the prototype of Sherlock Holmes) see both the seal and the address of the letter at once, while it is stuffed in a cardboard rack several feet from where he is sitting, and when, as he himself says, to rise and take it in his hand would have been fatal.

APROPOS of the interminable Bacon-

Why Virgil
did not write
the *Æneid*.

Shakespeare controversy there may be interest for the curious and combative in the ingenious case made out by Père Jean Hardouin, a seventeenth-century Jesuit scholar, to prove that Virgil did not write the *Æneid*. It may be added that he succeeds as well as do the Baconians.

Père Hardouin's theory is preserved in a book entitled *Pseudo-Virgilius, Observationes in Æneiden*. The author begins by saying that it never entered the head of Virgil to write the *Æneid*. He had considered the idea of writing a poem, after finishing the *Georgics*, in praise of the achievements of Augustus, but not of those of *Æneas*. The evidence of this intention may be found in the third *Georgic*, verse 46. This *Georgic*

was written *Anno Urbis* 735, while Augustus was campaigning on the Euphrates. The *Æneid* could not have been written before this, because Virgil speaks of his intention to write an epic poem. But Virgil died, according to Pliny, *Anno Urbis* 740. Can any one believe that he wrote the *Æneid* in the space of five years? The shortest time within which the *Æneid* could have been written is estimated at twelve years, — one year for each book: is it to be believed that Virgil accomplished the task in five years, when, too, he was in failing health? Again, could any one believe that Virgil would change his mind, break his promise to Augustus, and write during the lifetime of that prince a poem in honor of another person?

If Virgil had written the *Æneid*, he would not have selected Marcellus for his highest praises. Marcellus was only the nephew of Augustus; and, moreover, he was dead. Caius Cæsar, the grandchild of Augustus, was yet alive. Is it not far more probable that Virgil should have chosen the living grandson of Augustus as the one to laud, rather than the dead nephew? — more especially as there had been times when Augustus suspected the fidelity of Marcellus. Yet there is not a word about Caius in the *Æneid* from beginning to end.

Both Horace and Pliny, at various times, mention the *carmina* of Virgil; but all commentators agree that the *Georgics* or *Bucolics* are referred to, and that the words do not apply to the *Æneid*. There is nothing in either writer's works about the *Æneid*. Is it possible to believe that, if this poem had existed in their time, they would not have referred to it?

The poem contains internal evidence that it could not have been written in the time of Augustus, by Virgil. In several places the author teaches the doctrine of metempsychosis; but Virgil, in the *Georgics*, condemns and rejects that doctrine. In the *Georgics* the leadership

of the Trojan immigrants into Italy is correctly ascribed to Tithonus; but the author of the *Æneid* gives that honor to *Æneas*. Certainly, the author of the *Georgics* and the author of the *Æneid* could not have been the same person.

If the *Æneid* had been published in Pliny's time, — and it must have been, if Virgil wrote it, — Pliny would not have failed to notice and correct two serious blunders in natural history: first, the author puts bears and deer in northern Africa so near the seacoast as to be visible from a ship; and again, he speaks of the seed, calyx, and flower of the *dictamnium*, which plant has neither seed, calyx, nor flower.

If the *Æneid* had been written by Virgil, Latinus would not have been portrayed tearing his garments for grief; for rending the garments in sign of grief was a Jewish and not a Roman or Trojan custom. Nor would Virgil have described any prince as wearing a crown; he would have used the word "diadem." The word "crown" (*corona*) was not used in that sense until long after Virgil's time.

If Virgil had written the *Æneid*, he would have described different ceremonies; for the ceremonies performed by priest and king, as recounted in that poem, are plainly drawn from the Christian Church, and belong to later times. Besides, the poem is so full of Gallicisms as to furnish a sufficient reason in that fact alone, if there were no other, for believing that its author could not have been a Roman of the time of Augustus. It is plain to see that the poem was born in a Gallic mind. This appears from the *Æneid* itself: see I. 296, IV. 229, and X. 166. Indeed, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that it was composed after the year 1230 of our era.

The *Æneid* is a religious allegory. In it everything occurs and exists by and in subjection to the will of God. This the poet calls Fate. It is above the de-

crees of Jupiter, and all the gods yield obedience to it. The action of the poem includes the victory of the Christian religion over the Mosaic and heathen religions; the introduction of Christianity into Italy and Europe; its growth and development; the rise to supremacy of the Holy See; the wars with the Turks and Infidels; the gradual pacification of the world as men and nations acknowledged the power and authority of the Church; and the final triumph, when wars should cease, dissensions should come to an end, and the Holy Pontiff should rule over a peaceful, prosperous, happy, and pious world.

The author did not dare to treat these things openly. He wrote them after the manner of a fable, but the real intent and meaning are not so darkly hidden as to be indistinguishable. The Trojans were the Christians; the burning of Troy was the destruction of Jerusalem; the coming of the Trojans into Italy was the spread of Christianity over Europe; *Æneas* was Christ; the various adventures of the Trojans were the early struggles of the Church; Turnus stood for the Turks, battles with him for the crusades, etc.

Following this interpretation there are many pages of quotations, in which Hardouin presents what he considers to be ample proof of all his allegations. And it is to be remembered that Hardouin was a man of great intellectual power and erudition. His illustrious contemporary, Louis Dupin, the French ecclesiastical historian, places him among the most learned of his order.

His Pseudo-Virgilius was written in Latin, and, I believe, has never appeared in any other language.

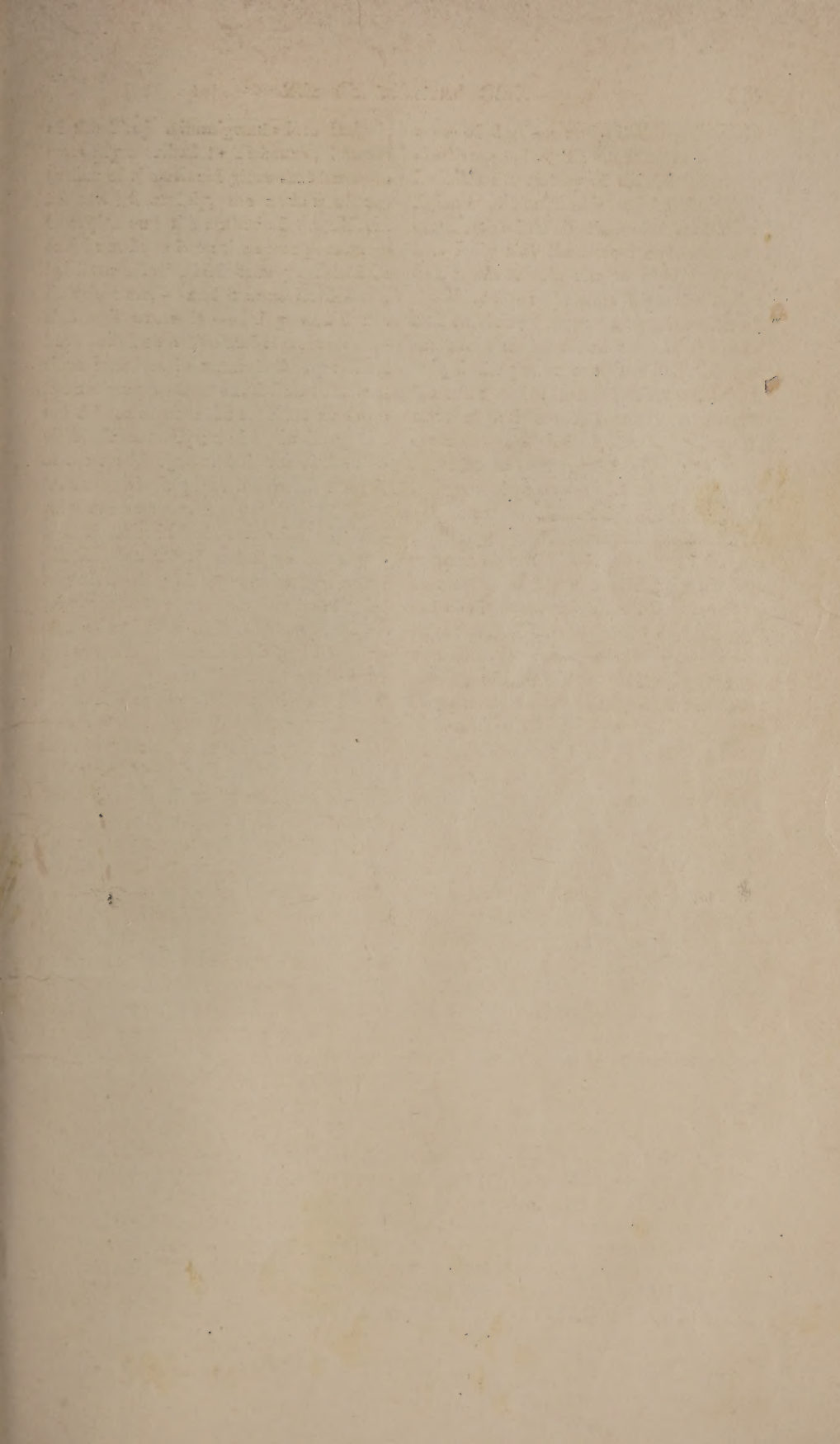
I WONDER whether other people get from the contemplation of
Can a Clergy-
man be "a
Good Fel-
low"? clergymen in the haunts of
the laity the slightly pathetic
impression made on me? I hope I am
not an unduly worldly man, and I am
far from being a man of the world, my

contact with it being both limited and modest. I am sure that I have a lively sympathy with the general motives of clergymen, and a deep and rather tender respect for the peculiar virtues manifested by most of those whom I have the good fortune to know at all well. I meet them with some frequency where duty or pleasure calls them, except in their churches, which, for various reasons, I have for a long time failed to attend. I am more or less associated with them on committees, and have worked with them in the charities to which they devote so much of their energy. I have the pleasure of a certain social round in common with some of them, and they are numerous in my club, where they constitute a considerable element, and what may be called a varied assortment. My acquaintance ranges from dignitaries of the Catholic Church (both the Roman and the other) through most of the grades of seclusive and inclusive beliefs to the apostles of Ethical Culture.

From all but a very few of them I get the impression I have described as slightly pathetic. I do not know exactly whence it comes. I think that they are not themselves conscious of producing it. Some might resent the suggestion of it, though there are some of them with whom I should not hesitate to discuss it. It is with me a sense that they are exposed to a certain unflattering view of their words and acts and motives, not detected by them in their companions, but plain to me; it is sometimes amusing, it is more often painful. This is most likely to be seen in their moments of relaxation. A clergyman in a company where wit follows wine, and both — quite within conventional bounds — flow with the discreet freedom that is

their common charm; or at a billiard-table, though an eminent judge may hold the rival cue; or in the gay excitement of the athletic games that are the delight and gain of modern society, is at a vague but real disadvantage. If he win the verdict that he is "a good fellow," — and that we should all like to win, and ought to like it, — it is apt to be qualified by "for a clergyman." In the merry give-and-take of the talk in such surroundings, he is, in a sense, the victim of his calling. He is spared the keenest thrusts of others; his own lack the inspiration of equal contest. It may not be too much to say that by a common and wholly amiable impulse he is generally — just a little — patronized. And this attitude of mind toward him I have noticed in graver circumstances, in nearly all not directly connected with his particular branch of religious activities.

Thirty years ago, if my memory serves, this was not so, and certainly not in the same degree, — possibly because at that time clergymen as a class confined themselves within narrower limits, where their relations were more clearly defined, and where they enjoyed a fairly recognized authority. The present state of things may be due to an imperfect adjustment to the changes that have taken place. I do not at all dispute the wholesomeness of the changes. I am as far as any one can be from regretting that the capital of character and high motive with which I believe the clergy, as a class, to be more richly endowed than any other class, has, so to speak, found an investment wider and more variedly productive. But I sometimes speculate as to what the complex result may be when my clergyman becomes, without qualification, expressed or implied, "a good fellow."





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HISTORY

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INTERNATIONAL ISOLATION OF THE UNITED STATES.¹

THE "Civic duties," Mr. President, upon which I have the honor of being asked to address you this evening, are doubtless those which attach to American citizens in their private capacities. Those duties are both many and diverse. There are those which are due to a town or city, there are others which are due to a particular state or commonwealth, there are others which are due in respect of the nation at large. As my invitation here was coupled with a suggestion that I speak to some theme connected with my experience in the public service, I shall ask your attention to a subject related to national affairs and in particular to the national foreign policy. It may cross your minds, perhaps, that the foreign relations of the government are about the last things upon which the private citizen can exert himself to advantage — and so far as specific cases and particular occasions are concerned, the thought is an entirely just one. Those cases and those occasions must necessarily be left to the discretion of the administration in power, which, as alone possessed of all the material facts, is alone qualified to deal with them. But, though the instances for their application must be dealt with by the constituted authorities, there is nothing in the principles of foreign policy which is secret, or unknowable, or which justifies their not being understood. Domestic policy concerns more nearly a greater number of persons and

is therefore more likely to be generally investigated and apprehended. Domestic policy and foreign policy, however, touch at innumerable points, and the more the latter is likely to be overlooked by the public at large, the greater the importance that it should be carefully studied by the more thoughtful portion of the community. The private citizen can influence it, of course, and should as far as he can, by his action at the polls. But no citizen does his whole duty upon a public question merely by his vote even if he votes right, and when the issue presented relates to a great principle of foreign policy, his vote is probably the least potent of the weapons at his command. In a free country, the real ruler in the long run is found to be public opinion — those who apparently fill the seats of power are simply the registers of its edicts — and he who would most thoroughly fulfill the obligations of citizenship either generally or as regards any particular juncture or subject-matter must organize and bring to bear enlightened public opinion — by private or public speech, through the press, or through the other various channels appropriate to that end. Perhaps the importance of such enlightened public opinion as well as the lamentable absence of it was never more strikingly demonstrated than by the circumstances attending what has come to be known as the Venezuela Boundary incident. On the one hand, there was the great mass of the people enthusiastically indorsing the stand of the govern-

¹ Address delivered at Sanders Theatre, Harvard College, March 2, 1898.

ment — yet at the same time only most dimly and imperfectly comprehending what the government had done or why it had done it. On the other hand, among the natural and proper and would-be leaders of public sentiment, there were many equally hot against the government; who continued to denounce it long after the British prime minister had admitted the government to be acting within its right and in accord with its traditional policy; and who, in some instances, when the American contention had become wholly successful, could think of nothing better to say than that the British were a pusillanimous set after all. Surely, whoever was right or whoever wrong, whether there was error in point of substance or in point of form or no error at all, whatever the merits or whatever the outcome, as an exhibition of current comprehension of the foreign relations of the country, the spectacle presented, was by no means edifying. The moral is obvious and the lesson is clear — the foreign policy of the country is one of the things a citizen should study and understand and aim to have studied and understood by the community generally — and I therefore do not hesitate to invite you to consider for a few moments a feature of our foreign policy which may be described as the “international isolation of the United States.”

What is meant by the phrase “international isolation” as thus used is this. The United States is certainly now entitled to rank among the great Powers of the world. Yet, while its place among the nations is assured, it purposely takes its stand outside the European family circle to which it belongs, and neither accepts the responsibilities of its place nor secures its advantages. It avowedly restricts its activities to the American continents and intentionally assumes an attitude of absolute aloofness to everything outside those continents. This rule of policy is not infrequently associated with another which is known as the Mon-

roe doctrine — as if the former grew out of the Monroe doctrine or were, in a sense, a kind of consideration for that doctrine, or a sort of complement to it. In reality the rule of isolation originated and was applied many years before the Monroe doctrine was proclaimed. No doubt consistency requires that the conduct toward America which America expects of Europe should be observed by America toward Europe. Nor is there any more doubt that such reciprocal conduct is required of us not only by consistency but by both principle and expediency. The vital feature of the Monroe doctrine is that no European Power shall forcibly possess itself of American soil and forcibly control the political fortunes and destinies of its people. Assuredly America can have no difficulty in governing its behavior toward Europe on the same lines.

Tradition and precedent are a potent force in the New World as well as in the Old and dominate the counsels of modern democracies as well as those of ancient monarchies. The rule of international isolation for America was formulated by Washington, was embalmed in the earnest and solemn periods of the Farewell Address, and has come down to succeeding generations with all the immense prestige attaching to the injunctions of the Father of his Country and of the statesmen and soldiers who, having first aided him to free the people of thirteen independent communities, then joined him in the even greater task of welding the incoherent mass into one united nation. The Washington rule, in the sense in which it has been commonly understood and actually applied, could hardly have been adhered to more faithfully if it had formed part of the text of the Constitution. But there can be no question that such common understanding and practical application have given an extension to the rule quite in excess of its terms as well as of its true spirit and meaning. Washington conveyed his

celebrated warning to his countrymen in these words : —

“The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. . . .

“Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

“Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. . . .

“Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor, or caprice?

“It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world ; . . .

“Taking care always to keep ourselves by suitable establishments on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.”

Now what is it that these utterances enjoin us not to do? What rule of abstinence do they lay down for this country? The rule is stated with entire explicitness. It is that this country shall not participate in the ordinary vicissitudes of European politics and shall not make a permanent alliance with any foreign power. It is coupled with the express declaration that extraordinary emergencies may arise to which the rule does not apply, and that when they do arise temporary alliances with foreign

powers may be properly resorted to. Further, not only are proper exceptions to the rule explicitly recognized, but its author, with characteristic caution and wisdom, carefully limits the field which it covers by bounds which in practice are either accidentally or intentionally disregarded. For example, it cannot be intermeddling with the current course of European politics to protect American citizens and American interests wherever in the world they may need such protection. It cannot be such intermeddling to guard our trade and commerce and to see to it that its natural development is not fraudulently or forcibly or unfairly arrested. It is as open to America as to Europe to undertake the colonization of uninhabited and unappropriated portions of the globe, and if the United States were to enter upon such a policy, it would not be implicating ourselves in the ordinary vicissitudes of European politics. In short, the rule of the Farewell Address does not include many important subjects-matter its application to which is commonly taken for granted, and does not excuse the inaction of this government in many classes of cases in which the rule is pleaded as a sufficient justification. Take, for instance, the case of American missions and American missionaries in Turkey, and assume for present purposes that missionaries have been maltreated and their property destroyed under circumstances which call upon Turkey to make reparation. The duty of government to exact the reparation is clear — it can be exonerated from its discharge only by some invincible obstacle, such, for example, as the concert of Europe. Suppose that concert did not exist or were broken, and that by joining hands with some competent Power, having perhaps similar grievances, the government could assert its rights and could obtain redress for American citizens. Does the rule of the Farewell Address inhibit such an alliance in such a case for such a purpose? Nothing can

be clearer than that it does not. To protect American citizens wherever they lawfully are, instead of being an imperinent intrusion into foreign politics, is to accomplish one of the chief ends for which the national government is instituted — and if the government can do its duty with an ally where it must fail without, and even if it can more securely and efficiently do that duty with an ally than it can without, it would be not merely folly, but recreancy as well, not to make the alliance. Again, for another imaginary case, let us go to the newspapers — for pure imaginings, you will readily agree, there is nothing like them. But a few weeks ago they had all the leading Powers of Europe retaliating for the Dingley tariff by an immense combination against American trade — a subject from which their attention was soon diverted by their discovery of a conspiracy among those same Powers for the partition of China. Suppose by some extraordinary, almost miraculous accident the newspapers had guessed right in both cases, and that it were now true not only that China is to be divided up among certain European states but that those states propose and are likely, by all sorts of vexatious and discriminating duties and impositions, to utterly ruin the trade between China and this country. Does the rule of the Farewell Address apply to such a case? Are the interests involved what Washington describes as the primary interests of Europe and would resistance to the threatened injury be participation in the ordinary vicissitudes of European politics? These questions can be answered in but one way, and nothing can be plainer than that the right and duty of such resistance would be limited only by the want of power to make the resistance effectual and by its cost as compared with the loss from non-resistance. Doubtless, whatever our rights, it would be folly to contend against a united Europe. Doubtless also, as we fence out all the

world from our own home markets, we ought not to count upon finding any nation to aid us in making the trade with China open to us as to all other nations on equal terms. It is conceivable, however, that such an ally might be found, and if it were found and the alliance were reasonably sure to attain the desired end at not disproportionate cost, there could not be two opinions as to its propriety. An illustration drawn from actual facts may be more impressive than any founded upon the conjectures of press correspondents. In 1884, most, if not all of the Powers of Europe being then engaged in extending their sovereignty over portions of the African continent, Germany and France coöperated in calling a general Conference at Berlin, and among the Powers invited included the United States, partly no doubt because of our peculiar relation to the Republic of Liberia and partly because of our present and prospective interest in trade with Africa. The declared objects of the Conference were briefly, first, freedom of commerce at the mouth and in the valley of the Congo; second, free navigation of the Congo and Niger rivers; and third, definition of the characteristics of an effective occupation of territory — it being understood that each Power reserved the right to ratify or not to ratify the results of the Conference. Our government, finding nothing in the objects of the Conference that was not laudable, accepted the invitation. The Conference took place, this country being represented by our minister to Germany, who acquitted himself with distinguished ability. Indeed, not only did the Conference accomplish the general purposes named in the invitations to it, but, owing to the special initiative of the United States minister, the area of territory covered was largely extended, propositions were adopted for the neutralization of the region in case of war between the Powers interested and for mediation and arbitration between

them before an appeal to arms, and instead of taking the form of a treaty the results of the Conference were embodied in a declaration called the "General Act of the Berlin Conference." Nevertheless, though signed by all the other parties to the Conference, and though we are so largely responsible for its provisions, the Act still remains without the signature of the United States. It was antagonized by resolutions in the House of Representatives because of its supposed conflict with the rule of the Farewell Address. It has never been submitted to the Senate on the hypothesis that it engages us "to share in the obligation of enforcing neutrality in the remote valley of the Congo" — an hypothesis which, if well founded, might properly be considered as making the arrangement an improvident one for the United States. So long as the United States is without territory in the region covered by the Berlin Act, its guaranty of the neutrality of the territory of any other Power would seem to lack the element of reciprocal benefit. But in no event can the Berlin Act be fairly brought within the rule of the Farewell Address, and if the Act does not bear the interpretation put upon it as respects the guaranty of the neutrality of territory, or if we should hereafter found a colony, a second Liberia for example, in the Congo region, the signing of the Act by the United States would violate no established principle of our foreign policy, would be justified by our interests, and would be demanded on the simple grounds that the United States should not hesitate to bind itself by a compact it had not hesitated to share in making, and should not enjoy the fruits of a transaction without rendering the expected consideration.

The Washington rule of isolation, then, proves on examination to have a much narrower scope than the generally accepted versions give to it. Those versions of it may and undoubtedly do

find countenance in loose and general and unconsidered statements of public men both of the Washington era and of later times. Nevertheless it is the rule of Washington, and not that of any other man or men, that is authoritative with the American people, so that the inquiry what were Washington's reasons for the rule and how far those reasons are applicable to the facts of the present day is both pertinent and important. Washington states his reasons with singular clearness and force. "This nation," he says in substance, "is young and weak. Its remote and detached geographical situation exempts it from any necessary or natural connection with the ordinary politics or quarrels of European states. Let it therefore stand aloof from such politics and such quarrels and avoid any alliances that might connect it with them. This the nation should do that it may gain time — that the country may have peace during such period as is necessary to enable it to settle and mature its institutions and to reach without interruption that degree of strength and consistency which will give it the command of its own fortunes." Such is the whole theory of the Washington rule of isolation. Its simple statement shows that the considerations justifying the rule to his mind can no longer be urged in support of it. Time has been gained — our institutions are proven to have a stability and to work with a success exceeding all expectation — and though the nation is still young, it has long since ceased to be feeble or to lack the power to command its own fortunes. It is just as true that the achievements of modern science have annihilated the time and space that once separated the Old World from the New. In these days of telephones and railroads and ocean cables and ocean steamships, it is difficult to realize that Washington could write to the French Ambassador at London in 1790, "We at this great distance from the northern parts of Eu-

rope hear of wars and rumors of wars as if they were the events or reports of another planet." It was an ever present fact to his mind, of course, and is of the first importance in connection with this subject, that notwithstanding our remoteness from Europe, not merely one, as now, but three of the great Powers of Europe had large adjoining possessions on this continent — a feature of the situation so vital and so menacing in the eyes of the statesmen of that day as to force Jefferson to buy Louisiana despite the national poverty and despite plausible, if not conclusive, constitutional objections. Nothing can be more obvious, therefore, than that the conditions for which Washington made his rule no longer exist. The logical, if not the necessary result is that the rule itself should now be considered as non-existent also. Washington himself, it is believed, had no doubt and made no mistake upon that point. That he was of opinion that the regimen suitable to the struggling infancy of the nation would be adapted to its lusty manhood is unsupported by a particle of evidence. On the contrary, there is authority of the highest character for the statement that he entertained an exactly opposite view and "thought a time might come, when, our institutions being firmly consolidated and working with complete success, we might safely and perhaps beneficially take part in the consultations held by foreign states for the common advantage of the nations." Without further elaboration of the argument in favor of the position that the rule of the Farewell Address cannot be regarded as applicable to present conditions — an argument which might be protracted indefinitely — the inquiry at once arising is, What follows? What are the consequences if the argument be assumed to be sound? Let us begin by realizing that certain results which at first blush might be apprehended as dangerous do not necessarily follow and are not likely to follow.

It is a mistake to suppose, for example, that if the doctrine of the Farewell Address had never been formally promulgated or if it were now to be deemed no longer extant, the United States would have heretofore embroiled itself or would now proceed to embroil itself in all sorts of controversies with foreign nations. We are now, as always, under the restraint of the principles of international law, which bid us respect the sovereignty of every other nation and forbid our intermeddling in its internal affairs. The dynastic disputes of European countries have been, and would still be, of no possible practical concern to us. We covet no portion of European soil, and, if we had it, should be at a loss what to do with it. And it may be taken for granted with reasonable certainty that no Executive and Senate are likely to bind us to any foreign Power by such an alliance as Washington deprecated — by a permanent alliance, that is, offensive and defensive, and for all purposes of war as well as peace. The temptation sufficient to induce any administration to propose such a partnership is hardly conceivable — while an attempt to bring it about would irretrievably ruin the men or the party committed to it, and would as certainly be frustrated by that reserve of good sense and practical wisdom which in the last resort the American people never fail to bring to bear upon public affairs.

On these grounds, it is possible to regard the isolation rule under consideration as having outlived its usefulness without exposing ourselves to any serious hazards. But it is to be and should be so regarded on affirmative grounds — because the continuance of its supposed authoritativeness is hurtful in its tendency — hurtful in many directions and to large interests. To begin with, it is necessarily unfortunate and injurious, in various occult as well as open ways, that a maxim stripped by time and events of its original virtue should con-

tinue current in the community under the guise of a living rule of action. The greater the prestige of such a maxim by reason of its age or its origin, the greater the mischief. Human affairs take their shape and color hardly more from reason and selfish interest than from imagination and sentiment. A rule of policy originating with Washington, preëminently wise for his epoch, ever since taught in schools, lauded on the platform, preached in the pulpit, and displayed in capitals and italics in innumerable political manuals and popular histories, almost becomes part of the mental constitution of the generations to which it descends. They accept it without knowing why and they act upon it without the least regard to their wholly new environment.

The practical results of such an ingrained habit of thought, and of the attempt to govern one set of circumstances by a rule made for another totally unlike, are as unfortunate as might be expected, and might be illustrated quite indefinitely. The example most deserving of attention, however, is found in the commercial policy of the government. What Washington favored was political isolation, not commercial. Indeed he favored the former with a view to its effect in promoting and extending commercial relations with all the world. Yet contrary to the design of its author, the Washington rule of isolation has unquestionably done much to fasten upon the country protectionism in its most extreme form. Washington and his coadjutors in the work of laying the foundations of this government contemplated protection only as incident to revenue. Our first really protective tariff was that of 1816 and was the direct result of European wars which put us in a position of complete isolation, both political and commercial. As we would take sides neither with France nor with England, both harried our sea-going commerce at will, while the Jeffersonian embargo put the

finishing touches to its destruction by shutting up our vessels in our own ports so as to keep them out of harm's way. During this period of thorough isolation — which lasted some seven years and ended only with the close of the war of 1812 — our manufacturing industries received an extraordinary stimulus. Woolen mills, cotton mills, glass works, foundries, potteries, and other industrial establishments of various sorts "sprang up," to use the figure of a distinguished author, "like mushrooms." When the advent of peace broke down the dam behind which British stocks had been accumulating, the country was flooded with them, and our manufacturers found themselves everywhere undersold. In this situation, and upon the plea of nourishing infant industries, the tariff act of 1816 originated and what is called the "American system" had its birth. Never since abandoned in principle though from time to time subjected to more or less important modifications of detail, that system found in the civil war a plausible if not a sufficient excuse for both greatly enlarging and intensifying its action, and has now reached its highest development in the tariff legislation of last year. How largely the protective theory and spirit have been encouraged by the Washington rule of political isolation as generally accepted and practiced is plain. Political isolation may in a special case coexist with entire freedom of commercial intercourse — as where a country is weak and small and its resources, natural and artificial, are too insignificant to excite jealousy. Such was the case with the United States immediately after the war of independence, when its inhabited territory consisted of a strip of Atlantic seaboard and its people numbered less than four million souls. But a policy of political isolation for a continental Power, rapidly rising in population, wealth, and all the elements of strength, and able to cope with the foremost in the struggle for the trade of the world, naturally fosters, if it

does not entail, a policy of commercial isolation also. The two policies are naturally allied in spirit and in the underlying considerations which can be urged in their defense, and being once adopted render each other mutual support. Political isolation deliberately resolved upon by a great Power denotes its self-confidence and its indifference to the opinion or friendship of other nations; in like manner the commercial isolation of such a Power denotes its conviction that in matters of trade and commerce it is sufficient unto itself and need ask nothing of the world beyond. In the case of the United States, the policy of political seclusion has been intensified by a somewhat prevalent theory that we are a sort of chosen people; possessed of superior qualities natural and acquired; rejoicing in superior institutions and superior ideals; and bound to be careful how we connect ourselves with other nations lest we get contaminated and deteriorate. This conception of ourselves has asserted itself in opposition to international arrangements even when, as in the case of the "General Act of the Berlin Conference" already referred to, the only object and effect were to open a new region to commerce and to give our merchants equal privileges with those of any other country. We accept the privileges but at the same time decline to become a party to the compact which secures them to us as to all nations. The transaction is on a par with various others in which, with great flourish of trumpets and much apparent satisfaction at the felicity of our attitude, we tender or furnish what we call our "moral support." Do we want the Armenian butcheries stopped? To any power that will send its fleet through the Dardanelles and knock the Sultan's palace about his ears, we boldly tender our "moral support." Do we want the same rights and facilities of trade in Chinese ports and territory that are accorded to the people of any other country? We loudly hark

Great Britain on to the task of achieving that result, but come to the rescue ourselves with not a gun, nor a man, nor a ship, with nothing but our "moral support." But, not to tarry too long on details, what are the general results of these twin policies — of this foreign policy of thorough isolation combined with a domestic policy of thorough protection? So far as our foreign relations are concerned, the result is that we stand without a friend among the great Powers of the world and that we impress them, however unjustly, as a nation of sympathizers and sermonizers and swaggers — without purpose or power to turn our words into deeds and not above the sharp practice of accepting advantages for which we refuse to pay our share of the price. So far as the domestic policy called the "American system" is concerned, we present a spectacle of determined effort to hedge ourselves round with barriers against intercourse with other countries which, if not wholly successful, fails only because statutes are no match for the natural laws of trade. We decline to enter the world's markets or to do business over the world's counter. Instead, we set up a shop of our own, a sort of department store; to the extent that governmental action can effect it, we limit all buying and selling and exchanges of products to our own home circle; and, in the endeavor to compass that end, we have raised duties on imports to a height never dreamed of even in the stress of internecine war. In only one important particular does protectionism still lack completeness. The voice of the farmer is heard in the land complaining that he is proscribed and making the perfectly logical demand — said to have been favored in the last Congress by eighteen Senators and voted for by twelve — that his principal industries should be protected as well as any others. Why not? It is merely a question of methods. We cannot protect the farmer by customs duties on articles which never enter our

ports. But we can do it by export bounties on those articles — an obvious method of reaching the end in view and the method really proposed. It would be worth considering as another method, whether the government should not simply buy and burn the farmer's redundant crops — a method equally beneficial to the farmer, less costly to the people at large because dispensing with the machinery incident to bounty payments, more consonant with our general policy of commercial isolation, and less likely to be offensive to foreign countries who may not care to serve as dumping-grounds for our surplus products. To governmental action in furtherance of the policy of commercial isolation and having special reference to the interests of capital, has naturally been added kindred action looking to the protection of labor. The Chinese laboring class we proscribe *en bloc*. We bar out any alien workman, who, aspiring to better his condition by coming to these shores, takes the reasonable precaution of contracting for employment before he makes the venture. By recently proposed and apparently not preventable legislation on the same lines, this land of ours, so long the boasted refuge of the oppressed and downtrodden of the earth, is now to be hermetically sealed against all to whom an unkind fate has denied a certain amount of education. Thus is a governmental policy, originally designed to protect domestic capital, now reinforced by a like policy for the protection of domestic labor, so that, were the tendency of the twin policies of commercial and political isolation to be unchecked and were not natural laws too strong for artificial restraints, we might well stand in awe of a time when in their intercourse with us and influence upon us the other countries of the earth would for all practical uses be as remote as Jupiter or Saturn. Finally, one other feature of the situation must not be overlooked. While protectionism in this country has waxed

mighty and all-pervading — our foreign shipping industry has languished and declined until it has become a subject of concern and mortification to public men of all parties. Time was when we built the best ships afloat and disputed the carrying trade of the world with Great Britain herself. Now we not only make no serious attempt to carry for other countries but are looking on while only about twelve per cent. of our own foreign commerce embarks in American bottoms. What is the cause? Here are seven to eight thousand miles of coast, fronting Europe to the east and Asia to the west, belonging to seventy millions of people, intelligent, prosperous, adventurous, with aptitudes derived from ancestors whose exploits on the seas have resounded through the world and have not yet ceased to be favorite themes of poetry and romance. Why is it that such a people no longer figures on such a congenial field of action? The answer is to be found nowhere else than in the working of the twin policies we are considering — of commercial combined with political isolation. Under the former policy, when sails and timber gave way to steam and iron, protectionism so enhanced the cost of the essentials of steamship construction that any competition between American shipyards and the banks of the Clyde was wholly out of the question. Under the latter, the policy of political isolation, the public mind became predisposed to regard the annihilation of our foreign merchant service as something not only to be acquiesced in but welcomed. How could it be otherwise? If to stand apart from the group of nations to which we belong and to live to ourselves alone is the ideal we aim at, why should we not view with equanimity, or even with satisfaction, the loss of an industry which provides the connecting links between ourselves and the outer world? Though that loss was at first and for a considerable period in apparent accord with the popular

temper, there is now a revulsion of sentiment, and a demand for the rehabilitation of our foreign merchant marine which seems to be both strong and general. Yet the predominance of political and commercial isolation ideas could not be better illustrated than by the only proposed means of reaching the desired end which seems to have any chance of prevailing. It is but a few years ago that one of the oldest and most eminent of Boston merchants appeared before a congressional committee to ask for such a change of the laws that American papers could be got for a vessel of American ownership, though not of American build. He was in the shipping business and wanted to stay in it, he could buy foreign vessels at much lower cost than that for which he could procure American vessels, he must have the foreign vessels if he was to compete with rival ship-owners, and he appealed to the government simply to nationalize his property — to let him have American registers for vessels which had become American property. He was an American — with the true American spirit — who wanted to do business under the American flag and who found it exceedingly distasteful to do business under any other. Yet his appeal was vain, his proposition was scouted as of novel and dangerous tendency, and it was even insinuated that its author, instead of being animated by patriotic impulses and purposes, had succumbed to the blandishments of foreigners and was insidiously endeavoring to promote their interests. Doubtless the same proposition made to Congress to-day would meet the same fate. The desire to resurrect our extinct foreign merchant service no doubt prevails in great and perhaps increasing force. But, so far as present indications are to be relied upon, the object is to be accomplished not by liberalizing our commercial code, but by intensifying its narrow and stringent character. Protectionism is to have a wider scope and to

include a new subject-matter, and the shipping industry is to be resuscitated and fostered by bounties and subsidies and discriminating tonnage duties levied upon all alien vessels that enter our ports. Thus, and by this process, the twin policies of political and commercial isolation will be exploited as beyond the imputation of failure or of flaw; as working in complete accord to great public ends; as keeping foreigners and foreign countries at a distance on the one hand while on the other artificially stimulating a particular industry at the expense of the whole American people. Clearly, what with import duties for the manufacturer, export bounties for the farmer, tonnage taxes for the ship-builder, racial and literary exactions for the laborer, and political isolation for the whole country, we ought soon to be far advanced on the road to the millennium — unless indeed we have unhappily taken a wrong turn and are off the track altogether.

A noted Republican statesman, our day, a protectionist though not of the extreme variety, is said to have remarked, "It is not an ambitious destiny for so great a country as ours to manufacture only what we can consume or produce only what we can eat." But it is even a more pitiful ambition for such a country to aim to seclude itself from the world at large and to live a life as insulated and independent as if it were the only country on the foot-stool. A nation is as much a member of a society as an individual. Its membership, as in the case of an individual, involves duties which call for something more than mere abstention from violations of positive law. The individual who should deliberately undertake to ignore society and social obligations, to mix with his kind only under compulsion, to abstain from all effort to make men wiser or happier, to resist all appeals to clarity, to get the most possible and enjoy the most possible consistent with the least

possible intercourse with his fellows, would be universally condemned as shaping his life by a low and unworthy standard. Yet, what is true of the individual in his relations to his fellow men is equally true of every nation in its relations to other nations. In this matter, we have fallen into habits which, however excusable in their origin, are without present justification. Does a foreign question or controversy present itself appealing however forcibly to our sympathies or sense of right — what happens the moment it is suggested that the United States should seriously participate in its settlement? A shiver runs through all the ranks of capital lest the uninterrupted course of money-making be interfered with; the cry of "Jingo!" comes up in various quarters; advocates of peace at any price make themselves heard from innumerable pulpits and rostrums; while practical politicians invoke the doctrine of the Farewell Address as an absolute bar to all positive action. The upshot is more or less explosions of sympathy or antipathy at more or less public meetings, and, if the case is a very strong one, a more or less tardy tender by the government of its "moral support." Is that a creditable part for a great nation to play in the affairs of the world? The pioneer in the wilderness, with a roof to build over his head and a patch of ground to cultivate and wife and children to provide for and secure against savage beasts and yet more savage men, finds in the great law of self-preservation ample excuse for not expending either his feelings or his energies upon the joys or the sorrows of his neighbors. But surely he is no pattern for the modern millionaire, who can sell nine tenths of all he has and give to the poor, and yet not miss a single comfort or luxury of life. This country was once the pioneer and is now the millionaire. It behooves it to recognize the changed conditions and to realize its great place among the Powers of the

earth. It behooves it to accept the commanding position belonging to it, with all its advantages on the one hand and all its burdens on the other. It is not enough for it to vaunt its greatness and superiority and to call upon the rest of the world to admire and be duly impressed. Posing before less favored peoples as an exemplar of the superiority of American institutions may be justified and may have its uses. But posing alone is like answering the appeal of a mendicant by bidding him admire your own sleekness, your own fine clothes and handsome house and your generally comfortable and prosperous condition. He possibly should do that and be grateful for the spectacle, but what he really asks and needs is a helping hand. The mission of this country, if it has one, as I verily believe it has, is not merely to pose but to act — and, while always governing itself by the rules of prudence and common sense and making its own special interests the first and paramount objects of its care, to forego no fitting opportunity to further the progress of civilization practically as well as theoretically, by timely deeds as well as by eloquent words. There is such a thing for a nation as a "splendid isolation" — as when for a worthy cause, for its own independence, or dignity, or vital interests, it unshrinkingly opposes itself to a hostile world. But isolation that is nothing but a shirking of the responsibilities of high place and great power is simply ignominious. If we shall sooner or later — and we certainly shall — shake off the spell of the Washington legend and cease to act the rôle of a sort of international recluse, it will not follow that formal alliances with other nations for permanent or even temporary purposes will soon or often be found expedient. On the other hand, with which of them we shall as a rule practically co-operate cannot be doubtful. From the point of view of our material interests alone, our best friend as well as most

formidable foe is that world-wide empire whose navies rule the seas and which on our northern frontier controls a dominion itself imperial in extent and capabilities. There is the same result if we consider the present crying need of our commercial interests. What is it? It is more markets and larger markets for the consumption of the products of the industry and inventive genius of the American people. That genius and that industry have done wonders in the way of bursting the artificial barriers of the "American system" and reaching the foreign consumer in spite of it. Nevertheless, the cotton manufacturing industry of New England bears but too painful witness to the inadequacy of the home market to the home supply — and through what agency are we so likely to gain new outlets for our products as through that of a Power whose possessions girdle the earth and in whose ports equal privileges and facilities of trade are accorded to the flags of all nations? But our material interests only point in the same direction as considerations of a higher and less selfish character. There is a patriotism of race as well as of country — and the Anglo-American is as little likely to be indifferent to the one as to the other. Family quarrels there have been heretofore and doubtless will be again, and the two peoples, at the safe distance which the broad Atlantic interposes, take with each other liberties of speech which only the fondest and dearest relatives indulge in.

Nevertheless, that they would be found standing together against any alien foe by whom either was menaced with destruction or irreparable calamity, it is not permissible to doubt. Nothing less could be expected of the close community between them in origin, speech, thought, literature, institutions, ideals — in the kind and degree of the civilization enjoyed by both. In that same community, and in that coöperation in good works which should result from it, lies, it is not too much to say, the best hope for the future not only of the two kindred peoples but of the human race itself. To be assured of it, we need not resort to *a priori* reasoning, convincing as it would be found, nor exhaust historical examples, numerous and cogent as they are. It is enough to point out that, of all obstacles to the onward march of civilization, none approaches in magnitude and obduracy "the scourge of war" and that the English and American peoples, both by precept and by example, have done more during the last century to do away with war and to substitute peaceful and civilized methods of settling international controversies, than all the other nations of the world combined have done during all the world's history. It is not too much to hope, let us trust, that the near future will show them making even more marked advances in the same direction, and, while thus consulting their own best interests, also setting an example sure to have the most important and beneficent influence upon the destinies of mankind.

Richard Olney.

THE DREYFUS AND ZOLA TRIALS.

THE echoes of these great trials have come to our ears much enfeebled by their long journey across the Atlantic. Unintelligible cablegrams, and a few stray newspaper articles based on one or another trifling feature supposed to be serviceably dramatic, constitute our knowledge of an agitation which has shaken France to the centre, which has intensely excited the whole continent of Europe, which has involved possibilities of political and social revolution, which has led to the serious suggestion of racial crusades and massacres, and which the philosophical historian writing an hundred years hence will find a vastly more significant, more expressive feature of this age than a whole budget of Venezuelan episodes or Cuban questions. These trials have been the exponent or the explosion, as you will, of anti-Semitism and of militarism.

For the French nation, the point of interest has been, not the treason, but the Jew. No one upon this side of the water, unless he has read the French daily newspapers most industriously, can form an idea of the savage, merciless onslaught which they have combined to make upon the unfortunate race. They have stimulated that which needed no stimulation, — the blind rage, mingled with dread and cupidity, which often means bloodshed. For many years past anti-Semitism has been rapidly advancing in France, somewhat less rapidly in other Continental countries. This Dreyfus case is only a measure whereby we can gauge the height to which the race hatred has risen. Will it now subside? The only cheering indication is the present violence, such as usually foreruns reaction. The state of feeling is mediæval, but probably the demonstration will stop short of the St. Bartholomew which some of the fanatics have dared to mention.

Nevertheless, in France to-day it is perilous to be a Jew.

Yet, in spite of the fierce support given by the anti-Semites, the small band of distinguished citizens who condemned the proceedings in the Dreyfus case would have forced the government either to submit to a revision or to show that conclusive evidence which it professed to have, had it not been for the element of "our dearest blessing, the army." The political life of the Cabinet flickered dubiously until the cry of "Vive l'armée!" was raised, and then all was safe. "Vive l'armée" might involve not only "Down with Jews," "Down with Dreyfus and Zola," but also "Down with law and justice." No matter; down let them go, and let the ruins make an altar for Esterhazy, wretch and probably enough traitor, but an officer, and not a Jew. As one French officer, who seemed in his private opinion to hold Dreyfus innocent, gallantly said, "The verdict of the court-martial is for me as conclusive as the word of God." Precisely this has been the position in which the French government has been sustained by the French people. The principle has been laid down that the generals of the French army are not only trustworthy, but infallible. Not many generations ago the French ventured to set aside the Sermon on the Mount, but to-day they cannot set aside the finding of a board of army officers. The secret proceedings in the Dreyfus case, the limitations established for and during the Zola trial, offend our sense of justice; but the former are probably a necessary part of militarism, and the latter were in part proper, and in other parts they awake the old discussion as to the merits of French and Anglo-Saxon systems of criminal procedure.

The whole business, in whatever aspect we regard it, undoubtedly soothes

our sense of self-satisfaction, so that we thank Heaven that we are not as the Frenchmen are. We ought also, however, to thank Heaven that we are not subject to the same conditions which embarrass the French. If all the Jews of Continental Europe were suddenly to be transported to this continent, we might find the national digestion, powerful as it is, badly nauseated. Neither ought we to forget our action as to the Chinese. If Canada and Mexico were to us what Germany and Italy are to France, we should probably change our sentiments about standing armies, court-martials, and militarism in general. When a rich man sees a poor man pick a pocket, he must condemn the poor man, but moderately, and he should not indulge in self-glorification because he himself has never appropriated *as alieni*, at least in the like manner.

October 29, 1894, la Libre Parole, edited by M. Edouard Drumont, a very lunatic among anti-Semites, hinted at an important arrest. On November 1 it stated that an attaché on the staff of the Ministry of War had been arrested for treason, and maliciously added: "The matter will be suppressed because the officer is a Jew. Seek among the Dreyfus, the Mayers, or the Lévy's, and you will find him. He has made full confession, and there is absolute proof that he has told our secrets to Germany." In fact, Captain Alfred Dreyfus had already been for several days in the military prison of Cherche Midi, but so secretly immured that his name was not on the register, and he had been seen by only one attendant.

Many months before this time the War Department had become convinced that a leakage was going on toward Germany. Thereupon, an employee at the German Embassy, who habitually broke instructions by selling, instead of destroying, the contents of the waste-paper baskets, was induced, by the offer of a bet-

ter price, to sell his rubbish to two new chiffonniers. One day, these persons, French detectives of course, found in the waste four fragments of a peculiar kind of paper, used by photographers. These pieces, being carefully put together, constituted the famous *bordereau*. This was a memorandum, specifying five documents relating to military secrets, which purported to have been sent by the writer to some one; but by whom and to whom did not appear, for there was neither address nor signature. Immediately there was an examination of handwritings of employees at the War Department, and Captain Dreyfus was singled out as an object of suspicion. He was summoned into a room around which looking-glasses had been skillfully disposed, and was ordered to write from dictation sentences which repeated phrases of the *bordereau*; he was made to rewrite some of the words as many as sixty times, now seated, now standing, now barehanded, now with gloves on, now rapidly, now slowly. Some say that he lost his self-possession, and that, when some one said his hand trembled, he attributed it to cold. A different story is, that the remarkable degree to which he kept his self-possession, under so trying and suggestive an ordeal, was construed as indicating guilt. Either way, the fact was turned against him, and the arrest was made on the spot. Simultaneously, Commandant du Paty de Clam hastened to the house of Dreyfus, and conducted a thorough ransacking, but without result; for, said an anti-Semite newspaper, all incriminating papers were in the strong-box of an accomplice. But for seventeen days the commandant improved his opportunity to torture the unfortunate wife with varied and ingenious barbarity; refusing to tell her where her husband was confined or of what crime he was accused, but assuring her that his guilt was unquestionable, and illustrating this opinion by drawing strange geometrical diagrams. He said that the penalty of the crime

was death, and reminded her of the man in the iron mask. He also told her that her husband was leading "a double life, unexceptionable at home, but in reality monstrous."

A court-martial was promptly convened, sat with closed doors, and found the accused man guilty. He was publicly degraded from his rank in the army, the *galons* were torn from his uniform, and his sword was broken; while he maintained a defiant aspect, protesting his innocence, and crying, "Vive la France!" His sentence, of unusual severity, was deportation for life to Ile du Diable, a barren little island off the coast of French Guiana.

If Dreyfus had not been a Jew, he would have dropped into his exile with little observation, and would have been soon forgotten; but the race element came in to prevent the possibility of indifference or oblivion. The anti-Semites triumphed in a Jewish treason, and abused the government for putting a Jew in the War Bureau, where he could get at salable information. Of course he dealt in it, they said. Also of course they compared him to Judas; forgetting that if Judas was a Jew, so also was Christ. La Croix boasted that Frenchmen were preëminently enemies *du peuple décide*, as if such hatred was creditable to Christians. M. Drumont talked of *la fatalité de la race*. On the other side, the Dreyfus family, strongly backed among the *haute Juiverie*, and with abundance of money, cried out that an innocent man had been found guilty for no other reason than because he was a Jew; and they kept up an untiring agitation of the matter.

So long as rigid secrecy was preserved the position of the government was absolutely impregnable. But in the autumn of 1896 a false rumor of the prisoner's escape revived the waning interest, and thereupon some one who knew the facts could no longer hold his peace. This leaky person was generally understood

to be General Mercier, who had been Minister of War at the time of the court-martial; but he stoutly denied it, when on the stand in the Zola case. Very appropriately, l'Eclair let in the first ray of light by publishing the bordereau, — at first incorrectly, afterward accurately; and soon le Matin gave a facsimile. In the Zola trial General de Pellieux said: "People talk much of this bordereau, but few have seen it. . . . Nothing can be less like it than are the facsimiles." But M^e Demange, who also had seen it, said that the facsimile in le Matin was strikingly good (*saisissant*).

Prior to the court-martial three so-called and mis-called experts in handwriting had been consulted by the government. There was the military man, du Paty de Clam, who had no skill in the difficult science of graphology; there was M. Gobert, a person sometimes employed by the Bank of France, who expressed an opinion that the handwriting of the bordereau might very well be that of some other person than Dreyfus; and there was M. Bertillon, an attaché of the police service, famous for his fad concerning the study of criminals by physical measurements; he reported that if he were to set aside the hypothesis that the document might have been most carefully forged by some imitator of the handwriting of Dreyfus, he should then attribute it to Dreyfus. Precisely this hypothesis, which he thus set aside, became afterward the Dreyfusian theory of the case. Such "expert" testimony amounted to nothing. It was not materially strengthened by three other witnesses, of like qualifications, who appeared before the court-martial, and of whom one was for Dreyfus and two were against him. M. Bernard Lazare, a Parisian journalist of repute and a strenuous Dreyfusard, remarked that when prosecuting authorities consult experts it is "not in order to exculpate some one;" yet two of the government experts had exculpated Dreyfus. Now the facsimile

gave this zealous friend his opportunity, and M. Lazare immediately sought the judgment of leading graphologists in France and in other countries. As a result he published twelve favorable opinions in a volume, in which he also gave facsimiles of the handwriting of Dreyfus in parallel columns with facsimiles of the *bordereau*.

By all this examination it was established that between the handwriting of the *bordereau* and that of Dreyfus there was a general resemblance, but with certain distinct differences. Some letters were said even to stand the test of superposition. Hence originated the suggestion that these letters had been traced, and other parts had been originally written with intentional variations; also that the *bordereau* was a combination of the writing of Alfred Dreyfus and that of his brother Mathieu. The paper of the *bordereau* was of a texture which admitted tracing. The Dreyfusards sneered at so laborious and so clumsy a resource, and said that the combination of close likeness with slight yet essential differences was precisely what would be expected in the case of a forgery. They asked pertinently, Since Dreyfus was an Alsatian, familiar with the German language and writing, why, if he was writing to Germans, did he not safely use the German script? They urged that the peculiar paper of the *bordereau* was of German manufacture, and that none like it was found at the house of Dreyfus. Also they asked the fundamental question, Why should Dreyfus have increased the danger by sending this useless *bordereau* at all? Why not have simply dispatched the documents which were named in it? They also criticised the failure to produce the persons who brought the *bordereau*, when it was upon their act that the whole superstructure of the case rested. Against this, however, was the firm principle forbidding such use of government detectives.

It was almost a matter of course that

there should be legends of confession. Of these, the earlier one was almost certainly false; but the later one is not quite so easily disposed of. This was that, at the time of his military degradation, Dreyfus had told Captain Lebrun-Renault that he had indeed given information to Germany, but in the hope of drawing out in return much more important information for France. This story, however, never came at first-hand from Lebrun-Renault himself, and there is no direct evidence to sustain it. General Cavaignac declared, in the Chamber of Deputies, that the statement of the confession was on file at the Ministry of War, — a fact presumably within his own personal and official knowledge; but upon being directly questioned he admitted that he had never seen the document; and being again asked for the basis of his certainty, he replied that he was "morally sure." The Dreyfusards, betwixt ridicule and indignation, responded that they were much more than morally sure of many facts in the case. In the Zola trial, Forzinetti, commander of the prison, being interrogated by M^e Labori as to a confession, was forbidden to answer; but elsewhere he had strenuously denied any such occurrence. It is very difficult to believe that a confession was made. If it had been, the government could have quieted this whole perilous excitement by merely stating the fact, without infringing upon the secrecy of their detective service. Moreover, the consistent and persistent behavior of Dreyfus indicates great resolution in asserting innocence. On the other hand, such efforts were made to lead him into the blunder of confessing that, if they had succeeded, the confession would have lost much of its natural value.

A vital question was, whether or not Dreyfus had access to the documents named in the *bordereau*. Apparently, no evidence was offered to this point, except that in the Ministry of War he was known as a prying character, accus-

tomed to ask questions and to look over the shoulders of other employees. Now a precise investigation revealed that as to one document he could have got knowledge only by inquiry from the Artillery Bureau, and it was alleged that the officers of that bureau affirmatively testified that they had never been questioned by him. Of another document only a limited number of copies had been issued for distribution to the army corps, and the government had kept careful trace of each one of these, without being able to bring one home to him. Finally, the *bordereau* closed with the line, "Je vais partir en manœuvres." At any time when it was possible that these documents could have been transmitted, Dreyfus was not going to any manœuvres.

In the natural search for a motive *la Libre Parole* suggested: "His treason is probably a thoroughly Jewish act, — an act of ingratitude and hate, whereby Jews have always been wont to reward nations who have harbored them." Money, however, seemed more satisfactory, and stories were circulated that Dreyfus was a gambler and a dissolute liver; but he was neither the one nor the other, and he was rich.

If the *bordereau* had been given out in the hope of silencing the Dreyfusards, all this criticism showed that it had signally failed. Accordingly, a second effort now followed, again by the familiar channel of *l'Eclair*. It was said that a letter, written by a military attaché of the German Embassy at Paris to a member of the German Embassy in Italy, — both names were given eventually, — had been held up *in transitu* sufficiently long to be "skillfully read and prudently photographed;" that when the court-martial showed hesitation as to convicting upon the sole evidence of the *bordereau*, this letter was laid before the members, and at once "induced unanimity in their implacable decision;" but that it was not made known to Dreyfus

or to his counsel. Reasons of state and *la haute politique* compelled profound secrecy. Some persons even believed that if its contents should leak out, the German army would start the next day for Paris. Very soon, however, the curious public was assured that the sentence supposed to be fatal to Dreyfus was this simple remark: "Decidedly, this animal, Dreyfus, is getting too exacting." There did not seem anything in these words to bring the Germans again to Paris! But even in these an essential correction was soon made: *Dreyfus was not named in the letter at all*; the last sentence had only the initial letter "D." This left it as a mere item of evidence; and it appeared that the French government had had the letter for many months before the arrest of Dreyfus, and that it had fastened the "D" upon at least two other persons.

The situation now was substantially this: the admission that this secret letter was necessary to induce conviction involved the admission of the insufficiency of the *bordereau*; but the fact that in the letter there was only an initial left that also inconclusive; finally, the placing of secret evidence before the judges created a great storm of indignation; it was a violation alike of technical law and substantial justice. Persons who were neither Jews nor lovers of Jews, even some who thought that Dreyfus might very well be guilty, now demanded a revision of his case; and these recruits came largely from the more intelligent and thinking classes. M^e Demange took a skillful position: he refused to be a party to these proceedings, because he would not believe that any such "enormity," such "flagrant violation of the rights of the defendant," could have been committed. But the government stood stubbornly to its colors, refused discussion, and said that the affair was *chose jugée* and should never be reopened. A majority in the Chamber of Deputies sustained this po-

sition; and the great multitude of the people, strong in their hatred of Judaism, remained well pleased. Nevertheless, the situation was by no means satisfactory.

Now some newspapers revived an interesting story. It was remembered that M. Casimir Périer had resigned the presidency of the Republic about the time of the Dreyfus trial, on the ground that he could not endure the combination of moral responsibility and powerlessness. The tale told by le Rappel was, that M. de Munster, the German Minister, had called upon the President, and said that he was instructed by his sovereign to give assurance that Dreyfus had not, either in France or in Belgium,¹ nearly or distantly, been in relation with the secret service of the German government. The ambassador further suggested that one must be *bien naïf* to believe that a diplomat could have thrown into a waste-paper basket so important a document. Further, it was said that the Emperor of Germany had addressed an autograph letter to the President of France, saying: "I give you my word of honor as a man that Captain Dreyfus has never betrayed France to the German government; and if need should be, I will give you my word as Emperor, with all the consequences thereof." Finally, M. Casimir Périer was declared to have said of the story, "It is not precisely so," thereby confirming the substance by contradicting only the detail. Now, if the President did in fact receive these communications, he could do absolutely nothing except refer them to his ministers; and when the ministers refused to act on them he was in a false and humiliating position, out of which he might naturally get by precisely that act of resignation which had appeared so singular. Probabilities seem to favor the truth of this story; and if it was false, there could

be no objection to contradicting it. In the Zola case Casimir Périer was on the witness-stand, but gave out nothing of interest. He said that it was his duty not to tell the whole truth.

Probably out of this German story grew the suggestion that the treason of Dreyfus had moved, not toward Germany, but toward Russia; and this, as many persons conceived, might explain the unwillingness to make public the secret letter. There is no way of absolutely disproving this theory; but not one particle of evidence supports it, and it stands as an arbitrary and gratuitous fancy. Moreover, much must be explained away before it can be admitted. How came the *bordereau* in the German waste-paper basket? How did it happen that the secret letter was written by one German attaché to another? Why, when some one who knew the whole story gave out the evidence, did he state that the communications had been made to Germany? And why had Casimir Périer hesitated to clear the German Emperor of alleged interferences? The ingenious theory has possibility, for, as the Italian peasant said to Dickens, "all things are possible;" but beyond this nothing can be said in support of it.

In the procession of sensations, the next to arrive was that of Esterhazy. Lieutenant-Colonel Picquart, after eager investigation, had satisfied himself that this man was the real criminal. He stated his discoveries to Mathieu Dreyfus, who in turn formally denounced Esterhazy to the Minister of War. Esterhazy was not only a bad man in the ordinary sense of the term, but he was a thorough villain. Certain letters written by him some time before were now made public, and rendered it entirely probable that he might be a traitor. There occurred in them many venomous insults toward the French army: "Our great

¹ The reference to Belgium arose from a story that Dreyfus had made a trip into Bel-

gium, and there had met a secret agent of the Berlin government.

chiefs, cowardly and ignorant, will go once more to people the German prisons." "After getting to Lyons, the Germans will throw away their guns, and keep only their canes [or ramrods¹] to chase the French before them." There was much more to the like purport with these samples. With incredible effrontery Esterhazy admitted all save the famous "uhlan letter;" and as to that he admitted that the handwriting was closely like his own. In it he spoke of the pleasure with which he would cause the death of a hundred thousand Frenchmen; said that to see Paris taken by assault and given over to the pillage of a hundred thousand drunken soldiers was a fête of which he dreamed, and that if he were told that he was to be slain the next day as a captain of uhlans sabring Frenchmen he should be perfectly happy. In view of public excitement, it was deemed necessary to try Esterhazy by court-martial; yet the government stated beforehand its strange position, that whatever might be the outcome of his case, the Dreyfus case would remain unaffected thereby. Ministers did not mean to be at all embarrassed if they should find themselves with two traitors and only one treason! Yet the assertion was superfluous, since Esterhazy was *innocenté par avance*.

The only question at this trial was whether or not Esterhazy wrote the bordereau. The doors were closed. Colonel Picquart made his statement. The batch of graphologues filed into court, and asserted in theatrical chorus that Esterhazy never wrote that bordereau, — never! They even declared they were doubtful whether he had written some of the letters which he himself acknowledged. One docile expert, who had said that Dreyfus had traced some of his own handwriting in the bordereau, now

said that Dreyfus had also traced in the bordereau some of Esterhazy's handwriting! If there was a lack of originality in the suggestion, there was also a lack of any plausible reason for it. Upon such evidence the court could only acquit the defendant. Thereupon came a surprising scene. The accused man, his breast sparkling with decorations, received in his arms his weeping advocate, and contributed his own tears; the members of the court-martial congratulated him *avec émotion*; every one shook hands with him, and the crowd outside shrieked, "Vive l'armée!" and "Vive Esterhazy!" — certainly a strange fellowship of cries.

One cannot but reflect that if Dreyfus had been tried in the same spirit in which Esterhazy was tried, he would have been acquitted, and *vice versa*. It is impossible, upon the merits, much to differentiate the two cases. At each trial the substantial question was of handwriting, and at neither did the experts deserve the name. In the Dreyfus case they contradicted one another; in the Esterhazy case they stultified themselves. Was there much to choose? Two women shall be grinding at the mill; one shall be taken, and the other shall be left. If one of these women were a Jewess, and the other a Christian, the French government would have no difficulty in making the selection.

Dreyfus had now become a symbol between Semites and anti-Semites; he was the test of victory: —

"For Titus dragged him by the foot,
And Aulus by the head."

With the Jews stood a cohort composed of men of brains and independence, lovers of justice, who worried themselves about neither Jew nor Gentile, but who believed that a gross injustice had put in jeopardy the safety of every citizen of

¹ The word is *baguettes*. Littré says: "Sorte de petit bâton mince et flexible. Dans quelques pays certains officiers portaient une baguette quand ils étaient en fonction. . . .

Baguette de fusil, de pistolet, baguette qui sert à presser la charge dans le canon. *Plur.* Supplée militaire, qui consiste à frapper avec une baguette."

France. On the anti-Semite side were the mass of the people, the government, and the army, — an invincible combination, but unfortunate in having to adopt as their symbol the disreputable Esterhazy.

On January 13, 1898, *l'Aurore* published Zola's famous letter to M. Félix Faure, President of the Republic. It filled nearly eight columns, and was clear, forcible, dramatic, — an admirable composition. What fuel it was! The flames of conflict roared and sprang aloft toward the heavens. It was certainly an act of reckless daring, and I believe that it was also an honest act, though others have seen in it only an advertisement, — a novel and very perilous experiment in that direction, one would think. The press overwhelmed him with abuse, repudiated him as a fellow countryman, and called him *auteur de pornographies* and *écrivain immonde*, and many unsavory names. When French newspapers cried out against his coarseness, it was evident that even the French sense of humor had succumbed to the intensity of the situation, and was fairly drowned beneath the raging torrent of anti-Semitism. They said that "in an epileptic attack he had insulted our dearest blessing, the army." In vain did he explain that his attack was not upon the army, but only upon a few individuals; none the less did the illogical mobs continue to shriek, "A bas les Juifs!" "Vive l'armée!" "A bas Zola!" as an allied trinity of cries.

The government, unable to ignore such a defiance, at once instituted a prosecution against M. Zola and M. Perrenx, editor of *l'Aurore*. From the moment of the Dreyfus arrest the government had held "the inside track," and this now meant the very great advantage of selecting the field of battle. In the long list of arraignments made by Zola was this sentence: —

"I accuse the first Council of War of having violated the law by condemning

the accused on a piece of evidence which was kept secret; and I accuse the second Council of War of having, under orders, covered this illegality by committing in its turn the crime at law of knowingly acquitting a guilty man."

The government based its proceedings only upon *the second half of this charge*. In other words, the Esterhazy case was to be retried, and that was all. A curious world was disappointed, but the government was well advised; its whole business was to convict the defendants in the surest, simplest way. The advocate-general, van Cassel, promptly demanded a strict limitation to the precise question: "Have the judges of Commandant Esterhazy committed the crime of rendering a judgment to order?"

Maitres Labori and Clémenceau, counsel for MM. Zola and Perrenx, resisted: "It was impossible thus to get to the bottom of the affair; the incriminated passage, taken in isolation, was incomprehensible; it was against good sense and justice to select arbitrarily a short passage from the letter, to the exclusion of the general purport and bearing of the whole."

Zola added: "How can we show that an illegality has been covered, if we are not allowed to show that an illegality has been committed?"

But the situation was Zola's misfortune; the ruling of the court in favor of the advocate-general was inevitable.

When M^e Labori began to name his witnesses, the result was like that which befell the man who made a great supper and bade many guests, and they all with one consent began to make excuse. A number of military men were not free to speak on grounds of "professional secrecy," and the ladies were all ill. The widow Chapelin had an influenza, and a sick baby, and frankly declared that if forced to testify she would say "the contrary of the truth." M^e Labori argued fairly that these persons could not know beforehand to what

point they would be questioned, and complained that the military men made themselves "a caste apart." The court ordered most of them to appear.

Madame Dreyfus was the first witness, and was asked under what conditions she learned of the arrest of her husband, and what she thought of the good faith of M. Zola. The president of the court ruled the question out. M. Zola said that he "claimed such advantages as were accorded to robbers and assassins, whose witnesses were named and heard; that he was insulted in the streets, menaced with violence, his carriage windows were broken; the jury should have those facts; and was he not to be permitted to show his good faith?" The president assured him that the question was contrary to law. Zola responded: "I do not know the law; and, at the moment, I do not wish to know it. I am accused, and I ought to have the right of defense."

More questions were ruled out, and again M. Zola protested: "To present a portion of my letter only in order to bring me within reach of the law is a disgrace to justice. I do not put myself above the law, and have never said so; but I do put myself above the hypocritical procedure which seeks to close my mouth." (Applause.)

Colonel Picquart had been practically the prosecutor of Esterhazy; at the court-martial his evidence had been given within closed doors, but now he told his story to the world. In 1896, the fragments of a torn *carte-télégramme*, the *petit bleu*, had "fallen into his hands." He did not explain why these fragments excited his interest, but they did so, for he had them carefully put together; and thereby he found that the card was addressed to Commandant Esterhazy, and that its contents and signature indicated something wrong. Thereupon he made inquiries about Esterhazy, and learned that he was a gambler, a speculator, a borrower of money, a

coureur de femmes, and a general scoundrel, easily to be suspected of any baseness. He then had the *petit bleu* photographed, and two witnesses concerned in this task said that he desired to have the marks of tearing made to disappear, also to omit certain words. This looked disingenuous; but Picquart explained, reasonably, that he had only wished to leave out titles, addresses, and signatures, so that experts examining the handwriting should not know who was under investigation. Further, the card bore no post-stamp to indicate delivery, and these witnesses said that Picquart had desired to have a postmark put upon it. This he absolutely denied, saying that some one of them, looking at the card, had remarked, "It does not look authentic; there ought to be a postmark on it," — which might have been distorted into the evidence given.

Why, in connection with a card written to Esterhazy, Picquart had desired specimens of writing *by* Esterhazy does not appear; but he had sought them, and had them in his possession when *le Matin* published the facsimile of the *bordereau*. Immediately Picquart was struck by the resemblance of the handwriting to that of Esterhazy. He hastened to M. Bertillon, who at once said that the Esterhazy specimen was the handwriting of the writer of the *bordereau*; and being told that the specimen was written subsequent to the conviction of Dreyfus, he said that evidently the Jews had had some one at work learning to imitate the writing of the *bordereau*. This evidence of Picquart was corroborated by the Deputy Hubbard, to whom the foolish Bertillon said that he would not look at Esterhazy's handwriting; that Esterhazy would end by confession; but that at any rate there must be no revision, which would mean a social revolution; that at times prefects of police bade one speak, at other times they bade one keep silence. The quasi expert du Paty de Clam also admitted the likeness of the

writings, but suggested Mathieu Dreyfus as the writer. A banker, who had operated for Esterhazy on the Bourse, was so struck by the resemblance that he called the attention of Mathieu Dreyfus to it. One other person, also, was profoundly affected, and that was Commandant Esterhazy himself, who hurried about Paris for a couple of days, beneath a pelting rain, behaving like one demented. In his wanderings he came into the office of la Libre Parole, and there said: "Yes, between the handwriting of the bordereau and mine there is a frightful [*effrayante*] resemblance; and when le *Matin* published the facsimile, I felt myself lost."

Picquart had thus far pushed his investigation with more satisfaction to himself than to the government, which apparently had no desire to have a second traitor on its hands. Accordingly, at this inopportune moment his chiefs sent him to Tunis, in the hope, it was said, that he would die upon an unwholesome expedition there. But the generals testified that the fact was only that he was so absorbed in one idea, so "hypnotized" by it, that he had temporarily lost his usefulness, and it was expected that he would return in a more "normal temper." While he was there he received some puzzling telegrams:—

"Your sudden departure has thrown us all into disorder; the work is compromised."

"All is discovered. Matter very serious."

"They have proof that the petit bleu has been made up by George."

Picquart observed that upon one of these telegrams his name was spelled without the "c," and that it had been spelled in the same manner in a letter received by him at nearly the same time from Esterhazy. He became suspicious that Esterhazy was preparing charges of forgery and conspiracy against him, and sent two of the telegrams to the War Department, with a request for an inves-

tigation. Later, it appeared that Esterhazy, in Paris, had knowledge of these documents at an unaccountably early date. When Picquart came back to Paris for the trial, he found himself by no means any longer a favorite, but, on the contrary, he was received "rather as one accused than as a witness." Apparently, he now, at the Zola trial, made a good impression by his testimony, for at the end of his most important day he "received an ovation," which was a rare occurrence on his side of that case.

Also, in his character of prosecutor of Esterhazy, Picquart went further, by showing that Esterhazy had sought information in the direct line of the documents enumerated by the bordereau, and that, in fact, soon after the probable date of the bordereau Esterhazy was sent upon some manœuvres. But thereupon arose an angry discussion as to the date of the bordereau, the generals setting it in September, or possibly August, while their opponents said that it had always been set by every one in April.

General de Pellieux, who bore the burden for the government, testified that he had investigated the charges against Esterhazy prior to the court-martial, and found no evidence of guilt, but that he did find that Colonel Picquart was in need of discipline (which he got in Africa); that Colonel Picquart had failed to show that the *petit bleu* was sent by mail by a foreign military attaché to Esterhazy; that the card did not appear genuine; and that Picquart had shown singular naïveté in fancying that such a communication would be so openly made. But this came with an ill grace after the earlier naïveté of believing that the bordereau had been thrown into a wastepaper basket. The general was moved, at one point, to exclaim: "I will not admit that seven officers, several of whom have spilled their blood on battlefields, while other persons were I know not where, can be accused of having acquitted *by order!*"

Zola interrupted: "There are different ways of serving France; one can serve her by the sword or by the pen. M. le général de Pellieux has doubtless won battles. I also have won mine. My works have carried the French language throughout all the universe. Posterity will choose between General de Pellieux and Emile Zola."

At another point in the case General de Pellieux had quite a brush with M. Jaurès, the famous Socialist member of the Chamber of Deputies, who addressed to the jury an elaborate and sufficiently eloquent speech, thinly salted with testimony.

"I consider," said M. Jaurès, "that the conduct of the trial of Esterhazy justifies the most vehement of M. Zola's outbursts of indignation; it justifies also the alarm of those who, profoundly respecting the national army, yet do not wish to see the military power raise itself above all control and all law." "Why," he asked, "has it been necessary to conduct in secrecy the examination of experts in handwriting?"

He referred also to the "very disquieting" fact that no investigation had been made to discover how the secret letter, or a photographic copy thereof, on which Dreyfus was condemned, had come by the singular channel of a "veiled lady" into the hands of Esterhazy, and had there remained several days. When this paper, of such immeasurable importance, was found to have reached Esterhazy, evidently by connivance on the part of the Etat Major, no investigation was ordered! Did not this publish the resolution of the Staff Office to protect Esterhazy thoroughly and at all cost? Everything, he said, showed that the trial had been conducted, "not with a view to truth and justice, but for the systematic justification of the great military chiefs." Matters had gone in the same way in the Chamber of Deputies, where he had introduced the question whether or not a document, which might prove

culpability, had been communicated to the judges, but not to the accused and his counsel. He had been able to obtain no direct answer. M. Meline had said, "I cannot answer you without serving your schemes," — as though, in the land of the Declaration of the Rights of Man, it were a "scheme" to say that a man could not be convicted on secret evidence! Afterward, however, the deputies had thronged around him, and had said: "You are quite right; but how unfortunate that this affair should have broken out just before election!"

General de Pellieux replied to this "admirable speech:" —

"I am not a soul of crystal, and I have had enough of all these splashings of mud with which people are trying to bespatter men who have no other care than their duty. I can stand it no longer! I say that it is culpable, criminal, to rob the army of the confidence which it has in its chiefs. In the day of peril, nearer perhaps than you think, what do you expect this army to do? It is to butchery that your sons will be led, gentlemen of the jury! And on that day M. Zola will have gained a new battle. He will write a new *Débâcle*, and it will be spread abroad throughout a Europe from which France will be erased."

His words were loudly applauded. M^e Labori turned to the audience and rebuked them; the president of the court in turn rebuked him. He retorted: "The lawyers are forbidden, and properly, to make manifestations. Why, then, is it endured that officers of artillery, in full uniform, should applaud ostentatiously?" The president threatened to forbid his speaking. "Do so!" exclaimed M^e Labori. "M. le général de Pellieux has suggested future battles. In him I respect my chief, for I also belong to the army. But I can tell him that on that day of battle my blood will be as good as his!"

In fact, one can hardly be surprised that M^e Labori felt it as an unfair bur-

den that generals came daily into court as witnesses; not only addressing the jury, sometimes with much eloquence, but dazzling them by the éclat of their military insignia and decorations, and by their official character. After one of the hearings, General de Pellieux, "profoundly moved," passed out of the Palais de Justice, weeping and shaking hands with the crowd, whose patriotic fervor was boiling. At the same moment Esterhazy appeared. Men took off their hats and crushed around him, and one kissed him, whilst all joined in shouting, "Vive Esterhazy!" "Vive l'armée!" "Saluez la victime!" "A bas les Juifs!"

The conduct of Commandant Esterhazy was both prudent and simple. He came upon the witness-stand, turned his back upon M^e Labori, and when a question was put to him by that gentleman stated that he should answer no question whatsoever coming from that side. Thereupon M^e Labori requested the president to put the question, and the president did so. Esterhazy replied: "Although you do me the honor, M. le Président, to transmit this question, it remains all the same the question of M^e Labori; therefore I will not answer." Apparently, there is no process in French law whereby a recalcitrant witness can be made to answer a question, if he does not wish to. Accordingly, in this case Maitres Labori and Clémenceau had no other course than to put all their questions without receiving an answer to any one of them. This they did, and in so doing covered thoroughly all the points which were charged against Esterhazy. The interrogatories fill nearly three columns of *le Temps*, and make, by implication, a terrible arraignment of the man who dared not answer them.

In connection with Esterhazy, it is worth while to mention the evidence of M. Huret, who had been sent to Rouen to find out what was thought of Esterhazy by his regimental comrades. He

testified that he was struck by the fact that the news of the suspicion which had fallen upon the commandant excited not a ripple of astonishment. The officers said that they were not surprised. When he asked, "Why so?" they gave no definite reason; but one of them told him that when news had come that a commandant, not on active duty, was under suspicion of treason, several at the Rouen garrison had suggested Esterhazy.

M. Bertillon, the government's expert in handwriting, was as grotesque as a character in a farce. He admitted that he had no confidence in his art, and yet alleged that by that art he was "sure" that Dreyfus wrote the bordereau. He said of the bordereau: "It obeys a geometric rhythm of which the equation is found in the blotter of Dreyfus." He had much to say about *dextrogyre* and *sénestrogyre*. Altogether, he justified M^e Labori in exclaiming, "Experts are not yet oracles!" and in the sneering charge that M. Bertillon had based the culpability of Alfred Dreyfus on a letter written by Mathieu Dreyfus.

The defendants called several experts in graphology. One of them, M. Héricourt, stated that variations in handwriting are in harmony with physiological variations of the writer; and, applying this subtle principle, he declared the bordereau to be the handwriting of Esterhazy. For the most part, however, these experts gave testimony in a manner both intelligent and intelligible.

There were several instances of what the French newspapers called "incidents of vivacity." One of these vivacious occurrences consisted in the exchange of the lie between Colonel Picquart and Commandant Henry. This afterward occasioned a duel, more serious than most French duels, in which Henry received a rather bad wound. Another incident arose in the examination of General Gonse, who lost his temper, and exclaimed that the questions put to him were "traps." For this discourtesy he

afterward apologized, saying that he respected justice and had yielded to his emotions. Thereupon, M^e Ployer, apparently a sort of *amicus curiæ*, said, "General, I thank you in the name of the whole bar;" and the "incident was closed." This witness, by the way, took the difficult position that the Dreyfus case must not be opened, but that the question of Esterhazy's guilt should be investigated, though independently.

General Mercier testified that he did not know from what source l'Eclair and le Matin had derived their knowledge about Dreyfus, and denied having ever said that a document had been secretly submitted to the court-martial. But when pressed to state whether in fact there had been such a secret document, he refused to answer. "We will take your word as a soldier," said M^e Labori. "I will give it," exclaimed the witness, "that that man was a traitor, and justly and legally condemned!" M^e Labori excepted to this answer; but it had been made.

The trial of MM. Zola and Perrenx ended in the only possible way; both defendants were found guilty, and sentenced to imprisonment in St. Pélagie and to an insignificant fine. Zola received one year, Perrenx four months. The trial had been thoroughly unsatisfactory; it had *proved* absolutely nothing; it had only established the fact that it was quite as likely that the bordereau had been written by Esterhazy as that it had been written by Dreyfus, for the two men wrote singularly alike. In consequence, some persons who believed Dreyfus guilty now gave out the theory that Esterhazy was his accomplice. If Esterhazy had previously had any reputation for honor or decency, the trial would have destroyed it; but he had had none, and he only exemplified that from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. So the Zola case affected the Dreyfus question only by making the enigma more enig-

matical; and it did this by introducing a rival claimant for the bordereau. The impression left upon me is that, whether or not Dreyfus had been mixed up in a treason, Esterhazy almost surely had been so.

Is Dreyfus guilty? All the facts known fall very far short of *proving* guilt. It does not follow, of course, as an affirmative proposition, that he is innocent. Moreover, there is a vexatious probability that important facts remain unknown. From beginning to end the government has not uttered one word; it has introduced no evidence in public; it did not call one witness nor cross-examine one witness in the Zola case; it has never admitted that the evidence which has leaked into publicity is all, or even an important part, of the evidence in its possession; on the contrary, in defiance of all pressure, of all curiosity, of all political peril, it has firmly and consistently refused to show its hand. Furthermore, three reputable witnesses, generals of the army, have asserted most solemnly, upon their word of honor, that they *knew* Dreyfus to be guilty; that it was not matter of opinion, but of knowledge; that it was an absolute fact; and they have said that they based this statement on their knowledge of things which had not been published. In corroboration of this, there occurred in the course of the testimony distinct allusions to the existence of documents on file at the War Department, and strictly secret.

No one questioned the integrity of the officers of the court-martial. Neither was it comprehensible that the government should have gratuitously pushed a false charge against an insignificant captain, or that so cruel a punishment should have been inflicted, if there were doubts of his guilt. Nor has it been shown that he had any enemy likely to enter upon the perilous task of manufacturing false evidence against him. On the other hand, the scandalous protection given by the government to the

wretched Esterhazy provokes suspicion of bad faith. Neither is it easy to explain why the government should not have permitted the occult leakage, by which it had been put in so embarrassing a position, to continue a little longer for the purpose of extrication.

All these things, however, are speculations only, and the affair remains an unsolved mystery. But its mystery is its charm. If we knew, as an *absolute fact*, either that Dreyfus is guilty or that he is innocent, we should forget his case within twenty-four hours.

John T. Morse, Jr.

PSYCHOLOGY AND THE REAL LIFE.

THE world of science and learning, as well as the social world, has its alternating seasons and its capricious fashions. Mathematics and philosophy, theology and physics, philology and history, each has had its great time; each was once favored by both the leaders of knowledge and the crowd of imitating followers. The nineteenth century, which began with high philosophical inspirations, has turned decidedly toward natural science; the description of the universe by dissolving it into its atomistic elements, and the explanation by natural laws without regard for the meaning and the value of the world, has been the scientific goal. But this movement toward naturalistic dissolution has also gone through several phases. It started with the rapid development of physics and chemistry, which brought as a practical result the wonderful gifts of technique. From the inorganic world the scientific interest turned toward the organic world. For a few decades, physiology, the science of the living organism, enjoyed an almost unsurpassed development, and brought as its practical outcome modern medicine. From the functions of the single organism the public interest has been drawn to the problems of the evolution of the organic world as a whole. Darwinism has invaded the educated quarters, and its practical consequence has been rightly or wrongly a revolution against dogmatic traditions.

Finally, the interests of the century have gone a step further, — the last step which naturalism can take. If the physical and the chemical, the physiological and the biological world, in short the whole world of outer experience, is atomized and explained, there remains only the world of inner experience, the world of the conscious personality, to be brought under the views of natural science. The period of psychology, of the natural science of the mental life, began. It began ten, perhaps fifteen years ago, and we are living in the middle of it. No Edison and no Roentgen can make us forget that the great historical time of physics and physiology is gone; psychology takes the central place in the thought of our time, and overflows into all channels of our life. It began with an analysis of the simple ideas and feelings, and it has developed to an insight into the mechanism of the highest acts and emotions, thoughts and creations. It started by studying the mental life of the individual, and it has rushed forward to the psychological organization of society, to the social psychology, to the psychology of art and science, religion and language, history and law. It began with an increased carefulness of self-observation, and it has developed to an experimental science, with the most elaborate methods of technique, and with scores of big laboratories in its service. It started in the narrow circles of philosophers, and it is now at

home wherever mental life is touched. The historian strives to-day for psychological explanation, the economist for psychological laws; jurisprudence looks on the criminal from a psychological standpoint; medicine emphasizes the psychological value of its assistance; the realistic artist and poet fight for psychological truth; the biologist mixes psychology in his theories of evolution; the philologist explains the languages psychologically; and while æsthetical criticism systematically coquets with psychology, pedagogy seems even ready to marry her.

As the earlier stages of naturalistic interests, the rush toward physics, physiology, biology, were each, as we have seen, of characteristic influence on the practical questions of real life, it is a matter of course that this highest and most radical type of naturalistic thinking, the naturalistic dissolution of mental life, must stir up and even revolutionize the whole practical world. From the nursery to the university, from the hospital to the court of justice, from the theatre to the church, from the parlor to the parliament, the new influence of psychology on the real daily life is felt in this country as in Europe, producing new hopes and new fears, new schemes and new responsibilities.

Let us consider the world we live in, from the point of view of this new creed. What becomes of the universe and what of the human race, what becomes of our duty and what of our freedom, what becomes of our friends and what of ourselves, if psychology is not only true, but the only truth, and has to determine the values of our real life?

What is our personality, seen from the psychological point of view? We separate the consciousness and the content of consciousness. From the standpoint of psychology, — I mean a consistent psychology, not a psychology that lives by all kinds of compromises with philosophy and ethics, — from the standpoint of psychology the consciousness itself is

in no way a personality; it is only an abstraction from the totality of conscious facts, — an abstraction just as the conception of nature is abstracted from the natural physical objects. Consciousness does not do anything; consciousness is only the empty place for the manifoldness of psychical facts; it is the mere presupposition making possible the existence of the content of consciousness, but every thought and feeling and volition must be itself such a content of consciousness. Personality, too, is thus a content; it is the central content of our consciousness, and psychology can show in a convincing way how this fundamental idea grows and influences the development of mental life. We know how the whole idea of personality crystallizes about those tactual and muscular and optical sensations which come from the body; how at first the child does not discriminate his own limbs from the outside objects he sees; and how slowly the experiences, the pains, the successes, which connect themselves with the movements and contacts of this one body blur into the idea of that central object, our physical personality, into which the mental experiences become gradually introjected.

Psychology shows how this idea of the Ego grows steadily together with the idea of the Alter, and how it associates itself with the whole manifoldness of personal achievements and experiences. Psychology shows how it develops itself toward a sociological personality, including now everything which works in the world under the control of our will, in the interest of our influence, just as our body works, including thus our name and our clothing, our friends and our work, our property and our social community. Psychology shows how, on the other hand, this idea can shrink and expel everything which is not essential for the continuity of this central group of psychical contents. Our personality does not depend upon our chance knowledge and

chance sensations ; it remains, once formed, if we lose even our arms and legs with their sensations ; and thus the personality becomes that most central group of psychical contents which accompany the transformation of experiences into actions ; that is, feelings and will. Psychology demonstrates thus a whole scale of personalities in every one of us, — the psychological one, the sociological one, the ideal one ; but each one is and can be only a group of psychical contents, a bundle of sensational elements. It is an idea which is endlessly more complicated, but in principle not otherwise constituted, than the idea of our table or our horse ; just as, from the point of view of chemistry, the substance which we call a human body is in principle not otherwise constituted than any other physical thing. The influence of the idea of personality means psychologically, then, its associative and inhibitory effects on the mechanism of the other contents of consciousness, and the unity and continuity of the personality mean that causal connection of its parts by which anything that has once entered our psychical life may be at any time reproduced, and may help to change the associative effects which come from the idea of ourselves.

Has this psychological personality freedom of will ? Certainly. Everything depends in this case upon the definitions, and the psychologist can easily construct a conception of freedom which is in the highest degree realized in the psychophysical organism and its psychological experiences. Freedom of will means to him absence of an outer force, or of pathological disturbance in the causation of our actions. We are free, as our actions are not the mere outcome of conditions which lie outside of our organism, but the product of our own motives and their normal connections. All our experiences and thoughts, our inherited dispositions and trained habits, our hopes and fears, are coöperating in our consciousness and its physiological substratum, in our brain,

to bring out the action. Under the same outer conditions, somebody else would have acted otherwise ; or we ourselves should have preferred and done something else, if our memory or our imagination or our reason had furnished some other associations. The act is ours, we are responsible, we could have stopped it ; and only those are unfree, and therefore irresponsible, who are the passive sufferers from an outer force, or who have no normal mental mechanism for the production of their action, a psychophysical disturbance which might come as a kind of outer force to paralyze the organism ; it might be alcohol or poison, hypnotism or brain disease, which comes as an intruder to inhibit the regular free play of the motives.

Of course, if we should ask the psychologist whether this unfree and that free action stand differently to the psychological and physiological laws, he would answer only with a smile. To think that freedom of will means independence of psychological laws is to him an absurdity ; our free action is just as much determined by laws, and just as psychologically necessary, as the irresponsible action of the hypnotized or of the maniacal subject. That the whole world of mental facts is determined by laws, and that therefore in the mental world just as little as in the physical universe do wonders happen, — that is the necessary presupposition of psychology, which it does not discuss, but takes for granted. If the perceptions and associations and feelings and emotions and dispositions are all given, the action must necessarily happen as it does. The effect is absolutely determined by the combination of causes ; only the effect is a free one, because those causes were lying within us. To be sure, those causes and motives in us have themselves again causes, and these deeper causes may not lie in ourselves. We have not ourselves chosen all the experiences of our lives ; we have not ourselves picked out the knowledge with

which our early instruction provided us ; we have not ourselves created those brain dispositions and talents and tendencies which form in us the decisions and actions. And so the causes refer to our ancestors and our teachers and the surrounding conditions of society, and with the causes must the responsibility be pushed backwards. The unhealthy parents, and not the immoral children, are responsible ; the unfitted teacher, and not the misbehaving pupil, should be blamed ; society, and not the criminal, is guilty. To take it in its most general meaning, the cosmical elements, with their general laws, and not we single mortals, are the fools!

The actions of personalities form the substance of history. Whatever men have created by their will in politics and social relations, in art and science, in technics and law, is the object of the historian's interest. What that all means, seen through the spectacles of psychology, is easily deduced. The historical material is made up of will functions of personalities ; personalities are special groups of psychophysical elements ; free-will functions are necessary products of the foregoing psychophysical conditions ; history, therefore, is the report about a large series of causally determined psychophysical processes which happened to happen. But it is a matter of course that the photographic and phonographic copy of raw material does not constitute a science. Science has everywhere to go forward from the single unconnected data to the general relations and connections. Consequently, history as a scientific undertaking is not satisfied with the cinematographic view of all the mental processes which ever passed through human brains, but it presses toward general connection, and the generalizations for single processes are the causal laws which underlie them. The aim of history, then, must be to find the constant psychological laws which control the development of nations and races, and

which produce the leader and the mob, the genius and the crowd, war and peace, progress and social diseases. The great economic and climatic factors in the evolution of the human race come into the foreground ; the single individual and the single event disappear from sight ; the extraordinary man becomes now the extreme case of the average crowd, produced by a chance combination of dispositions and conditions ; genius and insanity begin to touch each other ; nothing is new ; the same conditions bring again and again the same effects in new masks and gowns ; history, with all its branches, becomes a vast department of social psychology.

But if the free actions of the historical personalities are the necessarily determined functions of the psychophysical organisms, what else are and can be the norms and laws which these personalities obey ? Certainly, the question which such laws answer, the question what ought to be, does not coincide with the question what is ; but even that "ought" exists only as a psychical content in the consciousness of men, as a content which gets the character of a command only by its associative and inhibitory relations to our feelings and emotions. In short, it is a psychical content which may be characterized by special effects on the psychological mechanism of associations and actions, but which is in principle coördinated to every other psychical idea, and which grows and varies, therefore, in human minds, under the same laws of adaptation and inheritance and tradition as every other mental thing. Our ethical laws are, then, the necessary products of psychological laws, changing with climate and race and food and institutions, types of action desirable for the conservation of the social organism. And just the same must be true for the æsthetic and even for the logical rules and laws. Natural processes have in a long evolutionary development produced brains which connect psychological facts in a

useful correspondence to the surrounding physical world; an apparatus which connects psychical facts in a way which misleads in the outer physical world is badly adapted, and must be lost in the struggle for existence. Logical laws are, then, just so many types of useful psychical processes, depending upon the psychophysical laws, and changing with the conditions and complications of life.

The psychologist will add: Do not feel worried by that merely psychological origin of all our inner laws. Is not their final goal in any case also only the production of a special psychophysical state? What else can our thinking and feeling and acting strive for than to produce a mental state of agreeable character? We think logically because the result is useful for us; that is, secures the desired agreeable, practical ends. We seek beauty because we enjoy beautiful creations of art and nature. We act morally because we wish to give to others also that happiness which we desire for ourselves. In short, the production of the psychological states of delight and enjoyment in us and others, and the reduction of the opposite mental states of pain and sorrow, are the only aim and goal of a full, sound life. Were all the disagreeable feelings in human consciousness replaced by happy feelings, one psychological content thus replaced by another, heaven would be on earth.

But psychology can go one more step forward. We know what life means to it, but what does the world mean? What is its metaphysical credo? There need not be much speculative fight about it. All who understand the necessary premises of psychology ought to agree as to the necessary conclusions. Psychology starts with the presupposition that all objects which have existence in the universe are physical or psychical, objects in matter or objects in consciousness. Other objects are not perceivable by us, and therefore do not exist. To come from this to a philosophical insight into the ul-

timate reality, we must ask whether these physical and psychical facts are equally true. To doubt that anything at all exists is absurd, as such a thought shows already that at least thoughts exist. The question is, then, only whether both physical and psychical facts are real, or physical only, or psychical only. The first view is philosophical dualism; the second is materialistic monism; the third is spiritualistic monism. Psychology cannot hesitate long. What absurdity to believe in materialism, or even in dualism, as it is clear that in the last reality all matter is given to us only as idea in our consciousness! We may see and touch and hear and smell the physical world, but whatever we see we know only as our visual sensations, and what we touch is given to us as our tactual sensations; in short, we have an absolute knowledge which no philosophical criticism can shake, only in our own sensations and other contents of consciousness. Physical things may be acknowledged as a practical working hypothesis for the simple explanation of the order of our sensations, but the philosophical truth must be that our psychical facts alone are certain, and therefore undoubtedly real.

Only our mind-stuff is real. Yet I have no right to call it "ours," as those other personalities whom I perceive exist also only as my perceptions; they are philosophically all in my own consciousness, which I never can transcend. But have I still the right to call that *my* consciousness? An I has a meaning only where a Thou is granted; where no Alter is there cannot be an Ego. The real world is, therefore, not my consciousness, but an absolutely impersonal consciousness in which a series of psychical states goes on in succession. Have I the right to call it a succession? Succession presupposes time, but whence do I know about time? The past and the future are given to me, of course, only by my present thinking of them. I do not know the past; I know only that I

at present think the past; the present thought is, then, the only absolutely real thing. But if there is no past and no future, to speak of a present has no meaning. The real psychical fact is without time as without personality; it is for nobody, for no end, and with no value. That is the last word of a psychology which pretends to be philosophy.

Now let us return to our starting-point: are we really obliged to accept this view of the world as the last word of the knowledge of our century? Can our historical and political, our ethical and æsthetical, our logical and philosophical thinking, — in short, can the world of our real practical life be satisfied with such a credo? And if we wish to escape it, is it true that we have to deny in our conscience all that the century calls learning and knowledge? Is it true that only a mysterious belief can overcome such positivistic misery, and that we have to accept thus the most anti-philosophical attitude toward the world which exists; that is, a mixture of positivism and mysticism?

To be sure, we cannot, no, we cannot be satisfied with that practical outcome of psychology, with those conclusions about the final character of personality and freedom, about history and logic and ethics, about man and the universe. Every fibre in us revolts, every value in our real life rejects such a construction. We do not feel ourselves such conglomerates of psychophysical elements, and the men whom we admire and condemn, love and hate, are for us not identical with those combinations of psychical atoms which pull and push one another after psychological laws. We do not mean, with our responsibility and with our freedom in the moral world, that our consciousness is the passive spectator of psychological processes which go on causally determined by laws, satisfied that some of the causes are inside of our skull, and not outside. The child is to us in real life no vegetable which has to

be raised like tomatoes, and the criminal is no weed which does not feel that it destroys the garden.

Does history really mean to us what psychological and economical and statistical laws put in its place? Are "heroism" and "hero-worship" empty words? Have Kant and Fichte, Carlyle and Emerson, really nothing to say any more, and are Comte and Buckle our only apostles? Do we mean, in speaking of Napoleon and Washington, Newton and Goethe, those complicated chemical processes which the physiologist sees in their life, and those accompanying psychical processes which the psychologist enumerates between their birth and their death? Do we really still think historically, if we consider the growth of the nations and this gigantic civilization on earth as the botanist studies the growth of the mould which covers a rotten apple? Is it really only a difference of complication?

But worse things are offered to our belief. We are asked not only to consider all that the past has brought as the necessary product of psychological laws, but also to believe that all we are striving and working for, all our life's fight, — it may be the noblest one, — means nothing else than the production of some psychological states of mind, of some feelings of agreeableness; in short, that the tickling sensations are the ideal goal of our life. The greatest possible happiness of the greatest possible number, that discouraging phrase in which the whole vulgarity of a naturalistic century seems condensed, is it really the source of inspiration for an ideal soul, and does our conscience really look out for titillation in connection with a majority vote?

If you repeat again and again that there are only relative laws, no absolute truth and beauty and morality, that they are changing products of the outer conditions without binding power, you contradict yourself by the assertion. Do you not demand already for your skeptical denial that at least this denial itself

is an absolute truth? And when you discuss it, and stand for your conviction that there is no morality, does not this involve your acknowledgment of the moral law to stand for one's conviction? If you do not acknowledge that, you allow the inference that you yourself do not believe that which you stand for, and that you know, therefore, that an absolute morality does exist. The psychological skepticism contradicts itself by its pretensions; there is a truth, a beauty, a morality, which is independent of psychological conditions. When such ideal duties penetrate our life, we cannot rest at last in a psychological metaphysics where the universe is an impersonal content of consciousness; and every straightforward man, to whom the duties of his real life are no sounding brass, speaks with a calm voice to the psychologist: There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

Is there really no possible combination of these two attitudes? Certainly such combination is not given by an inconsistent compromise. If we say to the intellect, Go on with your analyzing and explaining psychology, but stop halfway, before you come to practical acting; and say to our feeling and conscience, Go on with your noble life, but do not try to think about it, for all your values would show themselves as a poor illusion; then there remains only one thing doubtful, whether the conscience or the intellect is in the more pitiful state. Thinking that is too faint-hearted to act, and acting that is ashamed to think, are a miserable pair who cannot live together through a real life. No such coward compromise comes here in question, and still less do we accept the position that the imperfectness of the sciences of to-day must be the comfort of our conscience.

The combination of the two attitudes is possible; more than that, it is necessary in the right interests of both sides, as the whole apparent contradiction rests on an entire misunderstanding. It is not

psychology that contradicts the demands of life, but the misuse of psychology. Psychology has the right and the duty to consider everything from the psychological standpoint, but life and history, ethics and philosophy, have neither the duty nor the right to accept as a picture of reality the impression which is reached from the psychological standpoint.

We have asked the question whether the psychical objects or the physical objects, or both, represent the last reality; we saw that dualistic realism and materialism decided for the last two interpretations, while psychology voted for the first. It seems that one of these three decisions must be correct, and just here is the great misunderstanding. No, all three are equally wrong and worthless; a fourth alone is right, which says that neither the physical objects nor the psychical objects represent reality, but both are ideal constructions of the subject, both deduced from the reality which is no physical object, no psychical object, and even no existing object at all, as the very conception of an existing object means a transformation of the reality. Such transformation has its purpose for our thoughts and is logically valuable, and therefore it represents scientific truth; but this truth nevertheless does not reach the reality of the untransformed life. It is exactly the same relation as that between natural science and materialism. Natural science considers the world a mechanism, and for that purpose transforms the reality in a most complicated and ingenious way. It puts in the place of the perceivable objects unperceivable atoms which are merely products of mathematical construction quite unlike every known thing; and nevertheless these atoms are scientifically true, as their construction is necessary for that special logical purpose. To affirm that they are true means that they are of objective value for thought. But it is absurd to think, with the materialistic philosopher, that these atoms form a reality which is

more real than the known things, or even the only reality, excluding the right of all not space-filling realities. The physical science of matter is true, and is true without limit and without exception; materialism is wrong from the beginning to the end. There is, indeed, no physical object in the world which natural science ought not to transmute into atoms, but no atom in the world has reality, and these two statements do not contradict each other.

In the same way psychology is right, but the psychologism which considers the psychological elements and their mechanism as reality is wrong from its root to its top, and this psychologism is not a bit better than materialism. It makes practically no difference whether the real substance is of the clumsy space-filling material or of the finer stuff that dreams are made of; both are existing objects, both are combinations of atomistic indivisible elements, both are in their changes controlled and determined by general laws, both make the world a succession of causes and effects. The psychical mechanism has no advantage over the physical one; both mean a dead world without ends and values, — laws, but no duties; effects, but no purposes; causes, but no ideals.

There is no mental fact which the psychologist has not to metamorphose into psychical elements; and as this transformation is logically valuable, his psychical elements and their associative and inhibitory play are scientifically true. But a psychical element, and anything which is thought as combination of psychical elements and as working under the laws of these psychical constructions, has as little reality as have the atoms of the physicist. Our body is not a heap of atoms; our inner life is still less a heap of ideas and feelings and emotions and volitions and judgments, if we take these mental things in the way the psychologist has to take them, as contents of consciousness made up from psychical elements.

If it is understood that any naturalistic science has not to discover a reality which is more real than our life and its immediate battlefield, but has only to transform the reality in a special way, then it must be clear that the demands of our real life can never be contradicted by the outcome of the empirical sciences. The sciences, therefore, find their way free to advance without fear till they have mastered and transmuted the physical and the psychical universe.

But we can go a step farther. A contradiction is the more impossible since this transformation is itself under the influence of the elements of real life, and by that the apparent ruler becomes the vassal. If psychology pretends that there is no really logical value, no absolute truth, because everything shows itself under psychological laws, we must answer, This very fact, that we consider even the logical thinking from the psychological point of view, and that we have psychology at all, is only an outcome of the primary truth that we have logical ends and purposes. The logical thinking creates psychology for its own ends; psychology cannot be itself the basis for the logical thinking. And if psychology denies all values because they prove to be psychical fancies only, we must confess that this striving for the understanding of the world by transforming it through our science would have no meaning if it were not work toward an end which we appreciate as valuable. Every act of thought, every affirmation and denial, every yes or no which constitutes a scientific judgment, is an act of a will which acknowledges the over-individual obligation to decide so, and not otherwise, — acknowledges an "ought," and works thus for duty. Far from allowing psychology to doubt whether the real life has duties, we must understand that there is no psychology, no science, no thought, no doubt, which does not by its very appearance solemnly acknowledge that it is the child of duties. Psy-

chology may dissolve our will and our personality and our freedom, and it is constrained by duty to do so, but it must not forget that it speaks only of that will and that personality which are by metamorphosis substituted for the personality and the will of real life, and that it is this real personality and its free will which create psychology in the service of its ends and aims and ideals.

In emphasizing thus the will as the bearer of all science and thought, we have reached the point from which we can see the full relations between life and psychology. In the real life we are willing subjects whose reality is given in our will attitudes, in our liking and disliking, loving and hating, affirming and denying, agreeing and fighting; and as these attitudes overlap and bind one another, this willing personality has unity. We know ourselves by feeling ourselves as those willing subjects; we do not perceive that will in ourselves; we will it. But do we perceive the other subjects? No, as little as ourselves. In real life, the other subjects also are not perceived, but acknowledged; wherever subjective attitudes stir us up, and ask for agreement or disagreement, there we appreciate personalities. These attitudes of the subjects turn toward a world of objects, — a world which means in real life a world of tools and helps and obstacles and ends; in short, a world of objects of appreciation.

Do those subjects and their objects exist? No, they do not exist. I do not mean that they are a fairy tale; even the figures of the fairy tale are for the instant thought as existing. The real world we live in has no existence, because it has a form of reality which is endlessly fuller and richer than that shadow of reality which we mean by existence. Existence of an object means that it is a possible object of mere passive perception; in real life, there is no passive perception, but only active appreciation, and to think anything as object of perception only

means a transmutation by which reality evaporates. Whatever is thought as existing cannot have reality. Our real will does not exist, either as a substance which lasts or as a process which is going on; but our will is valid, and has a form of reality which cannot be described because it is the last foothold of all description and agreement. Whoever has not known himself as willing cannot learn by description what kind of reality is given to us in that act of life; but whoever has willed knows that the act means something else than the fact that some object of passive perception was in consciousness; in short, he knows a reality which means more than existence.

The existing world, then, does not lack reality because it is merely a shadow of a world beyond it, a shadow of a Platonic world of potentialities. No, it is a shadow of a real world, which stands not farther from us, but still nearer to us, than the existing world. The world we will is the reality; the world we perceive is the deduced, and therefore unreal system; and the world of potential forms and relations, as it is deduced from this perceivable system, is a construction of a still higher degree of unreality. The potentialities that form the only possible metaphysical background of reality are not the potentialities of existing objects, but the potentialities of will acts. This world of not existing but valid subjective will relations is the only world which history and society, morality and philosophy, have to deal with.

The willing subjects and their mutual relations are the only matter history can speak of, but not those subjects thought as perceivable existing objects; no, as willing subjects whose reality we can understand, not by describing their physical or psychical elements, but by interpreting and appreciating their purposes and means. The stones, the animals, even the savages, have no history; only where a network of individual will relations has to be acknowledged by our will have we

really history; and our own historical position means the system of will attitudes by which we acknowledge other willing subjects. To be sure, history, like every other science, has to go from the raw material of single facts to generalities; but if we are in a world of not existing but valid realities, the generalities cannot be laws, but will relations of more and more general importance. Existing processes are scientifically generalized by laws; valid relations are generalized by more and more embracing relations. The aim of the real historian, therefore, is, not to copy the natural laws of physics and social psychology, but to work out the more and more general inner relations of mankind by following up the will influence of great men, till finally philosophy of history comprises this total development from paradise to the day of judgment by one all-embracing will connection. Thus, history in all its departments, history of politics and constitutions, of art and science, of language and law, has as its object the system of those human will relations which we ourselves as willing subjects acknowledge, and which are for us objects of understanding, of interpretation, of appreciation, even of criticism, but not objects of description and explanation, as they are valid subjective will functions, not existing perceivable objects.

But history speaks only of those will acts which are acknowledged as merely individual. We know other will acts in ourselves which we will with an over-individual meaning, those attitudes we take when we feel ourselves beyond the desires of our purely personal wishes. The will remains our own, but its significance transcends our individual attitudes; it has over-individual value; we call it our duty. To be sure, our duty is our own central will; there is no duty which comes from the outside. The order which comes from outside is force which seduces or threatens us; duty lies only in ourselves; it is our own will, but our

will in so far as we are creators of over-individual attitude.

If the system of our individual will acts is interpreted and connected in the historical sciences, the system of our over-individual will acts is interpreted and connected in the normative sciences, logic, æsthetics, ethics, and philosophy of religion. Logic speaks about the over-individual will acts of affirming the world, æsthetics about those of appreciating the world, religion about those of transcending the world, ethics about those of acting for the world; and this attitude has, then, to control also all the side branches of ethics, as jurisprudence and pedagogy. All speak of over-individual valid will relations, and no one has therefore directly to deal with existing psychical objects. On the basis of these normative sciences the idealistic philosophy has to build up its metaphysical system, which may connect the disconnected will attitudes of our ethical, æsthetical, religious, and logical duties in one ideal dome of thoughts. But however we may formulate this logically ultimate source of all reality, we know at least one thing surely, that we have deprived it of all meaning and of all values and of all dignity, if we picture it as something which exists. The least creature of all mortals, acknowledged as a willing subject, has more dignity and value than even an almighty God, if he is thought of merely as a gigantic psychological mechanism; that is, as an object the reality of which has the form of existence.

How do we come, then, to the idea of existing objects? There is no difficulty in understanding that. Our life is will, and our will has its duties; but every action turns toward those means and obstacles and ends, those objects of appreciation, which are material for our will and our duties. Every act is thus coöperation of subjects and subjectively appreciated objects; we cannot fulfill our duty, therefore, if we do not know what we

have to expect in this coöperation from the objects. There must arise, then, the will, to isolate our expectation about the objects; that is, to think what we should have to expect from the objects if they were independent of the willing subjects. In reality, they are never independent; in our thoughts, we can cut them loose from the willing subjects, and think of them as objects which are not any more objects of appreciation, but objects of perception only. These objects in their artificial separation from the real subject, thought of as objects of a passive spectator, take by that change a form which we call existence, and it is the aim of natural science to study these existing things. The path of their study is indicated to them by the goal they try to reach. They have to determine the expectations the objects bring up; at first, therefore, they look out for those features of the objects which suggest the different expectations, and natural science calls these features of the objects their elements. These elements are not really in the objects, but they represent all that which determines the possible variations of the objects in the future. Thus science considers the present thing a combination of elements to determine its relation to the future thing; but the present thing is, then, itself the future of the past thing, and it stands, in consequence, between past and future; that is, as a link in a chain in which everything is determining the future and determined by the past, everything cause and every-thing effect.

Natural science finds in this attempt that there may be two classes of such existing objects: objects which are possible, perceivable objects for every subject, and others which are perceivable only for one subject. Natural science calls the first group physical objects, the second group psychical objects, and separates the study of them, as this relation to the one or the many brings with it numerous characteristic differences, the differ-

ences between physics and psychology. But the point of view for both is exactly the same; both consider their material as merely perceivable objects which are made up from elements, and which determine one another by causal connections. As they are thought cut loose from the attitude of the will, neither the physical nor the psychical objects can have a value or teleological relations.

But the will itself? If psychology, like physics, deals with the objects of the world in their artificial separation from the will, how can the will itself be an object of psychology? The presupposition of this question is in some way wrong; the will is primarily not at all an object of psychology. The real psychological objects are the ideas of our perception and memory and imagination and reason. Only if psychology progresses, it must come to the point where it undertakes to consider every factor of our mental life from a psychological point of view; that is, as an object made up from atomistic elements which the psychologist calls sensations. The will is not a possible object; psychology must make a substitution, therefore; it identifies the real personality with the psychophysical organism, and calls the will the set of conditions which psychologically and physiologically determine the actions of this organism. This will is now made up of sensations, too, muscle sensations and others; and this will is depending upon psychological laws, is the effect of conditions and the cause of effects; it is ironed with the chains of natural laws to the rock of necessity. The real will is not a perceivable object, and therefore neither cause nor effect, but has its meaning and its value in itself; it is not an exception of the world of laws and causes; no, there would not be any meaning in asking whether it has a cause or not, as only existing objects can belong to the series of causal relations. The real will is free, and it is the work of such free will to

picture, for its own purposes, the world as an unfree, a causally connected, an existing system; and if it is the triumph of modern psychology to master even the best in man, the will, and to dissolve even the will into its atomistic sensations and their causal unfree play, we are blind if we forget that this transformation and construction is itself the work of the will which dictates ends, and the finest herald of its freedom.

Of course, as soon as the psychologist enters into the study of the will, he has absolutely to abstract from the fact that a complicated substitution is the presupposition for his work. He has now to consider the will as if it were really composed of sensational elements, and as if his analysis discovered them. The will is for him really a complex of sensations; that is, a complex of possible elements of perceptive ideas. As soon as the psychologist, as such, acknowledges in the analysis of the will a factor which is not a possible element of perception, he destroys the possibility of psychology just as much as the physicist who acknowledges miracles in the explanation of the material world denies physics. There is nothing more absurd than to blame the psychologist because his account of the will does not do justice to the whole reality of it, and to believe that it is a climax of forcible arguments against the atomizing psychology of to-day if philosophers exclaim that there is no real will at all in those compounds of sensations which the psychologist substitutes. Certainly not, as it was just the presupposition of psychology to abstract from that real will. It is not wiser than to cast up against the physicist that his moving atoms do not represent the physical world because they have no color and sound and smell. If they sounded and smelled

still, the physicist would not have fulfilled his purpose.

Psychology can mean an end, and can mean also a beginning. Psychology can be, and in this century, indeed, has been, the last word of a naturalistic attitude toward the world, — an attitude which emphasized only the expectations from the objects, and neglected the duties of the subjects. But psychology degenerates into an unphilosophical psychologism, just as natural science degenerates into materialism, if it does not understand that it works only from one side, and that the other side, the reality which is not existence, and therefore no possible object of psychology and natural science, is the primary reality. Psychology can be also a beginning. It can mean that we ought to abandon exaggerated devotion for the physical world, that we ought to look out for our inner world; then a good psychology is the most important supplement to those sciences which consider the inner life, not as existing, describable, explainable objects, but as a will system to be interpreted and to be appreciated. If that is the attitude, the psychological sciences on the one side, the historical and normative sciences on the other side, can really do justice to the totality of the problems of the inner life. If psychology tries to stand on both sides, its end must be near; the real life will tear it up and rend it in pieces. If it stands with strong feet on the one side, and acknowledges the right of the other side, it will have a future. The psychology of our time too often seems determined to die out in psychologism; that must be stopped. Psychology is an end as the last word of the naturalistic century which lies behind us; it may become a beginning as the introductory word of an idealistic century to be hoped for.

Hugo Münsterberg.

ENGLISH LITERATURE AND THE VERNACULAR.

BETWEEN the language of literature and the language of common life there must be, whether in a living tongue or a dead one, differences growing out of the nature of literature. The very making of literature is an attempt to give more or less permanence to thought which would otherwise pass away with the moment which gave it birth, and to give wider utterance to thought which would otherwise be confined to one's immediate audience. It is natural, therefore, that literature should hesitate to use forms of expression which, though quite unexceptionable in conversation, would defeat either its end of permanence or the one of intelligibility by offending the reader's prejudice or puzzling his understanding.

There thus grows up a distinction between the language of literature and the vernacular. In the one, the best and surest expression of thought is everywhere and always to be striven for; in the other, thought may appear in whatever dress fancy and the expediency of the moment give it.

There are, for instance, constantly cropping up in language a number of forms of expression which gain a local or temporary currency only to give place to others like them, which in turn have their little day and disappear. Such flotsam and jetsam are no real part of the stream of speech moving steadily along from generation to generation, and are unsuited to purposes of literature. Many of these folk of the hour, it is true, though but merest gutter-snipes in their origin, having once caught attention and gained importance by accident, do eventually become most useful members of literary society; but until their social status is recognized it is not safe to trust them with the serious business of literature.

Then, again, many words, owing to

the fact that they do not catch the stress of the voice, get contracted. While really due to the operation of natural laws of speech, such contractions, to the ordinary mind, seem to be the result of carelessness, and are not easily tolerated in literature. When they are represented in writing, a pedantic apostrophe takes the place of the lost element of the word. The printer points his finger at them every time they appear, as much as to say, "You've forgot to put on your cravat." One prays for the time when users of English will make the discovery that these are integral words of the language, and not curtailments. But until that time the deliberate effort to write literature makes it necessary to use them sparingly, and always to attach to them their sign of ignominy.

Then there is the necessity of avoiding repeated words and turns of expression. In speaking, the same ideas are expressed over and over again in the same words without making the repetition of them tiresome; for they are differentiated from time to time by differences of stress or intonation or accompanying gesture. In writing, however, such a differentiation is possible only to a limited extent. How far repetition is tolerable depends upon the prejudice of the reader. If the written word were recognized as the spoken word, and not the letters of it committed to type, the reader would have little cause for offense in these apparent repetitions. But he thinks he has abundant cause; the art of rhetoric teaches him that. The writer, then, unless he have the power of compelling the reader to follow him up hill and down dale, over hedges and through the mire, must be careful how he taxes the reader's patience.

Still another difference between the

two arises from the fact that the spoken word is more easily intelligible because accompanied by certain dramatic accessories of tone and gesture which help to make it clear, while the written word must depend wholly upon the connotation which experience has given it. This difference, however, is not so great as at first sight it would seem to be; for the written words themselves, always appealing to the ear, carry with them in their context the tones and inflections they have when uttered. There is not here, as in repetitions, anything to offend the reader's taste. It only makes necessary a greater number of words and fuller expression. And here, again, the question depends largely upon the power of the writer. It is quite possible for English that was originally intended solely for the ear to maintain its quality as the best literature when printed and directed to the eye. We are so used to thinking orally that the moment a word appears before us we recognize it as sound; and as the words weave themselves into thought, tone and emphasis take care of themselves. The eternal drama of human experience thus unfolds itself in the pages of Shakespeare, without let or hindrance; the actors are ever ready for their cue, in the railway train, on the street, in the library, anywhere. Ariel comes with the swiftness of light, and the play is on; we've but to whistle and it's gone again. And so with rhythm; the words in a line of Spenser's, silently appealing to the eye, will "drop melting honey" into ears still tortured with the griding screech of a trolley car. There needs nothing more than attention and a knowledge of English; the rest will take care of itself.

There is another difference, like the last of dramatic quality, growing out of the fact that we leave more to be inferred when we talk than when we write. But here, again, the difference is more apparent than real. The same quality of connected reasoning and clear expres-

sion is to be found in good conversation as in good writing; the same disconnectedness and abruptnesses in both forms of expression. If we use more of the one sort of thinking when we talk than we do when we write, it is merely because we choose to do so.

These distinctions between the language of literature and the vernacular are formal, not essential distinctions; they grow out of the differing physical conditions of representation, and are not of language itself; they do not make two kinds of language. Indeed, it would be easily possible for us to ignore them entirely. For where the written form of expression has kept pace historically with the spoken form, as is the case with English, there are not two vehicles, one for written thought and the other for spoken thought; there is but one. So for us there is but one kind of English, and that is the English we think with.

The successive attempts to create a special language for English literature have been failures. It is our lasting glory that our greatest writers have been men who were not bred in the schools. The language has successfully resisted every effort that has been made to reduce it to a uniform logical formula of literary expression. We can now look back with a feeling of pity for the early Elizabethans, striving to improve English poetry by squaring it with classical quantity, and to make Alfred's vernacular worthy of Cicero's praise.

Were no disturbing conditions present, it would be evident to any one who could read that written English is the same as spoken English, due allowance having been made for the different physical conditions of expression. It would be no harder to write English well than to speak English well, and both would depend upon the power to think English well. Education would then have no difficulty in coördinating a writing and reading power with a thinking and talking power, to such a degree of perfection

that all four could be exercised as easily as one of them. That the ear, the tongue, the eye, the hand, do not now work together in perfect accord, in this process of receiving and transmitting thought, is evidence that the matter is not one of merely coördinating physical powers in an unconscious effort to secure a given end. The ear and the tongue can unite perfectly and easily and unconsciously, in normal cases, to perform in different ways the same function. That the ear and the hand cannot do so without embarrassment, confusion, and artificiality shows that disturbing conditions are present.

And disturbing conditions are present. They are due mainly to two causes: the one, a too early familiarity with classic literature combined with an ignorance of English; the other, an archaic system of writing English no longer representative of the language, and not understood as archaic writing. To escape these two dangers, and arrive at a clear forthright use of one's native idiom, requires no small amount of skillful piloting. The siren voice of the one, the confusing currents of the other, have numbered among their victims some of the brightest names in English literature.

To examine the first cause. The literatures of Greece and Rome attained their perfection under conditions which it is not probable will be repeated soon in human history. They became classic through the very fact that it was then possible to atrophy language and fix it in an artificial way by an education essentially aristocratic and exclusive. The normal process of growth was arrested by referring continually to a previously fixed standard of correctness. Grammar became a thing of books and precepts, and was not the unconscious expression of the logic of the race. All this while, however, the common tongue of the people, untrained in the schools and unfamiliar with forms of expression

other than those of experience, was obeying natural laws of growth. But to the minds of the upper classes this growth was a decay, and they constantly arrested it by adherence to an ancient form regarded as normal and fixed in their literature. There were thus two languages in the place of one: a literary speech which was also the vernacular of the upper classes, and a vulgar idiom of the masses which had no literature.

It became possible, therefore, to elaborate fixed rules of literary expression in formulæ which were scarcely subject to change, and the highest beauty of the literature was found in the strictest adherence to them. Violations of such rules were *barbarisms* (a term we still have with us), unintelligible combinations of words or sounds, and were considered to be corruptions of the standard speech, — there was no other way to explain them in an absence of a knowledge of historical grammar, — just as many good people nowadays feel called upon to excuse Shakespeare for using corrupt English. In the case of Latin, the breaking up of the Roman Empire spread the vulgar Roman idiom over Europe, to become the parent of the Romance languages. The Roman Church and Christianity perpetuated and spread the classic idiom, until the Renaissance came to reinforce it and make it the norm of literary expression. The Romance languages were not regarded as Latin, so that for mediæval Europe there was but one Latin tongue, that of the literature. There was thus imposed upon the living languages of Europe the dead language of a foreign literature, whose skillful use depended upon the observance of certain inflexible rules. This became the highest ideal of literary expression. The attempt to fit it to contemporary thinking was a failure, — a failure which led to the immediate development of vernacular literatures all over Europe.

But for a long time the vernacular literatures were ignored. Writers who

used the vulgar idiom felt called upon to excuse themselves for doing so, on the ground of a patriotic desire to relieve the ignorance of the masses, or some such thing. The literature of the universities was still in Latin and Greek. The ideal of literature continued to be a classic one. Aristotle was dethroned, but Plato took his place. This ideal has continued to dominate our vernacular literature to this day, and the writer of English still strives to imitate a form of literary expression which is not consistent with his habit of thought, and has never been consistent with his native forms of expression.

He may not do this directly; but unless he knows English thoroughly, and has unusual confidence in the power of his thought, he can hardly escape an indirect imitation; for the grammars and rhetorics which he uses are full of principles derived from the study of classic literature, and not from English masterpieces. His education soaks him in these principles. He learns to make his sentences rather than to allow them to make themselves; he turns them this way and that way, so they'll parse, — that is, fit into certain mediæval categories of thought; he avoids forms of expression which will not square with *bokara* and *bramantip*, torturing and twisting his native idiom to fit this Procrustes bed until it is a limp mass of lifeless paragraphs: logical? — yes; well proportioned? — yes; connected? — yes; but at what a sacrifice of point and vigor, of that forthright quality that calls a spade a spade and has done with it, that incisive quality that cuts straight to the core of the matter and exposes it, that robust English that Chaucer and Shakespeare knew! All this carefully constructed rhetoric he spells out in a painful effort after what he supposes to be accuracy, knowing full well that if he trips in this fine footing he lays himself open to the charge of ignorance and barbarism.

Simplicity and sincerity are far to seek in such writing; self-consciousness is everywhere over it, subterfuge lies close to it. The best writers of English do escape from these things, — they are forced to by our modern conditions; but the escape is one of the difficulties of learning to write easily and well.

Not until our grammars and rhetoric textbooks are founded in the intelligent study of English literature, and based only upon principles derived from what the world agrees to consider the best English writing, shall we get rid of these artificial standards.

But besides these writers of English who come thus indirectly in contact with the ideal of a classic literature, there are a great number who are brought directly in contact with it through study of Latin and Greek. If they had a thorough knowledge of English literature before they turned to Latin and Greek, the result would be only to plant them more firmly in the use of their own idiom. But it has been the fault of our educational system that this contact was too early, and the familiarity bred of it only a superficial one. Because the student does not know the strength and wealth of his own literature, classic literature becomes to him the first unfolding of the power of literary expression, and he naturally seeks to imitate it. The contrast between his idea of the poverty of his own idiom and the richness of this foreign one is made more sharp by the fact that to get it into his own mind he sets it over into combinations of English words quite unknown to English thought, and lacking its vitality. He is now learning two things: not only to warp his vernacular, but to use for purposes of literary expression words which he does not think with, and which cannot be used for English thought because such combinations of English words have never existed. His teacher is often quite convinced that intelligent effort prevents this, as he requires "English" translations. But he

is not really doing this at all so long as he allows the student to fix any part of the Latin idiom he reads into corresponding English words. Quite satisfied with *Gallia est omnis* being put into English clothes as "Gaul as a whole," he forgets that in English countries are not "divided;" that no English mind would think, "Dakota as a whole is divided into North and South Dakota." Even if he were constantly aware of the cast of the equivalent English thought for every Latin passage his students read, he could not impart it save to a few of them; the others would carry away with them, despite his best efforts, un-English forms of expression to trip and clog them "all their lives after." The young mind thus early begins to think English that is not English, and is not long in coming to believe that the English language is inadequate to many forms of thought. What wonder that he should so think? He knows nothing of Chaucer, and learns Shakespeare's English — what little of it he does learn — in the same way as he learns Cæsar's Latin.

We do not tell him that our own literary product is barbarous and vulgar when we compare it with classic ideals, but we often allow him to infer that it is. If he grows into anything like an adequate appreciation of the literature written in his own tongue, he always feels that it is a pity that it does not more nearly conform, at least in outward aspect, to classic literature. He never understands the technique of its poetry; he is always thinking about dactyls and spondees (though his idea of Greek and Latin hexameters is generally an impossible one), and forever distributing stresses according to the rules of quantitative rhythm. He fails to catch the magnificent splendor of English rhythm; he is unable to discern the nice adjustment of sentence-stress with word-stress, to perceive the infinite variety that English verse is capable of.

His idea of prose is artificial, too. He feels that somehow English has never reached the stage of adequate prose expression, and he is always torturing his idiom into "balanced" sentences or "periodic" sentences, or judiciously distributing it in "short" and "long" sentences. He never learns that the best Greek and Latin would be quite insufficient to express the thought of a single day of our present life. He is like a boy who has grown up in a foreign land, and finds a perfect home nowhere.

It scarcely needs to be pointed out that self-confidence is the first thing necessary to clear expression. The Committee of Ten, in their survey of educational method and their attempt to fit it to the probable needs of the coming generation, have, to a certain extent, overlooked this fact. And we shall probably go on wondering for some time to come why it is that our young people require such an inordinate amount of instruction to enable them to express their thought simply and clearly, and still be puzzled to know why it is that they do not lay hold of their native literature with a firmer grasp.

The very end for which the student is studying Latin is thus being defeated at every step of his training. His study, instead of giving him a wider idea of the power and means of literary expression, and teaching him thereby to realize the strength of his own idiom, is robbing him of what little confidence he has in it. He gets more pusillanimous and pedantic every day, and if something does not intervene to change the current of his development, he will fix himself in a habit of expression that will prevent him even from seeing truth clearly, let alone expressing it.

The trouble lies, not in the fact that he is studying Latin and Greek, — were he prepared for it, nothing could be better for him, — but in the fact that he is doing so before he knows his own language and his own literature; indeed,

often before he has any idea of what language and literature are. He is not studying either language or literature; he is merely exercising such faculties as would be useful in solving the puzzles in a weekly newspaper.

Suppose, however, his education had been started along another path. Suppose his English thinking, as it unfolded itself from his experience, was continually seized upon as thought; that he was constantly shown how a widening knowledge of English idiom was a widening power of English thought; that he was not allowed to express in words any English thought that was not clear in his own mind; that he was not allowed to read English words without getting the full meaning out of every one of them, and understanding the fitness of just those words for just that thought; that to do this for the best English literature he was taught the grammar of English for every piece of literature he read; that he was reasonably at home in all the great works of his native literature, and was fully aware that at every point where he did not and could not understand an English literary form of expression but one of three things was possible: either the writer did not know what he was saying, or he had not been reported correctly, or the student did not understand the English of the period when the author wrote. Suppose such a student were then set at Latin or Greek. He would worry every word, every phrase, every sentence, until he got its full meaning as thought, and would not be satisfied until he had done so. He would thus get at the foreign literature in a way that would strengthen his knowledge of his own. If he went on to read other literatures in this way, it would not be long till he saw the meaning of all literature and of all language; till he recognized language as the function of thought, and literature as the millioned recorded impulses of the human brain.

This kind of study would soon drive the absurd methods of literature-teaching out of our universities. Students with such a training would cease to be interested in committing to paper and memorizing the prejudiced opinions of superficial journalists. They would cease to care for an æsthetic that had no foundation. They would not waste time in learning that Professor A liked this, or that Professor B liked this, or that Professor C was glad that Mr. Swinburne agreed with him in thinking that there were certain elements in Dekker's characterization, etc. The Subjective Elements in Browning's Poetry or the Objective Elements in Tennyson's would cease to be attractive lecture-subjects. The number of predications to the square inch on a page of Chaucer would likewise scarcely seem of importance, especially when the student was ignorant of what Chaucer meant to say with that x per cent of predication. Students would cease to think of "literature" as a mixture of George Meredith, Kipling, Paul Verlaine, Quo Vadis, The Christian, and the Dolly Dialogues. There would then be some hope of reaching a rational system of teaching English literature and a rational basis of criticism.

A familiarity with English literature, derived at first hand from contact with the literature itself read intelligently in the light of a full knowledge of the language in which it was written, would not be long in developing the power of thinking clearly and writing easily in English forms of expression. Having thought through his own mind the best English literature in the best English words, the student would not be at a loss for apt forms of expression: they would be his mother tongue. He would not think of using words correctly or incorrectly any more than he would think of walking correctly or incorrectly. The distinctions of "loose," "balanced," and "periodic" in sentence-structure would have no terrors for him; figures of speech

with their long Greek names would not trouble him. These things would not enter into his writing any more than the distinctions of a mediæval metaphysic enter into his conduct. He would bid them defiance, and say what he had to say in bold, straightforward English words. The writing them into literature, if they were worthy and fit to be made literature, would be the mere mechanical process of representing his words by conventional signs.

Such a habit of direct expression would surely bring with it clear thinking. The teaching of English would become what it ought to be, — the training of the mind to think clearly, to formulate thought unconsciously, to get knowledge through the channels of thought worn for it by countless generations of English-thinking minds.

But there would still be an obstacle to remove from the way to clear forthright English writing, — the obstacle already referred to as the second cause of the embarrassment of the written word. We have in English, to a greater extent than in any other language of western Europe, unless it be French, an irregular and arbitrary system of representing words. It is an obvious fact that the forms* of the words we write down cannot represent the words we speak. Though an educated man does to a certain extent overcome this difficulty by memorizing every written form for every word he uses, it is not only a process that takes years of valuable time, but is also one that establishes in his mind, willy-nilly, a distinction that ought not to be there. He comes to feel that in literature one must not expect to get that clear and sharp impression which one demands in the speech of every-day life; that in literature thought may be suggestive, transcendental, and need not make pertinent indubitable sense. The reading of Shakespeare never fails to bring out clearly this underlying assumption. For there are passages —

the average reader does not realize how many they are — that cannot possibly convey any thought at all without an intimate knowledge of the English of Shakespeare's time. These may be read to almost any intelligent audience, innocent of such knowledge, and they will never be questioned. It requires argument to convince those who hear them that, understood as they understand them, such passages are meaningless nonsense.

If any one wants to make the experiment for himself, let him take some passage of Shakespeare the key to which lies in a familiarity with a delicate turn of Elizabethan idiom. Let him read it with uncton, and note the effect it produces. I doubt — and I've tried it myself repeatedly — if a single one of his hearers will give the slightest manifestation that the words have not for them a pertinency and an aptness leaving nothing to be desired. They think they have been listening to Shakespeare, when all the while they have been taking into their ears a lot of nonsense which, to suppose it comes from Shakespeare, would be an insult to the greatest master of English the world has ever known.

They see Shakespeare printed in modern English (there is no complete text in existence, so far as I know, that does not put Shakespeare into our modern strait-jacket of orthography); they hear Shakespeare's words spoken as modern English words; they feel that Shakespeare must have known what he was about when he wrote, and that if his words do not seem clear and sharp to their thought it must be because it is great literature they are reading. The conclusion is that literature has in it a certain element which transcends common sense, passing beyond every-day processes of thought and forms of expression.

The cause of this confusion lies in the nature of language, and in the fact that English is a living tongue, constantly changing in process of development.

Now, we can think only with the language in which our experiences unconsciously formulate themselves. We acquire our thinking language from experience, and not from books. Books may give us thought that is the outcome of the experience of others, and we can add this to our own; but we cannot get the thought into our own minds until we formulate it in terms of our own experience. When the thought is so expressed that the words in which it is expressed are not those which the receiving mind uses for its own thinking, the unfamiliar words must be translated into corresponding words which are familiar. It makes no difference how close the approximation is between the words said and the words heard; there is no perfect understanding unless the two are identical. The thought of the imparting mind cannot become the thought of the receiving mind unless the formulation of it is exactly the same for both. As far as the imparting of thought goes, it is a case where a miss is as good as a mile. If it is not exactly the same in both cases, a third or intermediate thought links the two minds together. It is in this middle that the trouble lies. It may be a fairly good translation of the thought to be imparted; it may be, and it is far oftener than we have any idea of, merely a rough guess at it. But in neither case does the thought pass from one mind to the other. The only words which will convey thought to our mind are those we think with.

English is constantly changing as it passes through the minds of succeeding generations, in a process of development conditioned by physical and mental characteristics which at present we don't know anything about. The development is not apparent to us, for we hear only the speech current in our own generation. If, however, we could make ourselves citizens of the universe, — as we can partially do by the study of history, — we should clearly perceive this

March of Speech alongside of the March of Thought. Reconstructing the past stages of English as well as we can from the internal evidence of literature and the external evidence of records, we know that the changes, even for a period of three centuries, practically give us a new language. These changes take place in the sound of words, in their accent, in their form, in their meaning, and in their arrangement. Written English takes little cognizance of them, so that we are not generally aware of their existence, and we print Shakespeare in our spelling and read it as if it were our own language. But we do not think Shakespeare's thought; we make a translation of it into our late New English and think that. Shakespeare's generation, however, did not have to do this. To them it was vernacular. And there is no good literature in English that was not immediately intelligible to those who read it at the time it was written. If we could only realize this truth and the more general one I have been trying to make clear, the importance of studying English historically would be apparent. For though in nine cases out of ten the translation is a correct one, in the tenth case it is grossly and palpably wrong. It is this tenth case that makes the trouble and introduces the confusion into writing by giving countenance to vagueness and inaptness of expression.

To illustrate, suppose we take some passages from Shakespeare.

I am reading *Love's Labour's Lost*. I meet with this (IV. ii. 78): —

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master Parson.

Hol. Master Parson, quasi pers-on. An if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth," etc.

Assuming that I know the thought these words carried to Elizabethan ears,

I say to myself, "The schoolmaster has connected 'parson' with 'pierce one' and made a stupid pun, and Costard has carried this one step further." But what a travesty my English makes of Shakespeare's! His word for "parson" was *përson* (not "pursun"); that for "parse" was *perse* ("përs"); that for "one," *on* (not "wun"); that for "pierce" (to broach), *perse* ("përs"). Our printers have flattened the passage to stupidity; our editors have emended the *perst* of the Folio and Quarto into a pointless "pierced," and the *persing* (that is, "parsing"), which shows that even the editor of the Quarto knew Holofernes did not see that Costard's joke was at his expense, into an equally pointless "piercing." Here it is our ignorance of the sound of Shakespeare's language that makes us miss the point entirely.

Let us take another case, still in Love's Labour's Lost, where we are led astray by the meaning we attach to Shakespeare's words. I read (I. i. 92):—

"Too much to know, is to know nought but fame."

I get no idea from it. I infer that Shakespeare intended to make Biron say something about too much knowledge, and so I think something about too much knowledge; probably, "Too much knowledge leads one to care for nothing but fame." I suppose Shakespeare meant that. I cannot see why Biron wanted to say such a thing just at that point, nor why he chose to say it in such a clumsy way. But after all, it sounds well, and it is as clear as hundreds of statements I read every day. But I have not really read the verse at all. I have merely translated it incorrectly without knowing that I have done so. Suppose, however, I know that in Shakespeare's English "fame" meant something like what I should call "hearsay." The meaning of the words becomes apparent, clear, apt, strong. They fit right into the context, —

"Small have continual plodders ever won
Save base authority from others' books,"

(supposing, for the nonce, that I understand these verses), and I have an eternal truth. But still I have it in my own words, — I don't think "fame." I say "fame" for the sake of the rhythm and rhyme, but I think "hearsay" in its place. It is still a translation, though this time a correct translation, and not a guess. I cannot make this "fame" a word of my own, because I cannot think it. It is not intelligible in terms of my experience. Shakespeare's thought can reach my mind only by an intermediate process of translation into my vernacular.

So we might illustrate the difference between Shakespeare's accent and ours, or the difference between his syntax and ours, such as that contained in the "small" quoted above. These instances suffice to show how, in reading Shakespeare's English as our own English, we are continually translating it, and frequently missing the thought. We forget that Shakespeare could not convey the thought in his mind by using the corresponding nineteenth-century forms of expression, because he did not know them. We assume that he did do so, and content ourselves with the badly focused photograph of his thought that we get in consequence of our assumption. We thus come to think that written words are different from spoken words, an idea that is strengthened by the fact that as soon as we write down our words we put them into forms that are different from those we use in thinking. We thus rob literature of its vitality, come to tolerate crude thought as literature, learn to write in vague and half-understood terms, — we, who have the best language in the world for clear thinking, speech moulded by generations of people impatient of nonsense, and a literature that plunges into the uttermost depths of human experience.

Mark H. Liddell.

HER LAST APPEARANCE.

I.

THE weight of dullness oppressing the groups of passengers gathered on the deck of a great ocean steamer suddenly lifted. A whisper ran round that, for the first time on the voyage, Miss Vivienne was about to issue from her *cabine de luxe*. A file of deck-stewards appeared; the first bringing a reclining-chair; the second, rugs and cushions; the third, a low table, a bag, and a pile of books. Next came a correct-looking English maid, with foot-warmer, vinaigrette, and a beautiful little Skye terrier. Lastly, a tall, slender woman took all eyes: she wore a loose-fitting garment of sealskin; on her head was a sealskin cap, while over her face was a veil of brown tissue which crossed behind her neck and knotted under the chin.

Little comments were buzzed about as Miss Vivienne nestled into her chair. There was a dramatic effectiveness in the way she permitted herself to be propped with cushions and covered with rugs. One woman remarked that she wished she possessed the actress's secret of preserving her figure; another said it was her inborn natural stateliness which gave distinction to all she did; a third declared that almost any woman could show elegance and distinction in such a sealskin redingote, which must have cost at least five hundred dollars, while as for that rug of Russian sable and silver fox fur, conjecture lost itself in trying to fix a price; then still another murmured, "No, it is the business of these actresses to be diabolically effective."

She was their spectacle, and curiosity, observation, criticism, carried to almost any limit, were legitimate. Miss Vivienne, whether by chance or by intention, had established herself, not side by side with the other passengers, but at a suffi-

cient distance to create the illusion of the line of footlights. The lookers-on saw study, pose, even in the way she turned and faced the sea, as if enjoying the keen air, the fresh scent, the joyous dappled expanse where whitecaps were dancing over dazzling stretches of blue and green. Society, besides applauding and patronizing Miss Vivienne, had recognized her all her life, since she had forced it to respect her and accept her profession for her sake. Still, at this moment it was the impulse of no one among the group of women to cross that line of demarcation. The men were chiefly gathered in the smoking-room, discussing the probabilities of the day's run. One man, however, who had been leaning against the rail, now went slowly up to Miss Vivienne.

"Who is that?" the women questioned one another.

"His name is Dwight. I was curious about him and asked the purser. His name is not in the passenger-list."

Mr. Dwight continued to stand quietly by the recumbent figure, until the Skye terrier, peeping jealously from between the rugs, snapped and growled. At this sound Miss Vivienne turned, and looked at the middle-aged man, whose well-set, capable head was gray, whose eyes were gray, whose mustache and also his suit of tweed were gray, — at first with languid indifference; then, recognizing him, she started up and caught his hand between both of hers.

"What, *you*, Owen?" she murmured, with intense surprise.

"It is I," he said, smiling, — "most surely I."

"*You* coming back from Europe? I did not know that you had ever crossed the ocean in your life."

"I never did until a fortnight ago. I happened to see in the paper, on the

morning of September 20, that you were very ill at Geneva of Roman fever. I sailed that afternoon at three o'clock."

She uttered a slight exclamation; then after a moment's pause said, "Luckily it was not Roman fever. Do you mean that you went to Geneva to find me?"

"I reached Geneva the 29th. You had left for Clarens several days before."

"Yes, I reached Clarens the 24th. I was there just five days."

"When I got to Clarens I found that you were sailing from Bremen that very morning. I set off, and caught the steamer at Southampton."

She had lifted her veil. A clearly cut, fine, rather worn face with dark heavy-lidded eyes was disclosed.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "if I had had any idea that a friend was looking for me, was thinking of me! Of course there was my manager cabling message after message, but I knew he was chiefly anxious about the play he had set for the beginning of the season. If you had only written" —

"I ought to have sent a dispatch from New York that I was on the point of sailing; but," he laughed, "I did not have the presumption to feel sure you would be glad to see me. All I felt was that I must reach you, must know what was happening to you."

"I first felt feverish and ill on the way from Milan," Miss Vivienne now said, with evident relief in having a friend to confide in. "I was with the Cheneys, — not people to endure anybody who is sick or out of spirits. I had no idea that it was more than a bad headache, but I decided to stop in Geneva for two days, and then join them in Paris. I was to sail with them September 12th. The headache was only the beginning. I doubt if I was ever dangerously ill, but from the first, the doctor, the landlord, the servants, even my maid, seemed to have given me over, and to be ready to have me dead and buried without loss of time. If I had not had such a horror of dying

alone, I might have died out of pure good nature, in order to oblige them. As it was, presently there came a day when I made them carry me on board the steamboat, and the air of the lake gave me new life on the instant. By the time I reached Montreux I was better, and my forces soon regathered. But I had never calculated on dying before I was a very old woman, and the experience gave me a feeling of earthquake. Not even yet does anything seem solid."

"How are you now?"

"Only needing strength and spirits. This is the first time I have ventured out of my stateroom. The weather was dreadful, and besides I had such a sense of nothingness. Why did you not let me know you were on board?"

He shook his head, smiling.

"It must have been horribly inconvenient," she said under her breath.

"What?"

"Crossing in such haste."

"I had no choice. I wanted news of you."

She burst out again: "It is such a relief to see a familiar face. I experienced a great void." She met his vivid look, and turned away with a little gesture. "Madeline, my maid, is an excellent woman," she pursued, with a low laugh, "but I could read her every thought, and I knew that she was trying to decide whether to stay and claim my effects, or to run away and shirk all responsibility. I was never actually delirious, but I was sleepless, and the new part I had been studying ran in my head; I had the nightmarish feeling that I must get up and be dressed, for Mr. Benson insisted I should act that very night, although I told him I had not even learned the lines. All sorts of such terrors took hold of me. I have not yet recovered my balance. I dread the going back. I say to myself fifty times a day that I hate the stage and everything belonging to it."

He looked at her with a curious in-

tensity of glance. "The reality falls below your idea of it? The life does not satisfy you?"

"There is no reality; it is always like Sisyphus trying to roll up the stone, — what you have done to-day with all your strength has to be done over again to-morrow."

"Why go back to such a bondage?" he asked, with strong feeling in his face.

"I may say I want to give it up," she now confessed, laughing, "but I could n't. Ask a drunkard" —

She broke off. The steward, making his rounds with cups of bouillon, offered one to Miss Vivienne. Her maid approached, and Owen Dwight, remarking that he feared he had tired her, raised his cap and was withdrawing, when she cried eagerly, "You will keep in sight, cousin Owen?"

He nodded.

For the remainder of the voyage Miss Vivienne was absolutely dependent upon Dwight. He waited for her at her stateroom door; she leaned upon his arm as she paced the deck. She discoursed to him, and to him alone, in spite of the palpable envy of the men who would have been glad to take his place. There was a secret intoxication for Dwight in the mere situation, Kate (for she was his cousin by three removes, and her name was Katharine Vivienne Marcy) had been ill; she had become disenchanted with the stage, and for once in his life he had not missed his opportunity. He told her about himself. His business had prospered. He owned a place in the country, and spent but a few hours each day at his office in town. He was fond of gardening, had an orchid-house, and prided himself on his chrysanthemums. He confessed to some extravagance in pictures, but his joy was in his library. He could not help feeling that such a rounded and complete existence as he described must be acceptable to every instinct of a woman who realized her loneliness, who dreaded the renewed

struggle of her profession, and confessed that even its victories brought disillusion and disappointment.

But on the last day of the voyage came a change. Miss Vivienne did not leave her stateroom until towards evening, and when she met him she was in a new mood, eager and absorbed. She had been hard at work, she said; and how delightful it was, after this listless, idealless existence, to set to work!

"Work is the only tonic," she declared. "The springs of activity it gives the mind are necessary to the body as well. The moment I actually set to work, I feel braced; I am now just my usual self."

Her words stabbed him with the sharpest irony. "Do you mean that you have been studying your new part?"

"Yes, and I am ready to say I never liked any part so well. It is so fresh, so full of life. At first it eluded me. I dreaded lest I had altogether lost the old *élan*; I could not throw myself into it. The whole play is intensely modern; it touches everything, it invades everything; not a chord of human nature escapes. The modern school of acting refuses to recognize anything save the making a vivid and personal representation; and to be individual and vivid you must be charming, or the result is caricature. I am always dreading lest I should lose my flexibility, my pliancy, — lest I should grow old. There is a great deal one can do without much work which has its own charm, grace, and logic; but that juvenile audacity expends itself; and when it is expended, one has, to take its place, experience, hard study, experiment, with endless touchings and retouchings. And all this conscientious work is tedious; it is all thrown away unless one is bewitching. Now, to-day I have for the first time approached my conception of the part of *Corisande*." She laughed and looked into his face. "You see, Owen, I do not mind confessing to you that I have no genius."

"That means you have a great deal of talent."

"But talent does sometimes seem such a negative thing. Genius goes straight to the mark. Genius pierces right through theatricality and convention, — grasps the core of the matter; says and does what is most absolutely familiar, even trite, in a way which makes you feel it was never done before. There is a young actor in our company" —

"Paul Devine?" he asked quickly.

"You have seen him, then?"

"Seen him? Of course I have seen him. Whoever sees you sees him. He's always your lover or your husband. I hate the fellow."

She laughed mischievously. "Confess that he has genius."

"Genius? Not a bit, except that he knows how to make love without appearing like a fool. I grant that he is natural and unaffected, — does not pose, — which is a relief." Then, with a note of indignation in his voice, he added, "I have heard that the women call him handsome."

She laughed again, but went on with eagerness: "I made him all he is. Cavendish, who used to take those parts, had grown unbearable. We were no longer on speaking terms. One day at rehearsal I stopped short and said to the manager, 'That may be Mr. Cavendish's notion of a lover, but to me it suggests a tiger.' He had to go. Benson gave him a company and sent him on the road. It was then that I brought Paul forward. There was a certain integrity about his acting; he had taken the most ordinary parts without any pretension, but I liked the way he looked, stood, and spoke. His father and mother had been on the stage; they had tried to keep him away from it, but he came back from pure love of the art. And heredity counts for a great deal. The art of the great actors is lost, but it is something to have even the tradition of it. A modern actor who has received in childhood the least hint of their method —

the clear-cut speech, the sharp incisive emphasis, the search after strong effects — never slurs over passages as the new slipshod people do. The secret of the old acting — of all good acting — is to give color, character, human feeling, to the most indifferent passage. Nowadays, being unable to express emotion, actors and actresses rely on slow music, electric lights, the most obvious and trivial effects. I taught Paul first how to feel, then to express his feeling with insight into real emotion. He is one of the most poignantly realistic actors at times. There are at least two scenes in the new play where we shall be great." She said this with the quiet assurance of one who has studied one's self, for whom flattery does not exist. "You have seen me sometimes?" she now asked.

"I always buy a ticket for your first night in any part," Dwight answered.

"One is not quite at home, not quite at one's best, on a first night. One is thinking too much of the house, — one listens longing for the echo. I never see the audience until I have played a part at least half a dozen times. I wonder, however, that I never saw *you*?" A slight emphasis dwelt on the pronoun, and she looked at him with a smile that flattered. "I want you to see me in my new part," she went on. "I am rather a charming woman in it. It oppressed me for a time, but little by little I assimilated it, and now I have mastered it. I hope to make it superb."

He uttered an exclamation.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I am not glad to hear that you like your part. I should prefer to have you go back to the mood you were in that first day you came on deck. It was the greatest pleasure I have had for years to hear you say that you hated the stage, that you wished you need not go back to it."

"What do you want me to do?" she inquired, with some archness.

"Marry me, and come and live in the country."

She shook her head. "Go and live in the country," she repeated. "I always associate the phrase with the story that a dog bit the Duke of Buckingham, who anathematized the animal by bidding him go and live in the country."

"People like Buckingham" —

"Yes, people like Buckingham and like me do not long for the country. They need to be carried along by the full current of life in order to feel themselves alive."

"But, Kate, you have had your day, and a long, brilliant day it has been. It cannot last forever."

"It is still at its zenith," she declared.

"Call this the zenith, but from the moment it reaches the zenith it must decline."

"The moment the least hint reaches me that my powers are declining," retorted Miss Vivienne with spirit, "I will give up my place. 'Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage' shall never be said of me. The most sensitive barometer of any change in the weather is in the tone of the manager, and you should have seen Benson's distracted messages. Everything is hanging on my return. Paul Devine's part waits to be created. If I had not known that I was needed to set everything going, I should have stayed ten days longer in Switzerland. But they are all at my mercy."

"I have not a particle of doubt," observed Dwight, "that some pretty actress is longing to step into your shoes, and is not too well pleased that you have recovered so speedily."

She turned upon him; then saw the quizzical smile on his face, and contented herself with saying, "How furious I should be with you for making that speech, if I did n't like you so much!"

"If you like me, listen to me, Kate. Abdicate at this moment, when your powers are most felt and your presence will be most missed. You asked if I had gone to see you act. I told you I had

seen you in every part you had played. What I did not tell you was that always there mingled with my admiration a feeling of its being a profanation that you were on the stage at all. But you longed for the life, and I have rejoiced that you have had the very flower of it. Still, I have said to myself that finally the time must come; that you could not be content to grow old in that career; that you would long for a private life, for some one to turn to, some one to love, — at least somebody who loves you; and the only man who loves a woman of forty is the one who has loved her in her youth."

A cry escaped her. "Horrible!" she exclaimed, with a shudder. "People don't say such things."

"I'm not people. I'm Owen. I'm the man who has worshiped you all your life, — who has gone on all these years making a home fit for you."

"Nevertheless," she murmured, with a little smile at the corners of her lips, "this man who has loved me all his life married."

"Yes, I married. Circumstances made it a duty; and had she lived, had the child lived, even," — he drew in a deep breath, — "I — I should n't perhaps have felt free to rush across the ocean after you. But both are dead, fifteen — sixteen years ago. I am a wifeless, childless, lonely man except for you. I have no other duty anywhere, I have no other inclination anywhere. I am under the bondage of a feeling that has never set me free, — that never will set me free. Kate, old, gray, dull, commonplace as I am, if you will marry me, I will make you a happy woman."

He had spoken well. She was grateful to him, — indeed, he had moved her; for this old unalterable love of his, dating back to her girlhood, had meanings for her beyond the power of any present speech. She could recall how, when as a willful girl, without father or mother, brother or sister, she had declared her

intention of going on the stage, he had given her up with an agony of renunciation, saying that he felt as if it were a crime to let her go; that it was like watching a little boat pushing out into deep seas where it must founder. She realized now how all these years he had watched her course. She had a vision, too, of the sort of fate which awaited her if she became his wife, — a happy woman — yes — perhaps. . . . Then she recalled the sweet insistence of another man's eyes and smile, the charm of his presence, his grateful, ardent words. A quick leap of the heart towards emotion, excitement, success, sent her thoughts traveling back to her profession.

"So long as I was ill," she said, "any temptation you could offer would have been powerful. But I am absolutely wedded to the stage. I have always said nothing could induce me to marry and give up my career. If I were to marry" — She broke off; then added, without finishing her sentence, "What you said just now about my age" —

"I was only quoting. I know that you are years and years younger than I am."

"I was going to say that it is only on the stage that age makes no difference to a woman. It does not matter whether I am forty so long as I look twenty."

"Is there then no magic in the idea of youth?"

"Those elegant young creatures who seem to have been transferred from a fashion-plate cannot act," said Miss Vivienne with disdain. "They have studied how to keep their trains in correct sweep; they can faint to admiration, and can coil their bodies like peacocks, so that you can behold the full spread of the tail while the face is turned toward you. But they move nobody; they are limited by their lack of feeling, by the commonness of mind that does not permit them to efface their vanity, and they remain cold, artificial, ill accepted. You remember the French saying, 'If youth

knew, if old age could.' Now I flatter myself that I am at the age when I know, and yet have not lost my efficacy."

He stood looking at her, wondering at her.

"Perhaps ten years hence!" he cried abruptly out of his inner thought; then said, with a different note in his voice, "Of course I ought not to have spoken; but that first day when you seemed so ill, when you confessed yourself so tired" —

"It was pity, then?" she interrupted, smiling.

"Call it pity, if you like. Certainly I had but one longing, and that was to offer you all, I possessed. I have offered it. Possibly ten years hence you may be glad to accept me as a refuge."

She had her hand inside his arm, and she pressed it slightly. "Owen," she murmured, "I'm horribly ungrateful. You are too good to be taken as a refuge, even as a foretaste of divine rest."

"I don't care so much how you take me. I only want you to take me," said Dwight.

II.

Miss Vivienne slept in her own luxurious little suite at the Vandeyck on the following night. On Monday morning, she awoke with a sense of comfort in her familiar surroundings; in the feeling that work, successful work to the full measure of her strength, awaited her. She had said once to Owen Dwight that the worst of the stage was that publicity was the very breath of its nostrils, that everything was an advertisement, and that she hated the necessity of being advertised which her profession imposed. To-day, nevertheless, she was flushed with a sense of victory, for the ovation of yesterday had made it the most triumphant experience of her life, all the more that it had the charm of the unexpected. Mr. Benson and Paul Devine had come down in a steamer to meet her in the bay,

with a party of friends. She had found her rooms full of flowers ; on a basket of exquisite roses was Paul's card with the lines, —

"For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute."

Then, at eight o'clock, Mr. Benson had given her a dinner, an elegant, sumptuous affair, with many artistic and literary guests, herself and Paul Devine the only actors.

While she ate her breakfast she was glancing at the morning papers, each of which devoted at least a column to an account of her reception. One reporter described her sitting between her manager and her favorite *jeune premier*, Paul Devine, wearing a gown of steel-gray cloth, the perfect fit of which was revealed as she carelessly threw back a superb Russian mantle lined with fox and edged with sable. He went on to speak of the symmetrical impression the actress always produced ; her quiet, nonchalant bearing, her dress, her whole movement and tone pervaded by that individual distinction which gave her charm and finesse as a woman. She had renewed her youth, he declared ; no sign of age was apparent on that ever beautiful face.

Another recounted the dialogue he had enjoyed with the leading lady of the New Century Theatre. The actress had kindled into animation at the mention of the new play, *Corisande*, observing that she had never liked any part so well as the title rôle. Some parts had to be carried through by sheer force of will ; this seized, stimulated, lent wings to the artist.

A third said there had been rumors that Miss Vivienne was out of health, and was about to relinquish the stage, and let her mantle fall on some younger member of the profession. Miss Vivienne had, however, put to flight such reports, declaring that never had she been in better health or more eager for the season to begin.

One writer eked out his plain statement of facts by a résumé of Miss Vivienne's long-established successes, the result of a method rounded to a perfect style ; a genius which owed nothing to its spontaneity, everything to study, to a delight in the grasp of technical details. Hers was no restless spirit on the lookout for novelties ; she pushed nothing to extremes, plucked no feathers from birds whose wings could essay higher flights than her own, but rested satisfied with her own traditions, and in the intense premeditation of her art was always to be commended and admired.

Miss Vivienne more than once knitted her brows while reading this.

"That is Louis Dupont," she said to herself. "He likes what he calls spontaneity and freedom ; that is, he likes an actress who, whatever she does, seems always longing to dance the cancan."

Another reporter had asked the actress if the coming play demanded handsome gowns ; and she had told him she had six, each a masterpiece, a creation of the best men-milliners in Paris. It needed but this statement, which was not even exaggeration, but pure fiction, to show the impressionistic tricks of the reporter's trade. It was nevertheless true that six new gowns were at this moment being ranged round the room by the painstaking Madeline, who declared that the customs people had creased them. It had just occurred to Miss Vivienne that it was perhaps her maid who had thus enlightened the paragraphist, and she was turning to put the question, when the woman, answering a knock at the door of the apartment, returned with a card on a salver. Miss Vivienne, bending to read the name, exclaimed in surprise, "Mr. Benson ?"

"No, ma'am, a young lady."

Looking again, Miss Vivienne saw penciled above the manager's name, "Introducing Miss Lucy Angell."

"Who is Miss Lucy Angell ?" she said to herself ; then asked aloud, "A

young lady, you say? What sort of a young lady?"

"Quite the lady, ma'am."

Miss Vivienne rose. "Have them take these things away," she said, making a gesture towards the breakfast service. "Then tell the young lady I am but just off the steamer, that I am very busy, and that if she does not object to coming to me here" —

She sat down at her desk, began to open a pile of letters and notes, and became absorbed in their contents. Presently permitting herself to be aware that some one had entered the room, she turned. A girl with a slight, elegant figure, dressed in dark serge, with a cravat of pale blue knotted at the throat under a turn-down collar, stood at a little distance looking wistfully at her. The face was charming; the hair was brown, the complexion fair and pure as a child's; only to meet the eyes, which were of some dark indefinable tint, and to notice the expression of the lips, was to feel the eloquence of a moving, unusual sort of beauty. Conjectures shot through Miss Vivienne's mind. Why had her manager sent this girl to her?

"You will forgive me for receiving you here? I am still giddy from my voyage." She took up the card again. "Can I do anything for you, Miss Angell?"

"You don't seem to remember me," the girl said tremulously.

Miss Vivienne gazed at the soft child's face, — a face with a curious courage and pride in its steadfast look.

"Have I ever met you before?" she inquired.

Miss Angell laughed slightly. "I've been your understudy for three years, Miss Vivienne," she answered.

"Probably, then, you know me better than I know you, Miss Angell," Miss Vivienne observed, with the slightest possible change of tone. "Pray sit down. Take that seat."

Miss Angell advanced a step, and put

her hand on the back of the chair indicated. Perhaps she preferred to stand. She burst out impulsively: "I know every change in your face; I know every inflection in your voice, your every gesture and movement. I have moulded myself upon you, Miss Vivienne. People who have heard me go through your parts say that if they had closed their eyes they would have supposed it could be no one but yourself."

"Imitation is the sincerest flattery, they say," Miss Vivienne replied blandly. "Still, it seems a pity not to be more original."

"Oh, I'm original, I'm always original, — that's my strong point," Miss Angell insisted. "That's what makes me succeed."

"Ah, you succeed." Miss Vivienne, as she spoke, looked at the girl with a slight narrowing of the eyelids. "As until lately I was never ill, and have never lost a day of my engagement, I feared I had been so disobliging as to give you no chance to try your powers."

"I'm what they call 'Corisande up to date,'" explained Miss Angell. "I've been rehearsing the part for a month."

Miss Vivienne could not have told why the effect of this announcement was a sudden sense of eclipse. Was it because envy, jealousy, plucked at her heart with the reminder that Paul Devine had been acting up to this girl's Corisande, looking into these violet eyes, watching the play of expression on these red dewy lips? But what folly! Until he has entire freedom in a new part, an actor is all the time working like a slave at it; and, under the eye of a martinet like Benson, — who while early rehearsals were in progress was absolutely merciless, sitting down in the middle of the stage, ready to pounce upon the unhappy culprit who diverged a hair's breadth from the stringent rules, to breathe forth fire, almost slaughter, at the least sign of pre-occupation, — there could be no opportunity for a whisper, hardly for a glance.

No; Miss Vivienne reviled herself for the suggestion. Had not Paul told her yesterday that he was still as tired as a dog because the taskmaster, after four hours' rehearsal on Saturday, when they were all dropping with fatigue and starvation, had insisted on going through the last two acts again?

"Mr. Benson says he has hopes of the play," said Miss Vivienne, after this momentary reflection. "My absence has given you a very nice chance."

"I have been waiting for three years for something to happen," Miss Angell answered, with a sigh. "Twice I went traveling with the other company, but nothing worth having turned up. You see, Miss Vivienne, the stage is so crowded with leading ladies, there is very little demand for a girl with nothing but" — She broke off without finishing her sentence.

"Her face?" Miss Vivienne suggested. "My face is my fortune, sir, she said!"

"Oh, I'm no beauty," said Miss Angell, smiling and dimpling, "and Mr. Benson says I don't make up worth a button. I never in my life had a dress fit to wear on the stage. But I do believe I can act."

Again that premonitory shiver passed through Miss Vivienne. The moment she spoke with feeling the girl was electrical.

"Why, the other day," Miss Angell resumed after an instant's pause, "when I was saying the lines at the beginning of the third act, the company all stopped and applauded." She looked at Miss Vivienne a moment in silence, and although something in the actress's face froze the question, she faltered humbly, "Will you let me recite them to you?"

"I cannot spare the time," replied Miss Vivienne quietly. "More than that, I cannot afford to sacrifice my own individual study of the part. I have promised to be at the rehearsal to-morrow. Then, if you are present, you can hear me in it."

Miss Angell had listened, the smile

going off her lips, the expression changing in her eyes. Now she drew a long breath, as if summoning up her resolution.

"Can't you guess what I came to ask you to do for me?" she asked softly.

"No."

"I came to ask if, considering that you are not strong, you would not let me act *Corisande* for a week, — for two nights, — even for one night?"

"Act before the public?"

"Before the public."

"Your name on the bills?"

"My name on the bills."

Miss Vivienne was a mature woman, also an accomplished actress, but the torment of this moment tried her acutely. Her face flushed, her brain whirled. Her hands, as they lay clasped in her lap, turned cold and clammy.

"I know," faltered Miss Angell, with a sound in her voice not unlike a sob, "I know it's horrible presumption, but it's my one chance. It will make a difference with my whole life. If you had not got well" —

"You mean that if I had died, you would have taken my place."

But irony and innuendo were quite thrown away on the girl, whose whole face, her dark eyes and their darker lashes, her fitful color, the dimples about the sad little mouth that was made for joy, all showed that she was terribly in earnest.

"I only meant if you had not been able to come back before the opening of the season," she went on. "You see, I feel the part so much — if you would only be willing to wait a little — to let me have this one chance."

Miss Vivienne laughed. "What becomes of me while you are enjoying your triumph?"

Miss Angell again drew a deep breath. "You have had a thousand triumphs," she rejoined. "You do not need this. You have nothing to look forward to. All the prizes of the profession were

yours years and years ago. You are rich, you are famous; while I—I am only twenty-one, and I am so poor.”

“I am very sorry for you,” Miss Vivienne now said kindly. “I will help you in some way. But in this you seem not to know what you are asking. You are like a child reaching out for the moon.”

“I told you I knew I was presumptuous,” the girl proceeded, “but it’s my whole life that weighs in the scale. I know that I am selfish, but just put yourself in my place. I am sure that I have talent. I am sure that I can act. Just think, with this sense of power pent up, with this longing to put it into speech and action,—think, I say, how hard it is to be put by, passed over. Acting is different from the other arts. It cannot exist without opportunity. One may make a statue, one may paint a picture, one may write a book, to show what is in one. But to act”—She broke off; then asked abruptly, “Don’t you see what you are depriving me of?”

Miss Vivienne could not understand why she was so wrought upon by the girl’s indignant look and speech that she could not seem to keep her hold of her place, but felt herself slipping down the incline. She tried her wits at the riddle.

“Did Mr. Benson send you to me?” she inquired.

“He knew that I was coming.”

“And for what?”

“Yes.”

“Did he give his sanction to your request that I should step aside in your behalf?”

“No: he only laughed; he told me he should like to know what you would say to me.”

“You see what he thought of it.”

“But he has praised me to the skies.”

“How praised you?”

“He says I light up the play,—that I have youth on my side. Then once he burst out, ‘Ah, Miss Angell, *you* dare to be spontaneous!’”

“He said that!” cried Miss Vivienne as if pierced.

“Then again he exclaimed, ‘We shall begin the season with a thunderclap!’”

“Ah,” said Miss Vivienne with disdain, “that is a phrase of Mr. Benson’s. He used it twice over to me yesterday. One has one’s own vocabulary.” She was silent for a moment, averting her glance from the girl, whose eyes were full of anguished expectancy, then asked in a studiously quiet manner, “How about Paul Devine? Did he advise you to come?”

“No: he was angry with me for proposing it. He declared the thing was absurd, quite out of the question.”

An exclamation burst from Miss Vivienne irresistibly. Her face lighted up as if what she had just heard had been what she had waited for, longed for.

The girl had flushed deeply as she spoke. Her eyes filled. “But he believes in me!” she cried. “He says that”—She broke off, her lips quivering.

“He says what?”

“That—he—should—like—to—act—Romeo—to—my—Juliet.”

Miss Vivienne smiled. She had risen. Her whole manner had changed from luke-warm to blood-warm kindness. “My dear little girl,” she said gently, “I am sorry to clip your glorious impulse. Of course you and Paul Devine could act Romeo and Juliet very prettily. You have youth on your side, and youth is a power in itself. But youth is not everything. You seem to consider that the advantages I have gained are something to keep or to hand over, as the case may be. I doubt if you begin to know what study and hard work are. Your wishes color everything for you. And if I had died, it seems as if you might have slipped easily into the rôle of Corisande.” She made a little gesture. “As it is, I recovered. I expect to make a great success of Corisande.”

It was clear that Miss Angell had hoped everything, and now saw that she had

lost everything. There was no stoicism in her demeanor, — nothing but visible acute disappointment.

"I know," she said, speaking only by a great effort, "that it is like asking a queen to come down from her throne."

"Do queens ever come down from their thrones until they are obliged to come?"

The girl looked at the older woman as if she would have liked to exchange irony for irony.

"But your day may come," Miss Vivienne continued kindly.

"I want it now. Unless it comes now I shall miss all that I care about having."

"That is what it is to be young," Miss Vivienne said lightly. "You will find out a little later that it is better to have missed what seems at twenty-one the most splendid thing in life." Then, for a feminine diversion, she pointed to the toilettes laid out on the lounge and chairs. "Have you any curiosity to look at the gowns I am to wear in the play?" she asked.

"I saw them when I first came in. I have seen them all the time we have been talking, and what they have made me feel is that I should like to play Corisande in this old serge and make a success of it. I am certain that I could."

"I have played often enough in gowns I have made myself," Miss Vivienne retorted; "and fearfully and wonderfully made they were, too. But, unluckily, nowadays the public are educated up to a certain standard of taste, and like perfection, harmony, and symmetry."

In spite of her disavowal, curiosity, jealousy, or the mere feminine instinct for chiffons had made Miss Angell walk a few steps nearer the dresses, and now, lifting one, she uttered an exclamation of delight.

"Should you like to try it on?" Miss Vivienne asked indulgently.

"Not unless you will let me recite the first scene in the third act."

"Do you think, my dear, you are quite generous?" Miss Vivienne asked.

Miss Angell looked first blank, then puzzled, then stricken. But presently, as if she had argued the case anew in her own mind, she burst out, "I have no right to ask anything; only, you see, Miss Vivienne, I have nothing, and you—you have everything. I simply hold out my hand to you like a beggar. It does seem to me that you might give me just this one little chance. It ought to touch you as a woman. You were young once."

"I am a woman. I was young once, — I was young once, and now I suppose I am old," Miss Vivienne said, with a slight bitterness of tone; "but I have always had a scruple against insisting on receiving what I had not won by my own powers. I cannot afford to diminish my well-earned privileges."

"You could increase them if you did me this favor."

"How?"

"You would make me love you, — love you forever and forever."

"Ah!"

III.

Five minutes later Miss Vivienne was still standing staring straight before her, although the door had closed on her visitor. The interview had ended abruptly, for at her skeptical, half-ironical "Ah!" the girl had faltered, in breathless incoherence, "They all wish it — they all hoped for it. You are cruel — cruel — cruel!" then had rushed away. Left in possession of the field, Miss Vivienne still felt her rival like a living presence; still seemed to hear her say, "You were young once," "I hold out my hand to you like a beggar," "This is my one chance," "You are cruel — cruel — cruel!"

She suffered in remembering that such speeches had been hurled at her. They disturbed her sense of fairness. They were not only unjust, they were absurd. Now that it was too late she could think

of a hundred cogent things to have answered. She ought, in a vein of good-natured sarcasm, to have remonstrated ; to have pointed out to the girl, with a touch of humor, that she could hardly have supposed *this*, was it possible she had forgotten *that* ? to have summoned logic and reason, and demanded some fair play in their behalf. Miss Vivienne was far from satisfied with the part she had played in the interview. It was incredible how little she had maintained her dignity, how easily she had been depressed by the girl's infatuated belief in her own talent. It seemed as if some hidden efficacy in the appeal had disarmed her ordinary good judgment.

"But one does not give up what is one's own!" she now exclaimed in passionate self-justification. "Except for her own statement, I do not even know that the girl can act."

The manager had said nothing of the "Corisande up to date." Instead, he was jubilant over his chief actress's return. "We shall begin the season with a thunderclap!" he had exclaimed; he had confided to her his belief that Corisande would be the most successful play he had ever put on the stage.

Paul Devine had alluded to the play but once, and then only to explain his fatigue and dullness by the prolonged rehearsal. His manner, always quiet and self-contained, had been touched with more than usual delicacy and tenderness when they had met the day before. The moment he had approached her, Owen Dwight, with his grimmest smile, had yielded up his place beside Miss Vivienne to the newcomer, and had gone to collect her luggage. She and Paul had said little that was personal or direct. She had talked chiefly, and he had listened, with sympathizing comment, to her accounts of her illness, the bad weather in the early part of the voyage, the sulks and despair of Toby, the terrier, her own joy in being at home again.

Of course one inward thought had ab-

sorbed her as it must have absorbed him. She had avoided his direct glance, for his eyes had looked the question he had had no chance to utter aloud. When, four months before, she and the young actor had parted, she had promised to tell him, when they met again, whether she would consent to become his wife. They had acted together for the season. He owed everything to her, although his own abilities, his good looks, his energy, his tenacity of purpose, had helped him. It was easily within her power to help him further yet in his profession; and when, with passionate gratitude, he had told her he wished to marry her, she could justify the quick leap of her heart towards this belated bloom of passion by the thought that he needed her money, her experience; that without her he would be condemned to a long, arduous struggle, with no sure rewards. However, she had not yielded at once. She had said to herself she must impose some test. She had, indeed, held him at arm's length, derided him, told him that she was years too old for him. He said he wanted her to be his inspiration, his enthroned queen; that she could never grow old, never become less than adorable. She had listened readily enough. She had ascribed to herself something above and beyond mere beauty, and it had always been her own belief that she was not one of the women whose charm is a mere morning-glory freshness.

Now, with the clear vision in her mind of that absolutely fresh thing of the dawn which had just left her, — that girl with her translucent skin, dewy lips, eyes like a gazelle's, a whole aspect made up, as it were, of fire and dew, — Miss Vivienne moved to the mirror and looked at the image of the woman who had repulsed her.

She was startled to find herself old, gray, furrowed. She had let her vexation and annoyance show themselves only too palpably. Her well-chiseled features, her flexible lips, her fine clear eyes, the

way her hair grew off her forehead and temples, — these points, which she had considered the unalterable part of her beauty, could not redeem her. Her glance was cold, her lips were angry, her whole face was haggard. With the instinct of an actress, she set a smile going on her lips and lighted up the fire in her eyes. There was again the familiar reflection full of charm and finesse, but she had had a bad moment. With a sharp pang she realized that she had lost her youth.

But fact is always depressing to a woman after she is twenty-five. She must correct it by the persistence of an ideal which dowers her with the lost radiance of her early youth. Thus, after pulling herself together, as it were, Miss Vivienne regained her usual attitude of mind. What is success in life but the understanding how to win against odds? One must struggle in order to conquer. That human being who permits himself to be supplanted deserves to be supplanted. What she experienced at this moment was indignation, contempt, a wish to crush whatever impeded her free action. Reason and logic showed her that she dominated the situation. Why, then, irrationally, did she demand more than reason and logic? Why did the solid earth seem to shake under her feet? Why should she so long to be reassured, reinstated? Why was it that only one person in the world could reassure and reinstate her?

She did not try to analyze or answer this question. Instead, she darted to her desk, wrote a few words, tore the leaf from a tablet, inclosed it in an envelope, directed it to Paul Devine, New Century Theatre, rang the bell, and gave orders that the note should be sent by special messenger and the answer brought back; for it was not worth while to try to live at the mercy of these doubts, suspicions, apprehensions. The sting which had touched her at a single point multiplied into a thousand, and each dart was dipped

in venom. Who was it the girl had meant when she said "they all wished" her, the Corisande up to date, to have the part? Of course it was not Paul; yet she must know, and at once. Everything precious hung on Paul's caring for no woman but herself; she must be loved by Paul absolutely. If he had looked at this girl; if, feature by feature, smile by smile, glance by glance, he had weighed her against the older woman, and found the balance in her favor —

What then? Until this instant she had hardly known how she had learned to look to Paul for all the charm, the flavor, the compensation of her life. Until he had come into the company she had gone on acting just as she had gone on eating and sleeping. Almost without knowing it, she had grown very tired of the stage; its triumphs had been necessary, but she realized their emptiness. She knew that the world behind the scenes bristled with strife, competitions, bitterness, but she had walked along her course blind to them. She did not like the members of her profession in general. She had little of the *laissez-aller*, the Bohemian point of view, the easy give and take, which insure popularity. She had contented herself with work, which had been in danger of becoming mere conscientious touching and retouching, polishing and repolishing. Then Paul had begun to act with her. He had brought back the passion, the illusion, of her art. Why did she now look forward so ardently to the part of Corisande? Was it not simply and wholly because he was the man who loved Corisande, and whom Corisande at last loved?

While she was walking to and fro, chafing restlessly under these thoughts, she heard a voice in the next room, and, believing that Paul had come, she opened the door and darted forward to meet him; then perceived that it was not he, but Owen Dwight.

"Oh, it is you!" she exclaimed, stopping short.

"Were you expecting some one else?"

"Not quite yet. It is a relief to see you. I am so glad you came."

But he had only dropped in for a moment, he said, to tell her that the custom-house people were at last through with the box they had detained. All was right, all was arranged, and he had brought the key. Then observing the signs of spent emotion on her face, he added, "I expected to find you radiant."

"Radiant? Radiant about what?"

"When I read the morning papers, I said to myself, 'Well, Owen Dwight, this is the goddess you were inviting to sit opposite you at table the rest of your life, to pour out your coffee at breakfast and watch your slumbers before the fire in the evening.' I called myself a fool."

"One calls one's self such names sometimes, even if one does not quite believe in the truth of them. Yet there are disillusionments the memory of which stings eternally."

"Kate, what has happened?"

"A mere trifle, yet it has spoiled my peace of mind."

"After the tribute you received yesterday, after such a perfect ovation, certainly no trifle ought to disturb you. However, I suppose what seems a triumphant success to us insignificant beings, whose comings and goings make no difference to anybody but ourselves, is mere everyday experience to you."

"Possibly you read what the reporter in the Prism said, — that my genius owed nothing to spontaneity, that it showed too much premeditation."

"Surely such nonsense could n't wreck your peace of mind. He only meant that you did good work, had a style of your own, respected your art, and did not juggle and experiment with it."

"It is not Louis Dupont's criticism that upset me, but something quite different." Her whole face showed that she was deeply in earnest.

"Tell me, Kate." He laid his hand on hers. She felt the cordiality of his

look, the strength of his sustaining clasp. "I want to know what has happened."

"Just fancy! A girl who calls herself Miss Angell — the girl who says she is my understudy, who has been reading my part while the company have been rehearsing Corisande — came here!"

"Well, what did she want?"

"Wanted me to give up the part to her!"

"Give up the part for good and all?"

"For a night, she said, — two nights, — a whole week!"

"What was her justification for such an extraordinary request?"

"She declared that the happiness of her whole future depended on her having this chance."

"The happiness of her whole future? What sort of a person is she?"

"Charming, young, a light graceful figure, a rose-leaf skin, eyes like — but I have not the words at hand to describe her. I assure you, her beauty made the whole thing superb. Her challenge left me breathless. 'The part of Corisande or your life,' she seemed to say."

"What did you tell her?"

"If I did not surrender on the instant, it was not that I did not feel myself dwindle to the vanishing-point. 'You are old, I am young,' she said, with a little more circumlocution, and I felt actually apologetic for spoiling her sunshine."

"The girl must be a presumptuous fool," Dwight said, his whole manner showing sympathy and concern. "Surely she had no backing?"

"Mr. Benson had lent her his card to introduce her. But she expressly said he laughed at her for coming. That is his way. He would tell me cynically, if I asked him what he meant, that he was sure her audacity would amuse me, — that I might get a hint from the situation."

"She has been rehearsing your part?"

"She says that the whole company stopped and applauded her. Benson told her she had youth on her side."

"The insolence of youth, the insolence of life!"

"She had the grace to say that she knew it was like asking a queen to come down from her throne."

"Exactly. What did the queen say?"

"What do you suppose?" Miss Vivienne looked into Dwight's face, her own full of pride and determination. "What should you have wished me to say?"

"Of course my wish is that you should give up the whole thing," he responded in a perfectly matter-of-fact manner. "But what she asked was absurd."

"It was more than absurd; it was incredible, impossible! If I were to give up for a night, I should give up for all time. Humpty Dumpty could not have a greater fall."

Dwight not only saw that she suffered, but he suffered with her and for her. At the same time he saw beyond the present moment, and he realized that neither his sympathy nor her resolution could avert a result which was working itself out irresistibly. He was not a man to dogmatize on any subject, nor was it possible for him to insist on his own wishes, his own wants. But even while, with more and more soreness of feeling, she went on recalling the various aspects of her grievance, discussing it anew from every point of view, he could feel that she was every moment coming nearer and nearer to him, reestablishing the old intimacy, the old habit of absolute frankness.

"The sting of it lies in the fact that she *is* younger, that she is more beautiful," she said, always returning by a different argument to the same climax.

"There is always a younger, there is always a fairer," Dwight said. "You are young for me, Kate; you will always be young for me. You are beautiful for me; you will always be beautiful for me." He had no time to say more. The words were hardly uttered when another man entered the room, — the man who had displaced him yesterday; a far

younger man, slim, tall, rather delicate of aspect, but with deep-set blue eyes of peculiar brilliancy, and all his features, his whole bearing, showing character and capacity.

He went straight to Miss Vivienne. "You sent for me," he said.

"Yes." The look she bent on the newcomer was at once intimate, inquisitive, commanding. Dwight saw that this was no idle visit, and made haste to get away.

Left alone with Paul, Miss Vivienne stood passive. He studied her face. It seemed to accuse him.

"I know what it is!" he burst out, perhaps taking refuge in irritability from some conflict of feeling. "But I told her not to come."

"Are you alluding to Miss Lucy Angell?"

"Yes. I see from your face that, since yesterday, something has displeased you. I know of nothing else."

She did not speak, only continued to look at him. He advanced a step.

"Tell me what is troubling you, Kate," he said caressingly.

"Troubling me?" She evaded the hand reached out to take hers. She sat down in an armchair, and motioned that he should take the one opposite. "I simply wish to be sure where I stand. You know how it is with Benson, — he never really answers a question. I feel sure that you will be direct and candid. You evidently know that a very pretty young girl, calling herself Miss Angell, came here before I had finished my breakfast. She informed me that she had been rehearsing *Corisande*, that my part suited her, and that she wished me to give it up to her for a week, or at least for a night or two."

It was clear that as she spoke he followed her account with some anxiety. When she paused, he kept his eyes fixed on her as if expecting to hear more. Seeing that he waited, she continued, "I wanted to ask if she plays my part well?"

At this question his lips showed a slight quivering. He answered, however, in a quiet, even tone. "She has a good deal of talent. She has wonderful naturalness; whatever she says or does seems to go straight to the mark. Of course she has certain little awkwardnesses."

"With such a face and figure, she could not do anything very awkward. Beauty covers a multitude of sins."

He sat silent, staring at her; then said under his breath, "She does very well; all her work has life in it."

"Then you advise me to give up my part to her?"

"I do not advise it. I told her she was too ambitious."

"She described how you all broke into applause in the opening scene of the third act. She said that when it was believed I could not get well" —

"Did she dare speak of such a thing?"

"Mr. Benson told her the season would open with a thunderclap."

Paul uttered an exclamation.

Miss Vivienne went on: "She flung her youth in my face."

"Shame on her, — shame on her!" cried Paul, his features working, his voice hoarse. "But she did not mean it, she is not so brutal. It is only that she has worked herself up into an intense longing for this chance. It means so much to her. She has been trying so hard to get a paying engagement. This part suits her, and she feels as if the opportunity would be everything to her."

"So she told me. She wants her share of the good things of the world. She wants my share."

He threw up his arms as if something cramped and fettered him. "She had no right to come," he said again. "I told her the idea was monstrous; it's intolerable. Only" —

"Only what?"

"She knew that I owed everything to you — she believed that you might be willing" —

"Might be willing to do everything for her?"

"Yes," he said with dejection.

"She thought me so benevolent?"

"She was sure of it. You have everything, she has nothing."

"It was not her poverty which she thrust in my face; rather it was her youth, her talent, her beauty." Miss Vivienne flung this taunt; then when she saw that he was somehow gathering his forces to answer it, her mood seemed suddenly to change. "Paul," she said in a different tone, "it is a little strange that we should begin at once to talk about this girl. When we parted last May" —

He made a spring towards her, caught her hand and bent above her. "Yes," he said resolutely. "I know. That is the real question. What have you decided?" There was manliness, chivalry, devotion, in his manner, everything except what she longed for, — the passionate craving of a lover. Her eyes, raised to his, rested on his face. "Tell me, Kate," he said.

"What am I to tell you?"

"You were to come back and tell me whether you could find it in your heart to marry me."

"Tell me something first," said Miss Vivienne.

He drew a long breath. "Anything."

"Do you still wish me to marry you?"

"I expect it. I count on it. I have planned for it." But he spoke hoarsely and with an effort.

"Last spring you said you loved me."

"Surely, Kate, you have no doubt of me?"

"But tell me, do you still love me?"

"I love you devotedly." His eyes met hers; his whole face was intensely serious.

"You have heard," she now said gently, "that I was very ill. For three days it seemed possible that I might die."

His clasp tightened. "Thank God that you are here."

"I had made my will. It was in my letter-case, but it was not signed. I asked the landlord to send for a notary, and it was signed before witnesses. I left everything to you, Paul."

"I do not deserve such goodness," he said in a broken voice.

"If you love me, why not? I have no near relatives. Who ought to profit by my death but the man I had made up my mind to marry?"

"Thank you," he said simply and breathlessly. For a moment he seemed lost to realities; then when he met her clear, unfaltering look, he said with decision, "When shall it be?" His look, as he asked this, was the look which had always pleased her. She had loved him for his youth, his grace, his expressive eyes and smile, but also for the capacity for kindling into high emotion which his whole face now showed.

"When shall what be?" she asked, smiling and coloring.

"When shall we be married?"

"Oh, not until the season is over!"

"The season has not begun."

"After it has begun and ended."

"No, now!" he cried, no longer merely trying to be fervent, but alive with feeling and driven by impatience.

"But why such haste?" she demanded archly.

"Can you ask?"

As he spoke, he bent over her with a caress which thrilled her. Why did she not let herself be moved to tenderness, — why not shut her eyes, her ears, permit herself to be borne along by the current of his ardor? His ardor? Was it that, in spite of his words, his manner, his readiness, his apparent desire to go beyond the mark rather than not to reach it, she felt his coldness, — that it made her cold as well? But she had always said that she had never had time or thought for love. In almost making up her mind to marry Paul, what she had felt had been that they were linked together by circumstance; not only their interests,

but their tastes and aspirations were in common. He loved, admired, and believed in her, and she held the golden key which could open a future before him as an actor-manager. There was a secret intoxication in the idea of saying, "Yes, let us be married now;" in feeling that after a decisive step, a step which could not be retraced, doubts, hesitations, scruples, would settle themselves. Why should she yearn for warmth, for tenderness?

"You do love me, Paul, — love me with all your heart?" she demanded.

His brow furrowed. He bit his lip; he turned away and stamped his foot. "Why do you doubt me? Has somebody been telling you tales against me?"

"I have seen no one who has mentioned your name except Miss Angell."

They had drawn far apart.

"What can I say more than that I love you?" he asked, with a dignity that almost surprised her. "What can I do more than ask you to marry me, and at once? Surely, when I act in this way you cannot suspect me of being false to you!"

"False! I had not thought of calling you false, Paul. I sent for you, — I hardly know why, but I was disturbed, upset; everything was vague. That girl had threatened me. I saw how young she was, how pretty she was, — too lovely to be looked at, and" — Without finishing her sentence, she waited — fixing her eyes on his face — for him to speak. He had averted his glance.

"Yes," he said in a stiff tone, "she is young, she is pretty."

"Too young, too pretty, to be looked at coldly."

"Yes."

"And she acts well."

"She acts charmingly."

"And you fell in love with her."

"Yes," he returned in the same heavy, stiff tone, "I fell in love with her."

Her actual belief, her actual hope, had

been in suspense until this moment. Now something in her heart or brain seemed to turn to lead, and with a sombre and speechless load oppress her senses. She did not try to answer this confession, and when she remained silent he turned and looked at her.

"I see," he said in a hopeless voice, "you despise me."

"No, I only despise myself for believing in you."

"You don't realize that a man may suddenly fall in love, and yet hold another woman sacred in his heart all the time" —

"That he suddenly catches love like a cold, and gets over it?"

"That a passion drags his heart and body at its heels, but that with his mind and soul" — He broke off. There was a pause; he glanced at her, and saw that her face was dark, her hands clenched in her lap. "It was the accident of our playing together," he faltered. "The words would have stirred me, no matter to whom I had to speak them, but when she" —

It seemed to him that she was suffering physically. Her whole body swayed.

"You have spoken to her — of love — outside of the play?" she asked.

"Once."

"Are you engaged to her?"

"No."

"The point of honor kept you true to me?"

"She knew that it was an impulse regretted as soon as yielded to."

"Did you tell her you were bound to me?"

"No."

"What then?"

"I have told her nothing. I have let her believe that I drew back because it was all rash, imprudent, foolish, — because she was poor, had no position. That is the reason she is so anxious to take the part of Corisande, — to be more nearly equal to me. She little realizes the horrible perfidy" —

"Horrible perfidy," — she repeated the words, still sitting in her chair as if stunned. Then suddenly flinging herself into the question, as if her vitality had been repressed until she saw this outlet for her emotion, she rose, crying out, "You say you love me!"

"I am yours. I have every feeling towards you a woman needs to ask of the man she consents to marry."

"Gratitude, admiration, loyalty!" — she enumerated these with feverish eagerness.

"Yes."

"You ask me to marry you at once."

"To-day."

"Not to-day; to-morrow, perhaps, — say next day."

"I thank you."

"I shall tell Mr. Benson that Miss Angell must be dismissed."

"She shall be dismissed."

Having thus established a basis, she began to analyze her position, to reduce it to its rational requirements, to justify her antagonism to what she had rejected. A woman has some rights. Surely, after her long struggle she deserved some compensation. Her whole life, her whole heart, her whole world, were in her art. Although she had had her successes, they had not come to her wholly unspoiled; they left her asking something more.

"You and I could do wonderful things together, Paul," she said with enthusiasm.

"Yes."

"And you do love me a little?" she faltered pitifully.

He said in a low, deliberate voice that he loved her, — he would be true to her, he would be good to her. At the same moment that he spoke he drew out his watch. "I have to go!" he exclaimed.

"It is time for rehearsal."

"Rehearsal!"

"Yes, at one o'clock to-day."

She looked at him eagerly. She came nearer to him, with entreaty in her eyes.

"I have to go," he repeated, as if answering her unuttered question.

"She will be there?"

"Of course," he returned sharply.

"Why did I tell Benson I could not rehearse to-day?" she cried. "I can, — I must. I will not sit down tamely and let that girl rob me of everything I had looked forward to and cared about. Call a carriage, Paul. Madeline can get me ready in five minutes."

Her mood was so restless that her words carried no weight with him.

"You would be flurried, Kate," he said compassionately. "You would not do your best." He paused a moment. "As — for — Miss — Angell," he then went on, "if it will be any comfort to you, I promise on my word and honor not to say a word to her outside of my part, — not even to look at her." As he spoke his tone indicated intense strength of will and purpose.

"I must go," he said again. He glanced at her, hesitated, then took a few steps towards the door.

"Kiss me good-by, Paul," she murmured in a trembling voice. But as he approached, panic and confusion beset her, — a sense of unfeminine presumption. "No, no, no!" she exclaimed, with a poignant note in her voice. "I did not mean it. Go, Paul, — go to rehearsal."

He stood irresolute for a moment; his lips moved, but no words came; perhaps none offered themselves. Once more he glanced at his watch, then with an ejaculation hurried away.

IV.

The theatre was dark, the obscurity of the great empty space of the auditorium traversed only here and there by a dusty sunbeam. The stage too was dark; for although at the sides an occasional jet of gas flared, it illumined nothing, — rather rendered the twilight more dull and

gloomy. It was Tuesday morning. The rehearsal of *Corisande* was in progress. The first two acts were over; the third was about to begin. The roll-call had been gone through two hours before, when Mr. Benson had dryly explained that the chief part would once more be read by Miss Angell. This announcement not only roused surprise among the actors, but Mr. Benson's manner, as he made it, showed that something had happened to ruffle his temper. There was an ominous pucker between his brows, as he sat down in the middle of the stage, just in front of the footlights, and studied the *mise en scène*, resting his elbow on the arm of his chair and rubbing his clean-shaven chin with his hand. In spite of this attitude of repose, his whole figure had an active earnestness as if he longed for action. Every other moment, after an angry glance round the stage, he bounced out of his seat to re-chalk the position of a piece of furniture, calling on heaven, calling on the universe; when they did not respond, summoning the stage-manager, the property-man, the scene-shifter, — demanding, entreating, objurgating, all in a breath.

"Where is that tabouret? Send me that property-man. Where, I ask, sir, is that tabouret? Not ready, and I gave you twenty-four hours? Heavens and earth!" infusing into this apostrophe all the solemnity it was capable of expressing, "is the rehearsal to stop because the essential properties are not forthcoming? A low table, — a table exactly twenty-eight inches high, this instant. If not a table, a packing-case; if not a packing-case, a chair. The play cannot be obstructed by such imbecile inefficiency. *It must go on.*"

Then, when something to supply the place of the missing tabouret was tremblingly produced and set down, there came a snarl: "Not there! Not there!" The unhappy supernumerary lifted the substitute, staring about him helplessly.

"That was an inch, a whole inch, outside the mark. Here — here, I say! Where is the armchair? I said the armchair. Put that armchair by the side of the tabouret. At the right hand, I say. Do you know your right hand from your left? Are you aware of the fact that on the stage the right hand is fixed, immutable? Heavens and earth! the right, I say, — to the right!"

This ominous mood had communicated itself to the whole company. Everybody was nervous. All through the first act the manager was merciless. Nothing suited him. The actors, conscious that a good six hours of agony and struggle were before them this day, looked at one another with a silent shrug of the shoulders. At the least deviation from position, at the faintest sign of hesitation in the lines or in the prescribed movement, there would come a despairing cry.

"Six inches to the left centre, — six inches, I say, madam." It was the heavy lady, a capital actress, but unwieldy and inert except in real action, and the manager's special abhorrence at rehearsal. "We must have a wheel-chair, — a wheel-chair at once I would have, if that devil of a property-man ever brought anything I wanted." In default of the wheel-chair the manager himself flew towards the actress, who, having seated herself in the nearest chair, seemed to refuse to budge.

"Sir," he demanded presently of another, "is that a bag of potatoes you are carrying? Good God, have I got the leisure to bother with your legs and elbows?"

Even Paul Devine, usually a first favorite, was declared to mumble his part to such a degree of extinction of voice that nobody heard his cues.

"You seem to be under a mistake, Mr. Devine: you think you are a mute at a funeral. You are not a mute at a funeral; we do not want a mute at a funeral; there is no one cast for a mute at a funeral in the entire play. What we want

is a lively young fellow, a divine creature on two legs, — something between a man and an angel."

But this exordium failed to put spirit into Paul. It was clear that he liked neither objections nor suggestions; that he was nervous, rather irritable, acting feverishly by fits and starts. Even the scenes where he and Miss Angell had hitherto lighted up the dullness, and for a few kindling moments banished the terrors of rehearsal, passed off coldly.

The third act, as we have said before, was about to begin. Again there had been a conference between the manager and the various stage-setters, comparing lists, making notes, discussing positions. The actors, chafing restlessly, were gathered in groups, talking in low voices, all but Paul Devine, who was walking up and down alone behind the scenes. Miss Angell was standing at the corner of the stage with a walking-lady who was complaining in a whisper, when it seemed to the former that two figures had entered the opposite proscenium. There had been a momentary gleam of light as the door opened; then nothing but a deeper trail of shadow across the broad bars of darkness.

"Did you see?" the young actress said to her companion, with sudden excitement. "There are two people in that box."

"I thought something moved. But every door is locked, — Benson insists on that. Not a soul is to be let into the house. It must be somebody connected with the theatre."

Perhaps Miss Angell had seen what she longed for; at least no one else on the stage had had the vision revealed to her.

But still it is something to see even in mirage what one has longed for, and when she told herself that it might be Katharine Vivienne who had come to hear her in the third act, the wild conjecture brought inspiration. She had nothing to lose; she had everything to gain.

She had the passionate will which made her believe in herself, in her own faculty, in her own right.

The first words she uttered, as she came forward at the signal, thrilled even the most sluggish actor. The scene-shifter, the carpenter, peeped from behind the wings. More than once a cry came from the manager.

"Good, excellent, my child. Just a little more pause, — stop and count ten."

"A little farther away." "Crescendo — crescendo — not too much at the beginning — leave a little for the thunder-bolt." "There, there, gently." "I only point out the defects; the beauties will take care of themselves. But heavens and earth! I want to ask, where did you get your style? It takes other people years and years!"

These interjections, thrown in as if irrepressibly as the play proceeded, were suddenly accented by a soft clapping of hands from the right-hand proscenium box.

"Who is that?" demanded Mr. Benson irascibly. "There is some one there. Who has been admitted against my express order? Who has had the audacity to give any permission?"

"Mr. Benson, — Mr. Benson, I say."

But Miss Vivienne — for it was she — had by this time reached the stage. She was followed by Owen Dwight, who, as if not in the least surprised at the novel rôle imposed upon him, played it with an ease, a quiet radiance of demeanor, which showed that he had no hesitations and no doubts.

"I have come," said Miss Vivienne, addressing the manager, "to explain

why I broke my promise to attend rehearsal. I have come to tell you I am forced to break my engagement, — to give up my position. I have also come, Mr. Benson, to congratulate you on the acquisition of a Corisande who will make the play a brilliant success. I might use twenty adjectives, but I will content myself with one: Miss Angell is charming."

Mr. Benson, crimson, embarrassed, perplexed, doubtful whether he was to take Miss Vivienne seriously or consider it one of the actress's caprices, began to splutter: "But — but — but what is the matter? I don't understand this. What has gone wrong? Why, let me hear what reasons" —

Miss Vivienne, however, had gone up to Miss Angell. She put a hand on each of the girl's shoulders, leaned forward and kissed first one cheek and then the other.

"My dear," she said, "you see that, after all, I did hear you in the third act. You do it beautifully. I have studied the part for three months. I know the difficulties. I understand how fully you have overcome them. I shall insist on sending you the gown you liked, to play in." Then she let her eyes travel over the group of actors until they rested on Paul Devine's face. The expression it wore was full of pain, — startled and incredulous. "For this is my last appearance on the stage," she went on, with a peculiar inflection in her voice. "I am going to be married." She turned towards Dwight and rested her hand on his arm. "We are going to be married to-morrow."

Ellen Olney Kirk.

A NOOK IN THE ALLEGHANIES.

II.

My spring campaign in Virginia was planned in the spirit of the old war-time bulletin, "All quiet on the Potomac;" happiness was to be its end, and idleness its means; and so far, at least, as my stay at Pulaski was concerned, this peaceful design was well carried out. There was nothing there to induce excessive activity: no glorious mountain summit whose daily beckoning must sooner or later be heeded; no long forest roads of the kind that will not let a man's imagination alone till he has seen the end of them. The town itself is small and compact, so that it was no great jaunt, even in sunny weather, to get away from it in any direction, — an unusual piece of good fortune, highly appreciated by a walking naturalist in our Southern country, — and such woods as especially invited exploration lay close at hand. In short, it was a place where, even to the walking naturalist aforesaid, it was easy to go slowly, and to spend a due share of every day in sitting still, which latter occupation, so it be engaged in neither upon a piazza nor on a lawn, is one of the best uses of those fullest parts of a busy man's life, his so-called vacations.

The measure of my indolence may be estimated from the fact that the one really picturesque road in the neighborhood was left undiscovered till nearly the last day of my sojourn. It takes its departure from the village¹ within a quarter of a mile of the hotel, and the friendly manager of the house, who seemed himself to have some idea of such pleasures as I was in quest of,

commended its charms to me very shortly after my arrival. So I recollected afterward, but for the time I somehow allowed the significance of his words to escape me, else I should, no doubt, have traveled the road again and again. As things were, I spent but a single forenoon upon it, and went only as far as the "height of land."

The mountain road, as the townspeople call it, runs over the long ridge which fills the horizon east of Pulaski, and down into the valley on the other side. It has its beginning, at least, in a gap similar in all respects to the one, some half a mile to the northward, into which I had so many times followed a footpath, as already fully set forth. The traveler has first to pass half a dozen or more of cabins, where, if he is a stranger, he will probably find himself watched out of sight with flattering unanimity by the curious inmates. In my time, at all events, a solitary foot-passenger seemed to be regarded as nothing short of a phenomenon. What was more agreeable, I met here a little procession of happy-looking black children returning to the town loaded with big branches of flowering apple-trees; a sight which for some reason put me in mind of a child, a tiny thing, — a veritable pickaninny, — whom I had passed, some years before, near Tallahassee, and who pleased me by exclaiming to a companion, as a dove cooed in the distance, "Listen dat mourn-in' dove!" I wondered whether such children, living nearer to nature than some of us, might not be peculiarly susceptible to natural sights and sounds.

Before one of the last cabins stood three white children, and as they gazed

¹ Pulaski, or Pulaski City (the place goes by both names, — the second a reminiscence of its "booming" days, I should suppose), is so intermediate in size and appearance that I find

myself speaking of it by turns as village, town, and city, with no thought of inconsistency or special inappropriateness.

at me fixedly I wished them "Good-morning;" but they stared and answered nothing. Then, when I had passed, a woman's sharp voice called from within, "Why don't you speak when anybody speaks to you? I'd have some manners, if I was you." And I perceived that if the boys and girls were growing up in rustic diffidence (not the most ill-mannered condition in the world, by any means), it was not for lack of careful maternal instruction.

This gap, like its fellow, had its own brook, which after a time the road left on one side, and began climbing the mountain by a steeper and more direct course than the water had followed. Here were more of the rare hastate-leaved violets, and another bunch of the barren strawberry, with hepatica, fringed polygala, mitrewort, bloodroot, and a pretty show of a remarkably large and handsome chickweed, of which I had seen much also in other places, — *Stellaria pubera*, or "great chickweed," as I made it out.

I was admiring these lowly beauties as I idled along (there was little else to admire just then, the wood being scrubby and the ground lately burned over), when I came to a standstill at the sound of a strange song from the bushy hill-side a few paces behind me. The bird, whatever it was, had let me go by, — as birds so often do, — and then had broken out into music. I turned back at once, and made short work of the mystery, — a worm-eating warbler. Thanks to the fire, there was no cover for it, had it desired any. I had seen a bird of the same species a few days previously on the opposite side of the town, — looking like a red-eyed vireo rigged out with a fanciful striped head-dress, — and sixteen years before I had fallen in with a few specimens in the District of Columbia, but this was my first hearing of the song. The queer little creature was picking about the ground, feeding, but every minute or two mounted some low perch, —

a few inches seemed to satisfy its ambition, — and delivered itself of a simple, short trill, similar to the pine warbler's for length and form, but in a guttural voice decidedly unlike the pine warbler's clear, musical whistle. It was not a very pleasing song, in itself considered, but I was very much pleased to hear it; for let the worldly-minded say what they will, a new bird-song is an event. With a single exception, it was the only new one, I believe, of my Virginia trip.

The worm-eating warbler, it may be worth while to add, is one of the less widely known members of its numerous family; plainness itself in its appearance, save for its showy cap, and very lowly and sedate in its habits. The few that I have ever had sight of, perhaps a dozen in all, have been on the ground or close to it, though one, I remember, was traveling about the lower part of a tree-trunk after the manner of a black-and-white creeper; and all observers, so far as I know, agree in pronouncing the song an exceptionally meagre and dry affair. Ordinarily it has been likened to that of the chipper, but my bird had nothing like the chipper's gift of continuance.

This worm-eater's song must count as the best ornithological incident of the forenoon, since nothing else is quite so good as absolute novelty; but I was glad also to see for the first time hereabouts four commoner birds, — the pileated woodpecker, the sapsucker (yellow-bellied woodpecker), the rose-breasted grosbeak, and the black-throated blue warbler. I had undertaken a local list, of course, — a lazier kind of collecting, — and so was thankful for small favors. In the way of putting a shine upon common things the collecting spirit is second only to genius. I was glad to see them, I say; but, to be exact, I saw only three out of the four. The big woodpecker was heard, not seen. And while I stood still, hoping that he would repeat himself, and possibly show himself, I heard a chorus of crossbill notes, — like

the cries of barnyard chickens a few weeks old, — and, looking up, descried the authors of them, a flock of ten birds flying across the valley. They were not new, even to my Pulaski notebook, but they gave me, for all that, an exhilarating sensation of unexpectedness. Crossbills are associated in my mind with Massachusetts winters and New Hampshire summers and autumns. On the 30th of April, and in southwestern Virginia, — a long way from New Hampshire to the mind of a creature whose handiest mode of locomotion is by rail, — they seemed out of place and out of season; the more so because, to the best of my knowledge, there were no very high mountains or extensive coniferous forests anywhere in the neighborhood. However, my sensation of surprise, agreeable though it was, and therefore not to be regretted, had, on reflection, no very good reason to give for itself. Crossbills are a kind of gypsies among birds, and one ought not to be astonished, I suppose, at meeting them almost anywhere. Some days after this (May 12), in the national cemetery at Arlington (across the Potomac from Washington), I glanced up into a low spruce-tree in response to the call of an orchard oriole, and there, at work upon the cones, hung a flock of five crossbills, three of them in red plumage. They were feeding, and had no thought of doing anything else. For the half-hour that I stayed by them — some other interesting birds, a true migratory wave, in fact, being near at hand — they remained in that treetop without uttering a syllable; and two hours later, when I came down the same path again, they had moved but two trees away, and were still eating in silence, paying absolutely no heed to me as I walked under them. Many kinds of northward-bound migrants were in the cemetery woods. Perhaps these ravenous crossbills¹ were of the party. I took them

¹ Mr. H. W. Henshaw once told me about a flock that appeared in winter in the grounds of

for stragglers, at any rate, not remembering at the time that birds of their sort are believed to have bred, at least in one instance, within the District of Columbia. Probably they *were* stragglers, but whether from the forests of the North or from the peaks of the southern Alleghanies is of course a point beyond my ken.

So far as our present knowledge of them goes, crossbills seem in a peculiar sense to be a law unto themselves. In northern New England they are said to lay their eggs in late winter or early spring, when the temperature is liable, or even certain, to run many degrees below zero. Yet, if the notion takes them, a pair will raise a brood in Massachusetts or in Maryland in the middle of May; which strikes me, I am bound to say, as a far more reasonable and Christian-like proceeding. And the same erratic quality pertains to their ordinary, every-day behavior. Even their simplest flight from one hill to another, as I witnessed it here in Virginia, for example, has an air of being all a matter of chance. Now they tack to the right, now to the left, now in close order, now every one for himself; no member of the flock appearing to know just how the course lies, and all hands calling incessantly, as the only means of coming into port together.

When I spoke just now of the worm-eating warbler's song as almost the only new one heard in Virginia, I ought perhaps to have guarded my words. I meant to say that the worm-eater was almost the only species that I there heard sing for the first time, — a somewhat different matter; for new songs, happily, — songs new to the individual listener, — are by no means so infrequent as the songs of new birds. On the very forenoon of which I am now writing, I heard another strain that was every whit as novel to my ear as the worm-eater's, — as novel, indeed, as if it had been the work of the Smithsonian Institution, so exhausted that they could be picked off the trees like apples.

some bird from the other side of the planet. Again and again it was given out, at tantalizing intervals, and I could not so much as guess at the identity of the singer; partly, it may be, because of the feverish anxiety I was in lest he should get away from me in that endless mountain-side forest. Every repetition I thought would be the last, and the bird gone forever. Finally, as I edged nearer and nearer, half a step at once, with infinite precaution, I caught a glimpse of a chickadee. A chickadee! Could he be doing that? Yes; for I watched him, and saw it done. And these were the notes, or the best that my pencil could make of them: *twee, twee, twee* (very quick), *twitty, twitty*, — the first measure in a thin, wire-drawn tone, the second a full, clear whistle. Sometimes the three *twees* were slurred almost into one. Altogether, the effect was most singular. I had never heard anything in the least resembling it, familiar as I had thought myself for some years with the normal four-syllabled song of *Parus carolinensis*. For the moment I was half disposed to be angry, — so much excitement, and so absurd an outcome; but on the whole it is very good fun to be fooled in this way by a bird who happens to have invented a tune of his own. Besides, we are all believers in originality, — are we not? — whatever our own practice.

Human travelers were infrequent enough to be little more than a welcome diversion: two young men on horseback; a solitary foot-passenger, who kindly pointed out a trail by which a long elbow in the road could be saved on the descent; and, near the top of the mountain, a four-horse cart, the driver of which was riding one of the wheel-horses. At the summit I chose a seat (not the first one of the jaunt, by any means) and surveyed the valley beyond. It lay directly at my feet, the mountain dropping to it almost at a bound, and the stunted budding trees offered the least possible

obstruction to the view. Narrow as the valley was, there was nothing else to be seen in that direction. Immediately behind it dense clouds hung so low that from my altitude there was no looking under them. In one respect it was better so, as sometimes, for the undistracted enjoyment of it, a single painting is better than a gallery.

There was nothing peculiar or striking in the scene, nothing in the slightest degree romantic or extraordinary: a common patch of earth, without so much as the play of sunlight and shadow to set it off; a pretty valley, closely shut in between a mountain and a cloud; a quiet, grassy place, fenced into small farms, the few scattered houses, perhaps half a dozen, each with its cluster of outbuildings and its orchard of blossoming fruit-trees. Here and there cattle were grazing, guinea fowls were calling *potrack* in tones which not even the magic of distance could render musical, and once the loud baa of a sheep came all the way up the mountain side. If the best reward of climbing be to look afar off, the next best is to look down thus into a tiny valley of a world. In either case, the gazer must take time enough, and be free enough in his spirit, to become a part of what he sees. Then he may hope to carry something of it home with him.

It was soon after quitting the summit, on my return, — for I left the valley a picture (I can see it yet), and turned back by the way I had come, — that I fell in with the grosbeaks before alluded to: a single taciturn female with two handsome males in devoted and tuneful attendance upon her. Happy creature! Among birds, so far as I have ever been able to gather, the gentler and more backward sex have never to wait for admirers. Their only anxiety lies in choosing one rather than another. That, no doubt, must be sometimes a trouble, since, as this imperfect world is constituted, choice includes rejection.

The law is general. Even in the mod-

ern pastime which we dignify as the "observation of nature" there is no evading it. If we see one thing, we for that reason are blind to another. I had ascended this mountain road at a snail's pace, never walking many rods together without a halt, — whatever was to be seen, I meant to see it; yet now, on my way down, my eyes fell all at once upon a bank thickly set with plants quite unknown to me. There they stood, in all the charms of novelty, waiting to be discovered: low shrubs, perhaps two feet in height, of a very odd appearance, — not conspicuous, exactly, but decidedly noticeable, — covered with drooping racemes of small chocolate-colored flowers. They were directly upon the roadside. With half an eye, a man would have found it hard work to miss them. "The observation of nature"! Verily it is a great study, and its devotees acquire an amazing sharpness of vision. How many other things, equally strange and interesting, had I left unseen, both going and coming? I ought perhaps to have been surprised and humiliated by such an experience; but I cannot say that either emotion was what could be called poignant. I have been living with myself for a good many years; and besides, as was remarked just now, all our doings are under the universal law of selection and exclusion. On the whole, I am glad of it. Life will relish the longer for our not finding everything at once.

The identity of the shrub was quickly made out, the vivid yellow of the inner bark furnishing a clue which spared me the labor of a formal "analysis." It was *Xanthorrhiza apiifolia*, shrub yellow-root, — a name long familiar to my eye from having been read so many times in turning the leaves of the Manual, on one hunt and another. With a new song and a new flowering plant, the mountain road had used me pretty well, after all my neglect of it.

My one new bird at Pulaski — and the only one seen in Virginia — was

stumbled upon in a grassy field on the farther border of the town. I had set out to spend an hour or two in a small wood beyond the brickyard, and was cutting the corner of a field by a foot-path, still feeling myself in the city, and not yet on the alert, when a bird flew up before me, crossed the street, and dropped on the other side of the wall. Half seen as it was, its appearance suggested nothing in particular; but it seemed not to be an English sparrow, — too common here, as it is getting to be everywhere, — and of course it might be worth attention. It is one capital advantage of being away from home that we take additional encouragement to investigate whatever falls in our way. Before I could get to the wall, however, the bird rose, along with two or three Britishers, and perched before me in a thorn-bush. Then I saw at a glance that it must be a lark sparrow (*Chondestes*). With those magnificent head-stripes it could hardly be anything else. What a prince it looked! — a prince in most ignoble company. It would have held its rank even among white-crowns, of which it made me think not only by its head-markings, but by its general color and — what was perhaps only the same thing — a certain cleanness of aspect. Presently it flew back to the field out of which I had frightened it; and there in the short grass it continued feeding for a long half-hour, while I stood, glass in hand, ogling it, and making penciled notes of its plumage, point by point, for comparison with Dr. Coues's description after I should return to the inn. I was almost directly under the windows of a house, — of a Sunday afternoon, — but that did not matter. Two or three carriages passed along the street, but I let them go. A new bird is a new bird. And it must be admitted that neither the occupants of the house nor the people in the carriages betrayed the slightest curiosity as to my unconventional behavior. The bird, for its part,

mind me little more. It was engrossed with its dinner, and uttered no sound beyond two or three *tseeps*, in which I could recognize nothing distinctive. Its silence was a disappointment; and since I could not waste the afternoon in watching a bird, no matter how new and handsome, that would do nothing but eat grass seed (or something else), I finally took the road again and passed on. I did not see it afterward, though, under fresh accessions of curiosity, and for the chance of hearing it sing, I went in search of it twice.

From a reference to Dr. Rives's Catalogue of the Birds of the Virginias, which I had brought with me, I learned, what I thought I knew already, that the lark sparrow, abundantly at home in the interior of North America, is merely an accidental visitor in Virginia. The only records cited by Dr. Rives are those of two specimens, one captured, the other seen, in and near Washington. It seemed like a perversity of fate that I, hardly more than an accidental visitor myself, should be shown a bird which Dr. Rives — the ornithologist of the state, we may fairly call him — had never seen within the state limits. But it was not for me to complain; and for that matter, it is nothing new to say that it takes a green hand to make discoveries. I knew a man, only a few years ago, who, one season, was so uninstructed that he called me out to see a Henslow's bunting, which proved to be a song sparrow; but the very next year he found a snowbird summering a few miles from Boston (there was no mistake this time), — a thing utterly without precedent. In the same way, I knew of one lad who discovered a brown thrasher wintering in Massachusetts, the only recorded instance; and of another who went to an ornithologist of experience begging him to come into the woods and see a most wonderful many-colored bird, which turned out, to the experienced man's astonishment, to be nothing less rare than

a nonpareil bunting! Providence favors the beginner, or so it seems; and the beginner, on his part, is prepared to be favored, because to him everything is worth looking at.

Dr. Rives's catalogue helped me to a somewhat lively interest in another bird, one so much an old story to me for many years that of itself its presence or absence here would scarcely have received a second thought. I speak of the blue golden-winged warbler. It is common in Massachusetts, — in that part of it, at least, where I happen to live, — and I have found it abundant in eastern Tennessee. That it should be at home here in southwestern Virginia, so near the Tennessee line and in a country so well adapted to its tastes, would have appeared to me the most natural thing in the world. But when I had noted my first specimens — on this same Sunday afternoon — and was back at the hotel, I took up the catalogue to check the name; and there I found the bird entered as a rare migrant, with only one record of its capture in Virginia proper, and that near Washington. Dr. Rives had never met with it!

This was on the 28th of April. Two days later I noticed one or two more, — probably two, but there was no certainty that I had not run upon the same bird twice; and on the morning of May 1, in a last hurried visit to the woods, I saw two together. All were males in full plumage, and one of the last two was singing. The warbler migration was just coming on, and I could not help believing that with a little time blue golden-wings would grow to be fairly numerous. That, of course, was matter of conjecture. I found no sign of the species at Natural Bridge, which is about a hundred miles from Pulaski in a northeasterly direction. In Massachusetts this beautiful warbler's distribution is decidedly local, and its commonness is believed to have increased greatly in the last twenty years. Possibly the same

may be true in Virginia. Possibly, too, my seeing of five or six specimens, on opposite sides of the city, was nothing but a happy chance, and my inference from it a pure delusion.

I have implied that the warbler migration was approaching its height on the 1st of May. In point of fact, however, the brevity of my visit — and perhaps also its date, neither quite early enough nor quite late enough — rendered it impossible for me to gather much as to the course of this always interesting movement, or even to understand the significance of the little of it that came under my eye. My first day's walks — very short and altogether at haphazard, and that of the afternoon as good as thrown away — showed but three species of warblers; an anomalous state of things, especially as two of the birds were the oven-bird and the golden warbler, neither of them to be reckoned among the early comers of the family. The next day I saw six other species, including such prompt ones as the pine-creeper and the myrtle bird, and such a comparatively tardy one as the Blackburnian. On the 26th three additional names were listed, — the blue yellow-back, the chestnut-side, and the worm-eater. Not until the fourth day was anything seen or heard of the black-throated green. This fact of itself would establish the worthlessness of any conclusions that might be drawn from the progress of events as I had noted them.

On the 28th, when my first blue golden-wings made their appearance, there were present also in the same place three palm warblers, — my only meeting with them in Virginia, where Dr. Rives marks them "not common." With them, or in the same small wood, were a group of silent red-eyed vireos, several yellow-throated vireos, also silent, myrtle birds, one or two Blackburnians, one or two chestnut-sides, two or three redstarts, and one oven-bird, with black-and-white

creepers, and something like a flock (a rare sight for me) of white-breasted nuthatches, — a typical body of migrants, to which may be added, though less clearly members of the same party, tufted titmice, Carolina chickadees, white-throated sparrows, Carolina doves, flickers, downy woodpeckers, and brown thrashers.

It is a curious circumstance, universally observed, that warblers, with a few partial exceptions, — blackpolls and myrtle birds especially, — travel thus in mixed companies; so that a flock of twenty birds may be found to contain representatives of six, eight, or ten species. Whatever its explanation, the habit is one to be thankful for from the field student's point of view. The pleasurable excitement which the semi-annual warbler movement affords him is at least several times greater than it could be if each species made the journey by itself. Every observer must have realized, for example, how comparatively uninteresting the blackpoll migration is, particularly in the autumn. Comparatively uninteresting, I say; for even with the birch-trees swarming with blackpolls, each exactly like its fellow, the hope, slight as it may be, of lighting upon a stray baybreast among them may encourage a man to keep up his scrutiny, leveling his glass upon bird after bird, looking for a dash of telltale color along the flanks, till at last he says, "Nothing but blackpolls," and turns away in search of more stirring adventures.

Students of natural history, like less favored people, should cultivate philosophy; and the primary lesson of philosophy is to make the best of things as they are. If an expected bird fails us, we are not therefore without resources and compensations; we may be interested in the fact of its absence; and so long as we are interested, though it be only in the endurance of privation, life has still something left for us. Herein, in part, lies the value to the traveling student of a local list of the things in

his own line. It enables him to keep in view what he is missing, and so to increase the sum of his sensations. One of my surprises at Pulaski (and a surprise is better than nothing, even if it be on the wrong side of the account) was the absence of the phœbe, — “almost everywhere a common summer resident,” says Dr. Rives. Another unexpected thing was the absence of the white-eyed vireo, — also a “common summer resident,” — for which portions of the surrounding country seemed to be admirably suited. I should have thought, too, that Carolina wrens would have been here, — a pair or two, at least. As it was, Bewick seemed to have the field mostly to himself, although a house wren was singing on the morning of May 1, and I have already mentioned a winter wren which was seen on three or four occasions. He, however, may be assumed to have taken his departure northward (or southward) very soon after my final sight of him. Thrashers and catbirds are wrens, I know, — though I doubt whether *they* know it, — but it has not yet become natural for me to speak of them under that designation. The mocking-bird, another big wren, I did not find here, nor had I supposed myself likely to do so. Robins were common, I was glad to see, — one pair were building a nest in the vines of the hotel veranda, — and several pairs of song sparrows appeared to have established themselves along the banks of the creek north of the city. I saw them nowhere else. One need not go much beyond Virginia to find these omnipresent New Englanders endowed with all the attractions of rarity. I remember with what delight, in mid-May, I heard and saw one in North Carolina, very near the South Carolina line, — farther south than any of the books carry birds of his kind, in the breeding season, so far as my reading has gone.

Two or three spotted sandpipers about the stony bed of the creek (a dribbling

stream at present, though within a month or so it had carried away bridges and set houses adrift), and a few killdeer plovers there and in the dry fields beyond, were the only water birds seen at Pulaski. One of the killdeers gave me a pretty display of what I took to be his antics as a wooer. I was returning over the grassy hills, where on the way out a colored boy's dog in advance of me had stirred up several killdeers, when suddenly I heard a strange kind of humming noise, — a sort of double-tonguing, I called it to myself, — and very soon recognized in it, as I thought, something of the killdeer's vocal quality. Sure enough, as I drew near the place I found the fellow in the midst of a real lover's ecstasy; his tail straight in the air, fully spread (the value of the bright cinnamon-colored rump and tail feathers being at once apparent), and he spinning round like a dervish, almost as if standing on his head (it was a wonder how he did it), and all the while emitting that quick throbbing whistle. His mate (that was, or was to be) maintained an air of perfect indifference, — maidenly reserve it might have been called, for aught I know, by a spectator possessed of a charitable imagination, — as female birds generally do in such cases; unless, as often happens, they repel their adorers with beak and claw. I have seen courtships that looked more ridiculous, because more human-like, — the flicker's, for example, — but never a crazier one, or one less describable. In the language of the boards, it was a star performance.

The same birds amused me at another time by their senseless conduct in the stony margins of the creek, where they had taken refuge when I pressed them too nearly. There they squatted close among the pebbles, as other plovers do, till it was all but impossible to tell feather from stone, though I had watched the whole proceeding; yet while they stood thus motionless and practically invisible (no cinnamon color in sight, now!),

they could not for their lives keep their tongues still, but every little while uttered loud, characteristic cries. Their behavior was a mixture of shrewdness and stupidity such as even human beings would have been hard put to it to surpass.

Swallows were scarce, almost of course. A few pairs of rough-wings were most likely at home in the city or near it, and more than once two or three barn swallows were noticed hawking up and down the creek. There was small prospect of their settling hereabout, from any indications that I could discover. Chimney swifts, happily, were better provided for; pretty good substitutes for swallows, — so good, indeed, that people in general do not know the difference. And even an ornithologist may be glad to confess that the rarity of swallows throughout the Alleghanies is not an unmitigated misfortune, if it be connected in any way with the immunity of the same region from the plague of mosquitoes. It would be difficult to exaggerate the luxury to a dreaming naturalist, used to New England forests, of woods in which he can lounge at his ease, in warm weather, with no mosquito, black fly, or midge — “more formidable than wolves,” as Thoreau says — to disturb his meditations.

By far the most characteristic birds of the city were the Bewick wrens, of whose town-loving habits I have already spoken. Constantly as I heard them, I could never become accustomed to the unwrennish character of their music. Again and again, when the bird happened to be a little way off, so that only the concluding measure of his tune reached me, I caught myself thinking of him as a song sparrow. If I had been in Massachusetts, I should certainly have passed on without a suspicion of the truth.

The tall old rock maples in the hotel yard — decaying at the tops — were occupied by a colony of bronzed grackles, busy and noisy from morning till night; excellent company, as they stalked about

the lawn under my windows. In the same trees a gorgeous Baltimore oriole whistled for three or four days, and once I heard there a warbling vireo. Neither oriole nor vireo was detected elsewhere.

Of my seventy-five Pulaski species (April 24–May 1), eighteen were warblers and fifteen belonged to the sparrow-finch family. Six of the seventy-five names were added in a bunch at the very last moment, making me think with lively regret how much more respectable my list would be if I could remain a week or two longer. With my trunk packed and everything ready for my departure, I ran out once more to the border of the woods, at the point where I had first entered them a week before; and there, in the trees and shrubbery along the brookside path, I found myself all at once surrounded by a most interesting bevy of fresh arrivals, among which a hurried investigation disclosed a scarlet tanager, a humming-bird, a house wren, a chat, a wood pewee, and a Louisiana water thrush. The pewee was calling and the house wren singing (an unspeakable convenience when a man has but ten minutes in which to take the census of a thicket full of birds), and the water thrush, as he flew up the stream, keeping just ahead of me among the rhododendrons, stopped every few minutes to sing his prettiest, as if he were overjoyed to be once more at home after a winter's absence. I did not wonder at his happiness. The spot had been made for him. I was as sorry to leave it, perhaps, as he was glad to get back to it.

And while I followed the water thrush, Bruce, the hotel collie, my true friend of a week, whose frequent companionship on the mountain road and elsewhere has been too much ignored, was having a livelier chase on his own account, — a chase which I found time to enjoy, for the minute that it lasted, in spite of my preoccupation. He had stolen out of the house by a back door, and followed me to the woods without an invitation, —

though he might have had one, since, being non-ornithological in his pursuits, he was never in the way, — and now was thrown into a sudden frenzy by the starting up before him of a rabbit. Hearing his bark, I turned about in season to see the two creatures going at lightning speed up the hillside, the rabbit's "cotton tail" (a fine "mark of direction," as naturalists say) immediately in front of the collie's nose. Once the rabbit ran plump into a log, and for an instant was fairly off its legs. I trembled for its safety; but it recovered itself, and in a moment more disappeared from view. Then after a few minutes Bruce came back, panting. It had been a great morning for him as well as for me, — a morning to haunt his after-dinner dreams, and set his legs twitching, for a week to come. I hope he has found many another walking guest and "fellow woodlander" since then, with whom to enjoy the pleasures of the road and the excitement of the chase.

For myself, there was no leisure for sentiment. I posted back to the inn on the run, and only after boarding the train was able to make a minute of the good things which the rim of the forest had shown me.

It was quite as well so. With prudent forethought, my farewell to the brook path and the clearing at the head of it had been taken the afternoon before. Here, again, Fortune smiled upon me. After three days of cloudiness and rain the sun was once more shining, and I took my usual seat on the dry grassy knoll among the rusty boulders for a last look at the world about me, — this peaceful, sequestered nook in the Alleghanies, into which by so happy a chance I had wandered on my first morning in Virginia. (How well I remembered the years when Virginia was anything but an

abode of quietness!) The arbutus was still in plentiful bloom, and the dwarf fleur-de-lis also. On my way up the slope I had stopped to admire a close bunch of a dozen blossoms. The same soft breeze was blowing, and the same field sparrow chanting. Yes, and the same buzzard floated overhead and dropped the same moving shadow upon the hillside. Now a prairie warbler sang or a hyla peeped, but mostly the air was silent, except for the murmur of pine needles and the faint rustling of dry oak leaves. And all around me stood the hills, the nearest of them, to-day, blue with haze.

For a while I went farther up the slope, to a spot where I could look through a break in the circle and out upon the world. In one direction were green fields and blossoming apple-trees, and beyond them, of course, a wilderness of mountains. But I returned soon to my lower seat. It was pleasanter there, where I was quite shut in. The ground about me was sprinkled with low azalea bushes, unnoticed a week ago, now brightening with clustered pink buds. What a picture the hill would make a few days hence, and again, later still, when the laurel should come into its glory!

Parting is sweet pain. It must be a mark of inferiority, I suppose, to be fonder of places than of persons, — as cats are inferior to dogs. But then, on a vacation one *goes* to see places. And right or wrong, so it was. Kindly as the hotel people had treated me, — and none could have been kinder or more efficient, — there was nothing in Pulaski that I left with half so much regret, or have remembered half so often, as this hollow among the hills, wherein a man could look and listen and be quiet, with no thought of anything new or strange, contented for the time with the old thoughts and the old dreams.

Bradford Torrey.

THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG.

XV.

THE house of Elie Mattingley, the smuggler, stood in the Rue d'Egypte, not far east of the Vier Prison. It was a little larger than any other house in the street, a little higher, a little wider, a little older. It had belonged to a jurat of some repute, who had parted with it to Mattingley not long before he died, — on what terms no one had discovered. There was no doubt as to the validity of the transfer, for the deed was duly registered au greffe, and it said, "In consideration of one livre turnois," etc.; but not even the greffier believed that this was the real purchase money, and he was used to seeing strange examples of deed and purchase. Possibly, however, it was a libel on the departed jurat that he and Mattingley had had dealings unrecognized by customs laws, crystallizing at last into this legacy to the famous pirate-smuggler.

Unlike any other house in the street, this one had a high stone wall in front, inclosing a small square paved with flat stones. In this square was an old ivy-covered well, with beautiful ferns growing inside its hood. The well had a small antique iron gate, and the bucket, which hung on a hook inside the hood, was an old open wine-keg, — appropriate emblem for a smuggler's house. In one corner, girdled by about five square feet of green earth, grew a pear-tree, bearing large juicy fruit, reserved solely for the use of a certain distinguished lodger, the Chevalier du Champsavoys de Beaumanoir.

In the summer the chevalier always had his breakfast under this tree. It consisted of a cup of coffee made by his faithful châtelaine, Carterette, a roll of bread, an omelet, and two ripe pears. This was his breakfast while the pears

lasted; when they were done, he had the grapes that grew on the wall; and when they in turn were gone, it was time to take his breakfast indoors, and have done with fruits and summering.

Occasionally one other person had breakfast under the pear-tree with the chevalier. This was Savary *dit* Détricand, whom the chevalier met less frequently, however, than many people of the town, though they lived in the same house. Détricand had been but a fitful lodger, absent at times for a month or so, and running up bills for food and wine, of which payment was never summarily demanded by Mattingley, for some time or other he always paid. When he did pay he never questioned the bill, and, what was most important, whether he was sober or "warm as a thrush," he always treated Carterette with respect; though they quarreled often, too, and she was not sparing with her tongue under slight temptation. Yet, when he chanced to be there, Carterette herself usually cooked his breakfast; for Détricand had once said that no one could roast a conger as she could, and she had promptly succumbed to the frank flattery. But Carterette did more: she gave Détricand good advice in as candid and peremptory a way, yet with as good feeling, as ever woman gave to man. He accepted it nonchalantly, but he did not follow it; for he had no desire to reform for the sake of principle, and he did not care enough for Carterette to do it from personal feeling. It was given to Guida Landresse to rouse that personal feeling, and on his own part he had made a promise to her, and he intended to keep it.

Despite their many differences and Carterette's frequent bad tempers, when the day came for Détricand to leave for France; when, sober and in his right mind, and with an air of purpose in his

face, he sat down under the pear-tree for his last breakfast with the chevalier, Carterette was very unhappy. The chevalier politely insisted on her sitting at table with them, — a thing he had never done before. Ever since yesterday, when Olivier Delagarde had appeared in the *Vier Marchi*, she had longed to speak to Détricand about him; but there had been no opportunity, and she had not dared do it with any obvious intention. Once or twice during breakfast Maitre Ranulph's name was mentioned, and Carterette listened with beating heart; then the chevalier praised Ranulph's father, and Détricand turned the conversation. She noticed this.

Carterette spent the rest of the day in wondering what Ranulph's trouble was, and in what way it was associated with his father. Toward evening she determined that she would go to Ranulph's house to see M. Delagarde. Ranulph was not likely to return from St. Aubin's until sundown, and no doubt his father would be at home.

She was just starting when the door in the garden wall opened, and Olivier Delagarde entered. The evening sun was shining softly over the house and the granite wall, which in the soft light was mauve-tinted, while the well-worn paving-stones looked like some choice mineral. Carterette was standing in the door as the old man came in, and when he doffed his hat to her she thought she had never seen anything more beautiful than the smooth forehead, white hair, and long beard of the returned patriot. That was the first impression he produced; but as one looked closer one saw the quick, furtive, watery eye; and when by chance the mustache was lifted, the unwholesome, drooping mouth revealed a dark depth of depravity, and the teeth were broken, blackened, and irregular. There was, too, something sinister in the yellow stockings, luridly contrasting with the black knickerbockers and rusty blue coat.

At first Carterette was inclined to run toward the prophet-like figure, — it was Ranulph's father; next she drew back with dislike, — the smile was leering malice under the guise of amiable mirth. But he was old and he looked feeble, so her mind instantly changed again, and she offered him a seat on a bench beside the arched doorway with the inscription above it, —

"Nor Poverty nor Riches, but Daily Bread
Under Mine Own Fig Tree."

In front of the bench was a table, where Mattingley and Carterette were wont to eat their meals in summer, and in the table were round holes wherein small wooden bowls or trenchers were sunk. After the custom of the country, Carterette at once offered the old man refreshment. He asked for something to drink, and she brought him brandy. Good old brandy was always to be got at the house of Elie Mattingley. Then she brought forth a fine old delft bowl, with handles like a loving-cup, reserved for honored guests. It was full of conger-eel soup, and she fitted it into the hole occupied by the wooden trencher. As Olivier Delagarde drank, Carterette noticed a peculiar, uncanny twitching of the fingers and eyelids. The old man's eyes were continually watching, always shifting from place to place. He asked Carterette several questions. He had known the house years before. Did the deep stream still run beneath it? Was the round hole in the floor of the back room, from which water used to be drawn in old days? Yes, Carterette said, that was M. Détricand's bedroom now, and you could plainly hear the stream running beneath the house. Did not the noise of the water worry poor M. Détricand? And so it still went straight on into the sea, — and, of course, much swifter after such a heavy rain as they had had the day before!

Carterette took him into every room in the house, save her own and those of the Chevalier du Champsavoys. In the

kitchen and in Détricand's bedroom Olivier Delagarde's eyes were very busy. He saw that the door of the kitchen opened immediately into a garden, with a gate in the wall at the back; he also saw that the lozenge-paned windows opened like doors, and were not securely fastened; and he tried the trap-door in Détricand's bedroom to see if the water flowed beneath just as it did when he was young. . . . Yes, there it was, running swiftly away to the sea!

At first Carterette thought it strange that Delagarde should show such interest in all this; but then, again, why should he not? He had known the house as a boy. Then he babbled all the way to the door that led into the street; for now he would stay no longer. He seemed in a hurry to be gone, nor could the suggestion that Elie Mattingley would soon return induce him to remain.

When he had gone, Carterette sat wondering why it was that Ranulph's father should inspire her with so much dislike. She knew that at this moment no man in Jersey was so popular as Olivier Delagarde. The longer she thought, the more puzzled she became. No sooner had she got one theory than another forced her to move on. In the language of her people, she did not know on which foot to dance.

As she sat and thought, Détricand entered, loaded with parcels and bundles, mostly gifts for her father and herself; and for Champsavoys there was a fine delft shaving-dish, shaped like a quarter-moon to fit the neck. These were distributed, and then came the packing of Détricand's bags; and by the time supper was over, and this was done, it was quite dark. Then Détricand said that he would go to bed at once, for it was ten o'clock, and he must be up at three, when his boat was to steal away to Brittany, and land him near to the outposts of the Royalist army led by La Roche-Jaquelein.

Détricand was having the best hour

of an ill-spent life; he was enjoying that rare virtue, enthusiasm, which in his case was joined to that dangerous temptation, repentance with reformation, — deep pitfalls of pride and self-righteousness. No man so vain as he who, having erred and gone astray, is now returned to the dazzling heights of a self-conscious virtue.

He was, however, of those to whom is given the gift of humor, which saveth from haughtiness and the pious despotism of the returned prodigal. He was going back to France, to fight in what he believed to be a hopeless cause; but the very hopelessness of it appealed to him, and he would not have gone if it were sure to be successful. In a prosperous cause his gallantry and devotion would not necessarily count for much; in a despairing one they might put another stone on the pyramid of sacrifice and chivalry. He was quite ready to have it out with the ravagers of France, and to pay the price with his life, if need be.

Now at last the packing was finished, everything was done, and he was stooping over a bag to fasten it. The candle was in the window. Suddenly a hand — a long, skinny hand — reached softly out from behind a large press, and swallowed and crushed out the flame. Détricand raised his head quickly, astonished. There was no wind blowing; the candle had not even flickered when burning. But then, again, he had not heard a sound; perhaps that was because his foot was scraping the floor at the moment the light went out. He looked out of the window, but there was only starlight, and he could not see distinctly. Turning round, he went to the door of the outer hallway, opened it, and stepped into the garden. As he did so, a figure slipped from behind the press in the bedroom, swiftly raised the trap-door in the flooring, then, shadowed by the door leading into the hallway, waited for Détricand.

Presently Détricand's footstep was

heard. He entered the hall, stood in the doorway of the bedroom for an instant, then stepped inside.

At once his attention was arrested. There was the sound of flowing water beneath his feet. This could always be heard in his room, but now how distinct and loud it was! He realized immediately that the trap-door was open, and he listened for a second. He was conscious of some one in the room. He made a step toward the door, but it closed softly. He moved swiftly to the window, for the presence was near the door.

What did it mean? Who was it? Was there one, or more? Was murder intended? The silence, the weirdness, stopped his tongue; besides, what was the good of crying out? Whatever was to happen would happen at once. He struck a light, and held it up. As he did so some one or something rushed at him. What a fool he had been, he thought: the light had revealed his situation perfectly. But at the same moment came the instinct to throw himself to one side. In that one flash he had seen — a man's white beard.

Next instant there was a sharp sting in his right shoulder. The knife had missed his breast, — the quick swerving had saved him. Even as the knife struck he threw himself on his assailant. Then came a struggle for the weapon. The long fingers of the man with the white beard clove to it like a dead soldier's to the handle of a sword. Once the knife gashed Détricand's hand, and then he pinioned the wrist of his enemy and tripped him up. The miscreant fell half across the opening in the floor. One foot, hanging down, almost touched the running water.

Détricand had his foe at his mercy. There was at first an inclination to drop him into the stream, but that was put away as quickly as it came. Presently he gave the wretch a sudden twist, pulling him clear of the hole, and wrenched the knife from his fingers.

"Now, monsieur," said he, "now we'll have a look at you."

The figure lay quiet beneath him. The nervous strength was gone, the body was limp, the breathing was that of a frightened man. The light flared. Détricand held it down, and there was revealed the face of Olivier Delagarde, haggard, malicious, cowardly.

"So, monsieur the traitor," said Détricand, "so you'd be a murderer, too, eh?"

The old man mumbled an oath.

"Hand of the devil," continued Détricand, "was there ever a greater beast than you! I have held my tongue about you these eleven years past, and I held it yesterday and saved your paltry life, and you'd repay me by stabbing me in the dark, — in a fine old-fashioned way, too, with your trap-doors, and blown-out candle, and Italian tricks, and" — He held the candle down near the white beard as though he would singe it. "Come, sit up against the wall there, and let me look at you."

Cringingly the old man drew himself over to the wall. Détricand, seating himself in a chair, held the candle up before him. After a moment he said, "What I want to know is, how could a low-flying cormorant like you beget a gull of the cliffs like Maître Ranulph?"

The old man did not answer, but sat blinking with malignant yet fearful eyes at Détricand, who continued: —

"What did you come back for? Why did n't you stay dead? Ranulph had a name as clean as a piece of paper from the mill, and he can't write it now without turning sick because it's the same name as yours. You're the choice black-moor of creation, are n't you! Now, what have you got to say?"

"Let me go, let me go," whined the other. "Let me go, monsieur. Don't send me to prison."

Détricand stirred him with his foot as one might stir a pile of dirt.

"Listen," said he. "Down there in

the Vier Marchi they're cutting off the ear of a man and nailing it to a post, because he ill used a cow! What do you suppose they'd do to you, if I took you down to the Vier Marchi and told them that it was through you Rullecour landed, and that you'd have seen them all murdered eleven years ago, — eh, maître cormorant?"

The old man crawled toward Détrican on his knees. "Let me go, let me go," he begged. "I was mad; I did n't know what I was doing; I have n't been right in the head since I was in the Guiana prison."

It struck Détrican that the man must have had some awful experience in prison, for now the most painful terror was in his eyes, the most abject fear. He had never seen so pitiable and craven a sight. This seemed more like an animal which had been cowed by torture than a man who had endured punishment.

"What were you in prison for in Guiana, and what did they do to you there?" asked Détrican curiously.

Again Delagarde shivered horribly, and tears streamed down his cheeks as he whined piteously, "Oh no, no, no! For the mercy of Christ, no!" He threw up his hands as if to ward off a blow.

Détrican saw that this was not acting, — that it was a supreme terror, an awful momentary aberration; for the traitor's eyes were staring and dilated, the mouth was contracted in agony, the hands were rigidly clutching an imaginary something, the body stiffened where it crouched.

Détrican understood now. The old man had been tied to a triangle and whipped, — how horribly who might know? His mood toward the miserable creature changed; he spoke to him in a firm tone: "There, that's enough; you're not going to be hurt. Be quiet now, and you shall not be touched."

Then he stooped over, and quickly undoing Delagarde's vest, he pulled down the coat, waistcoat, and shirt, and looked

at his back. As far as he could see it was scarred as though by a red-hot iron, and the healed welts were like whipcords on the shriveled skin. Buttoning the shirt and straightening the coat again with his own fingers, Détrican said: —

"Now, monsieur, you're to go home and sleep the sleep of the unjust, and you're to keep the sixth commandment, and you're to make no more lying speeches in the Vier Marchi. You've made a shameful mess of your son's life, and you're to die now as soon as you can without attracting attention. You're to pray for an accident to take you out of the world: a wind to blow you over a cliff, a roof to fall on you, a boat to go down with you, a hole in the ground to swallow you up, a fever or a plague to end you in a day."

He opened the door to let him go; but suddenly catching his arms he held him in a close grip. "Hush!" he said in a mysterious whisper. "Listen!"

There was only the weird sound of the running water through the open trap-door of the floor. He knew how superstitious was every Jerseyman, and he worked upon that weakness now.

"You hear that flood running to the sea," he said solemnly. "You tried to kill and drown me to-night. You've heard how, when one man has drowned another, an invisible stream will follow the murderer wherever he goes, and he will hear it, hour after hour, month after month, year after year, until one day it will come on him in a huge flood, and he will be found, whether in the road, or in his bed, or at the table, or in the field, drowned and dead!"

The old man shivered violently.

"You know Manon Moignard, the witch?" continued Détrican. "Well, if you don't do what I say — and I shall find out, mind you — she shall bewitch the flood on you. Listen! . . . hear it! That's the sound you'll hear every day of your life, if you break the promise you've got to make to me now."

He spoke the promise with ghostly deliberation, and Delagarde, all the desperado gone out of him, repeated it in a husky voice. Whereupon Détriciand led him into the garden, saw him safe out into the road, watched him disappear; then, slapping his hands as though to rid them of some pollution, and with an exclamation of disgust, he went back into the house.

Before morning he was standing on the soil of France, and by another sun-down he saw the lights of the army of La Rochejaquelein in the valley of the Vendée.

XVI.

The night and morning after Guida's marriage came and went. The day drew on to the hour fixed for the going of the Narcissus. Guida had worked all the forenoon with a feverish unrest, not trusting herself, though the temptation was great, to go where she might see Philip's vessel lying in the tideway. She had determined that only when the moment for sailing arrived would she visit the shore; but from her kitchen doorway there was spread before her a wide acreage of blue water and a perfect sky; and out there was Noirmont Point, round which Philip's ship would go, and be lost to her vision thereafter.

The day wore on. She got her grandfather's dinner, saw him bestowed in his great armchair for his afternoon sleep, and when her household work was done settled herself at the spinning-wheel. The old man loved to have her spin and sing as he drowsed into a sound sleep. To-day his eyes had followed her everywhere. He could not have told why it was, but somehow all at once he seemed deeply to realize her, — her beauty, the joy of this innocent living intelligence moving through his home. She had always been necessary to him, but he had taken her presence as a matter

of course. She had always been to him the most wonderful child ever given to comfort an old man's life, but now, as he abstractedly took a pinch of snuff from his little tortoise-shell case, and then forgot to put it to his nose, he seemed suddenly to get that clearness of sight, that separateness, that perspective, which enabled him to see her as she really was. He took another pinch of snuff, and again forgot to put it to his nose, but brushed imaginary dust from his coat, as was his wont, and whispered to himself: —

"Why now, why now, I had not thought she was so much a woman. Flowers of the sea, but what eyes, what a carriage, and what an air! I had not thought, — h'm! how strange, blind old bat that I am! — I had not thought she was grown such a lady. Why, it was only yesterday, surely but yesterday, that I rocked her to sleep there in the corner. Larchant de Mauprat," — he shook his head at himself, — "you are growing old. Let me see, — why yes, she was born the day I sold the blue enameled timepiece to his highness the Duc de Mauban. The duc was but putting the watch to his ear when a message comes to say the child there is born. 'Good,' says the Duc de Mauban, when he hears. 'Give me the honor, de Mauprat,' says he, 'for the sake of old days in France, to offer a name to the brave innocent, — for the sake of old associations,' says de Mauban. 'You knew my wife, de Mauprat,' says he; 'you knew the Duchesse Guida, — Guidabaldine. She's been gone these ten years, alas! You were with me when we were married, de Mauprat,' says the duc; 'I should care to return the compliment, if you will allow me to offer a name, eh?' 'Monsieur le Duc,' said I, 'there is no honor I more desire for my grandchild.' 'Then let the name of Guidabaldine be somewhere among others she will carry, and — and I'll not forget her, de Mauprat, I'll not forget her.' . . . Eh, eh, I won-

der — I wonder if he *has* forgotten the little Guidabaldine there? He sent her a golden cup for the christening, but I wonder — I wonder — if he has forgotten her since? So quick of tongue, so bright of eye, so light of foot, so sweet a face — if one could but be always young! When her grandmother, my wife, my Julie, when she was young — ah! she was fair, fairer than Guida, but not so tall — not quite so tall. Ah!”

He was growing more drowsy. The days of his life, though they lengthened on beyond fourscore, each in itself grew shorter. Sleep and a babbling memory, the pleasure of the sun, the calm and comfort of an existence freed from all passion, all ambition, all care, — this was his life.

He was slipping away into unconsciousness when he realized that Guida was singing: —

“Spin, spin, belle Mergaton!

The moon wheels full, and the tide flows high,

And your wedding-dress you must put it on

Ere the night hath no moon in the sky —

Gigoton, Mergaton, spin!”

She was smiling. She seemed quite unconscious of his presence; and how bright her eyes were, how alive with thought and vision was the face!

“I had never thought she was so much a woman,” he said drowsily; “I — I wonder why — I never noticed it?” He roused himself again, brushed imaginary snuff from his coat, keeping time with his foot to the wheel as it went round. “I — I suppose she will wed soon. . . . I had forgotten. But she must marry well, she must marry well — she is the godchild of the Duc de Mauban. How the wheel goes round! I used to hear — her mother — sing that song, ‘Gigoton, Mergaton — spin — spin — spin’” —

He was asleep.

Guida put by the wheel, and left the house. Passing through the Rue des Sablons, she came to the shore. It was

high tide. This was the time that Philip’s ship was to go. She had dressed herself with as much solicitude as to what might please his eye as though she were going to meet him in person. And not without reason, for, though she could not see him from the land, she knew he could see her plainly through his telescope, if he chose.

She reached the shore. The time had come for Philip to go, but there was his ship rocking in the tideway with no sails set. Perhaps the *Narcissus* was not going; perhaps, after all, Philip was to remain! She laughed with pleasure at the thought of that. Her eyes lingered lovingly upon the ship which was her husband’s home upon the sea. Just such another vessel Philip would command. At a word from him, those guns, like long, black, threatening arms thrust out, would strike for England with thunder and fire.

A bugle-call came across the water to her. It was clear, vibrant, and compelling. It represented power. Power, — that was what Philip, with his ship, would stand for in the name of England. Danger, — oh yes, there would be danger, but Heaven would be good to her; Philip should go safe through storm and war, and some day great honors would be done him. He should be an admiral, and more, perhaps: he had said so. He was going to do it as much for her as for himself; and when he had done it, to be proud of it more for her than for himself: he had said so; she believed in him utterly. Since that day upon the *Ecréhos* it had never occurred to her not to believe him. Where she gave her faith she gave it wholly; where she withdrew it —

The bugle-call sounded again. Perhaps that was the signal to set sail. No, a boat was putting out from the side of the *Narcissus*! It was coming landward. As she watched its approach she heard a chorus of boisterous voices behind her. She turned, and saw nearing the shore

from the Rue d'Egypte a half dozen sailors, singing cheerily : —

"Get you on, get you on, get you on,
Get you on to your fo'e'stle 'ome;
Leave your lasses, leave your beer,
For the bugle what you 'ear
Pipes you on to your fo'e'stle 'ome —
'Ome, 'ome, 'ome —
Pipes you on to your fo'e'stle 'ome."

Guida drew near.

"The Narcissus is not leaving to-day?" she asked of the foremost sailor.

The man touched his cap. "Not to-day, lady."

"When does she leave?"

"Well, that's more nor I can say, lady, but the cap'n of the maintop, yander, 'e knows."

She approached the captain of the maintop. "When does the Narcissus leave?" she asked.

He looked her up and down, at first with something like boldness, but instantly he touched his hat. "To-morrow, mistress, — she leaves at 'igh tide to-morrow."

With an eye for a fee or a bribe, he drew a little away from the others, and said to her in a low tone, "Is there anything what I could do for you, mistress? Pr'aps you wanted some word carried aboard, mistress?"

She hesitated an instant, then said, "No — no, thank you."

He still waited, however, rubbing his hand on his hip with a mock bashfulness. There was an instant's pause; then she divined his meaning.

She took from her pocket a shilling. She had never given away so much money in her life before, but she seemed to feel instinctively that now she must give freely, *now that she was the wife of an officer of the navy*. Strange how these sailors to-day appeared so different to her from any she had ever met before. She felt as if they all belonged to her. She offered the shilling to the captain of the maintop.

His eyes gloated over the money, but he protested with an affected surprise,

"Oh, I could n't think of it, yer leddyship."

She smiled at him appealingly. Of course, she said to herself, he must take it: he was one of Philip's sailors, — one of her sailors now.

"Ah, but you will take it! I — I have a r-relative" — she hesitated at the word — "in the navy."

"Ave you now, yer leddyship?" he returned. "Well, then, I'm proud to 'ave the shilling to drink 'is 'ealth, yer leddyship." He touched his hat, and was about to turn away.

"Stay a little," she said, with bashful boldness. The joy of giving was rapidly growing to a vice. "Here's something for them," she added, nodding toward his fellows, and a second shilling came from her pocket.

"Just as you say, yer leddyship," he said doubtfully and selfishly; "but for my part, I think they've 'ad enough. I don't 'old with temptin' the weak passions of man."

"Well, then, perhaps you would n't mind keeping it?" she said sweetly.

"Yer 'ighness," he answered, drawing himself up, "if it was n't a werry hextrordinary occasion, I could n't never think on it. But seein' as you're a seagoin' family, yer 'ighness, why, I 'opes yer 'ighness'll give me leave to drink yer 'ighness' 'ealth this werry night as ever is." He tossed the shilling into his mouth, and touched his hat again.

A moment afterward the sailors were in the boat, rowing out toward the Narcissus. Their song came back across the water : —

"Oh, you A. B. sailor-man,
Wet your whistle while you can,
For the piping of the bugle calls you
'ome —
'Ome — 'ome — 'ome —
Calls you on to your fo'e'stle 'ome."

As the night came down, and Guida sat at the kitchen doorway looking out over the sea, she wondered that Philip had sent her no message. Of course he

would not come himself; he must not: he had promised her. And yet how much she would like to see him for just one minute, to feel his arms about her, to hear him say good-by once more! Yet, too, she liked him the more for not coming.

By and by she became very restless. She would have been almost happier if he had gone that day: he was within call of her, yet they were not to see each other. She walked up and down the garden, Biribi, the dog, at her side. Sitting down on the bench beneath the apple-tree, she recalled every word that Philip had said to her two days before. Every tone of his voice, every look that he had given her, she went over in her mind, now smiling and now sighing. There is no reporting in the world so exact, so perfect, as that given by a woman's brain of the words, looks, and acts of her lover in the first days of mutual confession and understanding.

It can come but once, this dream, fantasy, illusion, — call it what you will: it belongs to the birth hour of a new and powerful feeling; it is the first sunrise of the heart. What comes after may be the calmer joy of a more truthful, a less ideal emotion, but the transitory glory of the love and passion of youth shoots higher than all other glories into the sky of time. The splendor of youth is its madness, and the splendor of that madness is its unconquerable belief. And great is the strength of it, because violence alone can destroy it. It does not yield to time nor to decay, to the long wash of experience that wears away the stone nor to disintegration. It is always broken into pieces at a blow. In the morning all is well, and ere the evening come the radiant temple is in ruins.

At night, when Guida went to bed, at first she could not sleep. Then came a drowsing, a floating between waking and sleeping, in which a hundred swift images of her short past flashed through her mind. A butterfly floating in the white

haze of a dusty road, and the cap of the careless lad that struck it down. . . . Berry-picking along the hedges beyond the quarries of Mont Mado, and washing her hands in the strange green pools at the bottom of the quarries. . . . Stooping to a stream, and saying of it to a lad, "Ro, won't it never come back?" . . . From the front doorway watching a poor criminal shrink beneath the lash with which he was being flogged from the Vier Marchi to the Vier Prison. . . . Seeing a procession of bride and bridegroom with young men and women gay in ribbons and pretty cottons, calling from house to house to receive the good wishes of their friends, and drinking cinnamon wine and mulled cider, — the frolic, the buoyancy, the gayety of it all. Now, in a room full of people, she was standing on a veille all beautifully flourished with posies of broom and wild flowers, and Philip was there beside her, and he was holding her hand, and they were waiting and waiting for some one who never came. Nobody took any notice of her and Philip, she thought; they stood there waiting and waiting — Why, there was M. Savary *dit* Détréand in the doorway, waving a handkerchief at her, and saying, "I've found it! I've found it!" And she awoke with a start.

Her heart was beating hard, and for a moment she was dazed; but presently she went to sleep again, and dreamed once more.

This time she was on a great warship, in a storm which was driving them toward a rocky shore. The sea was washing over the deck. She recognized the shore: it was the cliff at Plemont, in the north of Jersey, and behind the ship lay the awful Paternosters. They were drifting, drifting on the wall of rock. High above on the shore there was a solitary stone hut. The ship came nearer and nearer. The storm increased in strength. In the midst of the violence she looked up and saw a man standing in the doorway of the hut. He turned

his face toward her: it was Ranulph Delagarde, and he had a rope in his hand. He saw her and called to her, and made ready to throw the rope, but suddenly some one drew her back. She cried out, and then all grew black. . . .

And then, again, she knew she was in a small, dark cabin of the ship. She could hear the storm breaking over the deck. Now the ship struck. She could feel her grinding upon the rocks. She appeared to be sinking, sinking. There was a knocking, knocking at the door of the cabin, and a voice calling to her. How far away it seemed! Was she dying, was she drowning? The words of a nursery rhyme rang in her ears distinctly, keeping time to the knocking. She wondered who should be singing a nursery rhyme on a sinking ship.

*"La main morte,
La main morte,
Tapp' à la porte,
Tapp' à la porte."*

She shuddered. Why should the dead hand tap at her door? Yet there it was tapping louder, louder. . . . She struggled, she tried to cry out; then suddenly she grew quiet, and the tapping got fainter and fainter; her eyes opened; she was awake.

For an instant she did not know where she was. Was it a dream still? For there was a tapping — tapping at her door — no, it was at the window. A shiver ran through her. Her heart almost stopped beating. Some one was calling to her.

"Guida! Guida!"

It was Philip's voice. Her cheek had been cold the moment before; now she felt the blood tingling in her face. She slid to the floor, threw a shawl round her, and went to the casement. The tapping began again. At first she could not open the window. She was trembling from head to foot. Philip's voice quickly reassured her.

"Guida, Guida, open the window a minute!"

She hesitated. She could not — no — she could not do it. He tapped still louder.

"Guida, don't you hear me?" he asked.

She undid the catch, but she had hardly the courage even yet. He heard her now, and pressed the window a little. Then she opened it slowly, and her white face showed. "Oh, Philip," she said breathlessly, "why have you frightened me so?"

He caught her hand in his own. "Come out into the garden," he said. "Put on a dress and slippers, and come," he urged again, and kissed her hand.

"Philip," she protested, "oh, Philip, I cannot! It is too late. It is midnight. Do not ask me. Oh, why did you come?"

"Because I wanted to speak with you for one minute. I have only a little while. Please come and say good-by to me again. We are going to-morrow; there's no doubt about it this time."

"Oh, Philip," she answered, her voice quivering, "how can I? Say good-by to me here, now."

"No, no, Guida, you must come. I can't kiss you good-by where you are."

"Must I come to you?" she asked helplessly. "Well, then, Philip," she added, "go to the bench by the apple-tree, and I shall be there in a moment."

"Dearest!" he exclaimed ardently.

She closed the window.

For a moment he looked about him; then went lightly through the garden, and sat down on the bench under the apple-tree, near to the summer-house. At last he heard her footstep. He rose quickly to meet her, and as she came timidly to him clasped her in his arms.

"Philip," she said, "I'm sure this is n't right. You ought not to have come; you have broken your promise."

"Are you not glad to see me?"

"Oh, you know, you know that I'm glad to see you, but you should n't have come — Hark! what's that?"

They both held their breath, for there was a sound outside the garden wall. *Clac-clac! clac-clac!* — a strange, uncanny footstep. It seemed to be hurrying away, — *clac-clac! clac-clac!*

"Ah, I know," whispered Guida: "it is Dormy Jamais. How foolish of me to be afraid!"

"Of course, of course," said Philip, — "Dormy Jamais, who never sleeps."

"Philip — if he saw us!"

"Foolish child, the garden wall is too high for that. Besides" —

"Yes, Philip?"

"Besides, you are my wife, Guida!"

"Oh no, Philip, no; not really so until all the world is told."

"My beloved Guida, what difference can that make?"

She sighed and shook her head. "To me, Philip, it is only that which makes it right, — that the whole world knows. Ah, Philip, I am so afraid of — of secrecy."

"Nonsense!" he answered, "nonsense! Poor little wood-bird, you're frightened at nothing at all. Come and sit by me." He drew her close to him.

Her trembling presently grew less. Hundreds of glowworms were shimmering in the hedge. The grasshoppers were whirring in the muelles beyond; a flutter of wings went by overhead. The leaves were rustling softly; a fresh wind was coming up from the sea upon the soft, fragrant dusk.

They talked a little while in whispers, her hands in his, his voice soothing her, his low, hurried words giving her no time to think. But presently she shivered again, though her heart was throbbing hotly.

"Come into the summer-house, my Guida; you are cold, you are shivering." He rose, with his arm round her waist, raising her gently at the same time.

"Oh no, Philip dear," she said, "I'm not really cold — I don't know what it is" —

"Oh, but you *are* cold," he answered.

"There's a stiff southeaster rising, and your hands are like ice. Come into the arbor for a minute. It's warm there, and then — then we'll say good-by, sweetheart!"

His arm round her, he drew her with him to the summer-house, talking to her tenderly all the time. There were reassurance and comfort and loving care in his very tones.

How brightly the stars shone! How clearly the music of the stream came over the hedge! With what lazy restfulness the distant "All's well!" floated across the muelles from a ship at anchor in the tideway! How like a slumber song the wash of the sea rolled drowsily along the wind! How gracious the smell of the earth, drinking up the dew of the affluent air, which the sun on the morrow should turn into life-blood for the grass and trees and flowers!

XVII.

Philip was gone. Before breakfast was set upon the table Guida saw the Narcissus sail round Noirmont Point and disappear. Her face had taken on a new expression since yesterday. An old touch of dreaminess, of vague anticipation, was gone, — that look which belongs to youth, which feels the confident charm of the unknown future. Life was revealed, but, together with joy, wonder and pain and knowledge informed the revelation.

To Guida the marvel was brought home with vivid force: her life was linked to another's; she was a wife. Like the Spanish maiden who looks down from her window into the street and calls to her lover, so from the window of her brain Guida looked down into the highway of life, and saw one figure draw aside from the great progression and cry to her, "Mio destino!"

That was it. Philip would signal, and she must come until either he or she

should die. He had taken her hand, and she must never withdraw it; the breath of his being must henceforth give her new and healthy life, or fill her veins with a fever which should corrode the heart and burn away the spirit. Young though she was, she realized it; but she realized it without defining it. Her knowledge was expressed in her person, was diffused in her character, in her face. This gave her a spiritual force, an air, a dignity which can come only through the influence of some deep and powerful joy, or through as great and deep a suffering.

Seldom had a day of Guida's life been so busy. It seemed to her that people came and went more than usual. She did all that was required of her. She talked, she laughed a little, she answered back the pleasantries of the seafaring folk who passed her doorway or her garden. She was attentive to her grandfather; she was punctual and exact with her household duties. But all the time she was thinking — thinking — thinking. Now and again she smiled, but at times, too, tears sprang to her eyes, and were quickly dried. More than once she drew in her breath with a quick, sibilant sound, as though some thought wounded her; and she flushed suddenly, then turned pale, then came to her natural color again. Yet there was an unusual transparency in her face to-day; a sort of shining, neither of joy nor of sorrow, but the light that comes from life's first deep experiences.

Among those who chanced to come to the cottage was Maitresse Aimable. She came to ask Guida to go with her and Jean to the island of Sark, twelve miles away, where Guida had never been, but whither Jean had long promised to take her. They would be gone only one night, and, as Maitresse Aimable said, the *Sieur de Mauprat* could very well make shift that long for once.

The invitation came to Guida like water to a thirsty land. She longed to get

away from the town, to be where she could breathe; for all this day the earth seemed too small for breath: she gasped for the sea, to be alone there. To sail with Jean Touzel was practically to be alone; for Maitresse Aimable never talked, and Jean knew Guida's ways, knew when she wished to be quiet, for he had an acuteness of temperament beyond his appearance or his reputation. In Jersey phrase, he saw beyond his spectacles, — great brass-rimmed things, which, added to the humorous rotundity of his cheeks, gave a droll, childlike kind of wisdom to his look.

Guida said that she would gladly go to Sark, at which Maitresse Aimable smiled placidly, and seemed about to leave, when all at once, without any warning, she lowered herself like a vast crate upon the *veille*, and sat there looking at Guida with meditative inquiry.

Maitresse Aimable was far from clever; she was thought to be as stupid as she was heavy: she spoke so little, she appeared so opaque, that only the children had any opinion of her. Yet, too, there were a few sick and bedridden folk who longed for her coming with something almost like pleasure, — not with excitement, but certainly with a sense of satisfaction; for though she brought only some *soupe à la graisse*, or a fresh-cooked conger-eel, or a little cider, and did nothing but sit and stare, and try hopelessly to find her voice, she exuded a sort of drowsy benevolence from her face. If by chance she said, "I believe you," or "Body of my life!" she was thought to be getting garrulous.

At first the grave inquiry of her look startled Guida. She was beginning to know that sensitive fear and timidity which assail those who are possessed and tyrannized over by a secret. Under the meditative regard of her visitor, Guida said to herself, with a quick suspicion, "What does Maitresse Aimable know about Philip and me?"

How she loathed this secrecy! How

guilty she now felt, where indeed no guilt was! How she longed to call her name, her new name, from the house-tops, to testify to her absolute innocence; that her own verdict upon herself might not be like the antique verdict in the criminal procedure of the Jersey Royal Court, *More innocent than guilty*, — as if in her case there were any guilt at all! Nothing could satisfy her but the absolute, — that was her nature. She was not made for half-lights.

The voice of Maitresse Aimable roused her. Her ponderous visitor had here made a discovery which had yet been made by no other human being. After her fashion, Maitresse Aimable loved Jean Touzel as was given to few to love. Her absurd romance, her ancient illusion, had remained with her, vivifying her intelligence only in one direction. She knew when love lay behind a woman's face. Her portly stupidity gave way to intelligence now, and into the well where her voice had fallen there flashed a light from her own love-lorn, lonely, faithful heart, and the voice came up and spake freely, yet with that certainty belonging to a mechanical statement of fact. She said, "I was sixteen when I fell in love; you're seventeen — you! Ah bah, so it goes!"

Guida's face crimsoned. What — how much did Maitresse Aimable know? By what necromancy had this dull, fat, silent fisher-wife learned the secret which was the heart of her life, the soul of her being, — which was Philip? She was frightened, but danger made her cautious. She suddenly took her first step into that strange wood called by some Diplomacy, by others Ingenuity, by others, and not always rightly, Duplicity.

"Can you guess who it is?" she asked, without replying directly to the oblique charge.

"It is not Maître Ranulph," answered her friendly inquisitor; "it is not that M'sieu' Détrican, the vaurien." Guida flushed with annoyance. "It is not

Maitre Blampied, that farmer with fifty vergées, all potatoes. It is not M'sieu' Janvrin, that bat' d'la goule of an écrivain. Ah bah, so it goes!"

"Who is it, then?" persisted Guida.

"Ah bah, that is the thing!" And Maitresse Aimable's voice dropped again into the well of silence, and for a time defied all efforts to bring it up.

"How can you tell that I am in love, Maitresse Aimable?" asked Guida.

The other smiled with a torturing placidity, then opened her mouth; but nothing came of it. She watched Guida moving about the kitchen abstractedly. Her eye wandered to the racy, from which hung flitches of bacon, to the bellows hanging by the chimney, to the sanded floor, to the bottle-glass window with the lozenge-shaped panes set in lead, to the great Elizabethan oak chair, and at last back to Guida, as if through her the lost voice might be charmed up again.

The eyes of the two met at last, fairly, firmly; and now Guida was conscious of a look in Maitresse Aimable's face which she had never seen before. Had she herself received a new sight? Was it that we never can see until we are touched by the finger of experience, which has been dipped in the pool of pain? Then and there Guida realized that, though seeing is joy, there is the painful moment when the light breaks in on the tender sight. Guida saw and understood the look in Maitresse Aimable's face, and instantly knew it to be the same look which was in her own.

With a sudden impulse she laid down the bashin she was polishing, and, going over quickly, she leaned her cheek against Maitresse Aimable silently. She could feel the huge breast heave, she felt the vast cheek turn hot, she was conscious of a voice struggling up from the well of silence to speech, and she heard it say at last, "Gat'd'en'ale! rosemary tea cures a cough, but nothing cures the love. Ah bah, so it goes!"

"Do you love Jean?" whispered Guida, not showing her face, but longing to hear the experience of another who suffered that joy called love.

Maitresse Aimable's face got hotter; she did not speak, but patted Guida's back softly with her heavy hand and nodded complacently.

"Have you always loved him?" asked Guida again, with eager inquisition, which can be likened only to that of a wayside sinner turned chapel-going saint, who is hungry to know what chanced to others when they trod the primrose path.

Maitresse Aimable again nodded, and her arm drew closer about Guida.

Then came an unsophisticated and disconcerting question: "Has Jean always loved you?"

There was a pause; the fingers did not noticeably caress Guida's shoulder, and the voice said, with the deliberate foresight and prudence of an unwilling and adroit witness, "It is not the man who wears the wedding-ring." Then, as if she had been disloyal in even suggesting that Jean might hold her lightly, she added, almost eagerly, — an enthusiasm tempered by the pathos of a half-truth, — "But my Jean always sleeps at home."

This larger excursion into speech gave her courage, and she said more; and even as Guida listened hungrily (so soon had come upon her the apprehensions and wavering moods of loving woman), she was wondering to hear this creature, considered so dull by all, speak as though out of a watchful and capable mind. What further Maitresse Aimable said was proof that if she knew little and spake little, she knew that little well; and if she had gathered meagrely from life, she had at least winnowed out some small handfuls of grain from the straw and chaff. Her sagacity impelled her to say at last, "If a man's eyes won't see, elder-water can't make him; if he will — ah bah, glad and good!" And

both arms went round Guida and hugged her awkwardly.

Maitresse Aimable had, however, exhausted her reflections (for indeed she had talked more than she had ever done in any day of her life since she married), and her voice came up but once more that morning. As she left Guida in the doorway, she said, with a last effort, "I will have one bead to pray for you, *tréjous*." She showed her rosary, and, Huguenot though she was, Guida touched the bead reverently. "And if there is war, I will have two beads, *tréjous*. A bi'tôt — good-by!"

Such was the self-revelation of Maitresse Aimable, wife of Jean Touzel, who was cruelly called in St. Helier's "la femme de ballast."

Guida stood watching her from the doorway, and the last words of the fisher-wife kept repeating themselves through her brain: "*And if there is war, I will have two beads, tréjous.*"

The allusion in the words was clear. It meant that Maitresse Aimable knew she loved Philip. How strange it was that one should read so truly without words spoken, or even from seeing acts which reveal! She herself seemed to read Maitresse Aimable all at once, — read her by virtue and in the light of the love, the consuming and primitive feeling in the breast of each for a man. Were not words necessary for speech, after all? But she stopped short suddenly; for if love might find and read love, why was it she needed speech of Philip? Why was it her spirit kept beating up against the hedge beyond which his inner self was, and, unable to see that beyond, needed reassurance by words, by promises and protestations?

All at once she was angry with herself for thinking thus where Philip was concerned. Of course Philip loved her deeply. Of course she had seen the light of love in his eyes, had felt the arms of love about her. . . . She shuddered and grew bitter, and a strange

rebellion broke loose in her. Why had Philip failed to keep his promise? It was selfish, painfully, terribly selfish, of Philip. Why, even though she had been foolish in her request, why had he not done as she wished? Was that love, — was it love to break the first promise he had ever made to his wife? Did he not *know*?

Yet she excused him to herself. Women were different from men, and men did not understand what troubled a woman's heart and spirit; they were not shaken by the same gusts of emotion; they — they were not so fine; they did not think so deeply on what a woman, when she loves, thinks always, and acts according to her thought. If Philip were only here to resolve these fears, these perplexities, to quiet this storm in her! And yet, somehow, she felt that the storm was rooting up something very deep, and radical in her. It frightened her, but she fought it down.

She went into her garden: and here among her flowers and her animals she grew brighter and gayer of heart; and she laughed a little, and was most tender and pretty with her grandfather when he came home from spending the day with the chevalier.

In this manner the day passed, — in happy reminiscence and in vague foreboding; in love and in reproaches as the

secret wife, and yet as a loving, distracted girl, frightened at her own bitterness, though knowing it to be justified.

The late afternoon was spent in gaiety with her grandfather and Amice Ingouville, the fat avocat; but at night, when she went to bed, she could not sleep. She tossed from side to side; a hundred thoughts came and went. She grew feverish, her breath choked her, and she got up and opened the window. It was clear, bright moonlight, and from where she lay she could see the *mielles* and the ocean, and the star-sown sky above and beyond. Myriad thoughts, illusions, and imaginings swept through her brain. Supersensitive, acute, filled with impressions of things she had seen and things and places of which she had read, her brain danced through an area of intense fancies, as a kaleidoscope flashes past the eye. She was in that halfway country where the tangible is merged into the intangible; with a consciousness of being awake, while the feeling is that of an egregious, unnatural sleep. At first her dreaming was all patches, — pictures of gulls and cormorants and tall rocks and cliffs and the surf-making sea; but by and by her flaming fancies took form and continuity, and she dreamed a strange dream of an island in the sea, and of a terrible thing that happened to Philip there.

Gilbert Parker.

(To be continued.)

WASHINGTON REMINISCENCES.

I.

FOR more than a generation, a period covering the most memorable events in American annals since we became a nation, I have been a quiet observer of men and things in Washington. I have

seen Congresses and administrations come and go, the Union temporarily broken asunder and again united, and I have watched with keen interest the revolutions in politics which have rapidly succeeded one another. Most of the public men of the last generation have

been familiar figures to me. Asked to contribute my own impressions of men and events during this stirring and momentous period, I have not felt at liberty to decline. Preserving the rule of reticence as to living persons, I will endeavor to convey as frank and impartial an estimate of the characteristics of some public men of the past, whether in legislative, executive, or judicial life, as my experience and judgment permit. No other merit is claimed for these sketches than that they are the fruit of a candid observation and an experience somewhat prolonged.

WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN.

Few of our public men have had a more marked and engaging personality than Senator William Pitt Fessenden of Maine. A great lawyer, an incorruptible patriot, a man of almost haughty independence, he left behind, at immeasurable distance, the rank and file of politicians. His small, fine, classically cut head and face, his feeble, dyspeptic body, his severe and quiet look, as of incessant pain overmastered by main force of will, united to mark a man cast in no common mould. His ripe judgment and wisdom brought to him in his later years the title of "the Father of the Senate." Even his faults, his somewhat irascible temper, his cool scorn of the weaklings and the fanatics of his party, the extreme literalness and almost narrowness of his unpoetic mind, and his habitual conservatism, which led him to cling to things established, even sometimes to established abuses, are rather remembered as salient traits of character than cited to his disparagement. He despised demagogues, and had a lifelong contempt for time-servers, sycophants, and bores.

When Fessenden first came to Washington, at the age of thirty-five, in the days of the great Whig victory of 1840, he was a young and ardent Whig, yet full of that even judgment and grasp of

practical affairs which always rendered him an invaluable aid in the business of Congress. His first notable speech was on a proposed reduction of the army; and it is significant that he began by opposing his party, whose watchword of "retrenchment and reform" was to be carried out by cutting down the military force to a point which he deemed negligently and insufficient. The new member was heard with wonder and some impatience, but his intellectual force was such as to give to his array of facts a weight which few new members ever command. Then he "wore the rose of youth upon him," and his straight, lithe figure, jet-black hair, piercing eye, and finely cut face, out of which intellect looked, made him one of the most admired men in the House. The Portland district, always until then Democratic, wished to send him back to Congress, but he obstinately declined; for he had no patrimony, and felt obliged to cultivate his profession to enable him to educate his family, an end which was incompatible with serving in Congress. He toiled at the bar during the next ten years with rare zeal and success.

Elected to the Senate early in 1854, he bore a conspicuous part in the whole anti-slavery struggle, which began with the "compromise" measures of 1850, followed by the Kansas-Nebraska bill of Douglas, and ended with the extinction of slavery and the elevation of the negro to citizenship. He has often been criticised, and even fiercely denounced, as unduly conservative in the anti-slavery struggle. The charge is not sustained by a perusal of his speeches and his record. No more signal proof of his fidelity to freedom need be adduced than the fact that, after President Andrew Johnson had broken wholly with the party which brought him into power, Fessenden was chosen by his colleagues chairman of the important joint committee of both Houses on Reconstruction. As such, he wrote that able Report which, for clearness, terseness,

and vigorous treatment of the great questions then still at issue, stands unsurpassed in the political literature of the time.

Fessenden's manner and delivery as a speaker were almost unique in the Senate, where set speeches read from manuscript have been so common. He rarely used so much as a note of what he was to say, stood with easy grace in the aisle next to his seat, and talked in a quiet, almost conversational tone, but with clear, distinct utterance, and a precision of statement which marked his intellectual acuteness. He spoke often, but never at much length. Charles Sumner said of him that "nobody could match him in immediate and incisive reply."

His first speech in the Senate, March 3, 1854, on that revolutionary measure the Kansas-Nebraska bill, at once raised him to a front rank among the senatorial opponents of slavery extension. The little band of Senators who confronted the aggressive forces of the South, joined to the well-nigh compact democracy of the North, included Seward, Sumner, Chase, Wade, Everett, Hamlin, Fish, and Foot. Fessenden, as yet but little known on the stage of national affairs, made his maiden speech just before midnight, when the debate was about to be closed by Senator Douglas in behalf of the bill. With cool force of logic, he exposed the claim that the territories ought to be opened to slavery, notwithstanding their dedication to freedom by the compromise of 1820, and showed how the South had since secured the admission of four new slave states, while only the same number of free states had been admitted. Then he took up the compromise measures of 1850 (which he had vigorously opposed when the Whig National Convention of 1852 had indorsed them), and proceeded:—

"It has been claimed for these compromise measures of 1850 that they satisfied all parties, and restored peace to a distracted country. All differences had been settled. We were a happy people.

Suddenly, in the midst of this concord, comes a proposition to take from the free states just that which had been given for all these advantages which had accrued to the South, — to take the little that was allowed to the free states by the compromise of 1820. . . . If this is designed as a measure of peace, let me tell you that anything but peace you will have. If this restriction is repealed, as to that territory, it is not yet in the Union, and it never will come into the Union except with exclusion of slavery."

This speech was heard by many Southerners, one of whom said to another as it proceeded, "What sort of a new Senator is this? All his guns are double-shotted."

As chairman of the Senate committee on finance, which at that day had entire charge of all appropriations as well as of revenue measures, Mr. Fessenden stood virtually as the leader of the Senate, at the head of its most important committee. In this responsible position his sagacity and ability were so fully demonstrated that when Mr. Chase resigned the office of Secretary of the Treasury, in June, 1864, President Lincoln chose Mr. Fessenden as his successor. Scruples against accepting so onerous an office in his rather precarious state of health led him to decline, for he greatly preferred the Senate. But his reluctance was overborne by Mr. Lincoln's good-humored pertinacity, and by the urgent expressions which came from all parts of the country, pressing him as the one fit man for the place.

Congress was about to adjourn, after a long and anxious and laborious session, in which he had borne the conspicuous and responsible part of leader in the Senate, where he had been charged with all revenue measures and the financial policy of the government. He was weary with daily and nightly labor, and had looked forward longingly to the accustomed rest of the summer vacation. He went to the White House one morning (it was

five days before the adjournment) to confer with Mr. Lincoln as to the measures of legislation then in their final stages, and to consult as to a proper candidate to be proposed for the Treasury Department. It was all essential to secure some one who would command public confidence at such a critical juncture. Mr. Lincoln put his hand upon Fessenden's shoulder and declared that he himself was that man. Surprised and almost confounded, the Senator told the President that he could not accept; that he was nearly worn out with the responsibilities and toils of the protracted session; and that for him to assume the onerous duties of the Treasury in the burning heat of Washington, at such a moment, would be dangerous, if not suicidal. He could not, would not accept the office, for, aside from his frail health, he did not feel himself qualified for it. Mr. Lincoln replied with feeling and energy in a strong appeal to Fessenden's patriotic impulses, with assurances that he had the confidence of the financial interests of the country, and that he should have the way smoothed by the aid of able lieutenants; and closed by telling him that the nomination had already been sent to the Senate. In fact, Fessenden's appointment had that day been unanimously confirmed.

He at once resolved to sink personal considerations, and to enter upon the office, with the proviso that he should be at liberty to withdraw whenever a fit successor should be found to relieve him. He himself said of it, "I took the office reluctantly and as a matter of duty, and vacated it just as soon as I could."

Secretary Chase, after the great victories which had attended the arms of the Union in preceding years, and aided by the eager and overwhelming patriotism of the country, had made a signal reputation by the marked success of the large popular loans negotiated during his administration. The price of gold —

that infallible barometer of public confidence — had fallen, while the national revenues had steadily improved. But there came a time when the tide changed. In May and June, 1864, the slow progress of Grant's army toward Richmond, the ineffective battles of the Wilderness, and the losses at Cold Harbor, with the delay of Sherman's army in the movement upon Atlanta, had chilled the enthusiasm of the people, and had shaken their confidence in the early termination of the war. The result was seen in the financial situation quite as conspicuously as in the military. The government bonds, issued in ever increasing volume, went heavily. The willingness to invest slowly gave place to a feeling of distrust. A renewed attempt by Secretary Chase to secure a loan met with no response. Gold, which had hovered between 150 and 180, went up to 250 in June, 1864, and then to 285, the highest point reached during the entire period of the war. It was at this gloomy crisis, with the legal-tender money of the government worth barely thirty-five cents on the dollar, with a new loan of fifty millions unsalable, with an eminent Secretary of the Treasury just resigning his office, with revenues totally inadequate to daily expenditures, with a great army in the field no longer scoring victories, and with doubt and distrust on every side, that Fessenden was called to take charge of the Treasury Department.

In this new and untried position Fessenden exhibited the same qualities of energy, foresight, and grasp of affairs which had marked his career in the Senate. As a notable evidence of the appreciation in which his distinguished character and services were held in the public mind, the price of gold, which had stood at 280, fell to 225 on the day that his acceptance of the Treasury appointment was announced. The press of the country joined its voice to that of capitalists and bankers in declaring that a great crisis had been averted.

But the situation was very far from reassuring. The expenditures were steadily in excess of the estimates which had been made for the year. Requisitions upon the Treasury, suspended because there was a lack of funds to meet them, had reached almost a hundred million dollars. The enormous scale upon which the armies of the Union were pushing the war in the South, under the lead of Grant and Sherman, had been unexampled in the history of modern warfare. The daily expenditure exceeded two million dollars, and sometimes reached two and a half millions. The depreciated greenback was a perpetual object-lesson and menace to the credit of the government.

Secretary Fessenden confronted this difficult situation with a courage which only an uncommonly strong man could have shown. He announced that no more paper money would be issued; but, with characteristic prudence, he did not put forth any declaration of an inflexible financial policy. He carefully watched developments, assuring the public creditors that temporary obligations would be met as soon as possible, that no new forms of indebtedness would be created, and that the discretionary power vested in him by law would be exerted to reduce the interest on the public debt. He asked the exhausted banks of New York for a loan of fifty millions; but they were unable to respond at that time, as they had strained their resources to take up former issues of bonds. Then he offered all the six per cent gold bonds yet unsold, proposing to take compound-interest notes in exchange at par; and, though opposed by the banks, this policy was vindicated by almost doubling the subscriptions. The demands for army needs still increasing, an authorized loan at seven and three tenths per cent interest was offered, but met with only moderate success. Then, by Secretary Fessenden's direction, the Treasury issued small denominations of the 7-30 bonds

to the army paymasters, to be tendered to such officers and soldiers as chose to receive them in part payment of their overdue salaries. This met with much favor, and multitudes of brave and patriotic soldiers thus loaned their pay to the government, while fighting to preserve its integrity. Still there was a constantly yawning deficit between receipts and expenditures. Criticism of the Treasury policy was rife, and dictatorial leaders in the press and menacing letters from banking interests poured in on the new Secretary. He calmly went on his course, disregarding the claim for "more money;" well knowing that it was not more, but better money that was needed. Yet the subscriptions to the 7-30 loan had stopped; the demand certificates of indebtedness had mounted to over two hundred and forty millions; ninety-two cents was their current value in the market. Mr. Fessenden strove to arrest this rapid depreciation, and suspended further issues of these certificates. He also withdrew the six per cent bonds, and appealed once more to the banks for a 7-30 loan. But when he found that their resources were exhausted, he resolved to appeal to the people, and to popularize the loan by the aid of the same Philadelphia firm of bankers who in 1863 had succeeded in placing five hundred millions of six per cents at par. This plan met with great success; in the judgment of many, it saved the Treasury from bankruptcy. Nearly two hundred million dollars were secured. At the same time military victories revived drooping hopes, and fresh streams of money began to flow in through the operation of the amended tax-laws. Mr. Fessenden had a leading share in framing these, and their successful operation gratified him exceedingly.

He had still much labor to perform, however, before he could leave the Treasury. The war was yet in progress, and revenues for the ensuing year must be provided upon a scale at least as extensive as for the current one. He drew up

a financial measure, which became a law March 3, 1865, providing for deficiencies by new authority for loans, and also empowering the Secretary to fund all forms of non-interest-bearing debt into a new form of bond: first into a five per cent issue, to run ten to forty years, at the option of the government; and then into four and four and a half per cents, after ten years from date of the first issue.

For this far-sighted and comprehensive policy of reducing debt, and thus at once cutting down expenses and strengthening incalculably the credit of the government, the country is largely indebted to Mr. Fessenden's sagacity. Having now arrived at a point where he could safely and honorably lay down the burdens of his exacting administrative office, and having been reelected by the legislature of Maine to a third full term in the Senate from the 4th of March, 1865, he again took his seat in that body. He resumed, by unanimous choice of his Republican colleagues, his post as chairman of the committee on finance.

Here the great and difficult problems involved in the reconstruction of civil government in the Southern states were added to the questions of financial policy which had formed so large a share of his senatorial and administrative responsibility. He was made chairman not only of the finance committee, but also of the important joint committee of both Houses of Congress on Reconstruction. The task of that committee of fifteen was one of almost unprecedented difficulty. It had to make thorough inquiry into the condition of all the lately seceded states; to determine their actual status under the Constitution and public law; to define the powers of Congress over them as against their own autonomy; and to frame such legislation as would insure peace, safety, and the permanent preservation of the Union. The situation was entirely anomalous, and taxed to the utmost the knowledge, the political skill, and the patriotism of those who

confronted it. Mr. Fessenden's Report, with accompanying bills, met with the acceptance of both Houses of Congress, and the measures of reconstruction proposed, which were the result of concessions of many conflicting opinions, became laws, including the recommendation to the states of a fourteenth constitutional amendment, fixing the basis of representation in Congress, and reducing it in the states in proportion to the exclusion by them from the elective franchise of any portion of their population. It also excluded from Congress and from federal office all the active participants in the rebellion, until relieved from disability by act of Congress; declared the sacredness of the public debt, and prohibited the recognition of any debts or claims incurred in aid of the insurrection or for the emancipation of slaves. This far-reaching amendment was ratified by thirty-three states, and became a part of the Constitution.

Mr. Fessenden had a strong man's indifference, which often amounted to contempt, for that public opinion which is manufactured by newspapers. The world's notion of a particular course of conduct, the party's notion of political necessity or expediency, had little importance in his eyes, when his own mind led him to a different conclusion.

As early as 1854, when catechised in the Senate upon the doctrine of instructions, he declared that a legislature had no right to instruct a Senator how he should vote. To him the post of Senator of the United States was a great trust, to be guarded jealously against all dictation or interference. When he came to pronounce his verdict in the impeachment trial of President Andrew Johnson, it was curious to see how like a disinterested critic or spectator he spoke. He appeared completely to have dismissed all political feeling, and to have judged the case solely with regard to the law and the evidence.

The almost unexampled political ex-

citement of that time can be but imperfectly apprehended by those who were neither participants nor witnesses of its scenes. With an overwhelming majority in both Houses opposed to the President, with the public in the North against him in immense and almost vindictive preponderance, with his own obstinate, imprudent, and exasperating utterances against Congress itself, it required an independence of party spirit very rare in the members of representative bodies, to rise above the clamor of the time, and to pronounce a calm, judicial judgment. This, Fessenden, a Republican of the Republicans, did; and in it he was joined by only seven out of forty-three of his colleagues belonging to that party. After a clear and searching review of the evidence, which he found insufficient to justify the removal of the President from office, he said:—

“To the suggestion that popular opinion demands the conviction of the President on these charges, I reply that he is not now on trial before the people, but before the Senate. They have not taken an oath ‘to do impartial justice, according to the Constitution and the laws.’ I have taken that oath. I cannot render judgment upon their convictions. The consequences which may follow either from conviction or acquittal are not for me to consider. . . . And I should consider myself undeserving the confidence of that just and intelligent people who imposed upon me this great responsibility, and unworthy a place among honorable men, if, for any fear of public reprobation, I should disregard the conviction of my judgment and my conscience.”

The acquittal of President Johnson, by failure of only one vote to make a two-thirds majority, was the signal for opening upon Mr. Fessenden the batteries of denunciation and abuse. He was threatened with political destruction, with being read out of the Republican party; but he defended his vote

with signal ability, and ultimately gained more respect than opprobrium by the act. In the National Republican Convention which met two months later and nominated General Grant for the presidency, hot-headed resolutions denouncing Republican Senators who had voted against impeachment were laid upon the table. And the sober second thought of the public, as in the similar case of the condemnation of Charles Sumner by the Massachusetts legislature for his resolutions against perpetuating the names of victories over fellow citizens in the civil war, may be said to have reversed the judgment first hastily rendered under stress of popular excitement.

Mr. Fessenden was always a comprehensive reader. In the severely laborious later years of his life novels and whist were his favorite recreations of an evening. The stores of biography and of history in the Congressional Library were frequently drawn upon by him. The works of Swift, Dryden, Pope, and De Quincey were among his familiar readings, and he keenly appreciated the masterly History of Gibbon. Thackeray and Balzac, Dumas and Edgar Poe, he read with zest. Goethe also he read much, and among American books he had a special admiration for the historical works of Motley.

Senator Fessenden was for nearly ten years a member of the Committee on the Library of Congress, and while it occupied the long, narrow room on the west front of the Capitol it was his delight to browse at will among its stores. When the question of purchasing for the library of the United States the great historical collection of books, pamphlets, periodicals, and manuscripts of Peter Force came up, in 1866, he was an earnest advocate of its acquisition, and his influence in the library committee and in Congress was a potential factor in its favor. For some years during his senatorial term he was a regent of the Smith-

sonian Institution, an honor highly appreciated, and in his case well deserved.

Mr. Fessenden was one of the victims of the "National Hotel disease," which in 1857, by its fatal results to some prominent men in Washington, caused such a horror throughout the country, and the effect of it probably remained in his system to the last and embittered his final hours. This once inexplicable mystery is now supposed to be clearly traced to arsenic. About eighty dead rats were found in a water-tank in a certain part of the hotel, most of which had been poisoned. Mr. Fessenden's life, like those of some other public men who had their place of sojourn in that hostelry, was doubtless shortened by that most unfortunate calamity. He died at Portland, September 8, 1869, at the age of sixty-three.

PETER FORCE.

The life of such a man as Peter Force, who died in Washington in 1868, at the ripe old age of seventy-seven years, was worth more to American letters and to human history than the lives of a score of the military generals and other notables whose names are so generally blazoned abroad. He lived for more than half a century in Washington, having gone thither in 1815 from New York. He found the capital a straggling village of wood, and saw it become a stately city of brick and marble. He filled many public and responsible positions, and he was for nine years editor and proprietor of a daily journal which enjoyed the confidence of Henry Clay and John Quincy Adams; but it is not as mayor of Washington nor as an editor that he will be best remembered. His characteristic merit, which distinguishes him from the Ritchies, the Duff Greens, and the F. P. Blairs, who also bore an active part in political journalism at the national capital, is that he was more than a journalist, — he was an historian.

Born near Passaic Falls, N. J., on

November 26, 1790 (his father, William Force, being a veteran of the Revolutionary War), Peter Force was by lineage, as well as by native tastes and talent, a worthy exponent of that branch of American history to which he dedicated so many years. Very early in life he evinced a zealous interest in historical investigations, and four years after coming to Washington he originated and published an annual of history, with statistical and official information of a varied character. The *National Calendar and Annals of the United States*, as he called it, antedated by ten years the publication of the old American Almanac, and was continuously published from 1820 to 1836, except the years 1825, 1826, and 1827. In 1823 he established a newspaper, the *National Journal*, which was continued until 1831. This drew to its columns some noted contributors, among them John Quincy Adams. The high-minded conduct of this paper in doing justice to the opponents of the administration once led to a committee of the ruling party waiting upon Mr. Force, and asking him to permit them to edit or to revise the political columns, with a view to more thorough partisan effect. He drew himself up to his full height (he was six feet tall), and, with that dignity of bearing which sat so naturally upon him, said, "I did not suppose that any gentleman would make such a proposition to me."

Among Mr. Force's publications of very great value to the students of American history were his series, in four volumes, octavo, of *Historical Tracts*. These were careful reprints of the rarest early pamphlets concerning America, long out of print, some of which could not be purchased, and others of which he could not afford to own; but he borrowed them from libraries for the purpose of reproducing them. "Whenever," said he, "I found a little more money in my purse than I absolutely needed, I printed a volume of Tracts." Many of the *raris-*

simi of early American history or exploration thus owe to Peter Force their sole chance of preservation.

The series of American Archives, the great monumental work of his life, was published at intervals from 1837 to 1853. It embraces the period of American colonial history from March, 1774, to December, 1776, in nine stately folio volumes, printed in double columns, and most thoroughly indexed. These archives constitute a thesaurus of original information about the first two momentous years of the Revolutionary struggle, and especially concerning the Declaration of Independence and the early revolutionary action of the colonial assemblies, North and South, — of inestimable value. To this work, the bold conception of his own mind, to contain nothing less than the original fountains of American history, reproduced in systematic chronological order, he dedicated his long and useful life. For it he assembled, with keen, discriminating judgment and unwearied toil, that great collection of historical material, which now forms an invaluable part of the Congressional Library.

Nor was his literary and historical zeal by any means confined to the early history of America. He dignified and adorned his profession of printer by original authorship in many fields. He was profoundly interested in the annals of the art of printing, and the controversies over its true inventor. He gathered, by persistent search, a small library of *incunabula*, or books printed in the infancy of the art, representing every year from 1467 (his earliest black-letter imprint) up to 1500 and beyond. He studied the subject of arctic exploration, collecting all books published in that field, and himself writing upon it. He was the first to discover and publish, in the columns of the National Intelligencer, the true history of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence of May, 1775; proving by contemporane-

ous newspapers he had acquired that the true Resolutions were of date May 31, and that the so-called Mecklenburg Declaration of May 20, 1775, was spurious.

The American Archives imposed upon Mr. Force a devoted, patient, assiduous life-labor, in one spot, surrounded by the continually growing collection of books, pamphlets, newspapers, manuscripts, maps, and engravings, which contributed to throw light upon some period of his inquiry. To say that his library alone filled his commodious house almost to overflowing; that it embraced, besides the largest assemblage of books accumulated up to that time by a private citizen in this country, thirty thousand pamphlets and eight hundred volumes of newspapers; that it was rich in Revolutionary autographs, military papers, maps, portraits, and engravings; and that it embraced between forty and fifty thousand titles, — all this is to convey but a mechanical idea of the life-long and unintermitted labor which Mr. Force expended upon his favorite subject. He began to collect American books long before the birth of the extensive and mostly indiscriminating mania of book-collecting which of late years has become the rage, and he continued the unceasing pursuit until the very week before he was laid in his grave. He carried off prizes at book-auctions which no competitor had the nerve or the knowledge to dispute with him. He ransacked the bookshops of the United States, from Boston to Charleston, for rare volumes.

He had agents to pick up "unconsidered trifles" out of the garrets of New England housewives, and he read eagerly all the multifarious catalogues which swarmed in upon him, of books on sale in London and on the Continent. On one occasion he was a bidder against the United States for a large and valuable collection of bound pamphlets, the property of an early collector, which were brought to the hammer in Philadelphia.

The Library of Congress had sent on a bid — a limited one — for the coveted volumes; but Mr. Force's order to his agent was peremptory, — "Buy me those pamphlets in an unbroken lot." They were bought. His purchases were often made at prices which would now seem fabulously cheap, yet he never boggled at a high price when once he was satisfied that he had an opportunity to procure a rare or unique volume. Thus, he used to tell how he had endeavored to buy two thin foolscap volumes containing Major-General Greene's manuscript letters and dispatches during the Southern Revolutionary campaign of 1781-82. The price demanded was two hundred dollars. Mr. Force offered one hundred and fifty dollars, which was refused. He then offered fifty dollars for the privilege of making a copy; this was also declined. Seeing that he could not otherwise possess himself of them, he wisely paid the two hundred dollars, and marched off with the precious volumes under his arm.

He carried away from an antiquarian bookseller in Boston the only file of Massachusetts Revolutionary newspapers which had been offered for sale in a quarter of a century, and when good-naturedly reproached by some Yankee visitors for thus stripping New England, he conclusively replied, "Why did n't you buy them yourselves, then?" To the last he was untiring in his efforts to secure complete and unbroken files of all the Washington newspapers. These were carefully laid in piles day by day, after such perusal as he chose to give them, and the mass of journals thus accumulated, for thirty years or upwards, occupied nearly all the large basement of his house. His file of the printed Army Orders issued by the War Department was a marvel of completeness, and it was secured only by the same untiring vigilance which he applied to all matters connected with the increase of his library. With the weight of seventy-

five winters on his shoulders, he would drag himself up to the War Department regularly, to claim from some officer who knew him and his passion the current additions to the printed series promulgated in all branches of the military service during the civil war. He thus obtained for his private collection — now become the historic heirloom of the American people — articles which librarians and other functionaries, trusting to official channels of communication alone, have sought in vain to gather.

It was my good fortune, in the closing years of his life, to see him daily, and in his company to go through all the more precious stores of his vast collection. At eight o'clock each morning I found him already immersed in work. No luxurious library furnishings, no glazed bookcases of walnut or mahogany, no easy-chairs inviting to soft repose or slumber, were there, but only plain rough pine shelves and pine tables, heaped and piled with books, pamphlets, and journals. Among them moved familiarly two or more cats and a favorite dog; for the lonely scholar was fond of pets, as he was of children. He had near by bits of bread or broken meat or a saucer of milk, to feed his favorites in the intervals of his work.

As we went together through the various treasures of the collection, to enable me to make the needful notes for my report to Congress, he had frequent anecdotes to tell, — how he had picked up many a rare volume or tract on neglected and dust-laden shelves or from street bookstalls, how he had competed at auction for a coveted volume and borne it away in triumph, how he had by mere accident completed an imperfect copy of Stith's History of Virginia by finding in a heap of printed rubbish a missing signature, and how precious old pamphlets and early newspapers had been fished by him out of chests and barrels in the garrets of Virginia or Maryland.

In the rear of his workroom was a

little garden, — now all built over by the brick edifice erected for the Washington Post, — in which he had planted trees, then grown to stately size, interspersed with grass and rose-bushes and box and tangled shrubbery. This green retreat, or thicket, he called his "wilderness" (and it had actually the wildness of nature, though begirt with busy streets), and here he walked when resting from his sedentary work.

His domestic life was singularly fortunate. He brought up and educated a family of seven well-gifted children, some of whom inherited the paternal zeal for historical investigation, and produced writings of recognized value.

The one supreme object which overshadowed all other objects with Peter Force was to amass the materials out of which a complete documentary history of the United States could be compiled. His work as an historiographer is known to comparatively few, since the great bulk and cost of the published volumes of his American Archives confine them chiefly to the large libraries of the country. The plan of the work comprised, in the language of its prospectus, "a collection of authentic records, state papers, debates, and letters, and other notices of public affairs; the whole forming a documentary history of the origin and progress of the North American colonies, of the causes and accomplishment of the American Revolution, and of the Constitution and government of the United States to the final ratification thereof."

His contract with the Department of State (executed in pursuance of an act of Congress) was to embrace about twenty folio volumes. He entered upon the work with such zeal that the fourth series, in six volumes, was completed and published in the seven years from 1837 to 1844. Three more volumes, forming the commencement of the fifth series, and bringing the history down to the close of 1776, were also printed, when Secretary of State Marcy arbitrarily

stopped the work by withholding his approval of the contents of the volumes submitted to him for the continuation. This was in the year 1853; and this sudden and unlooked-for interruption of his cherished plans, and demolition of the fair and perfect historical edifice which was to be his lifelong labor and his monument, was a blow from which he never fully recovered. It was not alone that he had entered upon a scale of expenditure for materials commensurate with the projected extent of the work; that he had procured, at great cost, thousands of pages of manuscript, copied from the original archives of the various colonies and those of the State Department; that he had amassed an enormous library of books and newspapers, which encroached so heavily upon his means that he was compelled to mortgage his property to meet his bills; but it was the rude interruption of an important national work by those incompetent to judge of its true merits; it was the vexatious and unjust rescinding, by an officer of the government, of a contract to which Mr. Force had reason to believe that the faith of the government was pledged.

He was already past sixty years of age when this event happened. He never renewed his labor upon the Archives: the masses of manuscript remained untouched in the very spot where his work on them had been broken off; and he could never allude to the subject without some pardonable bitterness of feeling. Friends urged him to appeal to Congress, to try to prevail with new secretaries of state to renew the work, to sue for damages, to petition for relief. Not one of these things would he do. He had a sensitive pride of character joined to a true stoic loftiness of mind. He could suffer, but he could not beg. He never approached a member of Congress upon the subject, nor asked a favor where he might justly have claimed a right. He bore his heavy burdens

manfully, cheered by no hope of recompense, struggling with debt, yet still laboring, day by day, amidst his books, and hospitably receiving and answering all persons who called upon him for information and historical aid. For this uncompensated service, which became a constantly increasing tax upon his time, he got only thanks. He never made any overtures to sell his library to the government, nor did he, until two or three years before his death, entertain any idea of parting with it in his lifetime.

Many proposals had been made to him to buy his collection, either as a whole or by portions. Finally, in 1866, the matter was taken up in earnest by the Librarian of Congress, who shared in the strongest manner the conviction of those who knew its value, that it would be a national misfortune and disgrace if this great historical library should be dispersed; and Mr. Force consented to part with the entire collection for the price that had been put upon it by persons who sought to buy it for New York, namely, one hundred thousand dollars. The press of the country warmly seconded the effort, and the appropriation went through Congress without a word of objection in either House, — a rare example of wise and liberal legislation effected on its own merits. Rutherford B. Hayes, at that time chairman of the library committee on the part of the

House, took a zealous interest, as did the entire committee, in the object of securing this invaluable and unique collection. Many of its volumes are enriched with the notes of Mr. Force, correcting errors of date, citing pages of Panzer or other catalogues of incunabula, or referring to books or newspapers in which other sources of information are to be found.

The transfer of the library to the Capitol took place in the spring of 1867. It was watched with careful interest by its venerable owner, who was left to his desolated shelves, and often lamented that he never again felt at home without his old companions around him. He was made free of the Library of Congress, and invited to take a desk there and continue his studies; but though he often came, he could not bring himself to sit down and work there.

He died January 23, 1868. His children erected a marble monument over his grave, on which is carved, above the name of Force, as a beautiful and appropriate device, a shelf of books bearing nine volumes inscribed "American Archives," with a civic crown of laurel. But his library, and his historical works, though unfinished, are his fitting monument, and these will preserve his name to the future ages of the great republic as that of a pure and unselfish patriot and student.

Ainsworth R. Spofford.

GREAT EXPLORERS OF THE SOUTHERN HEAVENS.

THE origin of the constellations is obscure. Some of them have been recognized from time immemorial, but they were first definitely fixed by Ptolemy about 140 A. D. As outlined by him they were used by the decadent Greeks and Romans, and with the fall of Alexandria before the victorious arms of

Omar they passed into the knowledge of the Arabians. This singular people, still in the state of natural youth, were barely able to understand and preserve the treasure of astronomical science that had fallen into their hands, but could not materially enlarge it. Thus, the constellations of Ptolemy, who was probably a

priest in the temple of Canopus, near Alexandria, passed unchanged to the Europeans after the crusades, and were maintained in the subsequent revival of letters and science.

Europe, however, is further north than Egypt, and hence fewer of the southern constellations are visible to the northern nations than were seen by Ptolemy at Alexandria. Yet, as the latitude of Ptolemy's station was about thirty-one degrees, there was a circle of stars round the south pole of this radius which never rose above his horizon, and hence for this hidden region no constellations were formed by the ancients. Nevertheless, the constellations extended well south, and included parts of the brilliant regions of the great ship Argo, the Centaur, the Cross, the Wolf, the Scorpion, the Altar, the Phoenix, and the river Eridanus. The present constellations, however, are not identical with those of Ptolemy; they have been considerably modified and rearranged by several modern astronomers.

When the early navigators, after the heroic expeditions of Columbus, began to pass beyond the equator, they realized for the first time that the richest and finest portion of the celestial sphere is invisible in Europe, and had either never been seen by the ancients, or seen only very near the southern horizon, where the density of the air obscured the real wonders of the heavens.

Magellan and his sailors recognized for the first time the great group of bright stars in the Galaxy near Centaurus and in Argo, and the dark holes in the Milky Way known as the Coal Sacks; nor could they fail to be impressed with those luminous starry patches separated from the Milky Way, and known as the two Magellanic Clouds, the most extraordinary objects in the face of the sky. The reports of these celestial wonders excited the interest of mankind, and in due course of events men of science were found eager to explore the new regions,

and to extend the constellations over the expanse near the south pole.

Before giving an account of the division of the heavens into constellations — a process of apportionment somewhat analogous to the formation of states from the national domain, although it was accomplished, I believe, with less violence than has sometimes marked the creation of new states — let me say a few words about the precession of the equinoxes, and the effect of this motion of the poles among the stars, as respects the constellations visible in a given latitude.

The plane of the equator is inclined to the ecliptic by an angle of twenty-three and one half degrees, and as the earth's figure is oblate, owing to the rotatory motion it had when in a molten condition, the attraction of the sun and moon on the protuberant ring of matter about the equator tends to bring that plane into coincidence with the ecliptic; this slight turning caused by the sun and moon, combined with the rapid rotation of the earth about its axis, produces a shifting of the intersection of the two planes; and this westward motion of the equinox (as the intersection is called) along the ecliptic is known as the precession of the equinoxes. The effect of the precession is to make a great change in the apparent places of the fixed stars. For the pole is slowly revolved through a circle round the pole of the ecliptic about forty-seven degrees in diameter; and this change in the place of the pole shifts the apparent place of all the stars in the heavens. As the pole revolves on its long journey of twenty-five thousand eight hundred years, it passes successively by various stars; and the declinations of many of the stars may be changed by forty-seven degrees. Thus, a star which at the present epoch is twenty-three and a half degrees south of the equator may in twelve thousand nine hundred years be found the same distance north of the equator of that epoch. This great change in the decli-

nations of the heavenly bodies is accompanied by a shifting of the orientation of the constellations with respect to the temporary position of the pole, though the situations of the constellations with respect to one another do not change from this cause. If Hipparchus or Job were now to rise from the dead and look upon the heavens, he would see the constellations related to one another as of old, but he would find that the pole had shifted its position among the stars; and if an immortal could witness the grand phenomenon which the precession produces, in about twelve thousand nine hundred years he would find the heavens so altered that the former aspect could be recognized only by an understanding of the changes which had intervened. As Humboldt justly remarks, the beautiful and celebrated constellation of the Southern Cross, never seen by the present inhabitants of Europe, and visible in the United States only on the southern coast, formerly shone on the shores of the Baltic, and may again be seen in that latitude in about eighteen thousand years. The Cross will then be visible on the shores of Hudson's Bay, but at present it is going rapidly southward, and in a few thousand years will be invisible even at the extreme point of Florida. In like manner, the brilliant star Canopus in the constellation Argo, situated some thirty-seven degrees south of Sirius, can now be seen in the southern portion of the United States; in about twelve thousand years it will cease to rise even in Central America. The changes thus resulting from the precession are among the grandest phenomena of which the mind can conceive, but they come about so slowly that they are hardly perceptible to an unscientific observer in an ordinary lifetime. Yet Hipparchus, who discovered the precession by comparing observations made one hundred and fifty years before Christ with others made a century before, mentions the fact traditionally reported by the inhabitants

of Rhodes, that certain stars formerly to be seen there on the southern horizon had disappeared. From the same cause, if Ptolemy were to look again upon the heavens at Alexandria, he would be unable to find Alpha and Beta Centauri, which he easily saw and catalogued in the time of Hadrian; at present these magnificent stars are just visible at the pyramids near Cairo, and in a few thousand years they will be seen by dwellers on the Nile only in Upper Egypt.

While Hipparchus discovered the fact of the precession of the equinoxes, the cause of this grand phenomenon was unexplained for over eighteen centuries, till Newton showed that it arose from the attraction of the sun and moon upon the protuberant matter about the earth's equator.

After the general aspects of the southern skies were made known by the early navigators, the first to make a more scientific exploration of that region were the French Jesuit Fathers, men like Richaud and Feuillée, who were actuated by a religious zeal which overcame all difficulties and endured the hardships incident to adventures among the barbarians of the new hemisphere. But though the French Jesuits made known a number of striking individual objects, as for example the double star Alpha Centauri, they were not able to make good telescopic exploration of the heavens, or even a good catalogue of the stars visible to the naked eye. When instruments of precision had been much improved by Graham, and chronometers had been brought to a high state of perfection by Harrison, it was possible to make an accurate catalogue of the principal fixed stars. Accordingly, in 1676 the celebrated Dr. Edmund Halley, then a youth of twenty years, landed at St. Helena for the purpose of cataloguing the conspicuous stars of the southern hemisphere. The station chosen for the observations was sufficiently far south, and had the great advantage at that time of being ac-

cessible to merchant vessels trading with India; but it proved to be in a cloudy region, and was otherwise unsuitable for the prosecution of astronomical research; yet Halley's perseverance enabled him to fix with reasonable accuracy the places of 360 stars, and the labor was so important from every point of view that it gave him the title of the Southern Tycho. His expedition is also forever memorable for the observation of the retardation of the pendulum on approaching the equator, — a phenomenon proving that gravity is greater near the poles, and of the highest consequence for the establishment of the theory of universal gravitation, in which he was afterward to play so great a part as the friend and benefactor of Newton. Yet valuable as was Halley's work on the southern stars, and fruitful as were his numerous and profound astronomical researches, he had the misfortune to place among his new southern constellations one in memory of the Royal Oak; and as this personal allusion to his patron and friend, King James II., was not acceptable to astronomers of other nationalities, this apportionment of the sky was frustrated by his successors.

Some earlier astronomers of Holland and Spain had vaguely outlined certain southern constellations, and Bayer himself had given some stars in these regions when he published his maps of the northern heavens, and introduced the Greek letters for designating the stars in a given constellation according to brightness. For example, the Cross, whose stars had been observed by Ptolemy at Alexandria, and mentioned in 1515 by Andrea Corsali, and in 1520 by Pigafetta, who had accompanied Magellan and Del Cano in their circumnavigation of the globe, was depicted by Bayer. In like manner, Monoceros was given by Bartsch in a planisphere published in 1624, four years after the landing of the Mayflower, while the Dove of Noah had been introduced some years earlier by

the Dutch geographer Petrus Plancius. These, with the Sextant and the Shield of Sobieski, introduced by Hevelius, were the only constellations, beside those given by Ptolemy, which were generally adopted by astronomers at the time of Lacaille's memorable expedition to the Cape of Good Hope in 1750.

Lacaille has been justly called the true Columbus of the southern skies. Born near Rheims in 1713, and left destitute at an early age, he was educated at the expense of the Duke of Bourbon. Having acquired proficiency in theology, like Laplace he abandoned that profession for the study of science, and by the favor of Cassini became one of the surveyors of the coast from Nantes to Bayonne, and in 1739 took part in the remeasurement of the French arc of the meridian. The perfection with which this work was done secured him admission to the Academy of Sciences, and a professorship at the Collège Mazarin, where he worked energetically in a small observatory fitted up for determining the places of the fixed stars. While occupied with this work he became impressed with the need of good observations of the stars of the southern hemisphere. Accordingly, he proposed an expedition to the Cape of Good Hope, which was officially sanctioned, and carried out with marvelous rapidity and success. Landing in April, 1751, at the Cape, which was then a mere signal station for Indian vessels, he secured a location in the wild country near the great Table Mountain, and in fourteen months had observed the positions of nearly ten thousand stars with a degree of precision never before attempted in that region of the heavens. The great catalogue which he formed from these observations was published in 1763, and reprinted in 1847 by the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and until within the last twenty years was the chief source of our knowledge of the southern hemisphere.

As we have seen, there were few constellations well defined at that time, and Lacaille had the pleasant but perplexing problem of apportioning the heavens for the guidance of future ages; and well did he perform this delicate and difficult task. A French savant of high order, in full sympathy with the scholarly ideals then dominating the French capital, he considered that nothing could be more appropriately commemorated in the skies than the principal implements of the sciences and the fine arts. Accordingly, after revising as best he could the boundaries and details of the constellations used by Ptolemy sixteen centuries before, and those added more recently by modern authors, he assigned to the remaining stellar regions the names of familiar objects, as, for instance, the Altar, the Clock, the Fly, the Crane, the Net, the Cross, the Rule.

A map of the southern heavens presents a fine, picturesque representation of the interests, beliefs, and achievements of mankind. The mixture of animals and birds, real and imaginary, with implements of the fine arts and physical apparatus has but little scientific foundation; yet it has prevailed in the northern skies from the earliest times, and it was felt that approximate homogeneity in the constellations spread over the celestial sphere was a desideratum, and that a sudden break for a new system in the regions unknown to the ancients would be incongruous, if not inelegant. Moreover, as the old names of the northern constellations were scattered throughout all literature, and rendered sacred by history and poetic association, there was no possibility of re-forming, except in minor details, the spaces assigned to various objects in the northern hemisphere. Under these circumstances, the picturesque system, representing mythology, history, tradition, and the arts and sciences, was extended and completed, so that the constellations are more or less homogeneous from pole to pole. In the

case of the great ship *Argo*, which includes the most brilliant large region on the face of the celestial sphere, it was found that the constellation was too large for the convenience of astronomers; and hence Lacaille introduced the subdivisions of the Mast, the Sails, the Poop, and the Keel. With the exception of the Mast this apportionment has been retained, and each of the new constellations is in reality large and brilliant, and full of objects of high interest.

After Lacaille had returned to France the fame of his illustrious services to science rendered him an object of public attention, which caused a true philosopher of his modesty some uneasiness and embarrassment, and with a reticence so characteristic of high genius, and yet so seldom observed in the bearing of the noisy and the pushing, he retired to the seclusion of the Collège Mazarin, and continued his unremitting labors. Unfortunately his powers were overtaxed, and in 1762 his career came to a premature close, at the early age of forty-nine years. It was said of him by Lalande that in a short life he had made more observations and calculations than all other astronomers of his time put together, and this eulogy is amply justified by the judgment of posterity.

If the honor for having made the first great catalogue of the southern stars must go to France, we must concede to England the credit for a continuation of this glorious work. The provinces of the British Empire lying in the southern hemisphere offered ample opportunity for studying that region of the heavens, and in 1822 Sir Thomas Brisbane, a wealthy and illustrious nobleman who lived in Paramatta, New South Wales, founded an observatory for determining the places of the southern stars. Several professional observers were employed, and their activity was very great for a number of years; from 1822 to 1826 were accumulated the observations which served as the basis of the famous

Brisbane catalogue, reduced by Richardson, and published in London in 1835. This grand work contained the places of 7385 stars; and although it did not see the light for nearly ten years after the observations were concluded, it had in the meantime left its impress on the astronomy of future ages. For at the time of Sir John Herschel's expedition to the Cape of Good Hope Lacaille's results were not reduced in a manner adapted to his needs, and hence there was no large published work which could serve as a convenient catalogue of the stars of that region; he had accordingly applied to Brisbane for a working list of the places of the principal fixed stars in the constellations around the south pole. The star places given by Herschel in the *Results of Astronomical Observations at the Cape of Good Hope* depend, therefore, directly on the work done at Paramatta, and the discoveries made in Africa are thus associated with the labors previously executed in Australia.

Before the appearance of the Brisbane catalogue, another Englishman, Manuel J. Johnson, had made a series of accurate and reliable observations near the station originally chosen by the youthful Dr. Edmund Halley, in St. Helena; he supplied a most useful catalogue, with good places of 606 of the principal stars of the austral heavens.

Nor did the commercial spirit, which has always been a conspicuous trait of the English character, fail to contribute its share to the progress of science; for in 1830 the Honorable East India Company established an observatory at Madras, and the astronomer Mr. T. G. Taylor, during the next thirteen years, determined the places of about eleven thousand stars. From this long series of observations he prepared the fine general catalogue of the principal fixed stars published at Madras in 1844. While this work, like that of Brisbane, was of a less epoch-making character than that

of Lacaille, it was nevertheless of very high value, and in the period before the great survey begun by Gould at Cordoba in 1870 occupied a distinguished place.

Deeper popular interest in the southern heavens had already been awakened by Humboldt's description of the steadiness and lustre of the stars in the American tropics, and the extraordinary impressiveness of the part of the heavens invisible in Europe. This, among other things, led to the expedition of Sir John Herschel to the Cape of Good Hope in 1834. The expedition of Herschel in turn exercised a determining influence on the founding of the National Observatory of the Argentine Republic, through the efforts of the great American astronomer Benjamin Apthorp Gould, whose work in the southern hemisphere has brought our knowledge of that region to almost as perfect a state as that of the northern heavens, and thus marked a great epoch in modern astronomy.

The results of the explorations of Herschel and Gould may be properly described as the first census of the southern stars; for Herschel first discerned with characteristic penetration, and made known in a clear and lucid style, the class of objects abounding in the regions about the south pole; and Gould, forty years later, determined their places and other peculiarities with a degree of precision never before attempted.

Sir John Herschel was the only son of the illustrious Sir William Herschel, whose fame toward the close of the eighteenth and in the early years of the nineteenth century filled the earth as had that of no other man since the days of Galileo. Thus born in the purple, and possessed of the highest intellectual endowments and the most noble qualities of mind, he was singularly fitted by nature and by his station in life to continue worthily the traditions developed by the many years of hardship and by the ceaseless exertion of the poor music teacher who was to shine in all future

time as the discoverer of Uranus, and the true Copernicus of the starry heavens. Herschel, with a modesty not unlike that of Newton, always claimed that in his early years he had no strongly fixed predilections, but turned with equal facility to all subjects, to tire of each without being able to accomplish much. It is certain that he had a decided taste for physics, in particular for light, and for astronomy and mathematics, and he early made the celebrated compact with Babbage to "leave the world wiser than they had found it." In 1816 he began some preliminary work on double stars in connection with Sir James South, and during the next fifteen years these two observers were the principal contributors to this branch of science. In 1825, after formally pledging himself to astronomy, he undertook a review of all of his father's discoveries in the northern heavens; and finally presented the results of this extensive survey to the Royal Society in a series of papers of much value. The noteworthy reception of this work, and the interest now attaching to the part of the heavens unseen by his father, induced him to transport his twenty-foot reflector, five-inch refractor, and other instruments used at Slough, to the Cape of Good Hope, for the purpose of completing the review of the whole face of the sidereal heavens on a uniform plan.

The first objects examined by Herschel were the brilliant double star Alpha Crucis and the great nebula about the variable star Eta Carinæ. The regular sweeps were begun on March 5, 1834, and continued with zeal and regularity till the whole region round the pole was swept over and reviewed. On January 22, 1838, the last work was done, and the expedition set sail for England.

Of the 1708 nebulae noted by Herschel at least 300 were new; yet whether the nebulae be new or old, his observations are accompanied by condensed but accurate descriptions of each mass. The Greater

Magellanic Cloud, an object of wonder from the earliest times, was submitted to a searching examination, and found to be a vast system *sui generis*, situated in a desert region of the sky, and composed of innumerable masses of convoluted nebulae intermixed with masses and groups of stars. He reckoned in this luminous area 278 distinct nebulae and clusters, with numerous neighboring objects of a similar character; and, including the stars which are sprinkled so copiously over the region, he catalogued in all 919 bodies. In the case of the Lesser Magellanic Cloud he fixed the places of 244 objects, and executed a general sketch of the region, of high value to future observers. Though the study of southern double stars was made of secondary interest, he yet managed, in the four years of his activity at the Cape, to catalogue 2102 new systems. Many of these stars are of great interest, and several are already known to be in comparatively rapid orbital motion.

Herschel's survey may be said to have established the continuity of the scheme of stellar arrangement observed in the northern hemisphere, in addition to showing a striking richness of extraordinary objects in the regions around the south pole. For example, we have in the northern sky no clusters comparable to 47 Tucanæ, or Omega Centauri, "the noble globular cluster, beyond all comparison the richest and largest object of the kind in the heavens." "The stars are literally innumerable, and as their total light, when received by the naked eye, affects it hardly more than a star of the fifth magnitude, the minuteness of each may be imagined." This description of Omega Centauri by Herschel is amply justified by the photographs recently taken of it at the Harvard station in Peru and at the Cape, and by our own examination of it with the great Lowell telescope in Mexico.

Nor have we any objects so remarkable as the Magellanic Clouds or the Coal

Sacks,—phenomena in the most striking contrast with their surroundings. On the other hand, the bright stars are more numerous in the region of Argo, Centaurus, Lupus, Scorpion, and the Cross than in any other corresponding area of the heavens. It may also be borne in mind that the three brightest of all the fixed stars, Sirius, Canopus, and Alpha Centauri, are in the southern hemisphere. These individual objects of the greatest lustre combined with the large group of bright stars just mentioned give the southern heavens an impressiveness difficult of conception by those who are acquainted only with the part of the sky visible in northern latitudes.

About the year 1848, Captain Gilliss, who had virtually founded the United States Naval Observatory in 1846, prevailed on the government and Congress to organize the United States Naval Astronomical Expedition to the Southern Hemisphere, for securing parallax observations of Venus, and for cataloguing the fixed stars within thirty degrees of the south pole. The expedition was at last set in motion, and finally better equipped than its earliest friends had dared to anticipate. Provided with the most essential instruments, and such means for running expenses as would meet necessary outlays, but give few luxuries, they selected a site at Santiago, in Chile, and for four years the work was carried on with a degree of zeal not unworthy of the successors of Lacaille. When the observations were concluded, it was arranged to print them in a series of quarto volumes, which should include a detailed account of the geography and the climatic and economic condition of Chile; but owing to unfortunate political machinations only a part of the work ever saw the light. Astronomers had given up hope of getting the rest of the results in print, but the Gilliss catalogue, containing good places of 16,748 stars, has at last appeared, after a delay of more than forty years.

Great and important as were the labors of Herschel and Gilliss in exploring and cataloguing the stars of the southern skies, their work for the future of stellar astronomy is insignificant when set beside the incomparable survey executed by Dr. Gould at Cordoba, in the Argentine Republic, from 1870 to 1885.

Benjamin Apthorp Gould was born in Boston, September 27, 1824. Coming of an ancient and illustrious family, he enjoyed the best educational advantages to be found in the United States. Graduating at Harvard College in the class of 1844, he was for a year master of the Roxbury Latin School. A student and friend of Professor Benjamin Peirce, he early formed the project of consecrating his life to science,—a career at that time unique, and hardly considered legitimate,—and in July, 1845, set sail for England, to study astronomy at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. After passing a year with Airy, he proceeded to Paris, hoping that he might derive some benefit from the genius of Arago, who was then inspiring all France by his defense of pure science and by his apostolic eloquence in popularizing its results. After a short stay in France he started for Germany, to study under the illustrious Bessel, then the recognized leader of European astronomers; but, unfortunately, that great man, already weak from his indefatigable exertions and the ravages of a wasting disease, died the day Gould passed the border, and his only course then was to proceed to Berlin and seek the favor of Encke. The young man carried with him letters from John Quincy Adams, and these gave him the friendship of the American Minister, who in turn introduced him to Alexander von Humboldt. Encke would not listen to the idea of any one, least of all an American, studying at the new Royal Observatory, though Gould offered to clean the lamps or do anything that might give him the coveted privilege. Since no progress could

be made by the offer of services, Gould's only course was to apply to Humboldt; and that great man, with a generosity characteristic of high genius, immediately championed the cause of the young American. As Encke was dependent upon the favor of Humboldt for certain appropriations, it did not require much further persuasion to admit young Gould to the observatory. After concluding his labors at Berlin he proceeded to Göttingen, where he was admitted to Gauss's household, and signalized his residence there by the computation of a number of planetary and cometary orbits. Gauss was very much taken with the young American, and Gould was equally devoted to his master, and to the end of his life preserved a lock of the great mathematician's hair, secured while at Göttingen. A short stay at Gotha and at Pulkowa concluded his residence abroad, and he returned to his native land full of enthusiasm for the advancement of science.

One of the earliest matters to receive his attention was the founding, in 1849, of the *Astronomical Journal*, for the publication of purely scientific papers. This at once took rank with the foremost astronomical publications of the world. In assuming the directorship of the Dudley Observatory at Albany, Gould entered upon an important and promising piece of work, which was destined to be cut short a few years later by the jealous intrigues of certain trustees who brought about his enforced retirement. He then passed several years in the service of the Coast Survey and of the government during the war for the preservation of the Union.

About 1865 Dr. Gould became greatly impressed with the need of a thorough survey of the southern hemisphere for the purpose of determining the exact places of the fixed stars. His high scientific standing and the influence of a large circle of friends and admirers in Boston soon proved adequate to provide

the necessary means for a private astronomical expedition. The news of this venture reached the ear of the Argentine Minister at Washington, Señor Sarmiento, who not only welcomed the enterprise, but showed himself a zealous and active champion of the interests of science. Cordoba was selected as the observing station, chiefly from the knowledge of South America gained by the lamented Gilliss. Sarmiento transmitted Dr. Gould's application for certain privileges and assurances to the Argentine government, then under the presidency of Mitre, and these requests were at once conceded. These negotiations increased Sarmiento's interest in the plan; and when, soon afterward, he was himself elected President of the Republic, he obtained the assent of the Argentine Congress to the establishment of a permanent national observatory, and wrote asking Gould to change his plans accordingly. The government assumed the expense of the instruments and equipment already bespoken, and authorized the engagement of the requisite assistants. The task then devolved upon Dr. Gould of selecting men of ability, if not of special experience, in astronomical work, and of inspiring them with the degree of zeal and enthusiasm necessary for maintaining continued effort in so distant and unattractive a country, at the most laborious work; of purchasing instruments, and building and equipping the observatory; and of managing the whole undertaking in so acceptable a manner that change of political parties would not endanger an undertaking which had been founded or supported by the opposition. How well Dr. Gould carried out this enormous enterprise history is now a witness. Having reached his destination in 1870, previous to the arrival of any instruments, and while the observatory was still building, he set about the determination of the brightness of every naked-eye star within one hundred degrees of the south pole. This work

included the critical study of over seven thousand stars, and led to the detection of a large number of variable stars. When completed, it made the much-desired Uranometria of the southern hemisphere. Along with the investigation of the brightness of the southern stars, Dr. Gould reviewed and carried into execution an idea suggested by Sir John Herschel of re-forming and rectifying the boundaries of the constellations, and embodied all this splendid work in the classic *Uranometria Argentina*, which fixes the southern constellations for future ages, as the *Almagest* of Ptolemy essentially fixes those in the northern hemisphere.

Dr. Gould's great work with the meridian circle consisted in observing the right ascensions and declinations of the stars in zones of a certain width. When the places were thus fixed by innumerable pointings of the telescope, notings of times of transits, and readings of the circles, and the resulting positions were reduced to a common epoch by infinite labor and calculation, he obtained the huge mass of material for the great *Argentine Star Catalogues*, which contain more than one hundred thousand stars. The immensity of the labor will be somewhat more intelligible to the lay reader if I say that when printed in fine type, with no waste space, these observations fill sixteen large quarto volumes of over five hundred pages each; and Dr. Gould's part in it can be appreciated when we recall that he not only organized and managed the observatory, but made the greater part of the observations and supervised all the calculations and printing.

Such a record is absolutely unique in astronomical history, and is in no way even approached by the labors of the greatest astronomers of past ages. We may even assert that the Cordoba observatory alone, from 1870 to 1885, by the wise direction and energy of one man, made more observations than all

the observatories in the northern hemisphere put together. Though the determination of the places of the fixed stars in the northern hemisphere has engaged the attention of many observatories during the whole of this century, and our knowledge of the places of the northern stars would therefore presumably be nearly perfect, it is a fact that Gould's work practically equalized our knowledge of the two celestial hemispheres. Such an achievement is a veritable monument to the American nation, and has added new lustre to the American name. Had the American people never contributed anything beyond the labors of Gould to the world's knowledge of astronomy, this magnificent contribution alone would entitle the nation to an honorable place in the eyes of posterity. And yet how little is the work of Gould known to even the best circle of American readers! So great was his devotion to the cause of pure science, and so oblivious was he of contemporary fame, that none but professional men of science are able to appreciate his incomparable services to the sublimest of the sciences. It is certain that he has gained a place among the greatest astronomers of all ages and countries, and that the estimate now placed on his work will only increase with the flight of centuries. If England is justly proud of her Newton and Herschel, France of her Lagrange and Laplace, Germany of her Copernicus and Kepler, Italy of her Leonardo and Galileo, well may America honor her Peirce and Gould! The following stanzas by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, read at the complimentary dinner given to Dr. Gould on his return from Cordoba in 1885, will appropriately conclude this estimate of his character and illustrious services:—

"Thine was unstinted zeal, unchilled devotion,
While the blue realm had kingdoms to explore,—
Patience, like his who ploughed the unfurrowed ocean,
Till o'er its margin loomed San Salvador.

"Through the long nights I see thee ever waking,
Thy footstool earth, thy roof the hemisphere,
While with thy griefs our weaker hearts are aching,
Firm as thine equatorial's rock-based pier.

"The souls that voyaged the azure depths before thee
Watch with thy tireless vigils, all unseen, —
Tycho and Kepler bend benignant o'er thee,
And with his toylike tube the Florentine, —

"He at whose word the orb that bore him shivered
To find her central sovereignty disowned,

While the wan lips of priest and pontiff quivered,
Their jargon stilled, their Baal disenthroned.

"Flamsteed and Newton look with brows unclouded,
Their strife forgotten with its faded scars, —
(Titans, who found the world of space too crowded
To walk in peace among its myriad stars.)

"All cluster round thee, — seers of earliest ages,
Persians, Ionians, Mizraim's learned kings,
From the dim days of Shinar's hoary sages
To his who weighed the planet's fluid rings."
T. J. J. See.

WESTERN REAL ESTATE BOOMS, AND AFTER.

THE West is now so vast in population and wealth, as well as in extent, that whatever economic condition affects it profoundly must be of immense consequence to the whole country. Here is the chief market for the consumption of manufactured articles, here is produced in great measure the food for the nation, and here are invested a large part of the people's savings.

Most men now feel confident that after seven or eight years of industrial depression, which deepened in 1893 into financial storm and darkness, a season of prosperity is beginning. While I shall not undertake to present an explanation of every phenomenon of this long period of gloom, nor to enumerate all its causes, I shall briefly review antecedent conditions in the West, in an effort to arrive at some clear conclusions at least regarding large economic and financial influences.

During the years from 1880 to 1887 or 1890, the date of the climax varying in different sections, there developed in Minnesota, the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, Texas, in all the states and territories further west, and in some parts of Iowa, Wisconsin, and Missouri, a fever

of speculation in real estate which affected the whole population, destroyed all true sense of value, created an enormous volume of fictitious wealth, infected with its poison all the veins and arteries of business, and swelled the cities to abnormal proportions. The East invested vast sums in Western property and securities; every hamlet contained people whose savings were thus hazarded; every Western concern had its clients, sometimes by the thousands, scattered throughout the cities, towns, and rural districts of the East. The rapid development of the resources of the West lent plausibility to every reckless prophecy of higher prices; the continued inundation of Eastern money seeking chances of speculation falsified the predictions of the foreboding. When the culmination was reached there was no explosion, — the region affected was too widely extended for that; as the "boom" collapsed by degrees in Kansas City or Omaha, the professional gamblers in city lots quietly slipped away to Galveston or to Los Angeles, and there organized another riot of high values. As the price of property became stationary, and then began to fall, at first very slowly, then more rapidly,

the truth gradually dawned on the people, who were reluctant to believe it, that all their wealth had an appearance of unreality; and this conviction deepened as the volume of debt contracted in "flush" times pressed with deadly weight upon every community, flattening industries, breaking banks, and ruining individuals by thousands.

The ties connecting the two sections were too numerous and intimate for the distress so universal in the West not to be felt soon in the East. Distrust of all Western enterprises eventually permeated the East, and reacted injuriously upon those Western institutions which least deserved criticism. Then the great load of debt, apparently insupportable, suggested in some sections of the West the idea of repudiation, or at least of repayment in whatever form of money was cheapest; and the East became panic-stricken through fear that the integrity of the nation's money might be successfully assailed. So the disturbance, which was at first local, spread and deepened until it involved the finances of the whole country. It was checked when the election of 1896 showed that the people were honest at heart, and meant to bear their burdens with unflinching courage; but no marked relief could reasonably be expected until, by settlement, liquidation, limitation, or payment, the incubus of debt which lay upon the West should be lifted or adjusted.

All this seems so clear in the retrospect that it is difficult to see why it was not better apprehended in the first years of this decade. Yet many well-informed men, just before the panic of 1893, believed that we were entering on a period of great prosperity. Those who, at the end of 1892 and the beginning of 1893, believed that a crisis was at hand, did not at all agree as to the cause that would produce it. Some were confident that the advent of a Democratic administration, with its threat of a change in the tariff laws, would upset the business

of the country, throw labor out of employment, increase the volume of imports, send a flood of gold out of the country, reduce the gold in the treasury below the danger-line, and bring on a panic. Others contended that the continued purchase of vast quantities of silver by the government, in the futile effort artificially to sustain its price, issuing in payment treasury notes which could be used to draw gold from the treasury, was fast destroying the confidence of the financial public in the ability of the government to maintain the parity of gold and silver. This opinion was expressed by President Cleveland, when, at the height of the disturbance in 1893, he convened Congress in extra session for the purpose of repealing the silver purchase clause of the so-called Sherman act. "Our unfortunate financial plight," he said, "is not the result of untoward events nor of conditions related to our natural resources, nor is it traceable to any of the afflictions which frequently check national growth and prosperity. . . . I believe these things are principally chargeable to congressional legislation touching the purchase and coinage of silver by the general government."

"Our interests are not moribund," said the *Financial Chronicle* of New York, on August 5, 1893; "they are not in a state of insolvency or approaching insolvency. Nothing of that kind explains the idle spindles, the noiseless machinery, the stilled workshops, — animation is suspended, that is all; awaiting what? Is it liquidation or anything of that character? By no means — just waiting, ready to start up at any moment on the repeal by Congress of a little piece of injudicious legislation."

After some delay the little piece of legislation was repealed, but the wheels did not start up; the machinery remained almost as noiseless as before, during three years of anxious waiting, while values of both real and personal property con-

tinued to shrink ; banks, business houses, and individuals by thousands gradually sank into insolvency, and the pressure of hard times was felt in every corner of the land. And now, when the crisis is past, observers are not wanting who, while they give due heed to the influences of tariff changes, to the government's purchase of silver, and to the disturbing influences of both, believe that the people had grievously and persistently sinned in other ways against the laws of economic health.

The great financial and manufacturing companies of the East study the markets, concern themselves actively in legislation, foresee political changes, and watch anxiously the financial barometer ; they are nervously sensitive to every fluctuation, and constantly apprehensive of storms. To them, a panic is a short, sharp convulsion that manifests itself in business failures, bank suspensions, and shrinkage in stocks and bonds. To the people of the West, on the other hand, the panic of 1893 was merely an episode in a long and complicated series of events beginning eight years or more before. It meant not merely bank failures, the shutting down of mills and factories, the passing of dividends ; it meant primarily an enormous and universal depreciation in the value of real estate, and the vanishing of fortunes based on real estate values ; while the suspension of banks, the collapse of mortgage loan companies, the failure of "bonused" corporate enterprises, were secondary results. Such disasters as these strike first the inhabitants of the West, who have borrowed money to develop their vast resources, and afterward the people of the East, who have loaned their money and cannot recover it. The gravest cause of the long depression, therefore, had its origin in the West. Here was bred the unwholesome condition which made it possible that the apprehension of a seven per cent reduction of the tariff and an unwise policy regarding silver should

conjure up in the minds of the financial public a vision of impending ruin. The country was ripe for panic.

In any new country, when population is spreading rapidly over fresh territories, speculation in land is sure to become extravagant. The most striking feature of the panic of 1837 was the mania for the purchase of wild lands in the West. At no other time in our history, probably, has speculation gone so far beyond the bounds of reason : people seemed to believe that the advance in prices would never cease. The wildest speculation of all was in real estate. Paper cities sprang up in the wilderness, and lands in the inaccessible West were bought and sold at high prices decades in advance of any possible needs of the people. Everybody had speculated, and all who had bought lands or town lots had suddenly become rich. The country was at the zenith of apparent prosperity when the crash came. Then this imaginary wealth vanished more quickly than it grew. The distress of the people was as real as their fortunes had been unsubstantial. Naturally, they did not believe that the calamity was in any degree the result of their own folly. The banks, the manufacturers, the party out of power, and most of the great orators denounced Jackson as having deliberately caused the ruin of the country. The city of New York turned out in an immense mass meeting, and with one voice vehemently charged the whole trouble to Jackson's attack upon the National Bank and his specie circular. A committee of fifty was appointed, who waited upon the President and presented their petition, in which, after depicting with the greatest earnestness the magnitude of the calamity that had befallen the city and the country, they declared that these evils flowed, not from any excessive development of mercantile enterprise, but "from the unwise system which aimed to substitute a metallic for a paper currency." The President re-

fused to rescind the circular, but was finally compelled to call a special session of Congress. In his message he gave a vivid picture of the excessive speculations and enormous indebtedness in which all classes had become involved, and he attributed the present condition to "overaction in all the departments of business," — an opinion in which every student of the period must concur. This was what had brought the country to a state of unsoundness, in which any act of the government, wise or unwise, which called the people's attention sharply to their own condition, would bring the inevitable day of liquidation and produce crash.

There are few more curious parallels than that between the condition of things at the beginning of Van Buren's administration in 1837 and of Cleveland's in 1893. The chief difference was that in 1893 the banking system was sound, and the only feature of the national currency which had any element of unsoundness was the effort of the government to keep an immense and constantly increasing volume of silver at a parity with gold; while in 1837 the currency consisted almost wholly of bank paper in all degrees of depreciation, and constantly swelling in volume to meet the demands of an insatiable thirst for speculation. This difference is, of course, of the highest importance; and to it is due the fact that the panic of 1893 came some years after the crest of the wave of speculation, which reached its maximum in 1887 and the years immediately following. The reaction, instead of being instantaneous and explosive, came on by degrees. If prosperity has now come, it is because the reaction has fully spent its force.

How general and excessive throughout the West this speculation was during the ten years preceding the crisis of 1893 is shown by the following illustrations. The city of Milwaukee has been regarded as a comparatively conservative town, though full of enterprise and

animated by the true Western spirit. As compared with Duluth, Kansas City, Seattle, and Wichita, for example, it is regarded as quite sober. After a few years of active but moderate speculation, when the excitement had begun to subside in many cities, it broke out afresh in Milwaukee. The record of sales and mortgages for three successive years was as follows: —

	Sales.	Mortgages.
1889	\$10,203,335	\$8,254,225
1890	16,491,302	12,327,717
1891	19,790,751	19,921,431

The Chamber of Commerce regarded this state of things with much satisfaction. In its report for 1892 it says: —

"One of the best indications of the growth and prosperity of Milwaukee is furnished by the continued activity and enhanced value of real estate, not only within the limits of the city, but in all the territory surrounding it for miles beyond. The people who expected that the great 'boom' of 1890 would be followed by reaction made a greater mistake than those who supposed that values had reached the top for many years to come, in 1889. On the contrary, that was only the beginning of the upward movement. Desirable inside property has advanced steadily from year to year, with a better demand and greater confidence in values than has ever before been known in the history of Milwaukee, while outlying and suburban property has risen from fifty to one hundred per cent annually for the last three years."

It would be interesting to know how many of the holders of the twenty million dollars of mortgages given in Milwaukee in 1891 have received their money, and whether they still have an abiding faith that outlying lots can always go on advancing at the rate of fifty or one hundred per cent a year.

The cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul were no less abundantly blessed, although there the speculative movement reached its culmination as early as 1887, since

which time the holders of city lots have been suffering the pangs of gradual and irresistible depreciation. If Milwaukee was happy with twenty millions a year, the Minneapolis speculators with fifty-nine millions were jubilant. During the decade beginning with 1884 the yearly sales were : —

	No.	Amount.
1884	8,382	\$21,076,000
1885	8,560	24,788,000
1886	14,250	38,319,000
1887	16,700	58,915,000
1888	11,400	42,100,000
1889	10,087	33,039,000
1890	9,194	32,145,000
1891	7,397	28,733,000
1892	7,075	28,538,000
1893	6,272	22,544,000

As in Milwaukee, nearly all of the property thus purchased was heavily mortgaged, and the wealth of thousands of citizens consisted either in such mortgages or in the property so encumbered, — wealth which, in the succeeding years, gradually evaporated. As the population of Minneapolis in 1887 was about 160,000, there was one purchase for every ten of her inhabitants, including babies, during the year. After the lapse of ten years, the prices of 1887 seem like the golden visions of a vanished dream.

St. Paul closely paralleled this record. Her sales reached fourteen millions in 1885, twenty-seven millions in 1886, and fifty-eight millions in 1887; and this excess was followed by exhaustion so intense that scarcely a sign of recovery is yet visible. Another century will dawn before vacant real estate, not required for business, will have a definite value.

Omaha had the same experience. Her citizens speculated in city property with even greater recklessness. Between 1885 and 1888 sales increased more than seven hundred per cent : —

1885	\$4,426,143
1886	15,178,448
1887	31,148,425

In Seattle the assessed valuation rose by leaps from \$1,626,275 in 1880 to

\$26,431,455 in 1890, while the sales of real estate from 1887 to 1890 increased from three millions to twenty-three millions. It would be easy to trace the evidences of this passion for gambling throughout the western three quarters of the continent in all the cities and large towns from Lake Superior to Texas, from Galveston to San Diego, thence to Tacoma and Seattle, and back to Duluth; accompanied everywhere by boundless individual indebtedness incurred in buying land, and in some sections by city, county, and township debts created in aid of railroads, water-works, electric lights, and all sorts of public improvements. The mania for land was curiously illustrated by the rush of settlers and speculators upon the opening of new lands in Oklahoma. An immense multitude left homes in a dozen states, and flocked thither by rail, in wagons, on horseback, and on foot, camped out for weeks and months along the borders of the promised land, suffered all kinds of privations, and raced madly across the line when the gun was fired; only to find that there were ten competitors for every quarter section, and that the land, when they got it, was far inferior to that which they had left behind. The unsuccessful ones eked out a miserable existence as long as they could in the mushroom towns, and finally drifted forlornly away. Many Western towns deliberately intoxicated themselves in imitation of their neighbors. Prices were forced up by means of brass-band auctions and artificial excitement. Raw villages on the prairies indulged in rosy dreams of greatness, and gaslights twinkled where the coyotes should have been left undisturbed. Every city and town in the regions chiefly affected by the great "boom" contained families impoverished by the collapse. It had its root in the true spirit of gambling, and has borne its legitimate fruit.

In the train of the real estate craze came a great number of loan and invest-

ment companies. Many of them were conducted by honest men, who lent the money of Eastern clients in immense quantities, their estimate of value being, of course, affected by the prevailing exaggeration; many more institutions were organized to burst, and, after flourishing a few years in the hot atmosphere of speculation, fulfilled their destiny, and spread ruin among thousands of innocent victims. No large Western town has been exempt from these two classes of concerns, and their collapse justly aroused in the East a deep feeling of distrust and insecurity, and led to a condemnation of Western investments and Western business methods, in which good and bad were confounded. Honest Western business men even yet complain of this suspicion; but in a measure they have deserved it, because in the "flush" times, without investigation, they permitted their names to be used as directors and figureheads of companies organized on the worst principles and run by the most corrupt men, and thus allowed themselves to be used as decoys for the undoing of thousands.

Hard times cannot be regarded as evils, if they arrest evil tendencies. The only means by which a wayward community can be turned back into the right path is the severe lashing of its individuals when they go wrong. Many of the most valuable results of hard times are reaped whether or not the people understand their causes and correctly interpret their lessons. The shifting of population during the last fifteen years is a good illustration of this principle.

The years preceding the panic of 1893 saw a most remarkable migration toward the cities, — streams of people drawn thither by the extraordinary opportunities to make money in real estate, and by the fictitious prosperity which such easily acquired wealth diffused among all the inhabitants. During this period of enormous increase in the size of the large cities, the villages and rural

districts lost their population relatively so fast that thousands of townships were less populous in 1890 than in 1880. Industries as well as persons migrated. The village shops and factories disappeared. Land companies offered big bonuses in land and money to induce mills and shops to remove from small towns. The smaller towns were thus plundered of their institutions, and also of their skilled workers. Industries flourish best where they have grown up, and endure bodily transplanting hardly better than full-grown trees. Accordingly, every large Western town can show a long list of such "assisted emigrants," stranded high and dry like driftwood after a freshet, — great buildings silent and deserted, with hundreds of idle employees walking the streets. The wrecks among manufacturing concerns in the West have come, in a very large proportion, from among those which joined the general movement in the eighties and removed from smaller places. The railroads actively assisted the movement. In their eager competition for the business of the large towns, they deliberately sacrificed the interests of non-competing points. They practically levied upon the local towns the expense of incessant rate wars, so that no industry could survive in a place having but one railroad, and a removal to a city enjoying cheap rates was a necessity. The phenomenal growth of the large cities was thus due, in great part, to unjustifiable discriminations in their favor. But cities and towns must depend for existence upon the adjacent territories, and when their growth is out of proportion to that of the region tributary, depression follows hard upon the heels of prosperity. A state is not prosperous when only its large cities are thriving; its real welfare may be most substantial when the cities are stagnant from too rapid growth. Hunger drives the redundant population of the cities back to the country, and their labor finds once more a productive

field. Hence it is that, though the census of 1890 showed an unparalleled rush to the cities, and an absolute diminution of numbers in a majority of rural townships and small villages in many states, this movement was in a great measure arrested by the hard times culminating in the panic of 1893. Thus the nation automatically corrects its unequal development. The people once more turn to the upbuilding of their own industries; the stream of humanity that pours from a hundred rills into the great centres of population is stopped, — at least for a time, — the evils of overgrown cities are to a degree cured, and the just balance between city and country is reestablished.

The hard times have taught the people of the West a truth they had well-nigh forgotten, — that the slow accumulations of legitimate industry are a more solid foundation for wealth than the gains from gambling in any form. Men who have doubled their investment in a single year in a real estate venture find savings in ordinary business very tedious; their neighbors catch the contagion of their success; the old ways of making money are too slow; the community becomes accustomed to the display of sudden wealth; though everybody is in debt, no one thinks of payment; extravagance in personal expenditure and official salaries, prodigality in the use of public funds, become the rule; sound banking and mercantile principles are disregarded; stock jobbing corporations are hatched in swarms; there is a letting down of moral principle in all the affairs of business, a toleration of bad men in places of trust, a general envious admiration of success, however won. It was the consciousness that the foundations of credit were false and hollow which made it possible for the threat of tariff changes to send a thrill of fear through the community; it was the consciousness of insolvency through-

out wide reaches of Western territory which conjured up the spectre of free silver repudiation; it was the demoralization caused by unsound business methods which inspired the attack upon the creditor classes in Kansas and other Western states, and which in turn is still, in some districts, shutting the door in the face of returning prosperity. The people of the West are being led, through a long experience of suffering, back to a basis of happiness, surer, more enduring, because founded in truth and honesty. They are learning that fictitious wealth is no wealth at all, and that solid progress is not heralded with a brass band.

It hardly need be said that the people of the Western states are not different from, certainly not inferior to, those of other communities, in their appreciation of the virtue of honesty, whether personal or political; and their intelligence and patriotism are no more open to doubt. If they departed from the path that leads to true prosperity, it was in obedience to impulses which nearly always affect human nature in the same way. Keen enterprise and unbounded opportunity, if unchecked by the recollections of bitter experience and a conservatism born of established custom and tradition, will carry most men into excess, whether in England, America, Argentina, Australia, or South Africa. The consciousness, in new countries, that the present is the golden opportunity for men who are rich in nerve, but poor in purse, impels them to take all chances. When a community runs headlong into riotous speculation, it requires the chastigation of hard times to bring it back, and keep it thereafter within the lines wherein alone lies permanent safety. This experience the West has had in abundant measure; and with a spirit chastened, but not subdued by affliction, its people are now resuming the task of developing its mighty resources.

Henry J. Fletcher.

GILLESPIE.

(1806.)

RIDING at dawn, riding alone,
 Gillespie left the town behind;
 Before he turned by the westward road
 A horseman crossed him, staggering blind.

"The devil's abroad in false Vellore,—
 The devil that stabs by night," he said.
 "Women and children, rank and file,
 Dying and dead, dying and dead."

Without a word, without a groan,
 Sudden and swift Gillespie turned;
 The blood roared in his ears like fire,
 Like fire the road beneath him burned.

He thundered back to Arcot gate,
 He thundered up through Arcot town;
 Before he thought a second thought
 In the barrack yard he lighted down.

"Trumpeter, sound for the Light Dragoons!
 Sound to saddle and spur!" he said.
 "He that is ready may ride with me,
 And he that can may ride ahead."

Fierce and fain, fierce and fain,
 Behind him went the troopers grim;
 They rode as ride the Light Dragoons,
 But never a man could ride with him.

Their rowels ripped their horses' sides,
 Their hearts were red with a deeper goad,
 But ever alone before them all
 Gillespie rode, Gillespie rode.

Alone he came to false Vellore;
 The walls were lined, the gates were barred;
 Alone he walked where the bullets bit,
 And called above to the sergeant's guard.

"Sergeant, sergeant, over the gate,
 Where are your officers all?" he said.
 Heavily came the sergeant's voice,
 "There are two living and forty dead."

"A rope, a rope!" Gillespie cried.
They bound their belts to serve his need.
There was not a rebel behind the wall
But laid his barrel and drew his bead.

There was not a rebel among them all
But pulled his trigger and cursed his aim,
For lightly swung and rightly swung
Over the gate Gillespie came.

He dressed the line, he led the charge;
They swept the wall like a stream in spate,
And roaring over the roar they heard
The galloper guns that burst the gate.

Fierce and fain, fierce and fain,
The troopers rode the reeking flight:
The very stones remember still
The end of them that stab by night.

They've kept the tale a hundred years,
They'll keep the tale a hundred more:
Riding at dawn, riding alone,
Gillespie came to false Vellore.

Henry Newbolt.

SONG OF THE WANDERING DUST.

WE are of one kindred, wheresoe'er we be, —
Red upon the highroad or yellow on the plain,
White against the sea drift that girts the heavy sea;
Thou hast made us brothers, God of wind and rain!

Yellow all along the fields, hey ho, the morn!
All the throb of those old days lingers in my feet,
Pleasant moods of growing grass and young laugh of the corn,
And the life of the yellow dust is sweet!

When I bend my head low and listen at the ground,
I can hear vague voices that I used to know,
Stirring in dim places, faint and restless sound;
I remember how it was when the grass began to grow!

We are of one kindred, wheresoe'er we be, —
Red upon the highroad or yellow on the plain,
White against the glistening kelp that girts the heavy sea;
Thou hast made us brothers, God of wind and rain!

Song of the Wandering Dust.

Blown along the sea beach! Oh, but those were days!
How we loved the lightning, straight and keen and white!
Bosomed with the ribboned kelp! Hist! through all the ways
Of my brain I hear the sea, calling through the night.

How we used to jostle, braced together each to each,
When the sea came booming, stalwart, up the strand!
Ridged our shoulders, met the thunder, groaned and held the beach!
I thank the God that made me I am brother to the sand!

We are of one kindred, wheresoe'er we be, —
Red upon the highroad or yellow on the plain,
White against the sea drift that girts the heavy sea;
Thou hast made us brothers, God of wind and rain!

Red upon the highroad that travels up to town!
I have nigh forgotten how the old way goes.
Ay, but I was there once, trampled up and down!
Shod feet and bare feet, I was friend to those!

Old feet and young feet, — still within my breast
I can feel the steady march, tread, tread, tread!
In my heart they left their blood, — God give them rest!
In my bones I feel the dust raised from their dead!

We are of one kindred, wheresoe'er we be, —
Dumb along the highroad or fashioned in the brain;
Once my flesh was beaten from the white sand by the sea;
Thou hast made us brothers, God of wind and rain!

Red dust and yellow dust, whither shall we go?
Up the road and by the sea and through the hearts of men!
Red dust and yellow dust, when the great winds blow,
We shall meet and mingle, pass and meet again.

Red dust and yellow dust, I can feel them yet,
On my lips and through my soul, fine-grained in my mood.
Still the solemn kinship calls, the old loves will not forget,
And my heart answers back to its blood.

Old dust and strange dust, wheresoe'er we be, —
Red along the highroad or yellow on the plain,
White against the sea drift that girts the heavy sea,
Thou hast made us brothers, God of wind and rain!

Anna Hempstead Branch.

AFTER RAIN.

AFTER rain, after rain,
O sparkling Earth!
All things are new again,
Bathed as at birth.
Now the lovely storm hath ceased,
Drenched and released
Upward springs the glistening bough,
In sunshine now;
And the raindrop from the leaf
Runs and slips;
Ancient forests have relief;
Old foliage drips.
All the Earth doth seem
Like to Diana issuing from the stream,
Her body flushing from the wave,
Glistening in beauty grave;
Or like perhaps to Venus, when she rose,
And looked with dreamy stare across the sea,
As yet unconscious of her woes,
Her woes, and all her wounds that were to be.
Or now again!
After the rain,
Earth like that early garden shines,
Vested in vines.
Oh, green, green
Eden is seen!
After weeping skies
Rising Paradise!
God there for his pleasure,
In divinest leisure,
Walking in the sun,
Which hath newly run.
Soon I might perceive
The long-tressed Eve,
Startled by the shower,
Venture from her bower,
Looking for Adam under perilous sky;
While he hard by
Emerges from the slowly dropping blooms,
And odorous green glooms.

Stephen Phillips.

GOOD FRIDAY NIGHT.

At last the bird that sang so long
In twilight circles hushed his song;
Above the ancient square
The stars came here and there.

Good Friday night! Some hearts were bowed,
But some within the waiting crowd,
Because of too much youth,
Felt not that mystic ruth;

And of these hearts my heart was one:
Nor when beneath the arch of stone,
With dirge and candle-flame,
The cross of Passion came,

Did my glad being feel reproof;
Though on the awful tree aloof,
Unspiritual, dead,
Drooped the ensanguined Head.

To one who stood where myrtles made
A little space of deeper shade
(As I could half descry,
A stranger, even as I),

I said: "These youths who bear along
The symbols of their Saviour's wrong,—
The spear, the garment torn,
The flagel, and the thorn,—

"Why do they make this mummary?
Would not a brave man gladly die
For a much smaller thing
Than to be Christ and king?"

He answered nothing, and I turned:
Throned 'mid its hundred candles, burned
The jeweled eidolon
Of her who bore the Son.

The crowd was prostrate; still, I felt
No shame until the stranger knelt;
Then not to kneel, almost
Seemed like a vulgar boast.

I knelt : the idol's waxen stare
Grew soft and speaking ; slowly there
Dawned the dear mortal grace
Of my own mother's face.

When we were risen up, the street
Was vacant ; all the air hung sweet
With lemon flowers ; and soon
The sky would hold the moon.

More silently than new-found friends,
To whom much silence makes amends
For the much babble vain
While yet their lives were twain,

We walked toward the odorous hill.
The light was little yet ; his will
I could not see to trace
Upon his form or face.

So when aloft the gold moon broke,
I cried, heart-stung. As one who woke
He turned unto my cries
The anguish of his eyes.

"Friend ! Master !" I said falteringly,
"Thou seest the thing they make of thee !
But by the light divine
My mother shares with thine,

"I beg that I may lay my head
Upon thy shoulder, and be fed
With thoughts of brotherhood !"
So, through the odorous wood,

More silently than friends new-found
We walked. At the last orchard bound,
His figure ashen-stoled
Sank in the moon's broad gold.

William Vaughn Moody.

NO QUARTER.

THE room was square, with a window piercing each broad side except one; on that side, a door connected it with the rest of the ill-constructed house. That particular room gained by the non-existence of any architectural finger in its erection. It was big, unmodified, and delightful; no portions of it were cut off; it stood undefaced, a whole room, and was called the library. Books there were, certainly, a fireplace in the corner, some tables, very little bricabrac, but indications of occupation of a varied nature, — skates hanging on a nail, sewing in a basket, a half-written letter, a book on its face, a piano open, and a cigarette half smoked. It looked like an inhabited spot, and in so much was a pleasant room.

Elizabeth sat before the fire in a chair framed for a giant; it enabled her to draw her feet up beside her, a luxury to a long-limbed, loosely built person. She was flushed a little, — with sleep, perhaps, for her eyelids looked heavy, and a winter's afternoon before a fire ends in sleep sometimes. A note lay open on her lap. Raising it, she read it again. It had come an hour before from town; for the Winters lived in the suburbs.

DEAR MISS WINTER, — I am sorry that I cannot come to see you this afternoon, but I find I have so many things to do, before my train leaves to-night, that I shall not have a moment's breathing-space. Perhaps it is just as well; good-bys are not pleasant things, and discretion is the better part of valor. A year is a long time to wait, but do not forget me, and I will write from San Francisco.

Yours faithfully,

EDWARD GRAHAM.

It sounded sensible enough; but that is the kind of note that people get some-

times, which is opened eagerly, is read fast, and, like a chill through wine, slowly penetrates, and ends by freezing somewhere in the middle.

Miss Winter was considered cool, off-hand, easily interested, difficult of access, — a character more common in men than women, and yet she was not in the least like a man. She was good-looking, fair, finely made, of middle height, but slender, and so giving an impression of length. Her eyes were indifferently called gray, blue, or green, as the observer felt inclined, but at this moment the pupils were dilated, and a stranger might almost have thought them black.

It was not late; the room was full of pleasant sunlight still, and the fire was in an especially merry and dancing mood: it suggested to Miss Winter the advisability of burning her note, but she refused, — she might want to read it again; to her it seemed less simple than it may seem to you or me.

"A gentleman to see you, miss." Annie was a new servant, and gave her mistress the card which she had insisted on bringing.

Having grown red twice in Annie's presence that day, Elizabeth exercised some self-control, and looking at the card read the name, — Mr. Austin Bryant.

"Well, I suppose he can come in. Show him in here, Annie. If any one else comes, let me see the card; don't send any one away." For Annie had seemed somewhat disposed to exercise her own discretion.

The maid left the room, and Elizabeth settled back into her chair, manifesting no intention to prepare for the coming of her visitor.

He came in, and, putting his hat down, crossed the room directly to her. He had closed the door behind him.

"How d' you do?" Bryant stood near

the fire, looking down at her. "Won't you shake hands?"

"Too much trouble." She had the grace to smile after this speech.

"But if it gives me a good deal of innocent pleasure? I think you are selfish, rather, don't you?"

"Perhaps, but why should n't I be?" She put her hand under her chin and looked him over. His dark eyes roved.

"Well, there is no reason, if you want to be. How are you this afternoon? Been skating lately?" He drew off his gloves as he spoke.

"Yesterday." She sat up with some animation. "It was immense! Why don't you come some time, you great big impostor? What is the use of your six feet of length, and forty four or six or eight inches round the chest, whatever it is, if you don't do anything with them? Now don't say you used to play football, because that is worn threadbare. When I was a little girl I jumped rope, but I have n't been going on that ever since."

Bryant's handsome face, with its brick-red color and dark finishings, lowered. "I wonder why I like you so much?" he said slowly. "You are neither civil nor friendly at times."

"Am I not?" Elizabeth looked toward the fire. "Well, perhaps that is the very thing you like; you get a good deal of civility, in one way or another, — more than you should, in fact."

"No, it is n't that that I like. I may be peculiar, but I prefer to be treated with politeness. I stand it with you because — well, because I have something to gain."

She turned toward him. "What a characteristic speech!"

"In what way?"

"It gives the keynote of your life, — something to gain. Don't be angry, for after all you have the requisite quality, whatever it is, to fulfill your wishes; you get things pretty generally." She smiled at him in a friendly way that he

would have thought devilish if he had known her inward frame of mind.

"You think I get what I want?" Bryant smiled back at her. "You would back me to succeed in most things, then?" His clean-shaven lips were well cut, but restless; his deep-set eyes were keen, but not direct. One thinks of big, heavily built men as with few nerves and sensibilities; this big, heavily built man was conscious and sensitive to his finger-tips.

Miss Winter played with the fringe on the arm of her great chair. She had rebuffed Bryant for months, and now had an impulse to see what he would be like when roused. Besides, when you are choked with dust and ashes, you are not particular in what spring you seek the waters of oblivion. To be amused, — that is always something.

"Yes, certainly, and lay long odds you would win. But what took you from the charms of Mrs. Bristow's Wednesdays? I thought you were her stand-by." She raised her brilliant eyes and looked at him, gravely, innocently.

"I thought you would be tired after last night's dance. I heard of your being at the Hansons', and I chanced your staying in to-day. I see some one has been before me." He glanced at the cigarette.

She looked at him keenly. "Do you? Why do you think that?"

He made a gesture.

"That? That is mine. Will you have one? We allow smoking here after lunch."

Bryant leaned back in his chair and looked at her; he did not know whether he was a little jarred or a little attracted, but a certain adherence to a standard of womanliness which made it dangerous for women to enjoy themselves except in gratifying men made him protest. "I did n't know you were a smoking woman," he said.

Elizabeth felt that to spring from the depths of her chair and strike him would

be natural, proper, and right; then the idea of her hand in contact with his face followed fast, and she merely stared at him; then, "A smoking woman? It sounds like a half-burnt house. But there are a number of things you don't know about me, Mr. Bryant; did you think there were not?" She leaned forward, and the firelight rendered her for the moment irresistible, — to Bryant, at least; he threw his standards to the wind, and laid his hand on the arm of her chair.

"Whatever I do know about you makes me hopelessly in love with you, Miss Winter."

When a woman does not feel any desire to protect a man; when she feels a moral certainty that what she is treading on is, not his heart, but his vanity; when he is a good-looking brute, whose complacency has offended her, the temptation is great. Elizabeth had some misery to work out, and felt a reckless relief in playing with fire; for Bryant was no contemptible antagonist. She did not draw back, grow rigid and civil, and change the subject; she looked toward the fire and said, "Hopelessly?" which was very wrong; then added quickly, "Yes, I suppose it is hopelessly. But, Mr. Bryant, you would n't find me at all satisfactory on further acquaintance. I can assure you, you may be glad I have n't" — she hesitated — "fallen in love with you or your money," she finished, and laughed with a sudden impudent gayety.

Bryant colored; then threw away his conventionality as he had his standards, and, being really in earnest, showed his hand.

"Miss Winter," he began, pressingly, not eagerly, — he was not oblivious even then of their future relations, — "money is n't to be despised. Wait one moment," as she made a gesture; "think of it, won't you? I have a great deal, which would be entirely at your disposal. There are things in life, such as travel, pleasure, the power to do good,

which money alone gives. I am not in the least unwilling to use it as an argument, if it will get me the desire of my heart. I believe I can make you — make you" —

Elizabeth interrupted him with a sort of frowning smile. "Make me happy, is that it? How? Part of the programme would be my gradually becoming as devoted to you as you would be to me, would it not? But if I did not, what would happen then? No, Mr. Bryant, I will confess I have let you go thus far because you do interest me, and I thought I should like to see your real self. I don't think I have succeeded, and now I am done. I have n't the least intention of even considering your proposal. I don't even like you."

The young man stood up with something that suggested an oath.

"Yes, I know that seems rude, but it is n't. Let me say something more. You are very rich, you are not stupid, and you are rather handsome. You have, as a consequence, treated me with a subdued insolence which I have resented; you have been perfectly sure that in the long run I would agree to any proposal you should make me. I have seen you gradually making up your mind that though you disliked certain things I did, you found me sufficiently attractive to induce you to overlook them. You have done various things to women whom I like, said and done things for which I thought you required correction. Some women like cavalier manners and the compliments of a pasha; I do not." She stood by the fireplace, and pushed a log with her boot-tip. There was silence.

"Have you quite done?" He rested one hand on the table, with the other buttoned his coat.

She faced him. "Quite, I think."

"Then I will say good-afternoon, Miss Winter. If I have an opportunity, you may be sure I shall do my best to overtake it and cry quits." He walked

to the door, and tried to turn the knob; his fingers shook.

Miss Winter crossed the room, and stood by the table. "In other words, I may expect reprisals?"

He gave her a steady look that suggested to her what life was like when people used physical force with one another, and managing the door-knob opened the door and left the room.

Elizabeth stood a moment, impressed with something very like dread; then going back to the fire, she looked at the clock. "He will catch the five o'clock train; only five minutes to wait at the station. I hope nobody will get in his way; if they do — murder and sudden death! Well!" She threw herself into a chair and rumped her hair. "Well!" she repeated aloud; a nervous tension made her treat herself dramatically. "I don't care a pennyworth. What can Austin Bryant do to me? Cut me? He won't dare to; it would look too badly. Say nasty things? Let him; every one knows he has wanted to marry me, which draws his sting somewhat. I am glad I did it. I had some injuries to wipe out. Fanny's account is squared, and so is Helen's. The great black hound, without magnanimity enough to let little dogs alone! If he only bit beasts of his size, — but trust him not to do that. And he is attractive to many women: that was what nerved my hand, — it dried up any pity." The clock struck five. "Off to town he goes, and the up train came in five minutes ago. By rights — by rights" — and, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, Miss Winter's eyes filled with tears.

She sat by the fire in silence. Mrs. Winter had gone to town for the day and night. Elizabeth was not sure whether the absence of any one to whom it was possible to speak was a relief or an added trial. The door opened to admit Annie. "Mr. Graham, miss." No card this time.

"Mr. Graham?" repeated Elizabeth

dully. The twilight lightened. What a blazing fire she had made! "Say I will see him, Annie."

The maid closed the door. For a moment Elizabeth was alone. She instinctively put her hands to her hair and smoothed it, then turned to the fire. The door opened, and she rose to meet her second visitor as he came into the room.

"I did not expect you," said Elizabeth. They shook hands.

"You got my note?" There was an unusual constraint in his manner; he stood leaning his arm on the little shelf over the fire. "I thought I could n't get out, and then at the last moment found I could."

She could not understand the barrier he erected between them, and, as she talked, tried to account for it.

"When does your train leave? Late? Have you been busy?" What stupid questions!

"Yes, I get off at twelve, and I have been a good deal rushed toward the end. I had many last things to decide with Harold, you see. Australia is a good way off, after all, and I can't come back in a hurry; it will be a year or two, certainly." He stopped abruptly, and walked to the window.

Elizabeth leaped to a conclusion: he did not want to commit himself, and had intended to stay away to avoid doing so; he had come out thoroughly decided not to say anything that would lead to an explanation. In other words, he liked her, yes, but not enough to ask her to go to Australia with him or to tie himself down. Many miles and a few months would cure him, he thought. It all came with the rapidity that is characteristic of such insights. She felt a sense of utter blinding pain.

He stood looking through the wide casement. "How beautiful the hills are against that last faint light in the west! I shall not forget this room." He turned back toward her, his eyes searching for her through the gathering darkness.

"Will you ring for the lamp and tea?" she asked.

He obeyed, and going back to the window stood there in silence till the light was brought, and the tea-things. It was not long, but it seemed long to both of them.

"Come over here," said Elizabeth. "Sit there,"—she pointed to a chair near her. "I must look at you carefully, since I may never see you again." She stopped pouring the tea to look at him; their eyes met. Should she ever forget the look of his black hair on his temples?—the skin showed its natural white there. How long would it take to put out of mind the blue eyes, clear and cold as spring water, the handsome jut of the nose, the dark line on the short upper lip, the long, graceful, clever hands? Turning away, she stared into the fire.

"You are very silent," said Graham. "Have you no good wishes to give me? I shall think of you very often, Miss Winter."

She turned toward him. "Did you come out to say that, Mr. Graham?"

"Yes, partly. I came—I came—God knows why I came!" and getting up he took a hasty turn up and down the room, then sat down again. "Forgive me; I will be cheerful and sensible. We have only half an hour together,—let us enjoy it; we have enjoyed many before this."

"And shall enjoy many again," she added quickly. "So tell me, have you settled everything for your brother, and when will you come back again?" She handed him his cup.

"Harold? Oh yes, he's all right now; and I was selfishly glad of his difficulties, since it brought me home for these six months. But about coming back,—that is in the limbo of the future. I must look after myself, Miss Winter. I should hate to fail, and leaving the ranch has been a dangerous experiment, not to be tried soon again." He had forgotten his constraint.

"What do you hear from your overseer?"

"Excellent news; but they need me, and I shall be glad to be back, too, in many ways. I love the life, you know. I"—

"Yes," she said slowly, "I know. You have told me enough to make me feel as though I understood it all pretty well, and it must be a pleasant life."

Graham looked at her, stared at her almost, then turned away and put his cup down. "I fear I must have bored you very often when you were too kind to say so, and I want to tell you how kind I think you have been. I should have felt awfully out of place here, after my long absence, if—if"—

"If I had not been kind to you? Have I been kind to you?" It seemed impossible the pain in her voice should not reach his ears; for all her dignity, she wished it would.

"You have indeed, most kind; when I look back with open eyes, I thank you for it all. But I must not keep you now. The skating yesterday and the dance must have tired you. You do things hard when you do them, and you must want rest. I ought to go." He got up and stood near her. "I wish you every happiness, I wish you every good thing. Don't forget me utterly, and good-by, Miss Winter." He held out his hand.

She put hers in it and stood up beside him; there was a moment's painful pressure, then he turned to leave the room.

"Mr. Graham, I have said nothing; I haven't even wished you luck. You know how much interest I take, how much I want your welfare. Won't you write to me when you get home, to say how it all is,—how the sheep are, and the ranch, and"—

Graham took her outstretched hand and raised it to his lips; then, without an answer, he left the room. A minute later, opening the door of the library, she heard the house door close. Very quickly Miss Winter went up the wide stair-

case to her own room, and locked the door.

Mrs. Washburn's tea was almost over, and the hostess, her niece, and the two girls who had received with her were beginning to relax their attention. Half a dozen men who were to stay and have supper at half past seven had gathered round the fire, and Elizabeth Winter threw herself on a sofa in the front room, for the moment alone.

She was not tired. She had felt as though her muscles were of steel and would compel her to move restlessly about; but now she sat relaxed and quiet, consumed with a longing for the hour when she could leave the house and take the train home; only ten minutes more then, and she would be in peace. Looking across the room, she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror, fine gray gown and all, and it seemed as though it must be some other woman who had such red lips and bright eyes. Another figure blotted out hers in the mirror, and a man sat down beside her on the sofa.

"Mr. Bryant?" Her voice demanded an explanation.

"I have only come to square accounts, Miss Winter. I warned you last week, and my opportunity was sudden. I took it. Will you hear what it was? May I say in parenthesis that, much as I regret having to acknowledge it, you are certainly very beautiful to-night?"

She looked at him steadily. "What have you said or done, Mr. Bryant, if I am to be told, though why?"

"I think you will be glad to know." He had less color than usual, but his eyes had a certain savage steadiness that improved his expression. "I had five minutes at the station; while I waited a train came in from town, and on it—Graham." He stopped.

"Yes?"

"I am not a fool, Miss Winter. I had seen a letter lying on the mantelpiece, and recognized the hand. When

I saw Graham I remembered, and something in his expression led me to a conclusion. He was going out to propose to you before he left for Australia." He stopped again, his eyes unwavering. They were directly facing each other, each with an arm on the back of the sofa. Bryant resumed: "I had guessed somewhat of his feelings before; I knew you liked him,—liked him a good deal,—and it occurred to me that at any rate his saying nothing would not please you; you like men to propose in full form, even when you intend to refuse them. I stopped him, said I had come from you, looked radiant, he stared, and then I was overcome with friendly confidence, took his arm, and told him that of course he had seen how it would end. I loved you. You—well, I was the happiest man in the world. Nothing settled—not to be spoken of—but—I did it pretty well. He took it like a man, drew a deep breath, and went on to see you instead of going back to town with me, as most men would have done. The rest you know better than I, Miss Winter. What do you think of my story? Are we quits?"

It was touch and go. She pressed the sofa with rigid fingers, but the look of exultation in Bryant's eyes ran like wild-fire through her veins. She dragged herself together, and there entered into her a great rage.

"Quits?" She spoke with deliberation. "Not yet. Give me time, Mr. Bryant. Come, we will have our supper first." Bryant stared at her, speechless. "Come," and she moved past him into the other room.

"Are you all ready?" Miss Winter drew off her gloves, and sat down at the table where her aunt was seated. "I am hungry; come, let us begin. Miss Rose March can flirt with uncle Charles after supper."

They all sat down with laughing alacrity,—all except Bryant; he had grown gray as Miss Winter's dress, and took his

place by her aunt with a sort of horror in his eyes.

"Are all the glasses filled?" Miss Winter was in high spirits. "I propose as a toast — let me see — aunt and uncle first, of course."

The health was drunk, and the party became a merry one. Elizabeth's sallies were especially applauded, and Bryant's cheek regained some of its native red. There was a pause, and Miss Winter leaned forward.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have a story to tell you." She threw back her head and laughed. "It is to illustrate the changes that have taken place in the principles of warfare. Will you have it?" Applause and assent. She pushed back her chair and fanned herself.

"Very well, to begin! It used to be the custom in America, is still in places, that a blow in the face should be returned in kind; in fact, if dealt by a woman, I have heard it is at times not returned at all. However, granting the justice of hitting back when you are struck, the injured man attacks his adversary in open fight, does he not?"

A roar of yeas from the men; the girls laughed.

"Well, a variation has been introduced, and I want your opinion on it. A week ago I struck Mr. Bryant in the face, morally speaking, and he stabbed me in the back in return. Is this according to the rules of honest warfare?" She paused; there was an intense silence.

"The details are these. Mr. Bryant proposed to me," — her aunt gave a gasp, the girls were white, the men red, feeling ran with Bryant, — "and I refused him. I then took the opportunity to tell him my opinion of him; it was not a pleasant one. Wait!" Public feeling still with Bryant; the room horribly still. Bryant, with his arms folded, looked at Elizabeth.

"He left me, saying he would be quits, and at the station met Mr. Graham. He

decided that Mr. Graham was coming to do as he had done; he thought his chances good, so, displaying some dramatic gift, he told Mr. Graham that he had proposed to me and been accepted — and been accepted." The passionate utterance of those last three words echoed in a sort of groan from the men.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, I have ruined your supper, and made myself most disagreeable; but I will relieve you of the necessity of saying anything to me. You can discuss us at your leisure. Good-night, aunt," and before any one had answered, Elizabeth had disappeared through the doorway.

A moment later, coming downstairs in her wraps, with her maid, she found her aunt and uncle waiting for her in the hall.

"Elizabeth, Elizabeth dearest," began Mrs. Washburn. "How terrible this all is, but why, why?" —

Mr. Washburn interposed. "Let the child go home, my dear. She is what few women are, — game."

Elizabeth gave him an answering look, and, kissing Mrs. Washburn, saw Bryant coming down the stairway.

He stopped before her, and there was a silence that made the hum of voices in the dining-room audible.

"You asked me to say quits, Mr. Bryant: I will do so. Will you open the door?"

He complied mechanically, and she passed out, followed by her maid.

Bryant bowed to Mr. and Mrs. Washburn, who stood speechless, and going out closed the door behind him. He turned toward the Club. A sudden realization of what would greet him in the next hour, if one of the men he had left at the Washburns' came in, penetrated his being. Could he face it all down? Hardly. Europe for a year would be the best solution; he hated the continent of America, — and with this in his heart he walked home.

Francis Willing Wharton.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE GENTLEMAN.

WHEN I venture to discuss the evolution of the gentleman, I may be expected to begin with a definition; but for the present I must decline this invidious task. In the *Century Dictionary* I find as the first definition, "A man of good family; a man of gentle birth." The sixth definition is, "An apparatus used in soldering circular pewter ware." Between the gentleman who is born and the gentleman who is made, in connection with pewter ware, there is a wide range for choice. After all, definitions are luxuries, not necessities of thought. When Alice told her name to Humpty Dumpty, that intolerable pedant asked, "What does it mean?"

"Must a name mean something?" Alice asked doubtfully.

"Of course it must," Humpty Dumpty said, with a short laugh. "My name means the shape I am, — and a good handsome shape I am, too."

I suppose that almost any man, if he were asked what a gentleman is, would be inclined to answer, "It is the shape I am." I judge this because, though the average man would not be insulted if you were to say, "You are no saint," it would not be safe to say, "You are no gentleman." Perhaps, then, we may as well follow the formula of Humpty Dumpty, and say that a gentleman, if not the shape that every man actually is, is the shape in which every man desires to appear to others.

It is needless to remark that this aspiration is not always adequately fulfilled. Sometimes we see only the actual boor in our acquaintance, while the astral body of the gentleman which he is endeavoring to project at us is not sufficiently materialized for our imperfect vision. There are those who have to admit as did Boss Tweed when reviewing his attempts at lofty political virtue, "I

tried to do right, but somehow I seemed to have bad luck." All this is but to say that the word "gentleman" represents an ideal. Above whatever coarseness and sordidness there may be in actual life there rises the idea of a finer kind of man, with gentler manners and truer speech and braver actions.

It follows, also, that the idea of the gentleman has grown, as from time to time new elements have been added to it. In every age we shall find the real gentleman, — that is, the man who in genuine fashion represents the best ideal of his time; and we shall find the mimicry of him, the would-be gentleman, who copies the form, while ignorant of the substance. These two characters furnish the material, on the one hand for the romancer, and on the other hand for the satirist.

If there had been no real gentlemen, the epics, the solemn tragedies, and the stirring tales of chivalry would have remained unwritten; and if there had been no pretended gentlemen, the humorist would find his occupation gone. But always these contrasted characters are on the stage together. Simple dignity is followed by strutting pomposity, and after the hero the braggart swaggers and storms. So ridicule and admiration bear rule by turns.

For the sake of convenience, it might be well to indicate the difference by calling one the gentleman, and the other the genteelman. Below the genteelman there is still another species. Parasites have parasites of their own, and the genteelman has his admiring but unsuccessful imitators. I do not know the scientific name for an individual of this species, but I believe that he calls himself a "gent."

The process of evolution, as we know, is a continual play between the organism and the environment. It is a cosmic

game of "Pussy wants a corner." Each creature wants to get into a snug corner of its own; but no sooner does it find it than it is tempted out by the prospect of another. Then ensues a scramble with other aspirants for the coveted position; and as there are never enough corners to go around, some one must fail. Though this is hard on the disappointed players, the philosophers find it easy to show that it is an admirable arrangement. If there were enough corners to go around, and every one were content to stay in the corner in which he found himself, the game would be over. That would be an end of progress, which, after all, most of us, in our more energetic moods, acknowledge to be worth what it costs.

We do not always find the gentleman in his proper environment. Nature seems sometimes like the careless nurse in the story books who mixes the children up, so that the rightful heir does not come to his own. But in the long run the type is preserved and improved.

The idea of the gentleman involves the sense of personal dignity and worth. He is not a means to an end: he is an end in himself. How early this sense arose we may not know. Professor Huxley made merry over the sentimentalists who picture the simple dignity of primitive man. He had no admiration to throw away on "the dignified and unclothed savage sitting in solitary meditation under trees." And yet I am inclined to think that the gentleman may have appeared even before the advent of tailors. The peasants who followed Wat Tyler sang, —

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then a gentleman?"

But a writer in the age of Queen Elizabeth published a book in which he argued that Adam himself was a perfect gentleman. He had, at least, the advantage, dear to the theological mind, that though affirmative proof might be lacking, it was equally difficult to prove the negative.

As civilization advances and literature catches its changing features, the outlines of the gentleman grow distinct. Read the book of Genesis, the *Analects of Confucius*, and *Plutarch's Lives*. What a portrait gallery of gentlemen of the antique world! And yet how different each from the others!

In the book of Genesis we see Abraham sitting at his tent door. Three strangers appear. When he sees them, he goes to meet them, and bows, and says to the foremost, "My Lord, if now I have found favour in thy sight, pass not away, I pray thee, from thy servant. Let a little water, I pray you, be fetched, and wash your feet, and rest yourselves under the tree; and I will fetch a morsel of bread, and comfort ye your hearts; after that ye shall pass on."

There may have been giants in those days, and churls, and all manner of barbarians, but as we watch the strangers resting under the oak we say, "There were also gentlemen in those days." How simple it all is! It is like a single palm-tree outlined against the desert and the sky.

How different the Chinese gentleman! Everything with him is exact. The disciples of Confucius are careful to tell us how he adjusted the skirts of his robe before and behind, how he insisted that his mince-meat should be cut quite small and should have exactly the right proportion of rice, and that his mat must be laid straight before he would sit on it. Such details of deportment were thought very important. But we forget the mats and the mince-meat when we read: "Three things the master had not, — he had no prejudices, he had no obstinacy, he had no egotism." And we forget the fantastic garb and the stiff Chinese genuflections, and come to the conclusion that the true gentleman is as simple-hearted amid the etiquette of the court as in the tent in the desert, when we hear the master saying: "Sincerity is the way of Heaven; the wise are the unas-

suming. It is said of Virtue that over her embroidered robe she puts a plain single garment."

Turn to the pages of Plutarch, where are fixed for all time the Greek and Roman ideals of the gentleman. No embroidered robes here, but a masculine virtue, in a plain single garment. What a breed of men they were, brave, forceful, self-contained! No holiday gentlemen these! Their manners were not venerated, but part of themselves. With the same lofty gravity they faced life and death. When fortune smiled there was no unseemly exultation; when fortune frowned there was no unseemly repining. With the same dignity the Roman rode in his triumphal chariot through the streets and lay down to die when his hour had come. No wonder that men who thus learned how to conquer themselves conquered the world.

Most of Plutarch's worthies were gentlemen, though there were exceptions. There was, for example, Cato the Censor, who bullied the Roman youth into virtue, and got a statue erected to himself as the restorer of the good old manners. Poor Plutarch, who likes to do well by his heroes, is put to his wits' end to know what to do with testy, patriotic, honest, fearless, parsimonious Cato. Cato was undoubtedly a great man and a good citizen; but when we are told how he sold his old slaves, at a bargain, when they became infirm, and how he left his war-horse in Spain to save the cost of transportation, Plutarch adds, "Whether such things be an evidence of greatness or littleness of soul let the reader judge for himself." The judicious reader will conclude that it is possible to be a great man and a reformer, and yet not be quite a gentleman.

When the Roman Empire was destroyed the antique type of gentleman perished. The very names of the tribes which destroyed him have yet terrible associations. Goths, Vandals, Huns, — to the civilized man of the fifth and sixth

centuries these sounded like the names of wild beasts rather than of men. You might as well have said tigers, hyenas, wolves. The end had come of a civilization that had been the slow growth of centuries.

Yet out of these fierce tribes, destroyers of the old order, a new order was to arise. Out of chaos and might a new kind of gentleman was to be evolved. The romances of the Middle Ages are variations on a single theme, the appearance of the finer type of manhood and its struggle for existence. In the palace built by the enchantment of Merlin were four zones of sculpture.

"And in the lowest beasts are slaying men,
And in the second men are slaying beasts,
And on the third are warriors, perfect men,
And on the fourth are men with growing wings."

Europe was in the second stage, when men were slaying beasts and what was most brutal in humanity. If the higher manhood was to live, it must fight, and so the gentleman appears, sword in hand. Whether we are reading of Charlemagne and his paladins, or of Siegfried, or of Arthur, the story is the same. The gentleman has appeared. He has come into a waste land,

"Thick with wet woods and many a beast therein,

And none or few to scare or chase the beast."

He comes amid savage anarchy where heathen hordes are "reddening the sun with smoke and earth with blood." The gentleman sends forth his clear defiance. All this shall no longer be. He is ready to meet force with force; he is ready to stake his life upon the issue, the hazard of new fortunes for the race.

It is as a pioneer of the new civilization that the gentleman has "pitched

"His tent beside the forest. And he drave
The heathen, and he slew the beast, and felled
The forest, and let in the sun."

The ballads and romances chronicle a struggle desperate in its beginning and triumphant in its conclusion. They are

in praise of force, but it is a noble force. There is something better, they say, than brute force: it is manly force. The giant is no match for the gentleman.

If we would get at the mediæval idea of the gentleman, we must not listen merely to the romances as they are retold by men of genius in our own day. Scott and Tennyson clothe their characters in the old draperies, but their ideals are those of the nineteenth century rather than of the Middle Ages. Tennyson expressly disclaims the attempt to reproduce the King Arthur

"whose name, a ghost,
Streams like a cloud, man-shaped, from mountain peak,
And cleaves to cairn and cromlech still; or him
Of Geoffrey's book, or him of Malleor's, one
Touched by the adulterous finger of a time
That hovered between war and wantonness."

When we go back and read Sir Thomas Malory's *Morte Darthur*, we find ourselves among men of somewhat different mould from the knights of Tennyson's idylls. It is not the blameless King Arthur, but the passionate Sir Launcelot, who wins admiration. We hear Sir Ector crying over Launcelot's body, "Ah, Launcelot, thou wert the head of the Christian knights. Thou wert the courtliest knight that ever bare shield; and thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse; and thou wert the truest lover for a sinful man that ever loved woman; and thou wert the kindest man that ever strake with sword; and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights; and thou wert the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall with ladies; and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest."

We must take, not one of these qualities, but all of them together, to understand the gentleman of those ages when good and evil struggled so fiercely for the mastery. No saint was this Sir Launcelot. There was in him no fine balance of virtues, but only a wild tu-

mult of the blood. He was proud, self-willed, passionate, pleasure-loving; capable of great sin and of sublime expiation. What shall we say of this gentlest, sternest, kindest, goodliest, sinfulest, of knights, — this man who knew no middle path, but who, when treading in perilous places and following false lights, yet draws all men admiringly to himself?

We can only say this: he was the prototype of those mighty men who were the makers of the modern world. They were the men who fought with Charlemagne, and with William the Conqueror, and with Richard; they were the men who "beat down the heathen, and upheld the Christ;" they were the men from whom came the crusades, and the feudal system, and the great charter. As we read the history, we say at one moment, "These men were mail-clad ruffians," and at the next, "What great-hearted gentlemen!"

Perhaps the wisest thing would be to confess to both judgments at once. In this stage of his evolution the gentleman may boast of feats that would now be rehearsed only in bar-rooms. This indicates that the standard of society has improved, and that what was possible once for the nobler sort of men is now characteristic of the baser sort. The modern rowdy frequently appears in the cast-off manners of the old-time gentleman. Time, the old-clothes man, thus furnishes his customers with many strange misfits. What is of importance is that through these transition years there was a ceaseless struggle to preserve the finer types of manhood.

The ideal of the mediæval gentleman was expressed in the word "gallantry." The essence of gallantry is courage; but it is not the sober courage of the stoic. It is courage charged with qualities that give it sparkle and effervescence. It is the courage that not only faces danger, but delights in it. What suggestions of physical and mental elasticity are in Shakespeare's description of the "spring-

ing, brave Plantagenet"! Scott's lines express the gallant spirit:—

"One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

Gallantry came to have another implication, equally characteristic. The knight was gallant not only in war, but in love also. There had come a new worship, the worship of woman. In the Church it found expression in the adoration of the Madonna, but in the camp and the court it found its place as well. Chivalry was the elaborate and often fantastic ritual, and the gentleman was minister at the altar. The ancient gentleman stood alone; the mediæval gentleman offered all to the lady of his love. Here, too, gallantry implied the same overflowing joy in life. If you are anxious to have a test by which to recognize the time when you are growing old, — so old that imagination is chilled within you, — I should advise you to turn to the chapter in the Romance of King Arthur entitled "How Queen Guenever went maying with certain Knights of the Table Round, clad all in green." Then read: "So it befell in the month of May, Queen Guenever called unto her knights and she gave them warning that early upon the morrow she would ride maying into the woods and fields besides Westminster, and I warn you that none of you but that he be well horsed and that ye all be clothed in green. . . . I shall bring with me ten ladies and every knight shall have a squire and two yeomen. So upon the morn they took their horses with the Queen and rode on maying through the woods and meadows in great joy and delights."

If you cannot see them riding on, a gallant company over the meadows, and you hear no echoes of their laughter, and if there is no longer any enchantment in the vision of that time when all were "blithe and debonair," then undoubtedly you are growing old. It is time to close the romances: perhaps you may still find solace in Young's Night

Thoughts or Pollock's Course of Time. Happy are they who far into the seventies still see Queen Guenever riding in the pleasant month of May: these are they who have found the true fountain of youth.

The gentleman militant will always be the hero of ballads and romances; and in spite of the apostles of realism, I fancy he has not lost his charm. There are Jeremiahs of evolution, who tell us that after a time men will be so highly developed as to have neither hair nor teeth. In that day, when the operating dentists have ceased from troubling, and given way to the manufacturing dentists, and the barbers have been superseded by the wig-makers, it is quite possible that the romances may give place to some tedious department of comparative mythology. In that day, Chaucer's knight who "loved chevalrie, trouthe and honour, fredom and curtesie," will be forgotten, though his armor on the museum walls will be learnedly described. But that dreadful day is still far distant; before it comes, not only teeth and hair must be improved out of existence, but a substitute must be found for good red blood. Till that time "no laggard in love or dastard in war" can steal our hearts from young Lochinvar.

The sixteenth century marks an epoch in the history of the gentleman, as in all else. Old ideas disappear, to come again in new combinations. Cervantes "laughs Spain's chivalry away," and his merry laughter echoes through all Europe. The same hands wielded the sword and the pen. The scholars, the artists, the poets, began to feel a sense of personal worth, and carried the gallant spirit of the gentleman into their work. They were not mere specialists, but men of action. The artist was not only an instrument to give pleasure to others, but he was himself a centre of admiration. Out of this new consciousness how many interesting characters were produced! There were men who engaged in controversies as if they

were tournaments, and who wrote books and painted pictures and carved statues, not in the spirit of professionalism, but as those who would in this activity enjoy "one crowded hour of glorious life." Very frequently, these gentlemen and scholars, and gentlemen and artists, overdid the matter, and were more belligerent in disposition than were the warriors with whom they began to claim equality.

To this self-assertion we owe the most delightful of autobiographies, — that of Benvenuto Cellini. He aspired to be not only an artist, but a fine gentleman. No one could be more certain of the sufficiency of Humpty Dumpty's definition of a gentleman than was he.

If we did not have his word for it, we could scarcely believe that any one could be so valiant in fight and so uninterrupted in the pursuit of honor without its interfering with his professional work. Take, for example, that memorable day when, escaping from the magistrates, he makes an attack upon the household of his enemy, Gherardo Guasconti. "I found them at table; and Gherardo, who had been the cause of the quarrel, flung himself upon me. I stabbed him in the breast, piercing doublet and jerkin, but doing him not the least harm in the world." After this attack, and after magnanimously pardoning Gherardo's father, mother, and sisters, he says: "I ran storming down the staircase, and when I reached the street, I found all the rest of the household, more than twelve persons: one of them seized an iron shovel, another a thick iron pipe; one had an anvil, some hammers, some cudgels. When I got among them, raging like a mad bull, I flung four or five to the earth, and fell down with them myself, continually aiming my dagger now at one, and now at another. Those who remained upright plied with both hands with all their force, giving it me with hammers, cudgels, and the anvil; but inasmuch as God does sometimes mercifully intervene, he so ordered that

neither they nor I did any harm to one another."

What fine old days those were, when the toughness of skin matched so wonderfully the stoutness of heart! One has a suspicion that in these degenerate days, were a family dinner-party interrupted by such an avalanche of daggers, cudgels, and anvils, some one would be hurt. As for Benvenuto, he does not so much as complain of a headache.

There is an easy, gentleman-like grace in the way in which he recounts his incidental homicides. When he is hiding behind a hedge at midnight, waiting for the opportunity to assassinate his enemies, his heart is open to all the sweet influences of nature, and he enjoys "the glorious heaven of stars." He was not only an artist and a fine gentleman, but a saint as well, and "often had recourse with pious heart to holy prayers." Above all, he had the indubitable evidence of sainthood, a halo. "I will not omit to relate another circumstance, which is perhaps the most remarkable that ever happened to any one. I do so in order to justify the divinity of God and of his secrets, who deigned to grant me this great favor: forever since the time of my strange vision until now, an aureole of glory (marvelous to relate) has rested on my head. This is visible to every sort of man to whom I have chosen to point it out, but these have been few." He adds ingenuously, "I am always able to see it." He says, "I first became aware of it in France, at Paris; for the air in those parts is so much freer from mists that one can see it far better than in Italy."

Happy Benvenuto with his Parisian halo, which did not interfere with the manly arts of self-defense! His self-complacency was possible only in a stage of evolution when the saint and the assassin were not altogether clearly differentiated. Some one has said, "Give me the luxuries of life, and I can get along without the necessities." Like many of

his time, Benvenuto had all the luxuries that belong to the character of a Christian gentleman, though he was destitute of the necessities. An appreciation of common honesty as an essential to a gentleman seems to be more slowly developed than the more romantic sentiment that is called honor.

The evolution of the gentleman has its main line of progress where there is a constant though slow advance ; but, on the other hand, there are arrested developments, and quaint survivals, and abortive attempts.

In each generation there have been men of fashion who have mistaken themselves for gentlemen. They are uninteresting enough while in the flesh, but after a generation or two they become very quaint and curious, when considered as specimens. Each generation imagines that it has discovered a new variety, and invents a name for it. The dude, the swell, the dandy, the fop, the spark, the macaroni, the blade, the popinjay, the coxcomb, — these are butterflies of different summers. There is here endless variation, but no advancement. One fashion comes after another, but we cannot call it better. One would like to see representatives of the different generations together in full dress. What variety in oaths and small talk ! What anachronisms in swords and canes and eye-glasses, in ruffles, in collars, in wigs ! What affluence in powders and perfumes and colors ! But would they “know each other there” ? The real gentlemen would be sure to recognize each other. Abraham and Marcus Aurelius and Confucius would find much in common. Launcelot and Sir Philip Sidney and Chinese Gordon would need no introduction. Montaigne and Mr. Spectator and the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table would fall into delightful chat. But would a “swell” recognize a “spark” ? And might we not expect a “dude” to fall into immoderate laughter at the sight of a “popinjay” ?

Fashion has its revenges. Nothing seems so ridiculous to it as an old fashion. The fop has no toleration for the obsolete foppery. The artificial gentleman is as inconceivable out of his artificial surroundings as the waxen-faced gentleman of the clothing store outside his show window.

There was Beau Nash, for example, — a much-admired person in his day, when he ruled from his throne in the pump-room in Bath. Everything was in keeping. There was Queen Anne architecture, and Queen Anne furniture, and Queen Anne religion, and the Queen Anne fashion in fine gentlemen. What a curious piece of bricabrac this fine gentleman was, to be sure ! He was not fitted for any useful purpose under the sun, but in his place he was quite ornamental, and undoubtedly very expensive. Art was as self-complacent as if nature had never been invented. What multitudes of the baser sort must be employed in furnishing the fine gentleman with clothes ! All Bath admired the way in which Beau Nash refused to pay for them. Once when a vulgar tradesman insisted on payment, Nash compromised by lending him twenty pounds, — which he did with the air of a prince. So great was the impression he made upon his time that a statue was erected to him, while beneath were placed the busts of two minor contemporaries, Pope and Newton. This led Lord Chesterfield to write : —

“This statue placed the busts between
Adds to the satire strength,
Wisdom and wit are little seen,
But folly at full length.”

Lord Chesterfield himself had nothing in common with the absurd imitation gentlemen, and yet the gentleman whom he described and pretended to admire was altogether artificial. He was the Machiavelli of the fashionable world. He saw through it, and recognized its hollowness ; but such as it was it must be accepted. The only thing was to

learn how to get on in it. "In courts you may expect to meet connections without friendships, enmities without hatred, honor without virtue, appearances saved and realities sacrificed, good manners and bad morals."

There is something earnestly didactic about Lord Chesterfield. He gives line upon line, and precept upon precept, to his "dear boy." Never did a Puritan father teach more conscientiously the shorter catechism than did he the whole duty of the gentleman, which was to save appearances even though he must sacrifice reality. "My dear boy," he writes affectionately, "I advise you to trust neither man nor woman more than is absolutely necessary. Accept proffered friendships with great civility, but with great incredulity."

Poor little Rollo was not more strenuously prodded up the steep and narrow path of virtue than was little Philip Stanhope up the steep and narrow path of fashion. Worldliness made into a religion was not without its asceticism. "Though you think you dance well, do not think you dance well enough. Though you are told that you are genteel, still aim at being genteeler. . . . Airs, address, manners, graces, are of such infinite importance and are so essentially necessary to you that now, as the time of meeting draws near, I tremble for fear that I may not find you possessed of them."

Lord Chesterfield's gentleman was a man of the world; but it was, after all, a very hard and empty world. It was a world that had no eternal laws, only changing fashions. It had no broken hearts, only broken vows. It was a world covered with glittering ice, and the gentleman was one who had learned to skim over its dangerous places, not caring what happened to those who followed him.

It is a relief to get away from such a world, and, leaving the fine gentleman behind, to take the rumbling stagecoach

to the estates of Sir Roger de Coverley. His is not the great world at all, and his interests are limited to his own parish. But it is a real world, and much better suited to a real gentleman. His fashions are not the fashions of the court, but they are the fashions that wear. Even when following the hounds Sir Roger has time for friendly greetings. "The farmers' sons thought themselves happy if they could open a gate for the good old knight, which he requited with a nod or a smile, and a kind inquiry after their fathers and uncles."

But even dear old Roger de Coverley cannot rest undisturbed as an ideal gentleman. He belonged, after all, to a privileged order, and there is a force at work to destroy all social privileges. A generation of farmers' sons must arise not to be so easily satisfied with a kindly nod and smile. Liberty, fraternity, and equality have to be reckoned with. Democracy has come with its leveling processes.

"The calm Olympian height
Of ancient order feels its bases yield."

In a revolutionary period the virtues of an aristocracy become more irritating than their vices. People cease to attribute merit to what comes through good fortune. No wonder that the disciples of the older time cry:—

"What hope for the fine-nerved humanities
That made earth gracious once with gentler
arts?"

What becomes of the gentleman in an age of democratic equality? Just what becomes of every ideal when the time has arrived for a larger fulfillment. What is unessential drops off; what is essential remains. Under the influence of democracy, the word "gentleman" ceases to denote a privilege, and comes to denote a character. This step in the evolution of the idea is a necessary one.

When, in 1485, Caxton, printed the Romance of King Arthur, he declared, "I William Caxton, simple person, present the book following, . . . which treat-

eth of noble acts, feats of arms, of chivalry, prowess, hardiness, humanity, love, courtesy and very gentleness." These were the elements which constituted the gentleman. What we see now is that they might be as truly manifested in William Caxton, simple person, as in any of the high-born knights whose deeds he chronicled.

Milton, in memorable words, pointed out the transition which must take place from the gentleman of romance to the

gentleman of enduring reality. After narrating how, in his youth, he betook himself "to those lofty fables and romances which recount in solemn cantos the deeds of knighthood founded by our victorious kings, and thence had in renown through all Christendom," he says, "This my mind gave me, that every free and gentle spirit, without that oath, ought to be born a knight, nor needed to expect a gilt spur or the laying on of a sword upon his shoulder."

S. M. Crothers.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I WAS going downhill, feeling tired and discouraged. The landscape was monotonous, the hills seemed low, and the birds sang only occasionally in the hedges.

Suddenly it came to me how good, how very good, everything had been to my palate as a child. I thought how much easier the journey would be if I could go back just for a few minutes.

I turned quickly, retraced the few feet of descent from the brow of the hill over which I had come; then I made a desperate leap across the chasm of middle life, and passed rapidly back over the highway of time.

I stood for a moment by the enchanted pool of youth, where those who sail know not whether the boat be in the sky, or the sky in the water, but sit watching the reflections of themselves and their companions entangled with the stars.

I passed through the white birches on the bank to the further side, then along the fields till I came to the brown house by the river; I did not look carefully at the house, but I knew that the shutters were closed. I went through the orchard, up the hill, climbed the fence, and found myself at the edge of the beech woods. There, on a stone, exactly where

I expected to find him, sat the little brown kobold.

"Good-afternoon," said I.

"Good-afternoon," he returned pleasantly.

"I am glad to find you here," said I.

"I expected you," he answered.

"Then you know what I want?"

"I can guess," replied he.

I sat down on a stone near him, for my knees felt tired after my climb. The kobold looked exactly like the picture of him in my heart, which was taken directly from a portrait that was in an old book I once had.

I waited for him to speak, but as he sat still I said, "What is it that I want?"

"You want checkerberries and birch bark to taste just as they did when you were a child."

"I do indeed," I returned. "What else?"

"You want to fight violets with me."

"What else?"

"You want to make a burdock basket with a handle that won't fit on straight, and that breaks every time you lift the basket."

"Oh, I do," and I laughed. "What else?"

"You want to make a whistle out of willow, yellow willow, in early spring when the sap is running."

"Of course I do. What else?"

"You want to dig flag-root, and boil it in sugar till it is all sweet; and then when it is cold, but still sticky, you want to carry it round in your pocket."

"Yes, yes, I do. What else?"

"You want to squeeze the blue juice out of the spiderwort flowers and call it ink" —

"Yes. What else?"

"Don't interrupt me so. I had n't finished. And you want to be always *thinking* that you are going to make some ink out of pokeweed berries, so you want to be always looking for the berries that you *think* you are going to make ink of."

"Oh yes, I understand."

"You want to eat sassafras leaves because they are sticky, and sassafras bark and sassafras root because they smart, and to cut spicewood because it is spicy, and chew beech leaves because they are sour, and suck the honey-bags of columbine flowers because they are sweet, and eat the false apple of the wild azalea because it has no taste."

"And other things, too?"

"Oh yes: you must eat the young roots of early grass, and call them onions."

"Anything else?"

"You want to make horsehair rings, three of them, — one pure black, one a yellowish-white, and one mixed, — fasten them very clumsily together, and wear the prickly knot on the inside of your finger."

"Dear me, — yes, yes, yes."

"You want to make a doll out of the rose of Jerusalem, with sash and bonnet-strings of striped grass."

"Of course, and" —

"You want to squeeze the yellow juice of a weed that grows by the stone step on the north side of the house and put it on your fingers to cure warts."

"Yes, I will, and" —

"You *never* must kill a toad, because if you do you will find blood in the milk that you have for supper."

"I never will kill a toad," said I.

"You want to tell all the lady-bugs to fly away home, because their houses are on fire and the children alone."

"Yes, to be sure."

"You want to chew the gum of the spruce, also the gum of cherry-trees."

"I do."

"And to eat the cheeses that grow on marshmallows."

"Yes."

"And you want to make trumpets out of pumpkin-vine stalks, and corn-stalk fiddles; you can't make the fiddles ever play, of course."

"Oh no, of course not, never."

"But you must go on making them, just the same."

"Indeed I shall."

"You want to brew rose-water wine."

"Yes."

"And eat the seeds of sweet-fern."

"Of course."

"You must steal cinnamon sticks and ground cinnamon and sugar, and carry them round in a wooden pill-box."

"Must I *steal* them?"

"*Certainly* you must, a good many times; and then some evening when the frogs are piping, and the sky is a green-blue, and there is one very white star looking at you, you must tell your mother all about it."

"Oh — yes." After a pause I asked, "What else?"

"Did I mention eating violets with salt?" inquired the kobold.

"No, you said '*fight* violets.'"

"Well, you must eat them, too, sometimes with salt and sometimes with sugar."

"I'll remember that. What else?"

"Whenever you eat oysters you must always look for a pearl, — *always*, no matter whether they are stewed or raw; remember that, — always expect to find a pearl."

"I will," said I, "always."

"And you must have a secret hoard."

The kobold said this impressively in a low, hollow voice, and I asked him in a whisper, "What of?"

"Of a piece of shoemaker's wax, of one big drop of quicksilver in a homœopathic glass bottle, a broken awl, and four pieces of chalk, — one piece red, soft and crumbly, one yellow, and two white bits of different lengths; they must all be so dirty that you have to scratch them to know which is which, — you understand that?"

"Oh yes, I understand."

"And you must have one leather shoe-string, a piece of red sealing-wax and one very small, 'teenty' bit of goldstone sealing-wax, one piece of iridescent button-paper that crinkles when you bend it, and a button-mould."

"What shall I do with the button-mould?"

"Make a top, of course, with a match for a stem."

"Kobold, should I be happy if I had all these things?"

"Perfectly," said he, with decision; "but you would n't *know* that you were happy."

"Why should n't I?"

"The answer to *that* is a question."

"What is it?"

"Do you know it now?" asked he, with his eyes suddenly turned in toward his own nose, till I could n't tell whether he was looking at me or not.

UNTIL a few years ago, we were able to revel in the proposal and acceptance, and in the love scenes which gradually led up to them. There were the happy accidental meetings, the occult way one knew when the other was in the room, and the electro-magnetic hand-clasp, — all fortunate precursors to a certain moonlight night, with the soft splashing of the fountain, and softer music in the distance (a conservatory has long been the favored spot). The *mise en scène* was

perfect; so seemed the proposal and acceptance.

But the woman with a mission is now upon us, the head of a large and rapidly increasing army. With their nursing and college settlement work, the *Avises* and *Marcellas* of fiction have almost thrown the proposal out of date.

Nor is it to be wondered at when the favored replies are something like this: "I do not know whether you will believe me or not, but, unlike other women, I have never thought of marriage." Sometimes it is: "I do care for you, but life means more to me than individual happiness. Marriage is for some women, but not for me." And it is the hard-heartedness of these modern heroines which has caused the decline of the lover on bended knee, since it is difficult for even a novel-hero to get up gracefully, after a refusal, without an awkward pause. He must be able at once to "turn on his heel and stride toward the door."

Richardson and the earlier novelists had no refractory heroines like ours of to-day. They were often coy and seemingly indifferent, but always to be won at the end of the fifth or seventh volume.

The priggish Sir Charles Grandison makes his offer first to Harriet's grandmother, and then humbly asks for an interview in the presence of both grandmother and aunt; "for neither Miss Byron nor I can wish the absence of two such parental relations." Through seven volumes he is beset with all the becoming doubts and fears of a modern lover, until his "Can you, madame?" and her "I can, I do," close the scene.

Miss Burney's *Evelina* ushers in an array of tearful and moist heroines, especially at proposal time. "The pearly fugitives" are constantly chasing one another down the cheeks of *Queechy*, and of *Gertrude* in *The Lamplighter*. These heroines do not sob, as many children do, but utter "a succession of piercing shrieks." When the proposal comes, and

The Changed Fashion of the Proposal in Fiction.

the original "brother and sister" joke is born, — Willie having exclaimed, "But even then I did not dream that you would refuse me at least a brother's claim to your affection," and Gertrude having cried eagerly, "Oh, Willie, you must not be angry with me. Let me be your sister," — we are not surprised that "a tear started to her eye"!

In Miss Edgeworth is seen a faint foreshadowing of modern heroines. She is able to show with true feminine delicacy their unwillingness to have love thrust upon them. When Falconer has at last proposed, Caroline, who is only eighteen, listens calmly, and then delivers herself of the following: "I am at present happily occupied in various ways, endeavoring to improve myself, and I should be sorry to have my mind turned from these pursuits."

With Miss Brontë came the modern treatment of the proposal, one in which there was no tame surrender, but a fight and struggle. This "duel of hearts" has been followed by most of our women novelists of to-day, notably Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Mary Wilkins. "'Come,'" says Ostrander in *The Story of Avis*, "'I am starving. Come!' Slowly at first, with her head bent as if she resisted some opposing pressure, then swiftly as if she had been drawn by irresistible forces, then blindly like the bird to the lighthouse, she passed the length of the silent room, and put both hands, the palms pressed together as if they had been manacled, into his."

No other woman novelist has devoted so much thought to woman, and so little to love-making, as George Eliot. Gwendolen of "the dynamic glance" makes a close approach to the modern woman who never hesitates — if popular report can be trusted — to take a hand in her own wooing. "But *can* you marry?" "Yes;" and we are thankful to know that Daniel Deronda has the good grace to say it in a low voice, and then goes off to the colorless Mirah, leaving Gwendol-

en to suffer the fate of the innovator, and become the victim of his happiness. More fortunate is Dorothea after the declaration of Will Ladislaw: "We can never be married." "Some time — we might." Tito humbly asks Romola, "May I love you?" but Adam Bede cries, "Dinah, I love you with my whole heart and soul!"

In a remarkable book recently given to the world, the heroine is Irene Flower, "in weight about one hundred and twelve pounds. She had a heavy suit of black hair, and in it a gold pin set with diamonds. She wore this evening" (the evening of the proposal) "a pale blue satin just a little low in the neck, short sleeves, a bouquet of pink roses on her bosom, a diamond ring on her finger, and pale velvet slippers." We are told elsewhere that these were "4 on a D last." Lester Wortley proposes to her in the following words: "I offer myself, a pure heart, filled with love; one that will always love you, and never deceive you; one who will always support you." With this last, which is an especially comforting thought, he closes, and she inquires, "Mr. Wortley, do you think that your heart would break and your life be thwarted, were I to reject you?" which he answers in the following melodramatic style: "I will not be poetical and sickening, Miss Irene. Tomorrow at nine o'clock I expect to be accepted or rejected by you." And when that hour came, and with it acceptance, "rivers of delight ran through his soul."

One of the most puzzling and original proposals in modern fiction is that of Levin to Kitty, in *Anna Karénina*, when he traces on the table with chalk, "w. y. s. i. i. i. w. i. t. o. a.," which Kitty reads without hesitation as, "When you said, It is impossible, was it then or always?" and she answers with "t. i. c. n. a. d.," which he reads with equal facility, "Then I could not answer differently." Certainly the traditional keen vision of the lovers was not wanting.

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THE WAR WITH SPAIN, AND AFTER.

In the summary of his chapter on Spanish civilization, Mr. Buckle wrote:

"A people who regard the past with too wistful an eye will never bestir themselves to help the onward progress; they will hardly believe that progress is possible. To them antiquity is synonymous with wisdom, and every improvement is a dangerous innovation. In this state Europe lingered for many centuries; in this state Spain still lingers. . . . Content with what has been bequeathed, they [the Spaniards] are excluded from that great European movement, which, first clearly perceptible in the sixteenth century, has ever since been steadily advancing, unsettling old opinions, destroying old follies, reforming and improving on every side, influencing even such barbarous countries as Russia and Turkey, but leaving Spain untouched. . . . While Europe is ringing with the noise of intellectual achievements, with which even despotic governments affect to sympathize, in order that they may divert them from their natural course, and use them as new instruments whereby to oppress yet more the liberties of the people; while, amidst this general din and excitement, the public mind, swayed to and fro, is tossed and agitated, — Spain sleeps on, untroubled, unheeding, impassive, receiving no impressions from the rest of the world, and making no impressions upon it. There she lies, at the furthest extremity of the continent, a huge and torpid mass, the sole representative now remaining of the feelings and knowledge of the

Middle Ages. And what is the worst symptom of all, she is satisfied with her own condition. Though she is the most backward country in Europe, she believes herself to be the foremost."

In President Eliot's summary of the most important contributions that the United States has made to civilization, he says:—

"These five contributions to civilization — peace-keeping, religious toleration, the development of manhood suffrage, the welcoming of newcomers, and the diffusion of well-being — I hold to have been eminently characteristic of our country, and so important that, in spite of the qualifications and deductions which every candid citizen would admit with regard to them, they will ever be held in the grateful remembrance of mankind. They are reasonable grounds for a steady, glowing patriotism. They have had much to do, both as causes and as effects, with the material prosperity of the United States; but they are all five essentially moral contributions, being triumphs of reason, enterprise, courage, faith, and justice, over passion, selfishness, inertness, timidity, and distrust. Beneath each one of these developments there lies a strong ethical sentiment, a strenuous moral and social purpose. It is for such work that multitudinous democracies are fit."

In the fertile but devastated island that is the pathetic remnant of Spain's dominion in the New World, these New

World virtues have never thriven. As for the diffusion of well-being, Spanish rule has been a rule of colonial oppression and of open plunder even in times of nominal peace. As for religious toleration, and confidence in manhood suffrage, and a welcome to newcomers, men do not think of these things when they say either "Cuba" or "Spain." As for peace-keeping, not to recall the rebellion of 1823 and subsequent disturbances, an organized revolt was begun in 1868, which, though formally ended in 1878 by the characteristic Spanish method of bribing the rebel leaders, has never really ceased; for the present revolt, which has gone on since 1895, is only a continuation of the old struggle. By the persistence of the insurgents, and by the exterminating method of General Weyler, one of the richest islands in the world has been brought to starvation. A large Spanish army has perished, and a large population has died of hunger. In the history of barbarities it would be hard to find a parallel to the misery of the colony. Spain has not been able either to govern it respectably or to keep the peace.¹

Here, then, if Mr. Buckle's and Mr. Eliot's summaries of the two civilizations be accurate, is an irreconcilable difference of civilizations, — a difference that lies deeper than the difference between any other two "Christian" civilizations that are brought close together anywhere in the world. If irreconcilable civilizations are brought close together, there will be a clash; and since Cuba is within a hun-

dred miles of our coast, at a time when all the earth is become one community in the bonds of commerce, a clash of ideals and of interests has been unavoidable.

It is no wonder, then, that we have had a Cuban question for more than ninety years. At times it has disappeared from our politics, but it has always reappeared. Once we thought it wise to prevent the island from winning its independence from Spain, and thereby, perhaps, we entered into moral bonds to make sure that Spain governed it decently. Whether we definitely contracted such an obligation or not, the Cuban question has never ceased to annoy us. The controversies about it make a long series of chapters in one continuous story of diplomatic trouble. Many of our ablest statesmen have had to deal with it as secretaries of state and as ministers to Spain, and not one of them has been able to settle it. One President after another has taken it up, and every one has transmitted it to his successor. It has at various times been a "plank" in the platforms of all our political parties, — as it was in both the party platforms of 1896, — and it has been the subject of messages of nearly all our Presidents, as it was of President Cleveland's message in December, 1896, in which he distinctly expressed the opinion that the United States might feel forced to recognize "higher obligations" than neutrality to Spain. In spite of periods of apparent quiet, the old trouble has always reappeared in an acute form, and it has

¹ In summing up the narrative of the loss of Spain's other colonies in the New World, Justin Winsor says, in *The Narrative and Critical History of America* (vol. viii. p. 341): "The Spanish colonies commenced their independent careers under every possible disadvantage. All important posts, both in church and state, had almost invariably been given to Spaniards. Out of six hundred and seventy-two viceroys, captains-general, and governors who had ruled in America since its discovery, only eighteen had been Americans; and there had

been one hundred and five native bishops out of a total of seven hundred and six. The same system of exclusion existed in the appointments of the presidents and judges of the *Audiencias*. This injustice not only gave rise to bitter complaints, but it was permanently injurious to the colonists, because it deprived them of a trained governing class when the need arose. Their exclusion from intercourse with the rest of the world had been still more injurious, and had thrown them back both as regards material prosperity and educational facilities."

never been settled; nor has there recently been any strong reason for hope that it could be settled merely by diplomatic negotiation with Spain. Our diplomats have long had an experience with Spanish character and methods such as the public can better understand since war has been in progress. The pathetic inefficiency and the continual indirection of the Spanish character are now apparent to the world; they were long ago apparent to those who have had our diplomatic duties to do.

Thus the negotiations dragged on. We were put to trouble and expense to prevent filibustering, and filibustering continued in spite of us. More than once heretofore has there been danger of international conflict, as for instance when American sailors on the *Virginius* were executed in Cuba in 1873. Propositions have been made to buy the island, and plans have been formed to annex it. All the while there have been American interests in Cuba. Our citizens have owned property and made investments there, and done much to develop its fertility. They have paid tribute, unlawful as well as lawful, both to insurgents and to Spanish officials. They have lost property, for much of which no indemnity has been paid. All the while we have had a trade with the island, important during periods of quiet, irritating during periods of unrest.

The Cuban trouble is, therefore, not a new trouble even in an acute form. It had been moving toward a crisis for a long time. Still, while our government suffered these diplomatic vexations, and our citizens these losses, and our merchants these annoyances, the mass of the American people gave little serious thought to it. The newspapers kept us reminded of an opera-bouffe war that was going on, and now and then there came information of delicate and troublesome diplomatic duties for our minister to Spain. If Cuba were within a hundred miles of the coast of one of our populous

states and near one of our great ports, periods of acute interest in its condition would doubtless have come earlier and oftener, and we should long ago have had to deal with a crisis by warlike measures. Or if the insurgents had commanded respect instead of mere pity, we should have paid heed to their struggle sooner; for it is almost an American maxim that a people cannot govern itself till it can win its own independence.

When it began to be known that Weyler's method of extermination was producing want in the island, and when appeals were made to American charity, we became more interested. President Cleveland found increasing difficulty with the problem. Our Department of State was again obliged to give it increasingly serious attention, and a resolute determination was reached by the administration that this scandal to civilization should cease, — we yet supposed peacefully, — and Spain was informed of our resolution. When Mr. McKinley came to the presidency, the people, conscious of a Cuban problem, were yet not greatly aroused about it. Indeed, a prediction of war made a year or even six months ago would have seemed wild and foolish. Most persons still gave little thought to Cuba, and there seemed a likelihood that they would go on indefinitely without giving serious thought to it; for neither the insurgents, nor the Cuban Junta, nor the Cuban party in the United States, if there was such a party, commanded respect.

The American public was in this mood when the battleship *Maine* was blown up in the harbor of Havana. The masses think in events, and not in syllogisms, and this was an event. This event provoked suspicions in the public mind. The thought of the whole nation was instantly directed to Cuba. The fate of the sailors on the *Virginius*, twenty-five years ago, was recalled. The public curiosity about everything Cuban and Spanish became intense. The Weyler

method of warfare became more generally known. The story of our long diplomatic trouble with Spain was recalled. Diplomacy was obliged to proceed with doors less securely shut. The country watched for news from Washington and from Madrid with eagerness. It happened to be a singularly quiet and even dull time in our own political life, — a time favorable for the concentration of public attention on any subject that prominently presented itself. The better the condition of Cuba was understood, the more deplorable it was seen to be; the more the government of the island was examined, the wider seemed the divergence between Spain's methods and our own; the more the diplomatic history of the case was considered, the plain-er became Spain's purpose to brook no interference, whether in the name of humanity or in the name of friendly commercial interests. The calm report of the naval court of inquiry on the blowing up of the Maine and Senator Proctor's report of the condition of Cuba put the whole people in a very serious mood.

There is no need to discuss minor and accidental causes that hastened the rush of events; but such causes were not lacking either in number or in influence. Newspapers conducted by lost souls that make merchandise of all things that inflame men's worst passions, a Congress with no attractive political programme for the next election, and a spirit of unrest among those classes of the people who had not wholly recovered from the riot in false hopes that inspired the followers of Mr. Bryan in 1896, — these and more made their contributions to the rapidly rising excitement. But all these together could not have driven us to war if we had not been willing to be driven, — if the conviction had not become firm in the minds of the people that Spanish rule in Cuba was a blot on civilization that had now begun to bring reproach to us; and when the President, who favored peace, declared it "intoler-

able," the people were ready to accept his judgment.

It is always a most difficult art to discern, in so large a country as ours, when a tide of public opinion is rising; and it is an art at which men who are most contentedly engaged with their own affairs, or who think much of other lands or of things in other times, are not likely to excel. The undercurrents of public opinion sometimes find accurate expression in the newspapers and in Congress, and sometimes they do not; but there are moods when the public temper shows itself in ways all its own, sweeping slowly and strongly like an undertow beneath the customary forms of expression; and it moves not always logically, but from event to event. Now, there can no longer be doubt that after the blowing up of the Maine public opinion moved forward instinctively to a strong pitch of indignation, impelled not only by lesser causes, but by the institutional differences laid down by Mr. Buckle and Mr. Eliot. It felt its way toward the conviction that the republic does stand for something, — for fair play, for humanity, and for direct dealing, — and that these things do put obligations on us; and the delays and indirections of diplomacy became annoying. We rushed into war almost before we knew it, not because we desired war, but because we desired something to be done with the old problem that should be direct and definite and final. Let us end it once for all.

Congress, it is true, in quiet times, is likely to represent the shallows and the passing excitements of our life rather than its deeper moods, but there is among the members of Congress a considerable body of conservative men; and the vote for war was practically unanimous, and public opinion sustained it. Among the people during the period when war seemed inevitable, but had not yet been declared, — a period during which the Powers of Europe found time and mind to express a hope for peace,

—hardly a peace meeting was held by influential men. The President and his cabinet were known to wish longer to try diplomatic means of averting war, but no organized peace party came into existence. Except expressions of the hope of peace made by commercial and ecclesiastical organizations, no protest was heard against the approaching action of Congress. Many thought that war could have been postponed, if not prevented, but the popular mood was at least acquiescent, if not insistent, and it has since become unmistakably approving.

Not only is there in the United States an unmistakable popular approval of war as the only effective means of restoring civilization in Cuba, but the judgment of the English people promptly approved it, — giving evidence of an instinctive race and institutional sympathy. If Anglo-Saxon institutions and methods stand for anything, the institutions and methods of Spanish rule in Cuba are an abomination and a reproach. And English sympathy is not more significant as an evidence of the necessity of the war and as a good omen for the future of free institutions than the equally instinctive sympathy with Spain that has been expressed by some of the decadent influences on the Continent; indeed, the real meaning of American civilization and ideals will henceforth be somewhat more clearly understood in several quarters of the world.

American character will be still better understood when the whole world clearly perceives that the purpose of the war is only to remove from our very doors this cruel and inefficient piece of mediævalism which is one of the two great scandals of the closing years of the century; for it is not a war of conquest. There is a strong and definite sentiment against the annexation of Cuba, and against our responsibility for its government further than we are now bound to be responsible. Once free, let it govern itself; and it ought to govern itself at

least as well as other Spanish-American countries have governed themselves since they achieved their independence.

The problems that seem likely to follow the war are graver than those that have led up to it; and if it be too late to ask whether we entered into it without sufficient deliberation, it is not too soon to make sure of every step that we now take. The inspiring unanimity of the people in following their leaders proves to be as earnest and strong as it ever was under any form of government; and this popular acquiescence in war puts a new responsibility on those leaders, and may put our institutions and our people themselves to a new test. A change in our national policy may change our very character; and we are now playing with the great forces that may shape the future of the world — almost before we know it.

Yesterday we were going about the prosaic tasks of peace, content with our own problems of administration and finance, a nation to ourselves, — “*commercial*,” as our enemies call us in derision. To-day we are face to face with the sort of problems that have grown up in the management of world-empires, and the policies of other nations are of intimate concern to us. Shall we still be content with peaceful industry, or does there yet lurk in us the adventurous spirit of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers? And have we come to a time when, no more great enterprises awaiting us at home, we shall be tempted to seek them abroad?

The race from which we are sprung is a race that for a thousand years has done the adventurous and outdoor tasks of the world. The English have been explorers, colonizers, conquerors of continents, founders of states. We ourselves, every generation since we came to America, have had great practical enterprises to engage us, — the fighting with Indians, the clearing of forests, the war for independence, the construction of a gov-

ernment, the extension of our territory, the pushing backward of the frontier, the development of an El Dorado (which the Spaniards owned, but never found), the long internal conflict about slavery, a great civil war, the building of railroads, and the compact unification of a continental domain. These have been as great enterprises and as exciting, coming in rapid succession, as any race of men has ever had to engage it, — as great enterprises for the play of the love of adventure in the blood as our kinsmen over the sea have had in the extension and the management of their world-empire. The old outdoor spirit of the Anglo-Saxon has till lately found wider scope in our own history than we are apt to remember.

But now a generation has come to manhood that has had no part in any great adventure. In politics we have had difficult and important tasks, indeed, but they have not been exciting, — the reform of the civil service and of the system of currency, and the improvement of municipal government. These are chiefly administrative. In a sense they are not new nor positive tasks, but the correction of past errors. In some communities politics has fallen into the hands of petty brigands, and in others into those of second-rate men, partly because it has offered little constructive work to do. Its duties have been routine, regulative duties; its prizes, only a commonplace distinction to honest men, and the vulgar spoil of office to dishonest ones. The decline in the character of our public life has been a natural result of the lack of large constructive opportunities. The best equipped men of this generation have abstained from it, and sought careers by criticism of the public servants who owe their power to the practical inactivity of the very men who criticise them. In literature as well we have well-nigh lost the art of constructive writing, for we work too much on indoor problems, and content ourselves

with adventures in criticism. It is noteworthy that the three books which have found most readers, and had perhaps the widest influence on the masses of this generation, are books of Utopian social programmes (mingled with very different proportions of truth), by whose fantastic philosophy, thanks to the dullness of the times, men have tried seriously to shape our national conduct, — *Progress and Poverty*, *Looking Backward*, and *Coin's Financial School*. Apostolic fervor, romantic dreaming, and blatant misinformation have each captivated the idle-minded masses, because their imaginations were not duly exercised in their routine toil. It has been a time of social reforms, of the "emancipation" of women, of national organizations of children, of societies for the prevention of minor vices and for the encouragement of minor virtues, of the study of genealogy, of the rise of morbid fiction, of journals for "ladies," of literature for babes, of melodrama on the stage because we have had melodrama in life also, — of criticism and reform rather than of thought and action. These things all denote a lack of adventurous opportunities, an indoor life such as we have never before had a chance to enjoy; and there are many indications that a life of quiet may have become irksome, and may not yet be natural to us. Greater facts than these denote a period also of peace and such well-being as men of our race never before enjoyed, — sanitary improvements, the multiplication and the development of universities, the establishment of hospitals, and the application of benevolence to the whole circle of human life, — such a growth of good will as we had come to think had surely made war impossible.

Is this dream true? Or is it true that with a thousand years of adventure behind us we are unable to endure a life of occupations that do not feed the imagination? After all, it is temperament that tells, and not schemes of national

policy, whether laid down in Farewell Addresses or in Utopian books. No national character was ever shaped by formula or by philosophy; for greater forces than these lie behind it, — the forces of inheritance and of events. Are we, by virtue of our surroundings and institutions, become a different people from our ancestors, or are we yet the same race of Anglo-Saxons, whose restless energy in colonization, in conquest, in trade, in "the spread of civilization," has carried their speech into every part of the world, and planted their habits everywhere?

Within a week such a question, which we had hitherto hardly thought seriously to ask during our whole national existence, has been put before us by the first foreign war that we have had since we became firmly established as a nation. Before we knew the meaning of foreign possessions in a world ever growing more jealous, we have found ourselves the captors of islands in both great oceans; and from our home-staying policy of yesterday we are brought face to face with world-wide forces in Asia as well as in Europe, which seem to be working, by the opening of the Orient, for one of the greatest changes in human history. Until a little while ago our latest war dispatches came from Appomattox. Now our latest dispatches (when this is written) come from Manila. The news from Appomattox concerned us only. The news from Manila sets every statesman and soldier in the world to thinking new thoughts about us, and to asking new questions. And to nobody has the change come more unexpectedly than to ourselves. Has it come without our knowing the meaning of it? The very swiftness of these events and the ease with which they have come to pass are matter for more serious thought than the unjust

rule of Spain in Cuba, or than any tasks that have engaged us since we rose to commanding physical power.

The removal of the scandal of Spain's control of its last American colony is as just and merciful as it is pathetic, — a necessary act of surgery for the health of civilization. Of the two disgraceful scandals of modern misgovernment, the one which lay within our correction will no longer deface the world. But when we have removed it, let us make sure that we stop; for the Old World's troubles are not our troubles, nor its tasks our tasks, and we should not become sharers in its jealousies and entanglements. The continued progress of the race in the equalization of opportunity and in well-being depends on democratic institutions, of which we, under God, are yet, in spite of all our shortcomings, the chief beneficiaries and custodians. Our greatest victory will not be over Spain, but over ourselves, — to show once more that even in its righteous wrath the republic has the virtue of self-restraint. At every great emergency in our history we have had men equal to the duties that faced us. The men of the Revolution were the giants of their generation. Our civil war brought forward the most striking personality of the century. As during a period of peace we did not forget our courage and efficiency in war, so, we believe, during a period of routine domestic politics we have not lost our capacity for the largest statesmanship. The great merit of democracy is that, out of its multitudes, who have all had a chance for natural development, there arise, when occasion demands, stronger and wiser men than any class-governed societies have ever bred.

THE UNCERTAIN FACTORS IN NAVAL CONFLICTS.

THE outbreak of war has filled our people with forebodings as to the possible result of a naval conflict, and in the mind of the non-technical citizen the battleship has become almost the synonym for disaster. This huge machine is considered uncertain, unwieldy, and unsafe, and the friends of our sailors are awaiting anxiously the experiments which must determine its place in the system of national defense. When a landsman, or even a sailor of the old navy, steps on board a modern battleship, he finds himself in an unknown country. The crew is probably scattered and hidden away in small compartments, and a few forbidding guns look out at the visitor from behind heavy masses of metal; altogether there is a decided air of unfriendliness which leaves him depressed and uncertain. It is the unknownness, like that which strikes a lad upon entering a vast forest.

No nation has had really decisive practical experience with modern weapons at sea, and we have proceeded upon theory as invention after invention has been added to our resources. The past generation has witnessed a complete revolution in the manufacture of guns, armor, machinery, and ships. Those, therefore, who have not learned the naval profession have a natural lack of confidence. The newspapers have contained many illustrations of terrific conflicts, in which ships have been drawn crashing into one another, and plunging into the depths, carrying men and guns down with them. One of the pictorial weeklies has gone so far as to represent a battleship as a huge sphinx. Only a few months ago, a Japanese periodical gave us a picture of the battle of the Yalu in a cross-section of the sky, air, water, and earth. Bombs were bursting in the air, ships were plunging into the water, and men

in submarine armor were hacking at one another with battle-axes on the bottom of the sea.

Something like this picture, it would seem, must be present in the minds of many over-anxious people, no doubt strongly impressed upon them by the disasters which have occurred to warships during the past few years. The ill-fated Captain which capsized in the British Channel, the Victoria sunk by collision, and lately the Maine have partly destroyed our faith in every floating thing made of iron or steel. People forget that about the time the Captain was capsized the English wooden sailing vessel Eurydice suffered the same fate off the Isle of Wight; that her sister ship left the West Indies never to be heard of again; that although the Victoria was sunk by a ram, so also was the wooden frigate Cumberland when struck by the Merrimac; and that the end of the Maine was paralleled by that of the Albemarle. We have lost our terror of wooden sailing vessels through centuries of use and the traditional reliability of the hearts of oak.

There is really no essential difference, as an element of danger, between wood and metal when properly used. A wooden pail and an iron kettle will float equally well if they displace the same amount of water; and if they have holes of the same size punched below the water-line they will sink with equal rapidity, and will carry the same weights down with them. The only difference in the two cases is the element of time; but with the same reserve of buoyancy this difference is reduced to a minimum. The complexity of a ship's construction and the enormous increase in the power of our weapons account in a large measure for the uncertainty felt throughout our own country, and the curiosity in all other

parts of the world to see how the new things are going to work in skillful hands. It is a sad fate which forces the latest builder of a navy to make a trial of its ships. Humanity might be better off if the problem were never solved, and if we could go on for centuries building upon theory.

Have our doubts any justification? Have the modern guns and torpedoes increased the chances of procuring that hole below the water-line which is thought to be almost certain to send a ship to the bottom? These are questions which, when this is written,¹ are waiting for answers. At this stage of our affairs it is hazardous to predict, as a battle may come quickly enough to prove the undoing of one who attempts to foretell its results; yet there is much less cause for uneasiness than we are led to believe. Our vessels are not the death-traps that they are often thought to be. The results will depend much upon the class of ships engaged.

We are not quite so uninformed as might at first thought be supposed, for our theories have been based upon the experience of four wars since the introduction of iron and steel for ship-building purposes. Our own civil war with its numerous examples of the monitor in action, the battle of Lissa between the Italians and Austrians, the battles off the South American coast between Chile and Peru, and lastly the decisive action near the mouth of the Yalu River afford a sufficient basis of judgment on many points. One thing we know well, and that is the absolute uselessness of wooden hulls as opposed to iron and steel. One large battleship of the latest construction would have been fatal to the whole of both fleets at Trafalgar, and one modern commerce-destroyer could probably have swept from the sea the entire commerce of England during Nelson's time. The experience of our war and of that between Chile and Peru has taught us how

to design a turret and to protect the men behind the guns. We have learned, also, the fearlessness of trained men when cooped up in boxes of iron and steel. The battle of the Yalu has demonstrated that battleships with heavy armor are not easily sent to the bottom even when attacked by much superior force, and that cruisers and gunboats are in great danger when carried into fleet action. As might have been supposed, the splinters and fire from all woodwork above the water-line have proved trying to the crew even of a battleship.

Naval vessels may be divided into four classes: battleships, capable of making an attack and of taking heavy blows; cruisers, whose chief function is blockade duty and commerce-destroying, but which would not stand a very heavy fire; armed merchantships, employed as scouts and patrols; and finally, torpedo boats and destroyers, exclusively for offense, having no protection whatever against even the smaller rapid-fire guns. It is not to be doubted that all these ships would be carried fearlessly into action, if it seemed advisable to the commander-in-chief, but prudence would remand all vulnerable craft to the rear or to points within easy reach of a safe harbor. The chief reliance must necessarily be placed on ships built especially for the line of battle, and we may well consider what is likely to be their fate when opposed by vessels of their own class.

There are three types of heavy fighting vessels in our navy: the harbor defense monitor, capable of service in smooth water; the coast-line battleship, for coast defenses; and the sea-going battleship, which can handle its guns in a fairly heavy sea. None of these have a speed exceeding sixteen or seventeen knots, the principal differences among the three classes being in the height of the guns above the water-line, and the capacity to maintain their highest speed in rough water. The Iowa, as the best of its class, is our only completed example

¹ April 30.

of a sea-going battleship, and she may be taken as a type. She has been described as "a vast honeycomb of steel." Doubts have been expressed as to the stability of this honeycomb under the shock of a heavy projectile. Writers who have had no experience on the sea are likely to forget the heavy shock which the hulls of all our ships have already withstood in firing their own guns. In fact, there is not much difference between the jar to the turret and its machinery from the reaction of a twelve-inch shell and that resulting from a blow.

The Iowa carries forty-six guns, two more than the rating of our old Constitution, and, like that vessel, is among the first of a new type. Four twelve-inch guns are mounted near the ends of the ship in steel turrets fifteen inches thick, and four eight-inch guns are placed on each side in smaller steel turrets six inches thick. These turrets have steel covers and are like inverted cheese-boxes, with holes for the muzzles of the guns, nearly all of which are fully twenty-five feet above the water. The other guns are of smaller calibre, of the rapid-firing class. Four Gatling guns are mounted on platforms on the single mast, called the fighting-tops. They are placed high in the air for the purpose of delivering a plunging fire upon the decks of an opponent. While the Constitution fired a broadside weighing about seven hundred pounds, the Iowa is capable of discharging forty-five hundred and sixty pounds in one broadside. If we reckon the total weight of metal which can be thrown by the Iowa in the time required by the Constitution to fire a broadside, we have not far from nine thousand pounds.

A feature of the modern gun will doubtless be its accuracy of aim. The guns of the first monitor had the ordinary sights, and the men had to look out through the port-holes of a revolving turret to find the enemy. We might say they often fired "on the wing," with very indefinite notions of the range and the

briefest instant for training the guns. The Iowa's turrets have small boxes projecting above the covers for lookouts. Horizontal slits are cut near the tops of these boxes, giving a view around the horizon. The guns themselves are aimed by means of cross-hairs in telescopes, and fired by electric buttons which are instantaneous in their action. Once the cross-hair is on the object, the projectile may be sent on its way at a velocity of two thousand feet a second before the roll of the ship has time to impair its accuracy. The range is found by means of instruments set up as far apart as possible, which make the ship the base line of a triangle having the target for its apex. In case of failure of the instruments the range may be found by trial of the rapid-fire guns, which deliver from six to twenty shots a minute.

While the ship is built for her guns, a great number of machines are required to bring them into action and to make them effective as offensive weapons. There are two powerful engines for propulsion, many machines for auxiliary purposes in the engine and fire rooms, and other smaller machines for steering the ship, turning the turrets, hoisting the ammunition, and ventilating and lighting the compartments. One of the main objects in the design is to provide for the protection of all these machines which constitute the vitals of a ship, and to enable her, in case her guns are crippled, to ram or to get out of the way. A very good idea of this protection would be obtained by imagining all the upper works removed down to the deck three feet above the water-line. An inverted box, about one hundred and fifty feet long and seventy-two feet broad, would be found, made of fourteen inches of steel on the sides, twelve inches on the ends, and two and three quarters on the top, constituting a huge house containing all the machinery whose derangement might prove disastrous. In the living space above this iron box are placed

various rapid-fire guns with five-inch steel armor on the sides to protect the men from small-arm fire. The fourteen-inch armor on the sides extends four or five feet below the water-line for the more effective protection of the hull between wind and water. The turrets communicate with the magazines by means of heavy steel tubes extending to the armored deck. In addition to all this armor there is a steel tower or lookout, placed high above the batteries, from which the commanding officer may con the ship and direct her movements, communicating, through a tube seven inches thick, with all important points below the water-line. About eighteen hundred tons of coal are carried, to enable the ship to keep the sea for a reasonable period. The spread of water in case a shot penetrates near the water-line is prevented by placing the coal in thirty separate water-tight compartments or rooms. For the same purpose, the subdivision of all parts of the hull below the water-line is carried out with equal minuteness.

All these constructions have proceeded along the line of theory, as our naval officers have pictured in their minds the contingencies likely to arise in action; but it is hard to believe that practical experience will justify any very vital changes. The batteries may be rearranged and increased, the guns may be reduced in size, and better protection may be given to the men; still, the ships will be substantially the same. There is no reason to think that we are less skillful in engineering applied to warfare than in engineering in its many applications for peace. For a generation we have designed steam-boilers, bridges, ships, and buildings upon theory, and few great disasters have followed when the laws of science have been faithfully observed. Technical men are not more afraid of a boiler which carries two hundred pounds of steam than of one which carries only twenty. The same factor

of safety is provided in both cases, and both boilers are reliable in service. In fact, we have found high-pressure boilers the more reliable, as greater care has been taken in their design and construction. The same thing may be said of the higher power guns, and we can fire a shot weighing half a ton with as much safety as our forefathers could fire a shot weighing twenty-four pounds. Hence it would seem unreasonable to expect such disastrous results as we are sometimes led to anticipate. The battle of the Yalu showed that an armored ship could go into action, suffer a terrific fire, and still have the ability to steam out of action and proceed to a place of safety.

It is almost certain to be the small things which give trouble under stress. Take the different important elements of the Iowa, for instance, and let us see what are likely to be the difficulties in store for our officers and men. The first thing which presents itself is the complicated system by which the captain gives his orders to the divisions under his command. The conning-tower contains speaking-tubes to the engine-rooms, the magazines, the turrets, the steering-room, and the guns mounted separately. There is, besides, a central station below the water-line communicating with these compartments, and connected by a single tube within easy reach of the commanding officer. There are also telephone connections with all parts, and a system of mechanical bell-pulls to direct the motion of the engines. The cutting of one of these tubes or wires would bring another, or reserve, into use, and the cutting of them all would throw the conning-tower out of action. But even this would not necessarily impair the fighting efficiency, as the central station below the conning-tower would still be available. If worse came to worst, a system of communication could be established by stationing a line of men along the berth deck. There would also be at hand, for directing the engineers, bell-

pulls in the pilot-house, on the bridge, and at the steering-wheels aft. It will readily be seen that while the destruction of all means of communication would seriously hamper the ship, it would not follow that she must retreat or even go out of action. Experience with the *Huascar*, a monitor belonging to the Peruvian navy, has proved this. This little ship fought two battleships for several hours after her conning-tower had been practically destroyed. In the fight between the Monitor and the *Merrimac*, the former's speaking-tube connecting the conning-tower with the other parts of the ship was broken early in the action, and yet it was the *Merrimac* which had to retreat.

The derangement of machinery presents much greater difficulty, and an accident to even a small element might cause the loss of a ship, by placing her at the mercy of a ram or a torpedo. The propelling machinery and the boilers are below the water-line. They are very substantially built, and it seems doubtful if they are more likely to give out at so critical a time as a sea-fight than in stress of heavy weather. As a matter of course, greater chances would be taken in the former case, and the engines might be forced to their utmost at times. The danger from shot is not so serious as the liability to the development of hidden defects under high tension, and the lack of reliable communication among the engineers and firemen, shut off from one another in small water-tight compartments. Almost all conceivable contingencies, however, have been provided for.

The steering machinery also is entirely below the water-line, and is of a type with which we have had much practical experience. The eight-inch turrets are turned by steam-engines so near the ship's bottom that a shot could not possibly disturb them. The same may be said of the hydraulic machinery which turns the turrets containing the twelve-

inch guns. The eight-inch guns can be turned by hand as well. The only accident likely to happen is the disturbance of the gearing, due to the impact of a heavy shot. Even if the turrets could not be turned, the guns could be fought by turning the ship. The ammunition is hoisted by electricity, with a reserve of hand power. The electric current is provided by dynamos, of which there are four, forming a very large reserve. A breakage or short circuit in the wire would plunge the lower part of the ship into darkness but for the dim glow of oil lamps or candles.

This array of machinery would be disheartening if we did not know that every machine is in the hands of trained men, whose practical experience will go far toward securing safety and promptness in action, and eliminating the danger of breakdowns. Up to this time the examples which may be cited as evidence are few, but we may be sure that our men will prove equal to the requirements of the occasion. The battle of the Yalu is inconclusive, on account of the lack of intelligence with which the ships on the Chinese side were handled. Only those ships not designed for fighting in fleet were destroyed by the Japanese.

It is an axiom to say that with equally good ships on both sides the result of a fight will depend upon the steadiness, the intelligence, and the training of the men. After all, it is they who form the chief factor in these days as they did in the past, when our weapons and ships were of a more elementary type. The ability and bravery of our seamen cannot be questioned. One of the finest episodes in history is the sinking of the *Cumberland* at Hampton Roads. Her crew went down firing the guns until the ship was submerged, and the flag was never lowered. In calculating the chances of victory we must take into account the dispositions and character of our opponents. Any deficiency in their mechanical know-

ledge and skill is certain to invite defeat. Bravery goes for naught in the presence of machinery, if a people be hampered by tradition and methods belonging to the Middle Ages. Evidence for the present case may be gathered from the behavior of the descendants of the Spaniards in South America. The machinery of their ships has always suffered except in the hands of foreign engineers, principally Scotch and English, hired for the purpose.

That they have courage, when they are cornered, is undoubted. In the war between Chile and Peru, the *Huascar* made herself famous in two naval battles, in which was exhibited the splendid bravery of the Spaniards on both sides. She had a small turret five or six inches thick, and side armor of three or four inches. She went down to Iquique under a German captain named Grau, who found the Chilean ship *Esmeralda* in the harbor, an old-style wooden frigate, not at all adapted to fighting a monitor. The action began at long range, no shot taking effect, however, until the vessels were close together. Early in the fight three of the boilers of the Chilean exploded, and very nearly disabled her. A shot passed through the engine-room, exploded there, and completely destroyed the machinery, so that the ship had no motive power thereafter. Of course the men suffered meanwhile, but the ship made no pretense of surrendering. The *Huascar* endeavored to ram the *Esmeralda*, and struck her a glancing blow with no serious effect. But while the two ships were in contact, the Chilean commander, Arturo Pratt, calling to his men to follow him, leaped on board the *Huascar*. Only one man was able to join him before the ships separated. Captain Grau called to him to surrender, saying that he did not want to kill a gallant man. As Captain Pratt shot one of the crew, both he and his man were killed. The *Huascar* made another attempt to ram, and was boarded by the

third officer of the *Esmeralda*, followed by six or seven men. They too were swept from the deck. A third attempt to ram was successful, and the *Esmeralda* went down, with her men cheering and her flag still flying. A few months later the *Huascar* was captured by two ironclads, after nearly all her officers and crew had been killed. When the Chilean officer came on board to take possession of her, he found her chief engineer opening a sea-valve in the engine-room, with the intention of sinking the ship.

The distinction between those men and ours is not one of bravery, but one of mechanical knowledge and force, and these seem likely to be the determining factors in the present war. Accidents are most common with men who have no mechanical foresight and no steadiness in the handling of machinery and guns.

This fact was very plainly exemplified after the destruction of the *Alabama*. A nine-inch shell from the *Alabama* struck the *Kearsarge* in the sternpost and lodged there without exploding. It should have torn the stern out of the ship, and the struggle would have ended otherwise. The failure to explode must be attributed mainly to lack of care of the fuses on the part of the *Alabama's* crew. A section of the sternpost containing the shell was subsequently sawed out and sent to the Naval Academy to serve as a living example to our young officers.

There is another consideration which distinguishes modern warfare from that in the days of the sailing navy, and that is the coal supply. A ship can no longer keep the sea for an unlimited time, and we bid fair to acquire experience in the method of providing for our steamers at a distance from their coaling stations. As many indefinite notions upon this subject are held by our people, an example may be taken from the navy in time of peace. Just after the Baltimore affair at Valparaiso, the *Charleston* was ordered from Shanghai to Honolulu, and upon reaching the latter place found

orders to proceed to Valparaiso. She took on eight hundred tons of coal, which was sufficient, under ordinary circumstances, to carry her five or six thousand miles. She left Honolulu and headed for Callao, but about three days out she struck a very heavy gale of wind dead ahead. After steaming for ten days against this wind and a tremendous sea she was obliged to put in to San Diego, California, with coal for only one day's steaming left. The distance actually covered was a little more than two thousand miles. It may readily be seen from this that the contingency of wind and weather cannot be taken into account when leaving port, and that a fleet would find the question of coal a very serious one indeed. The difficulty of coaling at sea is so great that ships or fleets would probably be helpless, if taken more than twenty-five hundred miles from the base of supply, unless an enemy's port could be captured or a place in quiet waters could be found where the coal might be transferred. A few commerce-destroyers have large bunker capacity, and would be effective across the Atlantic, but the experiment has never been tried.

The next important consideration is the facility for docking and repairs in case of damage to hull or machinery. A great part of this work can be done on board ship, with the class of men we now provide for our navy; but any heavy repairs would inevitably involve the proximity of a navy yard, a repair station, and a dock. The success of our ships in stress of weather and in their general reliability is a proof that we have little to fear in comparison with other nations, and especially with nations having no mechanical ability. No device has yet been able to cope with the fouling of an iron ship's bottom at sea. We can send divers down to scrape off the barnacles, which at once begin to grow again, and in a few months seriously reduce the speed.

While it seems probable that our bat-

tle-ships would be able to make a vigorous and effective attack, and to take heavy blows without fear, the really uncertain elements in modern naval warfare are the torpedo and the ram. It is scarcely to be doubted that a ship would sink if pierced below the water-line by either. Actual experience, however, has given us few data upon the use of these weapons between ships in motion. There is a record of ships at anchor destroyed by torpedoes, but the two cases are not the same. The Chilean ironclad *Blanco Encalada* was sunk in the harbor of Caldera by a Whitehead torpedo fired from the torpedo boat *Almirante Lynch*. Her water-tight doors had not been closed, and her crew is said to have been asleep when the torpedo boats came into the harbor. At any rate, she went down without having made any attempt to get out of the way. Very few guns were fired. The *Albemarle* was sunk at her anchorage on a dark night. The *Aquidaban* was destroyed by night in Santa Catharina Bay.

All these, however, are cases of ships lying at anchor without picket boats, and we have nothing to tell us what torpedo boats can accomplish against battleships in motion or at anchor, surrounded by proper scouts. They may prove to be more dangerous in imagination than in reality. At best they are frail structures in which everything is sacrificed to speed. Even a voyage across the Atlantic is perilous, and they are of no use whatever unless accompanied by a coal supply. The protection against torpedo boats is provided by a number of rapid-fire guns, and when we consider that one shot would be likely to destroy the motive power of one of these little crafts we can understand what a slender chance she would have if discovered. The *Iowa* could fire at least one hundred and twenty shots per minute on each broadside, and could thus encircle the ship with a shower of projectiles delivered with great accuracy of aim. Is it un-

warrantable to believe that our ships will scarcely find torpedo boats a grave element of danger? They undoubtedly create a feeling of nervousness and apprehension on a battleship, only exceeded by that on the torpedo boats, whose sole defense against large vessels is their speed. The stake in men, time, and money is far greater for the former, but the risk is almost prohibitive for the latter. In fleet action, such a small vessel would be like a small boy who has interfered in a street fight among men. A fleet of torpedo boats could, however, wait beyond the range of the guns, and come up to destroy an enemy whose gun fire had been silenced.

The place of the ram cannot be stated definitely from past experience. Its use will probably be confined to the delivery of a death-blow after an antagonist is disabled. While one ship may attempt to ram, the other may have equal facility in avoiding the blow. Besides this, the torpedo, with which every battleship is armed, acts as an efficient deterrent. Our battleships are provided with four or six torpedo tubes from which automobile torpedoes may be fired. It seems likely that these would be in place, ready for use, in case two ships were very close together. The danger from their premature explosion, if struck by a shot, would be likely to keep them below the water-line until occasion for use arose. It is reported that the Chinese actually fired their torpedoes into the water, and left them to wander aimlessly around, rather than to trust them in the tubes, where they were exposed to rapid-fire guns.

The subdivision of the ship below the water-line is made with great minuteness, and its effectiveness in preventing the entrance of a large quantity of water depends upon the prompt closing of the water-tight doors. These doors must be closed upon the slightest indication of danger, and the crew must be thoroughly trained in the care of apparatus required

to make them tight. The penalty of carelessness is well understood. One needs only to read the records of the marine insurance companies to establish the fact that water-tight bulkheads have saved many ships that would otherwise have been lost. It is still within the memory of those who cross the Atlantic that the *Arizona* ran into an iceberg and had the greater part of her bow torn off, but that the ship made her port without serious apprehension on the part of her captain. A few years ago, the officers of the *Hartford*, lying in Valparaiso, saw a Chilean torpedo boat, going at full speed, accidentally ram a large ironclad. The bow was doubled up on itself and the hull badly torn, but no great amount of water entered, and the boat easily made her landing. There are many records of grounding where the bottom-plates have been pierced without seriously endangering the safety of the ship. The use of wood does not give us immunity from accident and its results, and we are prone to exaggerate the faults of metal. No wooden vessel could possibly have remained afloat after a collision like that of the *Arizona*, and we are but too familiar with the stories of pumps going for days in a slowly settling ship.

The Chinese war, while not to be taken as reliable evidence, affords some little information on the subject of rapid-fire guns. The deck of a battleship would probably be swept by a torrent of small shot. The fire from the Gatling guns in the fighting-tops of the *Iowa* would quickly drive the men from the upper deck of an antagonist. If this torrent were directed at the openings around the heavy guns, it might render the inside of the turrets very uncomfortable. The turret of the *Huascar* was cleaned out three times by the fire from the Chilean ships, and one of her officers was struck by a shell entering a gun-port. A shot had previously penetrated the five inches of metal and disabled one of the guns. An accident to the *Iowa* is exceedingly

unlikely, as there is hardly a gun afloat which could penetrate her steel armor under ordinary circumstances of an action at sea.

The forward and after parts of a battleship contain nothing of vital importance above the water-line, and therefore are not protected by armor. A three-foot thickness of corn pith is packed in along the sides to prevent the entrance of water in case the metal be riddled. No great damage could be done, as the ship could use her guns even though the ends were converted into pepper-boxes.

The use of cruisers whose vitals are protected by a thick steel turtle-back deck hidden within the hull is fairly well worked out. They are provided with high speed to run away, and no commander would feel himself justified in combating battleships with cruisers except in the gravest emergency, where dash and skill might win the day. A blockade may be conducted with both cruisers and gunboats, and an enemy's port might even be entered without the support of heavy ships, if the fortifications were not well manned. All similar vessels belonging to an enemy would be on equal terms, and we may be sure that our officers would accept the gage of battle in such cases. From what we know of Anglo-Saxon blood, it is doubtful if they could be restrained.

Our strongest tendency is to take alarm at the differences between ships of the present day and those of the past; yet by taking another view of the case, and dwelling rather on the likenesses between the past and present, we may well feel reassured. The men who command our ships and those who man them are of

the same blood as those who have gained victories on the sea for America and for England. Our sailors are bred to the sea, and may be trusted to uphold the traditions of the service. War has always been risky, and men will not be free from danger now any more than they were in the past, but that danger does not bear a greater proportion to their ability to meet it. The newspapers have a strong tendency to exaggerate the sensational side of war. We have been assured that many surprises are in store for us, but it is difficult to see how that which is anticipated and provided for can be called a surprise. It is true that a battleship is a very complicated machine, liable to accidents; but we may feel sure that here the genius of our people has not gone far astray. The Americans are naturally mechanical, and instead of surprises we may look for many confirmations of our theories. We may lose some of our smaller ships, but there is no reason to anticipate any great disaster, unless one of our battleships should be taken by surprise or overwhelmed by a number of ships.

In conclusion, it may be said that the machine is not an untried factor in warfare. Its possibilities are really the unknown quantity to be determined in practice. Our guns will probably do just what they are expected to do, and unless a new weapon, more certain and deadly than anything we now have, be devised, a single naval battle is likely to affect only the arrangement of details in the future. The qualities of the men must, after all, remain the determining element, and we have no cause to think that they have changed.

Ira Nelson Hollis.

THE MONTANIANS.

I.

THERE is opportunity for a very entertaining essay by Mr. Owen Wister, if he cared to write it, on *The Passing of the Wild and Woolly*. For the old West — the West of Buffalo Bill and W. G. Puddfoot, the West of Bret Harte stagecoaches and Remington broncho-busters — is fast vanishing away.

But the new West has not altogether evolved. The inner impulse has already "rent the veil of the old husk," but not as yet has the new creature come forth in "clear plates of sapphire mail." Montana is still the chrysalis, — old and new in one, either, neither, or both, as you will, — transitional, and, like every healthy chrysalis, very much alive. In just this lies the intellectual fascination of Montana; it is social evolution caught in the act.

As Paris is France, so Sapphira is Montana. Says the Queen City of the Rockies, "*L'état, c'est moi.*" The history of Sapphira is the history of the entire commonwealth. First there was gold, — thirty million dollars of it in Humbug Gulch. Then there were pioneers. Immediately there was a camp. Upon the camp settled the vampires. Upon the vampires pounced the Vigilantes. Out of Vigilantism came law. With law came women. With women came civilization. With civilization came the "boom." The boom "busted," and you have — Sapphira.

If Sapphira is a chrysalis, what, pray, is a chrysalis? A worm? Assuredly. A dragon-fly? a butterfly? As truly. So of Sapphira. All the men in Butte and half the men in Sapphira carry "guns," but who shoots? "Hold-ups" are frequent enough in Montana (I have myself carried my money in my boot), but are highwaymen totally extinct in

Massachusetts and Pennsylvania? The bandit is neither Eastern nor Western: he is American, — at least just at present. To be sure, Sapphira has still a saloon called *The Bucket of Blood*, but "neck-tie parties" and that sort of thing are long since well gone by. Until the present year the gambling-hells were licensed by the state, and as you passed along the street you could look in through the open doors and see the crowds around the green tables playing faro, poker, craps, and fan-tan under the benign sanction of the law. This condition of things, however, owing to the courageous efforts of the Reverend T. V. Moore, of Helena, has been finally done away. Thus, little by little, "the old order changeth, yielding place to new."

"The vices die," says one; "the virtues never die." Sapphira has progressed many a moral parasang since the old days, and there has been no appreciable reversion to type. The city is rapidly learning the art of applied decency. It would not now be prudent for an exalted politician to ride down Main Street in the company of a notorious woman. In these days, if a pretty adventuress "goes over the Great Divide," she is not buried in state, nor do the merchants of Sapphira shut up their shops to attend her funeral, nor do they vie with one another as of yore in the extravagance of their floral tributes. The arrival of wives and children changed all that. Moreover, it is now some years since fine dames were accustomed to horse-whip objectionable young gentlemen by daylight. Sunday is no longer a carnival of blood. Indeed, so far as I can see, life in Montana is swiftly losing its pink-newspaper flavoring.

And there are yet better things in store. Suicides will become less frequent when the hazards of finance reduce them-

selves to comparative stability. Some day there will be less fact than fun in the Montana definition of a millionaire, namely, "a man who owes a million dollars." The time will come, I even venture to predict, when the social oligarchy of Sapphira will no longer afford an interesting study in criminology. When that time does come, — and I hope it will be soon, — race-track betting will be thought unladylike, to say the least; and in that happy day a man may move in "good society" without being exposed to contact with the families of embezzlers, defaulters, and professional gamblers.

My first glimpse of Sapphira, I am free to confess, was by no means pleasant. I loathed it, I hated it, I ridiculed it. I borrowed the pungent phrase of Corporal MacFadden, who, having commanded the awkward squad to "presint arrums," cried out impatiently, "Begorrah, *what* a presint! Stand off and look at yerselves!" I have, however, no longer any such feeling. I think I have seen deeper.

For the fast set is already an anachronism. It is a survival of the old days. It is one of many such survivals. The community is rapidly sloughing them off. The emergent new Montana is taking to itself "clear plates of sapphire mail." Sturdier character you will nowhere find than in lovely Sapphira. What zest for life! What freedom from self-consciousness! What exuberant perennial youthfulness! They have never caught the disease of our time, those vigorous Montanians, and they never will! Middle age, disillusionment, the cynical weariness of life, — you cannot, by the wildest stretch of fancy, associate any such thing with the gay, light-hearted folk of Sapphira. Socially, they have grace without affectation, brilliancy without pedantry, cordiality without insincerity. Intellectually, they take you for granted. That a man is traveled, that he is college-bred, that he reads because he loves to read, are things to be ex-

pected. Æsthetically, they are sincerely fond of the best the world offers. Little, indeed, have they ready at hand, — save what any man of culture may find in his own luxurious home. But you forget: is not St. Paul but a paltry thousand miles away, or is it more than a five days' journey to Boston and New York? Morally, your Sapphiran is emphatically himself. He is self-reliant, self-poised, self-sufficient. Nobody conceals his faults. Nobody assumes a virtue if he has it not. Conduct exactly represents character, — what's in comes out. Montana character is the result of a rigorous process of moral evolution. The fittest survive; the weak succumb. The Treasure State is still the haven of runaways from everywhere else; it is still the haven and heaven of adventurers; it is still thought very bad form to ask a man what his name was back East: and yet, in the midst of all this moral Bohemianism, the Montanians are developing a splendid type of rugged American manhood.

Mr. Kidd, I suppose, would ask what part religion has played in the social evolution of Sapphira. Apparently, a very little part.

Look down from the rocky crest of Mount Sapphira and ask yourself why the city looks so singularly flat and thick-set. Is it because there are no trees, or, at any rate, none that rise above the second-story window-sills? Perhaps. Or is it because the houses are all so much of a size? Possibly. But there is a better explanation than either: it is because there are no church spires. Churches there are, but you must have sharp eyes to find them. They are little, they are insignificant, they are monuments of a disgraced and unpopular cause. Says Broncho Billy, "Look at them darned, contemptible churches, — all-sameshacks! I could buy out any three of 'em!" Out of ten thousand people, only fifteen hundred Protestant church-goers!

Sapphira is a peculiar town, too, for in

Sapphira there are classes and no masses, unless you call the Chinese merchants, mechanics, and laundrymen masses. It is not the old problem of reaching the masses; it is the entirely new problem of reaching the classes. Cultured, law-abiding, progressive Sapphira has little toleration for religion. The tiny congregations in the tiny churches are made up mainly of women; a Sapphira church is a "lady chapel." A Montana business man objects to walking on the same side of the street with a church. There is still more truth than fiction in the old saying that "west of Bismarck there is no Sunday, and west of Miles City no God."

For this state of public opinion the church is largely to blame. The denominations have made Montana their ministerial ash-heap and dumping-ground. Upon it they have flung their outcast clergy, — vicious men, disgraced men, renegades of all shades and colors. In Sapphira, at least, nearly every denomination has at some time or other supported an adept in applied scalawagics as its clerical representative, with the result that in that splendid little city Chinamen, Indians, and ministers rank about alike. A minister may win respect in Sapphira, but he wins it in spite of his profession, not by virtue of it.

Some of the blame, too, lies with the home missionary popes (there are popes in all denominations but ours), who have fancied that anything would do for the wild and woolly. There is no wild and woolly now. Instead there is cultured agnosticism. When the warring sects learn to divide the field, and to maintain a dignified representative in the limited section each assumes responsibility for, they will save both souls and dollars.

But if I at all understand the situation, the shifting character of the population as largely accounts for the failure of the churches. When a fellow goes out a-buccaneering, it is not likely that he will "dig up" to pay pew-rent. The bumblebees never yet lent loyal tribute

to Jack-in-the-pulpit. When a whole community regards life as a picnic, the parson can be dispensed with. Nobody expects to stay in Montana, — nobody save a very few. Hardly anybody means to bring up a family in Sapphira. Every one hopes to get rich and get away. Your Montanian is just now an adventurer, just now a holiday-maker; he is taking a moral and spiritual vacation. Some say they have left their religion in North Dakota. Some seem to believe in a stay-at-home Eastern divinity who cannot follow them West. All this will change. Change it must; for Sabatier is right in saying that humanity, as a species, is "incurably religious." Though in Montana religion has as yet been only a minor factor in social progress, social progress will yet become a potent factor in religious development. Montana needs women. Montana needs homes. Montana needs to acquire the art of staying put. Given a normal community, and you will have a normal church.

II.

Incongruity, then, is a leading characteristic of life in Montana, — incongruity by reason of transition. The chrysalis is neither worm nor dragon-fly, but both at once and both in one.

Naturally, the streets of Sapphira abound in curious contrasts of old and new. That sombre row of log shacks, — observe them carefully. They were set down in Humbug Gulch (for so it was called then) away back in the early sixties, while the left wing of Price's army was first settling Montana. They are relics of the early days: the days when flour sold for one hundred and forty dollars a sack; the days when a glass of whiskey was worth a pinch of gold-dust; the days when miners stood (like Wordsworth's daffodils "in never-ending line") waiting their turn to buy Larry Finnigan's incomparable apple pies, made of dried apples with brown paper upper crust, one dollar each; the

days — the dear golden days! — when the Hangman's Tree, a little farther up the gulch, bore, on certain memorable mornings, a most extraordinary fruitage. Yet see! a blank wall vaults skyward eight stories: it is close against the chalet-like cabins; it is the blank side wall of the gilded palace of the Oro Fino Club; it is part of the magnificent pile for which that exclusive coterie is still inconceivably in debt, and ever will so remain. Or what of the Energy Block? Yes, it is a twentieth-century sky-scraper, — carved stone, plate glass, tessellated floors, twin elevators: and this in a town of only ten thousand people! Sidewalks, wooden death-traps that would disgrace an Idaho mining camp, annoy one beyond endurance; yet in the same thoroughfares with such dilapidated footways are rows of splendid houses that might be set down in the lovely residential districts of any Eastern city, and would there attract attention only by their beauty! Covered wagons, perambulatory flats of the sort that used to be called prairie schooners, graze the hubs of luxurious traps and barouches. The mounted ranchman yonder, — how ferocious he looks, how Remingtonian, in his ten-dollar sombrero and fringed leather "chaps," and how straight he sits in his high-pommeled embossed saddle! Can he ride a pitching horse? Yes, indeed, "ride him plenty;" and he is just now very likely to give you full evidence of his equestrian tenacity, for suddenly round the corner comes a scorching Vassar girl on her chainless Humber! — Street fights between colored coachmen and social dons; concerts in the Auditorium, by Scalchi, or Yaw, or Juch; masonic funerals in Chinatown; extensive additions to the Public Library, which already numbers fifteen thousand volumes; a more than Austrian "rough house" in the legislature at Helena (the Montana legislature is probably the funniest governmental body in the world), — these are some of the

things you may read about in either of Sapphira's two daily newspapers. Sometimes you meet an individual who himself embodies the most discordant elements of the Montanian genius. I know a man who has two avocations, — he is now a lawyer, but he used to be a cowboy, and his father was a college president — he has, I say, two avocations: one is broncho-busting; the other is the writing of society verse. He is equally good at both.

One gradually loses the faculty of astonishment. Sapphira is everything, by turns or all at once. So are the Sapphirans. They are incoherently American, — a national vaudeville, a social kaleidoscope, an incongruous complex of the innumerable, irreconcilable, incompatible elements that make up the nation. Speak any dialect you choose, and nobody will call you peculiar. Dodge your *r*'s, like a New Yorker; put them on where they do not belong, like a bourgeois New Englander; say "cain't," like a Missourian; ape the Oregonian webfoot, and say "like I did;" or adopt the speech of the native Montanian, and obscure the short *i* in "it," saying, for instance, "I believe ut;" but no matter what be the turn of your tongue, you will find yourself in the company of your kind.

Nearly everybody has come from somewhere else; and nearly everybody has brought along a title, — colonel, major, commodore, or whatever sort of tinsel caught his fancy. Some of these titles are no doubt authentic. In a state whose population numbers only one hundred and fifty thousand everybody has a chance of sooner or later going on the governor's staff. I asked a Montanian how Colonel Brinckerhoff got his title. "Oh," said he, "he was jigadier-brindle on somebody's body-guard."

The population is cosmopolitan; so are the aspects and incidents of life and its surroundings. From the top of Mount Sapphira you can see the Continental

Divide, whose melting snows flow westward into Puget Sound, and eastward into the Gulf of Mexico. The cold wind comes from Hudson's Bay, the warm Chinook from Oregon and the coast. The grass—what grass there is—bristles with little cacti, "prickly-pears," which suggest Southern California. The howling coyote is the same predatory creature that roams the Middle West under the humbler guise and name of prairie wolf. The hot tamale (pronounced *tamolly*)—a molten, pepper-sauced chicken croquette, with a coat of Indian meal and an overcoat of corn-husk, and steamed in a portable boiler, the result being a diabolical combination that tastes like a bonfire—was introduced by cowboys from the Mexican frontier. The Montanians eat oysters from two oceans. The miners have plagiarized the garb of the Michigan lumbermen. A Sapphiran belle goes gowned in a robe from Paris.

So utterly atrophied is your sense of novelty that you even cease to marvel at the climate. You become *metéorologiquement* blasé. On the first day of November, nasturtiums (who ever heard of pink ones?) and gorgeous sweet peas (crimson and purple at their richest and deepest) were still blooming in our gardens. Four weeks later the mercury shrank to twenty-eight below zero. On the 5th of December live dandelions appeared on the lawn. Then the storm-god treated us to thunder and lightning, and after that a snowfall. But with all their capricious ups and downs Montana winters are mild. The mountain tops are white from fall to spring, but there is little snow in the valleys. Who rides in a sleigh? For weeks at a stretch, last winter, skaters went cycling to the pond with their skates slung over their shoulders. Matching one season with another, the Sapphirans have played tennis every month in the year. Extreme cold comes like a Nansen lecture, and is as soon gone. It is something to be seen rather than felt. For when the mercury drops

so amazingly low, and all Sapphira struts forth in buffalo-skins like a community of motor-men, the air is absolutely still. That is why you do not realize the intensity of the cold. From every chimney in town, on such a day, there rises a white column of steam a hundred feet high and as straight as a flag-staff. But when the Chinook wind comes, there is no room for debate, no recourse to the thermometer, no appeal to the eye. The Chinook is unmistakable. It comes roaring and raging over the Rockies; it catches the snowdrifts on their gleaming summits and swirls them out into long, horizontal, Vedder-like streamers pointing eastward: and the noise of the approaching Chinook is heard in the valley while all below is still calm; for though the clouds are already racing with the wind, and the topmost mountain pines madly shouting their protest, it will be yet a matter of minutes before the lower atmosphere leaps to join the frolic. The mercury rises fifty degrees. The snow has hardly time to melt and run away. It seems to be picked up magically, smitten with invisibility, and hurriedly whisked skyward. And as for the people,—oh, pity the people! They feel like ten thousand hard-boiled owls,—enervated, demoralized, "let down."

But from July to November is not that climate ideal, idyllic? Why dread the summer's heat? It is invariably cool in the shade, and the nights are always refreshing; people never have sunstrokes, dogs never have hydrophobia; in fact, Montana is the best place in the world to keep cool in summer and warm in winter. Saving only the brief cold snaps and the rainy month of June, the climate of the Treasure State is incomparable; and of this fact the homesick exotics are continually reminding one another by way of consolation.

III.

I protest that mortals have no business to live in the high heavens. The

Montanians, however, set my protest at defiance. They have found their Babel Tower ready-built. Sapphira is four fifths of a mile above the sea. It has *altitude*, and of that you are immediately made aware. At first you are sleepy. That wears off. Then you can't sleep. No wonder, — it's the altitude.

This is one's introduction to the fundamental principle of Montana philosophy. The altitude accounts for everything. Knock off forty-two hundred vertical feet of the dense lower atmosphere, and what remains is marvelously thin and clear. Its properties are magical. Breathe it for a year and a day (there's champagne in the air), and you will be altogether a new creature, saying to yourself, I doubt not, "Lawk-a-massy on us, this is none of I!"

You will get into sympathy with Shelley's skylark. You will exclaim appreciatively: —

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart."

You will know precisely how a skylark feels. You are as high in the air as he. Then why should not the altitude affect your spirits, also? The altitude affects flowers, so that the blossoms of a single species become more gorgeous the higher up you go. The altitude puts such exuberant life into horses that runaways are twice as common as here at home, and it gives the ordinary roadster such hardihood that the Rocky Mountain "cayuse" will travel fifty miles with less fatigue than the New England animal would suffer from a journey of twenty. The altitude inspires cattle with such temperamental viciousness that you will look long and far to find a meek-eyed cow, one that would suggest βοῶπις Ἀθήνη; for in Montana they have only the glaring, fierce-faced variety, with nervously twitching tails, — provided that those tails have not been frozen off in a "cold snap." The alti-

tude has also its effect upon cats. There are parts of Montana where cats cannot live. In Sapphira, a cat with two lungs is, biology aside, a *rara avis*. Kittens assume a more than Parisian frivolity; half of them die young, of dissipation. Then why, pray, should there be any marvel that human nerves respond to the stimulation that comes with every breath of that exhilarating but most unwholesome mountain air?

Women feel it first. Montana women look older than they are, and act younger. The settled-down, matronly, family-tree composure that comes to our women at forty-five or fifty is a thing unknown in the Rockies. Yet the outward signs of age are sooner seen: a girl begins to fade at twenty; faint lines, the beginnings of wrinkles, appear in the faces of mere maids of seventeen. The complexion loses its freshness; the hair turns gray prematurely and falls out at an unexampled rate, because of the extreme dryness of the air in a country where the sun shines three hundred days in the year. Young woman, stay East!

But *que voulez-vous*? If you will have perennial sunshine and live in the upper heavens, why, bless you, you must brave the consequences! Men — they say Montana is "a good place for men and steers" — men, if they work out of doors, will sleep like rattlesnakes and eat like grizzlies. However, they will die young. The pace is delightful; one's heart beats faster and stronger, one's lungs breathe deeper and fuller, till it is a perfect exultant, bounding joy just to exist; but it is nevertheless the pace that kills. Yet not a red penny cares the Sapphiran for that. (As a matter of solemn fact, there are no pennies in Sapphira.) He has no desire to be old. As he gallops through life, he means to live with a boisterous vengeance all along the hurrying way. No distant day he will be "shipped East in a box;" but why worry? There is little hope of es-

cape. Montana is the land of the lotus-eaters. Once a Montanian, always a Montanian. When a man has got himself well acclimated in Sapphira, and then goes home — alive, I mean — to “the states,” or, as he says, to “God’s country,” he is disgusted with the heavy air and torpid life of the “effete East.” So westward again to Butte, or Great Falls, or Helena, or Sapphira, he hies him, sorry that ever he sought to leave that dewless and treeless wonderland of golden sunshine.

Pity the thinker, pity the writer, pity the speaker, in heaven-high Sapphira! Upon such the ceaseless nervous tension tugs most cruelly. You can think more clearly, talk more directly, and write with greater precision and vivacity; but whither, meanwhile, has fled your old endurance? You can do more in an hour, but you cannot work so many hours. Nobody pretends to exert himself. Sapphirans walk slowly, avoid “rustling,” and never open their shops before nine in the morning. You can wear yourself out without knowing it. To-day you would like to fight dragons, to-morrow you are in bed with nervous prostration, day after to-morrow you are “shipped East in a box.”

The principal plague is insomnia. Not that you cannot go to sleep, — you can; but you wake at four, or three, or even two o’clock in the morning, and so ends your slumber. Your eyes pop open of a sudden, and you find yourself as wholly refreshed as a newly awakened Rip Van Winkle. There until dawn you lie, hearing at intervals the cry of the hot-tamale man: “Hot tamales! Red-hot tamales! Hot lunch and wiener-wurst! *Chickie* tamales!” The man is a mile away, but through that thin, vibrant, resonant atmosphere you catch every syllable that he utters. Then there is the sunrise. Montanians are great authorities on sunrises. And very splendid they are, — blue clouds such as you never saw before, dazzling combinations of gorgeous

colors, amazing effects of unimaginable beauty.

But suppose Morpheus plays you false after this fashion three or four nights a week; then, beyond a doubt, you are growing old at double the normal rate.

There is just one way to beat the altitude. Sit up. Eleven is not late, neither is twelve. Will Hannah, who lives in Helena, — or did, — says he regularly reads the morning paper before going to bed.

All things considered, it comes naturally about that, jocosely or seriously (or, as Browning would say, jocosiously), the Montanians expect the altitude to account for everything. When little boys pull up one’s sidewalks, tear down one’s fences, and lodge one’s veranda chairs in the top of one’s favorite sycamore-tree, they are celebrating Allhallowe’en. The altitude explains their methods. When an “old-timer” becomes testy and irritable and altogether uncompanionable, the Sapphirans call him “cranky.” Crankiness results from the altitude. When a girl eats opium, and sees things and says things, it is because she is suffering from insomnia. Again the altitude. Yes, and when some victim of a “deal,” or of a “freeze-out game,” or of the “annual ascension” of the First National Bank blows out his jaded brains, it is chiefly the altitude that drove him to distraction. The altitude pardons beer-drinking, excuses late hours, and accounts alike for the effervescent, not to say explosive hilarity of Sapphira society, and for the appalling dimensions, out of all proportion to the size of the town, of Sapphira’s vicious and dangerous slums.

The altitude grants plenary indulgence. It is Pontifex Maximus.

IV.

Victor Hugo wrote Fourscore Thirteen. That is French for “Ninety-Three.” The Sapphirans have also written Fourscore Thirteen, — they have

written it in anguish, they have written it upon their hearts; for Ninety-Three was the year of the "crash."

Just before the crash Sapphira was nearly twice as big as it is now, in population. It was the richest city of its size in the world. It had one thousand dollars per capita, — counting every negro, every Chinaman, and every baby, — one thousand dollars per capita deposited in banks, to say nothing of other investments. It had a millionaire for every thousand of the population. It was growing as if forced by electricity. It jugged lobby politics at Washington till it got Fort Bandersnatch, it stretched out long financial tentacles and seized two railroads, it secured the capacious mosque-like Bayswater Natatorium and made the town a summer resort, it wrote itself up in a leading magazine, it became a supply-station for a ranching and mining district as big as the state of Maine. The people said, "We shall be a Detroit, a Minneapolis, a Chicago." The whole Grub Stake Valley was laid out in town lots, — twelve continuous miles of them. Palaces, warehouses, and public buildings rose out of the earth as by enchantment. The entire community lost their heads, — invested insanelly, lived like princes, feasted, gamed, squandered.

And then the bubble burst. The wires thrilled with agonizing messages. There was a hasty packing of trunks at the World's Fair, a mad rush for the scene of the disaster, a wringing of hands and a gnashing of teeth, a sudden and hideous disillusionment. That was the crash. That was Ninety-Three. That was the inciting moment of a financial tragedy, banks breaking, real estate values diving to nowhere, vast fortunes going up in clouds of disappointment, the sheriff and the receiver turned loose in the land. The more property you had, the poorer you were. The city was suddenly filled with ruined millionaires. People went to church who had never been seen there before. A third of the population "va-

moosed the ranch" and went "back to God's country."

As in the sunset a certain moment "cuts the deed off, calls the glory from the gray," so in Sapphira a certain moment called a halt in the supernatural progress of the city. The marks remain. The Presbyterians were building a new church edifice; they are now the proud possessors of a cellar and a Sunday-school. The Kensington School was to have been two hundred feet long. Only one section had been built, and there are not children enough to warrant the continued existence of even that section. The Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute (that is what they call it, though the Sapphira High School does not prepare for college, and pupils who cannot keep themselves intellectually afloat in the High School are sent to the "Polly") was being built on the installment plan. There had been only one installment. With that the work "stopped short, never to go again," like grandfather's clock. The city, laid out as for a vast metropolis, had "staked off a claim" of such dimensions that it entails enormous expense to light and pave and drain it. The survivors are consequently taxed to death.

Apparently, the hard times ground Sapphira more cruelly than any other town in the country. Its growth had been artificially stimulated, its wealth had been largely fictitious, its enormous enterprises had been based upon borrowed capital, and when the evil days came, and the years drew nigh, when the Sapphirans said, "We have no pleasure in them," it was necessary not only to live upon a reduced income, but to float a colossal indebtedness. Matters grew worse and worse. The depression continued, even increased. You "could n't raise a hundred dollars on your right eye."

In the spring of 1897, the city of Sapphira had two wrecked banks and three wrecked churches, commodious stores stood vacant in Main Street, the second-

hand shops were filled with abandoned office furniture, the fire department had been reduced to eight men and the police force to four patrolmen, while the city water department was in the hands of a receiver, and the town had given up the collection of garbage. You could rent a white stone mansion out in Kensington, the west end of Sapphira, for eight dollars a month.

Since then matters have begun to improve. But the spell is broken forever. The romance has gone out of Sapphiran enterprise. Investors no longer manipulate the supernatural. The task is now the mere prosaic, brown-colored, matter-of-fact process of recuperation. There is no vision, and the people perish. Enterprise used to mean a sort of actualized epic poetry; now it means a dull materialism.

Materialistic the Montanians undeniably are. Their patron saint should be Martha, who was troubled about many things. Everybody has a considerable assortment of industrial irons in the fire. Beside the inevitable exactions of his calling, nearly everybody has mining and ranching interests to be troubled about. You are amazed to hear seamstresses, petty drummers, news-venders, and waiter-girls talking of their mining stock, — a hundred shares in the Bald Butte mine, five hundred shares in the Marble Heart, two hundred and fifty shares in the Never Sweat, seven hundred shares in the Wake-Up Jim. But later the wonder ceases. A share can be bought for a song. Its par value is one dollar; it may fall to five cents. Hence even the tawdry poor may enter the lists and tilt for millions. Our cook was grub-staking her husband; that is, paying his expenses while he went out a-prospecting. Occasionally she would send in a little box of "spressmens" (specimens) for us to admire. "Shure," said Nora, "Oi'll be a foine lady wan av these days, begobs!" And no doubt she will. Gold is a great leveler. It levels up, not

down. Colonel Patsy Rafferty, who can write nothing but his own name, can make that name worth five million dollars whenever he chooses to sign a check for that amount. He was once a prospector; he is now an imperial Cæsar.

Not only do mining interests enlist the attention of the whole community; they are all-absorbing and all-engrossing in their power over the individual. For mining is a gambling game, — legitimate, to be sure, for a successful miner is an adder to the world's wealth, but nevertheless a game of hazard played against nature. Montana is Monte Carlo moralized. Your mine may pay "from the grass-roots;" you may, on the other hand, put a superb fortune, if you can borrow it back East, into a mere "hole in the ground;" the richest vein may "peter" to-morrow; and when your mine begins to "play out" and "the grade runs low," you are afraid to sell, lest the purchaser, running the tunnel a few yards farther into the mountain, locate immense ore-bodies that would have made you a multi-millionaire.

Hence Sapphirans think in terms of quartz and placer. A boarding-house table is a school of mines. Mining terms are absorbed into the vocabulary of common talk. Things "pan out;" people "get right down to hard-pan;" to beat an opponent at cards is to "clean him up;" and to secure funds is to "raise the riffles." The Montanians "pack" everything, — they pack water, they pack umbrellas, they pack the baby; for the word "pack" means to carry. In the old days mining outfits were carried on pack-horses. One even finds the grotesque names of mining claims set down in solemn gravity upon the map. The town of Ubet was originally the You Bet mine; Oka was formerly the O. K.

As of mining, so in less degree of ranching. Stock-raising, precarious at best, is exposed to the hazards of a capricious climate. Your huge "bunch of cattle" and your immense "band of

sheep" are turned loose on the ranges and are shelterless all the year round. Heavy snows will work a measureless havoc. Sheep know how to huddle together for warmth and to burrow for food, but the poor senseless cattle will stand up in the snow till they die of exhaustion. Several winters ago a great storm wrecked the ranching interests of half the state, and the cattle-kings were reduced to bankruptcy. The banks, however, by the "wild-cat" methods for which they are deservedly famous, set them all on their feet again.

When a Montanian has worried himself into brain-fag over his mining ventures, he may rest his cortex by considering his flocks and herds. So ranching terms, like the talk of the camp, find their way into social parlance. You are invited to a New England "round-up." You are "corraled" by your hostess. You ask a Sapphira girl what she has been doing of late, and perhaps you get an answer like this, — I did. "Not very much," said she, with a toss of her pretty head. "Father and mother have gone to the National Park, and I've had to stay at home and *herd the kid.*"

Montanians will do anything for money. People of education will go into deliberate exile to "hold down a claim." Young men of social training and refined tastes will live in intolerable mining camps like Rimini (pronounced Rimineye), and there are even some forty thousand abandoned wretches who are wasting their days in Butte.

Butte (pronounced Bewt) is the most ridiculous city in the world. It is precisely on a level with Mount Washington, provided it can be said to be on a level at all, for it is built on a steep mountain side. There is no night in Butte. The mines are continually worked, and the smelters never shut down. Moreover, as five tons of sulphur, arsenic, and other poisons are thrown out into the air every twenty-four hours, there is in all that city no tree, nor any shrub, nor so much

as a single spear of grass. You wake coughing; you wander about all day in a dense fog of brimstone; you have continually the sensation of lighting a parlor match. It is only in summer that the air is clear. Had Dante seen Butte, he would never have taken the trouble to invent an imaginary Inferno. Morally, the city justifies its suggestive appearance. It has been rightly named the Perch of the Devil. And yet there are people in Butte, — forty thousand of them. They stay there to make money.

V.

I have never yet been able to say whether Montana is more beautiful than every other place, or whether a Sapphiran is merely more intensely alive to its beauty. Perhaps that too is a matter of altitude. But in either case the spell is irresistible.

One views all the grandeur of the world with a babelike freshness.

"There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,

The earth and every common sight,

To me did seem

Apparelled in celestial light,

The glory and the freshness of a dream."

That is my memory of Montana.

The blinding glare of the sunshine; the depth of the altogether Neapolitan skies; the undimmed lustre of the landscape; the immeasurable panoramic sweep of mountain masses, swung chain upon chain, sierra upon sierra, across the world; the thrill of exalted masterhood in nature, and the buoyant, joyous sense of out of doors, — it makes my heart leap up even now at the thought of it.

It was not so at first. The landscape troubled me: I could not interpret it; it bore no sort of rationality. Those miniature blue crags, — they defied perspective; they had the shape of immense mountains, but they had the apparent size of mere hillocks. They looked five miles off; they were in reality thirty-five miles away, and in any lower altitude

they would have been so dimmed by the pellucid vapor-masses hung between as to be obviously and legibly remote. But gradually the eye learns a new grammar of aerial perspective, and then — behold the overwhelming Miltonic majesty of those inconceivable piles of living rock.

A glory of primeval romance hangs over the northern Rockies. There are the forests of low-grown pines as yet untouched; there are the Titans' treasure-hoards as yet unrifled; there are the haunts of elk and grizzly, of mountain lion and antelope, of gray wolf and huge-horned mountain sheep, whose domains are all but uninvaded; while below those rock-strewn steepes surges the newly violated Missouri. It all meets the eye with a glow of stirring actuality; the horizon is within reach of your hand; nature becomes compendious; you are in conscious command of totality.

As the day wanes, the mountains appear to be crossing the valley. The slant lights of late afternoon make them seem increasingly near. The mountains come up to be admired, to be loved. They shrink away in the twilight. One by one the glorious stars come out, twice as bright as here in the East, and twice as big. It is, as Stevenson would say, "a wonderful clear night of stars." The Milky Way is a radiant mist. Meteors trail fire. And the moon, — oh, if it be but winter! — the moon fills all that wonderland with an unutterable beauty that starts the same sense of white-robed purity, the same response of sparkling loveliness, that one's heart throbs with while reading Tennyson's *St. Agnes' Eve*.

"All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strows her lights below."

And then the mountains, silvern-blue and snow-capped, are yours once more.

In spring Montana is laden with flowers. Valley, cañon, gulch, and coulee are a many-tinted fairy spectacle. The prickly-pears color all the landscape with their gorgeous blossoms. Purple lupines

blaze amongst the Nile-green sage-brush. The sand-rose turns from white to pink. The night-blooming cereus droops in the sunlight. Whole fields are gilded with yellow daisies. A botanist, they tell me, has collected a thousand species of native flora.

And the beauty of Montana is touched with a wistful air of melancholy. Somehow you cannot escape a feeling of regret for the days gone by, and for the aboriginal inhabitants, both man and beast, so recently dispossessed. I am no fond lover of Indians; Flatheads, Blackfeet, and Nez Percés never charmed me. I saw enough of the Sioux when they took me behind the scenes at Colonel Cody's Wild West show; the Crees, who want a dime to pose before your kodak, and who regale themselves with dog soup (I saw them do it), are rather the worst of the lot; but yet I cannot reconcile myself to the Weyler-like warfare that exterminated the bison to keep the Indians in order.

The red man lived on the bison; where the bison roved, nibbling the bunch-grass, there roved the red man. When the soldiers had slaughtered the bison herds, and the Indian began to prey upon the ranches for food, his traveling days were done. He was between the devil and the deep sea. The soldiers hunted him into the camps of the cowboys. The cowboys, in their turn, hunted him into the camps of the soldiers. He has since submitted, though not with the best of grace, and lives upon his reservation in involuntary peace and quiet. But the bison, — there is only one pen in North America sympathetic enough to tell the story of the bison, and that is the pen that wrote the tenderest of all our nature essays, *A-Hunting of the Deer*.

Even the beauty of life is tinged with a similar pathos. Friendships in Sapphira are mournfully transitory. You no sooner bind a man to you than forth he betakes him to Livingston, or Billings, or Glen-

dive, or Missoula. The town is like an eddy in the river. The water runs into the eddy, the water runs out of the eddy; the eddy is always changing, yet the eddy remains unchanged. So the streams of newcomers pour into Sapphira, and the streams of disappointed fortune-seekers pour out of Sapphira; Sapphira is always changing, yet Sapphira remains unchanged. The Sapphiran beauties make eyes at a procession. There is in Montana more opportunity for acquaintances and less opportunity for acquaintance than in any other part of the world. But when all has been said, the social result of that restless shift and change is only an exaggeration of a universal law. For so we go through the world, touching many hands, clasping but few.

And out of this very transitoriness comes, if you would know the truth, the hospitable geniality of Sapphira society. For the Sapphirans are compelled to keep their friendships in constant repair. They welcome you in, like Lewis Carroll's crocodile, "with gently smiling jaws." They welcome the next newcomer with a similar cordiality. People entertain one another at a desperate rate. They have to; for life in Sapphira is like life in a garrison, and all the fun the Sapphirans can get is what they get out of one another. "Shows" rarely visit Sapphira; the city itself becomes monotonous after three weeks, and it is a hundred miles to the next town, and there is nothing to see when you get there. Hence the ceaseless round of dances, card parties, musicales, clubs, chafing-dish parties, mountain parties, coasting parties (what would a Bostonian think of a slide five miles long with a descent of twelve hundred feet?), and social dissipations of every imaginable and unimaginable sort.

At last, you, in your turn, move out and away. Perhaps you are ordered East

by your physician as the only possible device for postponing that which you are naturally somewhat anxious to defer, namely, total extinction; or perhaps professional reasons forbid you to live any longer in the Treasure State of the Rockies.

Accordingly you lay in a stock of mementos. You must have a ranching scene in water-color by Charlie Russell, the cowboy artist; and to that you will add a group of miners panning out gold by the inimitable Swaim. Then to the taxidermist's for mounted heads, — an elk, surely, and no doubt an antelope or a mountain sheep. If you can afford it, you buy a fine grizzly rug. And after that you choose a pretty handful of Montana sapphires (the red and the yellow ones are lovely, but the blue are loveliest of all) set in Montana gold by Montana workmanship.

You buy your yard-long railway ticket (five cents a mile to St. Paul); you pay a scandalous fee by way of advance charges on your freight; you yield up your last dollar to silence the accusation of "excess baggage;" and you depart amid the cheers of your friends and admirers.

Then you think you have bid adieu to Montana. But in that you are wrong. Montana awaits you in Boston. You meet former Sapphirans upon Commonwealth Avenue. You are presented to the friends of Sapphirans in Beacon Street. You are invited to Montana "round-ups" in Brookline and the Back Bay. You drop in at the Touraine for a rare-bit with a Harvard man from Helena. You sit down in the Boston Public Library and peruse the columns of the Sapphira Daily Globule. Indeed, the sun never sets upon Montana. Go where you will, its charmed associations are ever around you. You are a member of a world-wide fraternity.

Rollin Lynde Hartt.

WASHINGTON REMINISCENCES.

II. CONGRESSIONAL ORATORS.

THOMAS CORWIN.

AMONG congressional orators of distinctively Western type Thomas Corwin holds perhaps the foremost place. Born in Kentucky in 1794, he went in boyhood to the little village of Lebanon, Ohio, thirty miles north from Cincinnati, where he picked up a common school education and studied for the bar. His quick intelligence and address soon brought him a large practice. Elected to Congress in 1830 by the Whigs, he served ten years in the House, and was then chosen governor of Ohio. In 1844 he was elected to represent Ohio in the Senate of the United States, and in 1850 he was appointed Secretary of the Treasury by President Fillmore. Three years later he resumed the practice of his profession. He was again elected a Representative in Congress in 1858 and 1860, but resigned in 1861 to go as Minister to Mexico, whence he returned after the accession of Maximilian, and died at Washington December 18, 1865.

Corwin very early evinced that native aptitude for oratory which gave him such distinction in later years. His intellectual faculty was keen, his grasp of principles firm, and his sense of humor, which made him a master of the art of ridicule, was delightfully spontaneous. In physical aspect he was large, though but of medium height, his complexion was notably swarthy, he had jet-black hair, and his eyes were dark. He had a mobility of feature that was marvelous, and I never saw the man in public life who could so surely throw a crowded audience into roars of laughter by apposite witty appeal, or anecdote set off by an irresistibly comic facial expression. This was perfectly natural with Corwin ;

he never went in search of ancient and mouldy jokes, nor lugged in illustrations which did not fit his theme. Those who had heard him oftenest were the most eager to hear him again ; and they would watch expectantly the quick play of his twinkling eyes and the mercurial expression of his features, which gave warning beforehand of a comical interlude. Indeed, so marked were Corwin's rare talents for amusing an audience that it was said if he had chosen a less serious profession he might have made one of the best comedians in the world. In personal appearance he resembled the late comedian William E. Burton.

But, great as were Corwin's powers of humor, they were always kept subordinate, in his speeches, to the aim of convincing his audience. He carefully prepared the topics and the general outline of his speeches, relying upon his copious vocabulary for expression at the time of utterance. In Congress he spoke but rarely. He hated all display, and was the most modest, unassuming, and amiable of men. He had studied closely in early years the great law writers and the best books in modern history, and his retentive memory was stored with illustrations which led many to credit him with far wider learning than he actually possessed. He had a clear, cogent method of statement, using language so plain as to be comprehended by all. His style has been characterized as rhetorical rather than logical, and yet I have heard from him, in and out of Congress, some of the finest argumentative statements ever expressed. None who heard him speak could doubt the entire sincerity and deep conviction of the orator. To those who, misled by popular rumor of his facetious qualities,

expected to hear only a jester, the grave earnestness and frequent solemnity of his appeals came in the nature of a surprise. In nearly all his speeches there were moments of intense strength. No crude and unconsidered speech ever fell from his lips, and he was free from that common vice of the stump orator, vociferation. His voice was one of rare compass and flexibility, soft, yet full-toned, and he often changed from the higher notes to a confidential tone hardly above a whisper, with the varying exigencies of his subject.

The most remarkable of Senator Corwin's public efforts was his famous speech on the Mexican war, on the 11th of February, 1847. This was in the midst of the campaign of invasion under Generals Scott and Taylor, which resulted in the capture of the Mexican capital and a peace dictated by the United States, with pecuniary indemnity and about seven hundred thousand square miles of territory added to our domain. The war was generally popular, the army was marching from victory to victory, and the few dissentient voices in Congress were drowned in the tumult of overbearing majorities which urged on the war. A bill for three million dollars and ten thousand more men to carry it forward was before the Senate. Corwin cherished a profound conviction that the government was wrong; that in its origin and principles the Mexican war was wholly without justification; that the declaration by Congress that war existed by the act of Mexico was false; and that the projected plundering of a weak government by the great republic would end in acquiring vast territories, which would lead to an embittered struggle between North and South for their possession, and would seriously imperil the Union. He took the unpopular side; he boldly proclaimed what he deemed the right against the expediency of the hour; he refused to vote money or men to prosecute the war; and

he calmly took all the odium which his course entailed, strong in the conscientious conviction that he had done his duty.

The result might have been foreseen: his speech, powerful as it was, was denounced from one end of the country to the other; the dominant party poured out upon him all the vials of its wrath; "Tom Corwin" was burned in effigy, execrated in public meetings, declared unpatriotic and anti-American. Yet it is difficult to see wherein he was more unpatriotic in uttering his condemnation of what he deemed an unjust war than was Lord Chatham when he declared on the floor of Parliament, "I rejoice that America has resisted."

Said a Southern newspaper, the *Louisville Journal*: "While reading this debate, we could not but feel that Mr. Corwin towered in the Senate like a giant among pygmies. He deliberately surveyed his ground, and duty made him brave the fires of persecution and the anathemas of party. The oft-repeated sophistries of slavery are trampled into dust by Mr. Corwin, with as much disdain as Mirabeau spurned and trampled on the formulas of royalty. When did falsehood ever receive a quietus more effectually than this mendicant plea of the ultras for more slave territory on account of their worn-out lands?"

It may be pertinent to recall, as a favorable specimen of the eloquence of Corwin at his best, one passage of this notable senatorial speech of fifty years ago:

"I am somewhat at a loss to know on what plan of operations gentlemen having charge of this war intend to proceed. We hear much of the terror of your arms. The affrighted Mexican, it is said, when you shall have drenched his country in blood, will sue for peace, and thus you will indeed 'conquer peace.' This is the heroic and savage tone in which we have heretofore been lectured by our friends on the other side of the chamber, especially by the Senator from

Michigan [General Cass]. But suddenly the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations comes to us with a smooth phrase of diplomacy, made potent by the gentle suasion of gold. The chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs calls for thirty millions of money and ten thousand regular troops; these, we are assured, shall 'conquer peace.' . . . Sir, I scarcely understand the meaning of all this myself. If we are to vindicate our rights by battles, in bloody fields of war, let us do it. If that is not the plan, then let us call back our armies into our own territory, and propose a treaty with Mexico, based upon the proposition that money is better for her, and land is better for us. Thus we can treat Mexico like an equal, and do honor to ourselves. But what is it you ask? You have taken from Mexico one fourth of her territory, and you now propose to run a line comprehending about another third, — and for what? She has given you ample redress for every injury of which you have complained. She has submitted to the award of your commissioners, and up to the time of the rupture with Texas faithfully paid it. And for all that she has lost (not through or by you, but which loss has been your gain) what requital do we, her strong, rich, robust neighbor, make? Do we send our missionaries there, 'to point the way to heaven'? Or do we send the school-masters to pour daylight into her dark places, to aid her infant strength to conquer freedom and reap the fruit of the independence herself alone had won? No, no, none of this do we. But we send regiments, storm towns, and our colonels prate of liberty in the midst of solitudes their ravages have made.

"In return, up comes your Anglo-Saxon gentleman, with the New Testament in one hand and a Bill of Rights in the other, — your evangelical colonel and law-practicing divine, Don Walter Colton, who gives up Christ's Sermon on

the Mount, quits the New Testament, and betakes him to Blackstone and Kent, is elected justice of the peace, takes military possession of California, and, instead of teaching the way of repentance and plan of salvation to the poor ignorant Celt, holds one of Colt's pistols to his ear and says, 'Take trial by jury, or nine bullets in your head.'"

This remarkable speech, though quite ineffective as an attempt to stem the tide of war sentiment which was sweeping through the country, planted seeds of thought which germinated in after-years. It is notable that Mr. Corwin, in correcting the speech for the Congressional Globe, while he did not soften down any of its vigorous denunciations of the war and the administration which was waging it, corrected a good deal of the wit out of it by expanding some passages and omitting others. The speech as reported in the New York Tribune, just after delivery, by one of the most accurate of reporters, is far more fresh and incisive than the official report. Mr. Corwin, reversing the prevalent rule, did not write as well as he talked. One pointed and epigrammatic phrase at the expense of Walter Colton, a navy chaplain who made himself conspicuous in California before it was conquered from Mexico, describing him as "your evangelical colonel and law-practicing divine," is wholly omitted in the official report, though restored in the foregoing quotation.

One of the peculiar characteristics of Mr. Corwin's speeches was the very frequent introduction of Scriptural phrases and illustrations. His early reading had included the Bible and Blackstone's Commentaries, and the former must have made the deeper impression of the two. I have heard him, when defending a poor newspaper reporter in Cincinnati, charged before a United States court with aiding in the escape of a fugitive slave, after convulsing the court with merriment at his picture of "the majesty

of the United States" in hot pursuit of an unhappy negro making toward Canada as fast as his feet would carry him, turn the fun into solemn silence by apt allusions drawn from the golden rule and the Sermon on the Mount.

Corwin's speech in the House in 1840, in reply to General Crary, of Michigan, who had attacked the military record of General Harrison, is still often referred to as a fine example of irony and sarcasm. It covered the unhappy Crary with ridicule, and even the sedate and serious John Quincy Adams, then in the House, alluded to the victim immediately afterward as "the late Mr. Crary." But there were in nearly every one of Corwin's speeches some scintillations of wit or humor to enliven the ordinarily dull debates, and whenever he took the floor the members were sure to listen eagerly.

Speaking upon internal improvement of rivers, he said, "Your Constitution is a fish that can live and thrive in a little tide-creek which a thirsty mosquito would drink dry in a hot day."

In ridiculing the Southern claim of the right to dissolve the Union if precluded from carrying slavery into New Mexico and adjacent territory, he described the great American desert as a "land in which no human creature could raise either corn or cotton, — a land wherein, for over a thousand miles, a buzzard would starve as he winged his flight, unless he took a lunch along with him."

In the dark foreboding days of 1860-61, Mr. Corwin was honored by being chosen chairman of the Congressional Committee of Thirty-Three (one member from each state) upon the state of the Union and the perilous condition of the country. The election of Lincoln to the presidency in November, 1860, had alarmed the Southern states beyond measure. In spite of all assurances of Republican Congressmen and of the organs of Northern public opinion of the

moderation likely to prevail in the course of the incoming administration, the agitation for breaking up the Union was diligently fomented from Maryland to Florida by political leaders and by the Southern press. Conventions were called and excitement grew, until the Southern secession fever had so alarmed the North as to bring on a financial panic, in which all values tumbled downward month by month. By the end of January, 1861, five Southern states had withdrawn their Senators and Representatives from Congress, and others were planning to secede. The Union seemed to be breaking in pieces day by day, and the seizure of the capital by insurgents was a topic of everyday discussion in Washington. A "peace conference" of more than one hundred members was in session there, elected from twenty-one states out of thirty-three, to recommend measures of agreement or pacification between the sections. In these critical circumstances, while the Crittenden Compromise was held back in the Senate, as reported by its Committee of Fifteen, Corwin reported from his committee a series of resolutions, which were passed by the heavy majority of 136 to 53, declaring that no sufficient cause for dissolution of the government existed; that it was its duty to enforce the laws, protect federal property, and preserve the Union; that no authority to interfere with slavery existed; and recommending the states to repeal all obstructive laws, whether aimed at the Fugitive Slave Law at the North or at citizens deemed obnoxious at the South. Its final measure, proposing an amendment to the Constitution, declaring that no amendment should be made to that instrument giving Congress the power to abolish slavery, was also adopted by more than two-thirds majority, — 133 to 65. This amendment also passed the Senate March 2, 1861, by a majority of two thirds, twelve radical anti-slavery Senators only voting against it. It is instructive to note that just four years later

Congress, by more than the same majority, recommended to the states an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting slavery, and that amendment was adopted.

HENRY WINTER DAVIS.

Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland, who died in 1865, at the early age of forty-eight, is to be reckoned among the more eloquent of congressional orators of recent times. He was a rare specimen of the scholar in politics, a variously gifted man, who brought into the House of Representatives the ripe fruit of a studious and laborious youth, devoted to jurisprudence, history, and literature. First elected in 1854 from a Baltimore district, he came into public life just when the issues which culminated in civil war were violently agitated, and he took so vigorous and influential a part in them that he became the acknowledged leader of the liberal party in Maryland. The position of that state — with a slave population of nearly one hundred thousand, with the ingrained conservatism of generations, with a pro-slavery policy ruling her legislation, lying on the border line between the seceding states and the loyal states of the North, with powerful interests and sympathies zealously enlisted with the South — was a most critical one. How near Maryland came to joining the Southern Confederacy is known to but few of the present generation. She was held back by the influence of the strong national sentiment inspired by a few patriotic leaders, of whom Henry Winter Davis was the foremost.

He spoke in the halls of legislation and upon the hustings, always in favor of the most vigorous and thorough measures for prosecuting the war against secession, and for ultimate emancipation. Denounced, vilified, threatened with assassination, he turned a deaf ear alike to the assaults of enemies and the timid counsels of friends, spurning all com-

promise, and with indomitable courage kept on his steadfast way. Born in a slave state, and himself in early years a slaveholder, he is to be reckoned among that honorable and high-minded band of Southern statesmen, including Washington, Jefferson, Henry, Madison, and others, who have left on record their abhorrence of human slavery. He lived to wield a strong influence in bringing about the abolition of slavery in Maryland by the adoption of the state Constitution of 1864, passed in the midst of the civil war, and the subsequent ratification of the thirteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States, forever prohibiting slavery.

The advanced anti-slavery views of Davis led him to oppose, in Congress and elsewhere, the plan of Mr. Lincoln for compensated emancipation and colonization of the negroes; at a later date he was found even more radical than his party on the state reconstruction issues, and wrote, in 1864, the Wade-Davis manifesto, criticising the position of President Lincoln upon that question. But his opposition took no personal or permanent form, and he loyally supported Mr. Lincoln's reelection, making powerful speeches in advocacy of the Republican ticket.

The characteristics of Henry Winter Davis as an orator were so marked as always to hold the attention of his hearers. I heard him often in the House of Representatives, when the hush of absorbed listeners was such that even his lightest tones penetrated to the remotest corners of the galleries. He never read from manuscript, nor wrote out his speeches beforehand, trusting to a brief of topics or note of illustrations, and was thus free to impress his audience by the spontaneous utterance of his ideas, enforced by graceful gesture, and depending for choice of words upon his well-furnished vocabulary. His finely modulated voice was singularly sweet, almost musical in its more effective tones, and in

loftier passages rousing the hearer like the sound of a trumpet.

In person he was a graceful, attractive figure, slightly below the medium height, his well-knit frame without an ounce of superfluous flesh, his fine head and studious face showing a strong intellectual force. In personal intercourse he was reserved with most whom he met, gravely courteous rather than familiar; but he was a fascinating companion to friends, who were charmed by his sparkling conversation, bearing always the impress of a refined nature.

The literary merit of his speeches lay in their simplicity, force, and dialectic skill. He was sometimes classical, but never florid. His style was singularly chaste, free from that involved rhetoric and rambling inconsecutiveness which mark so many congressional efforts at oratory. He seldom used quotations, but when he did it was with the appositeness of a scholar. In his early years Tacitus and Gibbon were his favorite authors, and he delighted in translating into English the masterly and succinct chapters of the great Roman historian. To this exercise, and to the highly condensed and stately march of the style of Gibbon, may be ascribed a certain severity of taste, which prevented him from falling into the habit of diffuseness.

Another element of his success as an orator was his characteristic enthusiasm. A man of strong and sincere convictions, lofty aspiration, and earnest purpose, he threw into his public utterances all the energy of his nature. With him was no trimming, no half-hearted advocacy or opposition, none of that double-faced subserviency which discriminates the demagogue from the statesman. His yea was always yea, and his nay, nay, whether in speech or in vote. Such were his independence and self-reliance that they sometimes alienated personal friends and political allies; but he believed in choosing his own path and following his own advice.

With an idea and a principle before him as clear as the sunlight, his indomitable will and singleness of purpose carried him forward to advocacy of an unpopular cause in the face of all opposition. He fought the battle of freedom in slaveholding Maryland with a moral courage that was sublime. Before great popular audiences in Baltimore and in the country towns he championed the cause of a free Constitution with a power of reasoning as persuasive as that with which he urged in Congress the amendment abolishing slavery. Sometimes his audiences, too large to be contained in any hall, would stand for more than an hour in the rain to listen to his arguments. While his speeches were always plain and clearly reasoned, he often had impassioned passages of appeal to patriotism and love of the Union. These were sometimes so powerful and affecting as to carry his audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Under the inspiration of a great cause, and against opposition so strenuous and determined, all the energies of his nature were called forth. So effective with the people were his efforts, so irresistible were the arguments by which he bore down the sophistries of slavery, that he sent his hearers home convinced, or far advanced on the road to conviction, and in the end wrested a great moral and political victory from what seemed at the beginning only the forlorn hope of freedom.

It is rarely quite safe to attempt any illustration of an orator's characteristic style, since so much depends upon the occasion, and upon the more complete context than can be given by quoting an isolated extract; but an example of what may be called the cumulative statement, not infrequent in the utterances of Henry Winter Davis, may interest the reader. It is from a speech in the House of Representatives in 1864, when the great military struggle for the integrity of the Union was at its height:—

"When exultant rebels shall sweep over the fortifications, and their bombshells shall crash against the dome of the Capitol; when the people — exhausted by taxation, wearied of sacrifices, drained of blood, betrayed by their rulers, deluded by demagogues into believing that peace is the way to union and submission the path to victory — shall throw down their arms before the advancing foe; when vast chasms across every state shall make apparent to every eye, when too late to remedy it, that division from the South is anarchy at the North, and that peace without union is the end of the republic, — then the independence of the South will be an accomplished fact, and gentlemen may, without treason to the dead republic, rise in this migratory House, wherever it may then be in America, and declare themselves for recognizing their masters at the South rather than exterminating them. Until that day, in the name of the American nation, in the name of every house in the land where there is one dead for the holy cause, in the name of those who stand before us in the ranks of battle, in the name of the liberty our ancestors have confided to us, I devote to eternal execration the name of him who shall propose to destroy this blessed land rather than its enemies.

"But until that time arrive it is the judgment of the American people that there shall be no compromise; that ruin to ourselves or ruin to the Southern rebels are the only alternatives. It is only by resolutions of this kind that nations can rise above great dangers and overcome them in a crisis like this. . . . It is by such a resolve that the American people, coercing a reluctant government to draw the sword and stake the national existence on the integrity of the republic, are now anything but the fragments of a nation before the world, the scorn and hiss of every petty tyrant. It is because the people of the United States, rising to the height of the occa-

sion, dedicated this generation to the sword, and pouring out the blood of their children as of no account, and avowing before high Heaven that there should be no end to this conflict but ruin absolute or absolute triumph, that we now are what we are; that the banner of the republic, still pointing onward, floats proudly in the face of the enemy; that vast regions are reduced to obedience to the laws; and that a great host in armed array now presses with steady step into the dark regions of the rebellion. It is only by the earnest and abiding resolution of the people that whatever shall be our fate, it shall be grand as the American nation, worthy of that republic which first trod the path of empire, and made no peace but under the banners of victory, that the American people will survive in history."

MATTHEW HALE CARPENTER.

Among the senatorial orators of recent years, Matthew Hale Carpenter, of Wisconsin, was ranked as one of the foremost. Contemporary in Congress with such speakers as Sumner, Conkling, Edmunds, Trumbull, Morton, Schurz, and Blaine, he was the peer in debate of any of his colleagues. Born in 1824 in Vermont, and studying for the bar in the office of Rufus Choate, young Carpenter, well convinced that in the West were the surest avenues to success in his profession, migrated to Wisconsin in 1848. He records that when he arrived at Beloit he had but seventy-five cents, and no visible means of support but a law library and his own brains. The library, too, quite large for that day, had been bought on credit, upon the volunteered guarantee of Choate to the Boston booksellers. Thus equipped, young Carpenter soon found clients, though much of his legal business was without fees. While in his earliest practice he charged a client a dollar for conducting a case, ten years later he received from a railroad capitalist six thousand dollars

as annual fees for attending to his legal business. So speedily did his natural abilities, with untiring labor and a personal popularity which has rarely been equaled, raise him to the foremost rank in his profession.

The strong personality and intellectual force of Carpenter, with the great number of noted legal causes and political struggles in which he was associated, give a kind of dramatic interest to his career. His was a person of singular attractiveness. Tall, graceful, well proportioned, his massive head set upon broad shoulders and crowned with a heavy profusion of dark hair carelessly worn, his blue eyes full of spirit and humor, he at once impressed every one in his favor. His smile was perhaps the sunniest I ever saw, and his peculiar stride carried with it a breezy, confident air which marked the healthy, self-reliant man that he was. His manners in personal intercourse were charming. All who knew him testified to the ready freshness, variety, and exuberant wit of his conversation. With his graceful courtesy to women he was a universal favorite with them, and his fascinating speech and buoyant flow of spirits were often accompanied with a laugh so musical and hearty as to be fairly contagious in any circle. He was notable for the easy and confidential way in which he addressed his friends, and on his visits to the Library, to which he often resorted for aid, he would familiarly call me "my son," though I was but a little his junior in age.

Carpenter had a voice of wonderful sweetness and compass. I have heard him on many occasions when he put forth all his powers, and the varying impressions, from the softest tones when some tender sentiment caused his voice to vibrate with emotion, to the thrilling emphasis of his most powerful denunciation, dwelt long in memory. He was a natural orator, and the combined versatility and acuteness of his intellect were

such that he charmed equally by the matter of his speeches and by their manner. Whether addressing a great popular audience (and it is said that he once spoke to forty thousand people at Chicago) or a court or a jury, where his arguments generally drew a crowd, or in the Senate at Washington, or in the Supreme Court room, where he very frequently appeared, Carpenter was always a magnet of attraction. As a lawyer, he was said by the almost unanimous judgment of men of his profession to have few equals and no superior. He was thoroughly familiar with the textbooks in jurisprudence, and with what is known as case-law. His clear and analytic brain grasped the principles that lay at the basis of every case, and his method was to pursue it through the precedents of the whole Library until he had thoroughly mastered it. Then, but not till then, he would rest.

Ex-Senator George F. Edmunds said of him, "His arguments, both in the Senate and the courts, were unsurpassed for learning, logic, and eloquence." Judge J. S. Black declared, "He was worthy to stand, as he did, at the head of the legal profession." And Chief Justice Chase said of him, "We regard that boy as one of the ablest jurists in the country. I am not the only justice on this bench who delights in his eloquence and his reasoning." The expression referred to the fresh, youthful, jaunty air which Carpenter carried with him, though he was fully thirty-eight years of age when it was made. Into the grave and decorous presence of the Supreme Court he bore the easy, good-humored look and twinkle of the eyes which characterized him everywhere. He was a great favorite with all the members of the court, and was for years almost the only man who could be jocular and playful while conducting a case before them, without sacrifice of dignity or good taste. It is to be said that the justices of that tribunal, with all their gravity and learning, have

been men who dearly loved a joke, and neither Marshall nor Taney, any more than Chase or Waite, rose superior to that weakness.

Carpenter was counsel in more important causes than any other lawyer in the West, and had his full share in that lucrative railway litigation which has made the fortunes of a few great lawyers. Yet he spent his money as freely as he earned it, telling the law students at Columbian University, "Save money if you can, but how you are to do it must be learned of somebody besides me." He was charitable and generous to a fault. His sympathies were acute, his heart always tender to the appeals of those in distress. Though making great sums every year, he usually had little money, and he left no large property to his family beyond a life insurance of fifty thousand dollars, and a fine library of five thousand volumes of law and six thousand of miscellaneous books. His taste for literature and his eagerness for learning of every kind were strong from very boyhood. Choate said of him, "Young Carpenter was possessed of a passion for devouring books that was more than remarkable; it amounted almost to a mania." He had an innate love of work, and few who listened to his luminous and apparently spontaneous arguments (for he almost never wrote out a speech) were aware how much labor they had cost him. One of the busiest men in America, he yet found time to read, and he spent many hours in the Congressional Library digging out decisions and historical data for use. He had a power of absorption that would appear marvelous to the ordinary reader who plods through a book sentence by sentence. Carpenter seemed to read a sentence by one glance of the eye. In his later years he was so engrossed by professional studies and public speaking that he read less literature, but his mind was stored with many of the masterpieces of prose and poetry. For a year or two of his early

life in Wisconsin he had been afflicted with blindness, and his friends had read to him the Bible, Shakespeare, and the poetry of Walter Scott. In after-years he could repeat the whole of *The Lady of the Lake* from memory.

In politics, Carpenter acted with the Democratic party in early years, and voted for Douglas in 1860. But the moment that the authority of the United States was resisted in the South he was the first noted Democrat in the West to range himself on the side of the government, and he went farther than the farthest in his zeal for emancipating the slaves and maintaining the Union. Elected to the Senate as a Republican in 1869, he served six years, was defeated in 1875 by a coalition of Democrats and bolting Republicans, and re-chosen Senator in 1879. In that body he at once took rank as one of the foremost of its able debaters, and his ready command of language, fullness of information, clear and incisive style, and distinct and pleasing utterance rendered his speeches almost uniformly effective.

He spoke often, but never without saying something which elucidated the subject before the Senate. He excelled in the perspicuous statement of a case. He was clear-headed, straightforward, sincere, and always thoroughly in earnest. As a constitutional lawyer, who had read much and thought deeply upon American institutions and our political history from the beginning, he opposed or defended measures according to his own independent judgment. He thus found himself not unfrequently opposed to his party. He pronounced some Republican measures unconstitutional, while on others he went beyond the radicalism even of Mr. Sumner.

His early attachment to the principles of Jeffersonian democracy led him, on many questions, to stand for state rights and against a consolidated or paternal government. He opposed the Bureau of Education, the Department of Agricul-

ture, all propositions for a Labor Commission, railway monopoly, payment of Southern claims, amnesty to rebels, and civil service reform. He favored Chinese citizenship, increase of salaries (including "back pay"), the extension of the Ku-Klux act, and the franking privilege.

Elected in 1873 president *pro tempore* of the Senate, an honor due to his acknowledged abilities as a parliamentarian, he presided with impartiality, dignity, and unfailing courtesy. There were several acrimonious episodes during Carpenter's service in the Senate, involving sharp interpellations with Senators Sumner, Morton, and Blaine, upon St. Domingo, the French arms question, and the public character of President Grant; but as public interest in these questions has passed away, it is not fitting to recall them here. The controversy over the New York Tribune's publication of a treaty, surreptitiously obtained before its consideration by the Senate, brought a prodigious volume of obloquy and denunciation by newspapers upon Senator Carpenter, who was chairman of the committee upon whose report the Tribune correspondents were imprisoned by the Senate. He reciprocated the denunciations with sufficient violence, and was warned to drop the investigation, or the press "would never rest until it had ruined him," — meaning, no doubt, politically. The rancor thus engendered outlasted the efforts to discover the Senator whose name the reporters had refused to disclose.

It may be said of Senator Carpenter that while his great and admirable qualities brought him more devoted and enthusiastic friends than fall to the lot of most public men, he also stirred up animosities which were fomented and spread by many bitter enemies. Perhaps no Senator was ever pursued with more untiring denunciation, much of which was due to the bold independence, aggressiveness, and positive character of

the man. Faults he had in abundance, but they were those of a man of a singularly ardent temperament, and will be viewed with the most charity by those who are duly conscious of their own.

I will give but a short specimen of Senator Carpenter's forensic utterances. In December, 1869, he offered a resolution declaring that the thirty gunboats then fitting out by Spain in the ports of the United States, to be employed against the insurgents in Cuba, should not be allowed to depart from the United States during the continuance of the rebellion then in progress. It is interesting as exhibiting nearly the same unhappy condition regarding Cuba thirty years ago as has recently existed.

"The Cubans are now struggling to throw off this unendurable tyranny. They have appealed to the God of battles in vindication of the inalienable right of man to self-government. Of the inhabitants within the district now controlled by the revolutionists, about one hundred and five thousand are capable of bearing arms. Of this number, from twenty to thirty thousand are now actually in military array, commanded by officers appointed by the Cuban republic, and but for the difficulty of obtaining arms the number which would instantly take the field would exceed those already under arms.

"It is claimed and represented that a large district of the island, capable of exact delineation and geographical description, is held by the patriots, and can only be entered by the Spaniards by military force; and that in this district there exists a regular government established by the Cubans, and which is in regular administration, except when disturbed by military operations; that it has a constitution, a judicial force actually exercising the functions which pertain to the office of judge; that it has a regular postal system, and that a vast majority of the inhabitants of this district pay habitual obedience to its com-

mands; that it has a flag and an organized army; that battles have been fought, towns besieged, and other acts of war committed by the Cubans under officers appointed by the new government; that messages under flags of truce have been exchanged, and that regular warfare is now being carried on in the island to support the constitution of the republic of Cuba: and these facts have been shown by judicial proceedings hereafter to be mentioned.

"The constitution of the young republic of Cuba emancipates all slaves, and the contest of arms now going on to support that constitution involves the liberty or slavery of all who were slaves when the war broke out. This feature appeals strongly to our sympathies, and constitutes an irresistible claim of right to our observing an honest neutrality, if we cannot aid the Cubans. And I beseech the learned Senator from Massachusetts, the chairman of our Committee on Foreign Relations [Senator Sumner], to whom this resolution may be referred, whose voice was clearest and sweetest of the chorus of liberty in the early morn, to lend his experienced ear to the cry of humanity that comes up from this island of the sea. The weight of his influence to-day might pluck another jewel from the crown of despotism, and release other thousands threatened with the master's lash and rebelling against the clanking chain.

"I cannot express how much I regret that some step has not already been taken upon this subject by that honorable and honored Senator. But there are truths so mighty that if men hold their peace the stones will cry out; and it is the silence of that Senator that leads me now to address the Senate. We have happily escaped from the curse of human slavery ourselves, but as benevolence is stayed by no barrier of nature, acknowledges no limits of human dominion, we cannot, blameless, remain indifferent to

such a contest within gunshot of our own shores.

"Now, sir, I submit upon this state of facts, which the Cubans offer to establish by judicial evidence, a great wrong, or rather an unaccountable series of wrongs, has been committed by our government. We are solemnly bound by the law of nations properly construed, expressly pledged by our own declarations upon this subject, to stand entirely neutral between Spain and Cuba; but as the law has been administered, it has been a shield to Spain, a sword to Cuba. Liberty in Cuba is in the helplessness of infancy; its life is feeble, its pulse low. I do not invoke your aid on behalf of Cuba; I only ask that to be done the neglect of which would justly bring war upon us, if Cuba had the strength to enforce her rights. As it is, whether the United States does its duty or violates its duty, Cuba is without remedy. But there is a bar, the bar of impartial history, before which all governments must stand; there is a God, and a great book in which the deeds of nations are written; and there is retribution for every nation which, knowing its duty, does it not."

On the delivery of this speech the Spanish authorities were quickly on the alert, and the warships to put down the Cuban revolt had sailed before Carpenter's resolution came to a vote. But the influential press of the country took sides with the Senator, declaring that the incident redounded much more to his credit than to Sumner's, who had vigorously opposed the resolution.

Senator Carpenter closed his career in the second year of his last senatorial term; he died in Washington, February 24, 1881. He had been warned by his physicians nearly a year before that he would die of an incurable malady within a few months. With his habitual firmness, and cheerful to the last, he set his house in order.

Ainsworth R. Spofford.

A NEW PROGRAMME IN EDUCATION.

IN Greece, in the golden age of Pericles, in those wonderful eight-and-twenty years which represent the flowering time of the human spirit, the impulse in education was national and contemporary. There was no past whose achievements were so notable as those of the present. The ideals of life were the ideals of education, and the servant still served his master. Education was distinctly a process, never an end. The one language was the Greek tongue; the one effort was the cultivation of personal power, the strong and beautiful body, the subtle and alert mind, the development of that sense of beauty and proportion which has left Greek art and literature unrivaled after more than two thousand years of human effort. Education, like life, was preëminently a thing of the present moment.

But this redeeming thought faded in the less beautiful culture of Rome, and went almost entirely out in that darkness which preceded our own dawn. When the fires of the Renaissance were kindled in the hearts of men, there seemed for them but one source to which they might turn for inspiration, — that bright light which still lingered like a memory over the shores of the Ægean and the Adriatic. The mechanism of culture became formal, for the culture sought was no longer an element of daily life, to be found in the hearts and the lives of their fellow men. It was an exotic, to be brought to a less friendly clime and coaxed into such growth as might be. The open sesame to this priceless culture of the past was not found in the idealization of the contemporary national life, which of all lessons was, it seems to me, the great lesson that Greek culture had to teach, but was found in keeping that culture wrapped up in the dead languages of Greece and Rome, and making educa-

tion consist in learning how to get through the wrappings.

It would be an ungrateful spirit that denied, or perhaps even doubted, the spiritual value of the Renaissance, but we come here upon a picture which is at least calculated to make us stop and think. The two spiritual forces were the church and the university. But neither seemed to be laying very seriously to heart those pertinent words of Paul about the present nature of salvation. The Christian church was busily teaching pessimism, teaching how unprofitable is the present world, and claiming all that was fairest and best for a more shadowy realm. In the discouraging contrast between the things of this world and the things of the kingdom, in that constant antithesis which made the present moment an illusion, there was little to inspire an ideal of contemporary achievement. Even art was steeped in the same spirit. It expressed itself in cathedrals that stood for a kingdom which was to come, and painted saints and angels who had been. The schoolmen were as busily teaching a variety of scholastic pessimism; were practically demanding contempt for the present, and unlimited veneration for the past. Both of the spiritual forces of the time were making straight away from the artistic perfectness of daily life.

One almost trembles to think what would have happened had the men of those times been logical, and as devout and learned as priest and scholar would have made them. The priest would have been for sending them all straight to heaven through the renunciation of this world; the scholar would have been for sending the best of them out of warm, palpitating life into the thought world of the past. Both were for denying the present moment; but both failed. Hu-

man nature admitted the premises, but declined the conclusions. It would not be so devout and it would not be so learned as the current thought demanded. Through this failure, which doubtless cost many a heartburn, the contemporary national life was saved from utter extinction, and was brought down the centuries to a later generation. To us remains the task of idealizing this contemporary national life, and accomplishing democracy.

The occasion for trembling has not yet passed. Theoretically, the majority of our people are steeped in quite as dangerous illogic as were the men of the Middle Ages. They are being saved by the practical denial of their own beliefs. I need not point out that salvation of such a type does not mean the liberation of the human spirit. The majority of our people are still avowed pessimists. The things of God still stand for light, the things of God's world for darkness. Those of us who live in an atmosphere of liberal and cultivated thought do not sufficiently realize, I think, that in the less cultured communions of the Christian church this thoroughgoing pessimism is being persistently preached to a people who nominally accept it, but who daily fail to live up to it.

Now, we can have no sincere national life which is not founded upon a deep religious sentiment. Nor can we have a sincere contemporary life which is not founded upon a belief in the sacredness of the present moment, and upon a genuine faith in the essential beauty and goodness of life. When we put these two truths together, we are forced to realize that we can hope for no sincere national, contemporary life that is founded upon the creed of pessimism. Somewhat the same thing exists in the schools. They too, to fulfill their purpose, must turn more and more from other countries, other times, and other people to the rich content of the present moment. To come up to the Greek standard, the in-

struction must offer less representation and greater reality.

But while in the official world of church and school things have been going rather badly, better things have been happening in God's greater world. In the fresh open of life, in the sacred cloisters of the human heart, forces have been gathering and growing and shaping, — forces, I am bound to believe, that will in the end do greater things than Greece was able to do. In Greece, the human body reached the highest degree of excellence and of beauty. In Greece, the human mind attained the acme of its power. Yet in this superb human animal there lurked an element of fatal weakness. It was in the human heart. Grecian civilization rested upon a foundation of human slavery. The downfall of Greece was brought about by her disregard of the rights of others. Supremacy passed away from Greece because she had not a humanity broad enough to extend beyond the family and the immediate state, beyond the boundaries of accident and circumstance, and give the hand of loving comradeship to the individual man. Greatly as we must deplore the overthrow of so much that was beautiful and precious, the travail of the centuries has brought a sweeter fruit. The force which I detect at the very heart of the modern impulse to life, stronger than Greece, more lusty than institutions, is just this giant cup-bearer of all my own hope, — it is the individual man.

There were men in Greece, magnificent men, and there have been men in all countries and in all times. The history of the world is the history of a few men. But their power has not limited itself to the wholesome personal power of the individual man. It has added the offensive power of undue possession, and a subservient following. It has lacked the saving grace of reverence for the individuality of the other man. What we want is the Grecian ideal of

personal beauty and power touched with the modern ideal of human brotherhood and solidarity.

In the face of the undeniable struggle for wealth and peace and power, it may seem an over-optimism to declare that this is but an accident and circumstance of the time, and lacks significance. Yet I venture so to regard it. It is a passing fever which will spend itself and die. Meanwhile, the cause of humanity rests with a scattered handful of men and women, a saving minority, weak in numbers, but strong in destiny, — rests with them, and is perfectly safe. Their creed, if anything so informal may be called a creed, expresses itself in the same social terms, but terms that have been given a human interpretation. These men and women believe in wealth, but in a wealth that is human, in bodies that are both beautiful and strong, in senses that are alert and discriminating, in intellects that are sound and appreciative and creative; above all, in hearts that are warm and human. They believe in rank, but in the rank that is self-conferred and bears no stamp save its own excellence. They believe in institutions, but in institutions which are alive to the present needs of the spirit; which will keep fresh and green the social and moral and æsthetic and religious emotion of mankind, and will let the dead bury their dead. In this organic wealth we have a store of good fortune, of which there is quite enough to go all around, and which, happily, does not depend for its power upon another's poverty. In this it is a strong contrast to that inorganic wealth which is the passing idol of the hour, — a wealth whose sole power, mark you, depends, not upon human good will and loving service, but upon the pressure of grinding human need. To even up this inorganic wealth would be to rob it of its power; but the more organic wealth we have, the richer is every man's delight.

The modern impulse which in the midst of much that is accidental remains

the significant fact, that impulse which is the timeless element in our restless American life, is just this insistence upon the individual man, upon personality, and upon the surpassing worth of the present moment. It is the spirit which declares, *I am*.

The poets have a way of going straight to the heart of matters which quite shames our own feeble efforts. They are forever proclaiming the unknown, revealing the unknowable, and seemingly without being aware of it. I remember, some years ago, telling a friend of mine, a literary woman, about my enthusiasm for Paracelsus, a poem which still seems to me one of the noblest in our language. It is a true picture of the way a young man feels, a young man who aspires and is ready to browbeat Fate herself. My friend answered rather drolly, "I have some hope for you, if you are caring for poetry." I had never myself felt other than hopeful, and so I hastened to explain, by way of defense, and perhaps fearing she might think I had taken to verse-making myself, that it was because I found so much true science in our poets, and because they had such a turn for getting at the real news of the universe. "Ah," she rejoined, "that interests me. I have always cared for poetry, and of late it has given me a love for science, just as your care for science has brought you to poetry." We had traveled different paths, but reached the same milestone. It is in the poets, then, that you will find the truest expression of this modern yet timeless spirit. If I were asked to sum it up in a single line, I could not do better than to turn to that sturdy Homeric and yet twentieth-century poet, Walt Whitman. Indeed, I could nowhere else do so well. It is in his *Song of the Open Road*: —

"Henceforth I ask not good fortune. I, myself, am good fortune."

In these few words you have the whole of the modern impulse, — the denial of outside possession, conferment, prefer-

ment; the assertion of the individual man; the present moment.

I must believe, in spite of the apparently contradictory signs of the times, I must believe that men and women are slowly coming to this sturdy, magnificent faith. It is difficult to exchange our trust in property, our trust in what other people say that we are, our trust in the sanity of the corporate mind, — to exchange this trust in outside possessions for an equally certain trust in our own personal prowess, a trust in our own knowledge of what we are, a trust in the sanity of our own spirit. It is difficult until we have once done it, and then it is difficult — nay, it is impossible — to do otherwise. In the heart where this faith resides die fear and the last lingering doubts of immortality.

The point is that this giving up of the illusions of life for the realities, this turning from *mâyâ* to *âtman*, as our Indian brother would say, does not come in the guise of renunciation. It is an exchange of quite a different sort, the surrender of a small good for a great good. It is that in the intellectual and emotional world, and in the bodily and intellectual and emotional wealth, we have the greater source of human delight. One does not need to be an idealist to realize this. The poor fellow who has spent youth and health in adding house to house and land to land, and then spends land and house in trying to regain health and youth, knows very well that yonder naked boy, exultant in the summer sunshine, and ready to plunge into the cool, sweet water, is richer than he. The tired man of affairs, in the very moment of his triumph, knows full well that the rosy youngster, lying stomach downward on the hearth-rug and kicking his heels together in glee over his dear Walter Scott, is happier than he. And we all know, if we are lonely and unloved and unattached, whatever our other triumphs may have been, that in the nearest true home circle there are men and women more blessed

than we. It is in these simple joys of a sound body, an alert mind, a warm and generous heart, that the delight and the poetry of life reside; and it is in the beautiful men and beautiful women and beautiful children, who feel this delight and live this poetry, that the wealth of the world is to be found. These are the materials, the rich human materials, in which our civilization is to express itself, and not in the magnitude of our industries, the complete division of our labor, the speed of our transit, the giant proportions of our commerce, the size of our button-factories, the story upon story of our office tombs. The charm and the success of life do not reside in these. They reside in persons. The work of the saving minority is in the humanizing of this too material civilization. To make good fortune consist in one's own superb person, this is the modern impulse, — an impulse which will have expressed itself only when all our people shall be beautiful, and accomplished, and noble, and free.

I cordially disapprove of much of the work of our current education, just because it is not expressing this modern spirit, is not laying the emphasis upon human beauty and power and emotion. But the modern spirit is abroad. The little prig who tells us that he has not missed a day at school for Heaven knows how many weary years is no longer praised. He has to answer the more searching question as to what good he got out of his school-going; or probably we look at him and answer the question ourselves. The same human spirit makes us take more kindly to the little truant, for often he turns out to be the more interesting boy.

It is in no ungracious or unfriendly spirit that I challenge the schools, but nevertheless I do challenge them. And back of me stands the more serious challenge of events. It is surely a significant fact that the men and women whose performances in art, in science, in literature,

have most touched the heart and the imagination of our time have been, for the most part, men and women who have taught themselves. Lincoln, our first American, was quite untaught in any academic sense, but nevertheless in his Gettysburg speech he reached a level in both thought and language that had not been reached in America before. As we all know, his two masters were the Bible and Shakespeare. It is true that on the other side of the water the best English of the century has perhaps been written by Matthew Arnold, an academician to the backbone. I read both his poetry and his prose over and over again with delight, and yet I know that in his lack of human warmth he has failed, in any very vital way, to touch the imagination of his time. I cannot forget the comment of the clever woman who said to me, in reference to the minor chord which pervades Arnold's poetry, "Yes, I like him, but he always seems to me to be saying, 'Cheer up; the *worst* is still to come.'" A message so discouraging as this is not the utterance of first-class power. And we must confess, even if we do read Culture and Anarchy once a year, that there is a certain academic strut about it that we would gladly dispense with. The most considerable figures in current literature, men like Walt Whitman, Stevenson, and Kipling, are not academicians, but men who have seen and reported life, master workmen who have learned their craft at first-hand.

In science, it would be useless to ask who taught Darwin and Audubon, Agassiz and John Muir, for we all know that largely they taught themselves. Faraday, the great electrician of the early half of the century, was little more than a college servant, and yet when Sir Humphry Davy, the discoverer of the alkalis, the inventor of the safety-lamp, was asked which of his own discoveries he considered the greatest, he promptly replied, "Michael Faraday." And Edison, the great electrician of the latter half

of the century, the man whose work has been so original that it has startled both continents, and whose inventions have changed the outer aspect and circumstance of daily life, — we know his history, know how completely he eluded the schools. In the world of art, of painting, sculpture, architecture, and music, the cases are even more abundant and striking. Indeed, the schools would almost have been fatal. Art is to do; and to do with skill, one must set about the doing very young. In the studios of Paris, — and Paris, gay, cheerful, human Paris, is still the capital of the art world, — in these studios they attempt nothing so impossible as to teach art. There is your place, there are the materials and the studies, and you go to work. They do not mark your work 10, or 100, or A. If it is too bad, they say nothing. If it shows promise, they say, "Pas mal;" and on this encouragement you must live and work a month.

Now, the point is that the men and women whose performances have most touched the heart and the imagination of their time have been men and women who have done something that they wanted to do, some task prompted by their own activity, suggested by the consciousness of their own powers. They have done the work that was proper to themselves, and no one else in all God's world could know what that work was to be.

When I was quite a young man, I went to New York to try my fortunes in a literary way. Besides my scroll and inkhorn I carried a letter to Mr. Roswell Smith, of *The Century Magazine*. He received me very kindly, and talked with me for some time. Finally he said, "Well, if you want to write, write," and he held out his hand, — the interview was over. As I journeyed back to Philadelphia, I could not quite smother the reflection that I had gone considerable distance to get so obvious advice. But the more I thought about it, the more I saw that it was good advice, and just the

sort of advice that, after all, when we address ourselves to the serious art of living, we must every one of us follow.

I repeat, it is a grave challenge to the schools that they are turning out, year after year, commonplace men and women, — somewhat informed, it is true, but too often ungracious and unattractive and unaccomplished, and in the main less capable than before of any truly original thought; while the flower of humanity, the men and women whom we delight to love and honor, have a way of coming to us from the open of life. I resent this social crime the more because commonplaceness and dull routine are precisely those unnecessary forms of destiny which I can tolerate with least patience. Life is so tremendously interesting: there is so much to be done and seen, and thought and felt; there are so many places of beauty and interest to be visited and appropriated; there are so many noble men and women to be known and enjoyed, — what ungracious guests are we if, in this magnificent hostelry of God, we do not accept so royal entertaining. I speak as warmly as I do because I rebel to see the tragedy of Esau reenacted on our modern stage; because I rebel to see boys and girls, men and women, selling their birthright for the cheap adornment of a formal education, for a bit of property, for a snug position, or for any other mess of pottage, however savory it may appear in a moment of conservatism and of weakness, when I know that the real charm of life is the beautiful and accomplished organism, the inquiring mind, the undismayed heart.

But I should ill serve the cause of human culture, to which I am in a way dedicated, if I simply tried to sow the seeds of discontent. Happily, my task is more gracious than that. It is a part of the present purpose to suggest briefly what seems to me ample remedy for the academic abuses of the hour. The problem of education is full of promise, full of the same bountiful promise as is the

problem of society at large. And yet, just as I have been unable to say smooth things of the schools as they are, so I am unable to say smooth things of those half-and-half measures of reform which take the present school as a basis, and propose to mend it by an elaborate system of patching. From what I have seen of this operation, I am less hopeful than I am of the original article. Where the patching is most complete the results seem to me to be the worst. For this patching consists, not in renovating the curriculum along organic lines of cause and effect, but in adding to the curriculum in hopelessly ineffectual doses, perhaps one or two hours a week, the modern branches of gymnastic, manual training, sewing, cooking, clay modeling, science lessons, free-hand drawing, and the rest. I think we have but one result to expect, and that is failure. Some of these branches are added with the amiable thought that they may serve as opening wedges. But if we put so many wedges into a child's day and into a child's attention, we split them both into mere fragments, and the result is confusion. The children save themselves by not taking the matter too seriously.

It is not in the schools that light is to be found. It is in the great open world of life. If we start from this basis, the renovation of the schools is very simple, but it is also very thoroughgoing. The modern impulse which is to redeem society will also redeem the educational process. I have tried to point out what this modern impulse stands for; to show that it stands for personality, for organic wealth, for beautiful men and beautiful women and beautiful children, beautiful alike in body and in spirit and in heart, and that this personality is to manifest itself here and now, in a strong, national, contemporary life.

To carry out this impulse, the school must stand resolutely for the present moment: not for the past, as is done in classical education; not for the future,

as is done in industrial education; but resolutely for the present moment. The character of the present is reality. All representation is of the past or the future. The work of the school must limit itself to reality, and must put aside those interminable representations which have hitherto been its chief stock in trade. The school must be a place for training. The library is a better guardian of facts and representations.

This one condition, this demand for present reality, simplifies the problem tremendously, for at a stroke it cuts out nearly all of the present complicated curriculum. I have a little friend, a most artistic boy, from whom I expect great things in the future. He goes to school when it pleases him, but he has rather a distaste for work assigned him by other people. He was charged recently with wasting his time by playing around so much. He replied quite indignantly, "I never 'play around.' I make plans, and carry them out." These childish plans may seem trivial; but when we come to think about it, they are quite as important as many of the stupid things that fill our own days, and much more human and diverting. The particular injury which I think the schools do, in this matter, is to interfere with the child's plan without enlisting sufficient interest in the school plan to make it sincere and real. Both plans are thwarted, and the child falls between them into that deplorable abyss whose name is apathy. I like, myself, to have my own way, I like it very much; and you, if you are human, like to have yours. Why should we think it so naughty when children show the same predilection? I believe quite seriously that we shall have more interesting and more successful men and women when we conscientiously allow children to have their own way just as far as it is possible. The line of possibility is to be drawn very sharply at all acts of aggression, and less sharply at suspected danger. Childish aggression is to be resisted to the utmost,

and especially for the sake of the aggressor himself; but children can do many things with perfect safety that would be quite dangerous for us oldlings. There are few forms of exposure so fatal as the forms that protection takes. Nature has a way of looking out for the little people who fend for themselves.

We can do in life only what we want to do, and we can do with graciousness and success only what we want to do very much. If we are to accomplish anything worthy in education, we must do it by carrying out the process through the *self*-interest and the *self*-activity of the children themselves, and we must set up as our ideal living, breathing men and women, charming people of flesh and blood, and not scholastic phantoms. This method and this aim, this shifting of the ground from the outside to the inside, represent the first step in the attainment of that organic personal good fortune which is the burden of Whitman's song.

But while I believe so strongly in the doctrine of non-interference, that we must come to our own, there is plenty of positive, present work for the schools to do, and I am not for a moment calling in question their ultimate usefulness. I am only recommending that they select the right work, and do it in the right way. To carry out the rich emotional and intellectual life of humanity, we need a good tool, a good body, a strong and beautiful and well-trained organism, and this is gained only through cultivation. This seems to me the right work of the schools. To seek this perfect organism through practical, organic training, along lines of cause and effect, seems the right way. In a word, I am commending organic education.

In our present official attempt at culture, we have the lower schools up to fourteen years of age, the high school from fourteen to eighteen, the college from eighteen to twenty-two, the university or professional school as long as we

will. It is an appalling sequence, and we ought to do much more than we do toward realizing the charm and the success of life. For the present we may deal only with the lower schools. The modern impulse to life would reform these schools, not by patching them up, but by wholly reorganizing them; by abolishing entirely the present curriculum of formal study, and substituting a thoroughgoing system of bodily training, — a system carried out for the explicit purpose of furnishing an adequate tool for the full expression of the emotional and intellectual life. Such a system would include but five branches of instruction, — gymnastic, music, manual training, free-hand drawing, and language. I am naming them in what I consider the order of their importance. I place language last, because I believe that expression in action is incomparably better than expression in words; that it is far better to help our brother man than to commend helpfulness, to be brave than to praise bravery, to paint a beautiful picture than to talk about art, to love than to write love sonnets; and also because I am quite sure that sound content will find suitable dress. The present wail over our deficient English composition is at bottom a wail over deficient thought. It is overwhelmingly difficult to say anything when you have nothing to say. Dr. Holmes is responsible, I believe, for the observation that the boys on the Boston Common never misuse “shall” and “will.” I need not add that the Boston school children sometimes do. It is the same in art: no amount of technique atones for the absence of a true sentiment.

I omit mathematics altogether, and the other formal studies, except as they come in incidentally, because they are not a part of the present moment for a child, and may safely be left to the boys and girls of the high school.

I place gymnastic first, — not athletics, but gymnastic, — because it seems to

me that good health and abounding vitality are the foundations of all other excellence. I believe with Dr. Johnson that sick men *are* rascals. Ill health is a form of serious immorality, and a most prolific source of social unhappiness and vice. But gymnastic has a larger mission even than good health. As an educational agent, it is to add to the body beauty and grace and usableness, to make it an admirable tool for the admirable purposes of the heart and mind.

The same human motive makes me place music second; and by music I mean the artistic cultivation of the voice in both speech and song, as well as distinct musical training on some suitable instrument. What a tremendous contribution to the charm and success of life would be wrought by this simple innovation! We lose much through our harsh voices, in the gentle art of living. And then, too, music and song add so much to the joy of life. The sailor singing at the capstan, the negro singing in the cotton-fields, experience an uplifting of spirit that we cheat ourselves by not sharing.

In the third branch, manual training, we have profitable occupation for as many hours a day as we will, — occupation touched with sincerity and reality, and therefore morally acceptable. It is possible to make many beautiful and useful things and to cultivate a cunning hand. But meanwhile, and better even than this, while the children are gaining muscular dexterity they are also gaining an equal mental dexterity, and are coming into that best of all possessions, the possession of themselves. I value manual training so highly, not because I want to turn our boys into artisans and our girls into clever housewives, but because I want to turn them into men and women of large personal power.

In free-hand drawing we have only another method of expressing the self, and one to be cultivated purely for this purpose, not, therefore, by giving the children set tasks, but by allowing them

to express themselves in such drawings as they choose to make, helping them only in the method of representation and by limited suggestion.

I come once more to the question of language, and I want again to call attention to the fact that in importance it stands at the end of the list. All the other branches, in the hands of cultivated teachers, would involve constant practice in expression, and the specific study of English might even be omitted. Where it is undertaken, however, it might profitably be limited to spoken English, and the classes in reading and writing might be made entirely voluntary, allowing the children to come to these arts in their own good time and as the result of their own impulse. If at fourteen they did not know how to read, it would be surprising, but not in the least alarming. Few children in educated families, if left to themselves, pass the age of eight without learning to read, and many learn at four. At the same time one other spoken language might be learned, for a perfect pronunciation can hardly be acquired later than fourteen. French has the advantage of being still the language of art and of the world, and of being a great practical help in the formation of a clear and beautiful English style. The men who write the most exquisite English, men like Matthew Arnold and Cardinal Newman, have been much influenced by French literature. The reading of a good French book will be found a most helpful preparation, when one has a difficult article to write, for the French have the wonderful gift of lucidity. German may act the other way. Americans who study at the German universities show a curious awkwardness in their style, not entirely attributable to their being doctors of philosophy. German, with its immense wealth of thought, may safely be left to the high school.

Up to fourteen, then, a scheme of organic education would limit school work resolutely to the present moment, — to

gymnastic, music, manual training, drawing, English and French. All of this work must enlist the good will, the good feeling, of the child, and the subtle spirit of *noblesse oblige* must be forever in the air. The best teacher of all is the one given to each child when it comes into the world, the mother. Poor indeed is the man who cannot say that from her have been learned the most priceless lessons. But of the many good and beautiful things which the mother tries to teach, nothing else is quite so helpful as that one lesson of the good expectation. More compelling than any spoken word is the sense that the good act is expected.

If one were limited to a single expression in which to sum up all virtue, one might safely choose "good breeding;" for in the generous interpretation of these two words is wrapped up everything in life that is beautiful and fair.

We should be sending up the most excellent material to the high school, were we to carry out such a scheme of organic culture, and in four years the children would be amply qualified for college. I speak so confidently because it is a matter of experience. In my own case school life covered only two years in all, and of this only five months were given to direct preparatory work. The requirements are more exacting now, but, with such splendid bodily equipment as these children would have, surely the work could be well accomplished in four years.

One may feel disposed to ask, however, What of the children who do not go to college, or do not even go to the high school? It requires, I think, no great boldness to maintain that even for them, perhaps especially for them, this scheme of organic training would still be the best; for it has as its goal personal power and accomplishment and goodness and beauty, and these qualities count vastly more, in the practical conduct of life, than the entire content of the present lower school formalism. And so I commend the

scheme to Jack and to Margaret, whether they go to school many years or few.

It is quite time that I should bring this essay to an end, and yet I cannot resist the temptation of a final view.

The timeless impulse of the world is human. The imagination is stirred less and less by the giant apparition of the state, of the institution, of property, and more and more by the vision of the human, individual man. We are beginning to realize the true source of wealth, and to seek it where alone it can be found, — in personal power and beauty and sentiment, in the present moment, in the dear fatherland. The estimable part of life is human, beautiful men and beautiful women and beautiful children,

— beautiful, and accomplished, and lovable, and free. I linger over these choice words, for, as I write them, a group of such goodly and gracious persons come crowding into my brain that I would fain have them stop and keep me company. The secret of their incomparable charm is that it has been gained, not at the price of another's undoing, another's pain, another's exclusion, but with all helpfulness for their brother man. This timeless human impulse will prevail. The educational process which is to carry it out is one which brings to each little child, not information, but personal, organic good fortune, in a moment which is present and *is* good, and in a land which is ours and *is* great.

C. Hanford Henderson.

NORMAL SCHOOLS AND THE TRAINING OF TEACHERS.

THE increase of normal schools in the United States, which within a recent period has been phenomenal, shows the liberality with which the American people further any project that gives hope of advancing education. The first of these schools was established in Massachusetts in 1839, and since then the normal schools in that commonwealth have been fostered by state aid. They therefore offer a fair field for the study of the educational problem presented by them, the problem of the training of teachers. The conditions and the tendencies shown in Massachusetts, it may be assumed, will be found in varying degrees in the normal schools throughout the country. With regard to buildings, grounds, equipment, and modern conveniences, they rank with the other educational institutions of the commonwealth. The teachers are as earnest and industrious as could be desired. Yet the number of pupils has been decreasing. In the nine years 1888-97 there was a loss of twenty-three

per cent as against a gain of thirty-eight per cent in the previous nine years. Secretary Hill, of the State Board of Education, in his report of 1895-96, suggests three reasons for this falling off: the influence of the local training-schools for teachers; the influence of the colleges in attracting to their courses many who would otherwise attend normal schools; and the influence of the higher standard of admission.

The last reason can hardly be considered a primary cause, for the higher standard of admission, requiring high school graduation or its equivalent, was not enforced until 1896, whereas the ebb tide in attendance set in as early as 1888. The total enrollment of pupils in normal schools, exclusive of the Normal Art School, shows this decreasing tendency. For example, the enrollment in the five schools from 1885 to 1890 exceeded one thousand (in one year it was 1152), whereas in the six schools of 1895-96 the enrollment was 903, and

in the seven schools of 1896-97 it was only 894. The raising of the standard of admission, then, is clearly not the prime cause of this falling off.¹ The steadily increased attendance up to the year 1888, and since then the steadily decreased attendance, indicate that other forces have been at work to which adjustment has not been successfully made. The cause of the falling off in attendance is not evident upon the surface. A statement of some of the conditions under which the normal schools work is necessary to make the situation clear.

There were in Massachusetts, up to 1895, five state normal schools, exclusive of the Normal Art School. In addition to these there is the Boston Normal and Training School, of the same scope, under municipal supervision. The regular course of study is two years; and though there is an extra provision for a four years' course, it is a dead letter except in the Bridgewater school. The number of graduates from the state schools has been about two hundred and fifty annually, and the Boston Normal School graduates fifty or sixty pupils every year. The whole number of recruits annually needed as teachers by the schools of Massachusetts, according to careful estimates, is between twelve and fifteen hundred. In all probability nearly twice that number of vacancies occur, many of which are, of course, filled by the transfer of teachers already in the service. It is clear, therefore, that even if all the normal school graduates become public school teachers, the supply is inadequate to the demand.

That there is abundant room in the

public school service for normal school graduates is shown by the reports of the State Board of Education. In the report of 1895-96 the total number of teachers in the common schools of the state was given as 12,275, of whom only 3903, or less than thirty-two per cent, were graduates of normal schools. Of the number of teachers in the service who were not normal school graduates, there were 1637 who had attended normal schools for a longer or shorter period without graduating. In 1885-86, with a total enrollment of 9670 teachers in the state, 2420, or about twenty-five per cent, were normal school graduates; from which it appears that there was an increase of nearly seven per cent in the number of normal school teachers within the ten years ending in 1896. Almost all of those who have had no special training — about one half the whole number — are graduates of high schools, or persons of less qualification, who have gone directly into their work without any preparatory instruction or training.

The evident uncertainty in the minds of educators as to the right method of training teachers has, no doubt, had something to do with the decadence of our normal schools. Two opposite views regarding the preparation of teachers are held. One, which may be called the college view, is that the chief element in the training of teachers is a wide knowledge of the subjects to be taught. The other view, held by many professional teachers and normal school men, is that the thing of chief importance in a teacher's equipment is training in methods of instruction.

¹ This view is sustained by the fact that the enrollment of new pupils at the beginning of the present academic year (1897-98) shows a significant increase. Secretary Hill accounts for this increase on the ground that the raising of the standard has inspired the public generally with a degree of respect for normal schools that was wanting when the standard of admission was low; for high school principals, when the normal school admission was lower than

that of their own schools, were naturally not inclined to recommend normal courses to their graduates. The opinion of Secretary Hill will be found to be in harmony with the general conclusions of this article. The next step, after raising the standard, is to improve the quality of the work within the normal schools, to conform to the higher standard of admission, so that the renewed confidence of the public may not be disappointed.

As is so often the case, the middle course, perhaps, is the right one. Wide knowledge of life in all its relations to the world is indispensable, but equally indispensable is the specially trained mind, responding instinctively to pedagogic interests. Such a conception, however, has not yet been worked out to practical results. The normal schools of the country have been too much hampered by elementary difficulties to carry out the conception, even had they held it. But the normal schools of Massachusetts, with the higher standards recently put in force, are now ready to go forward in working out this larger problem.

The regular course — as established by the Massachusetts State Board of Education — embraces: (1) psychology, history and principles of education, methods of instruction and discipline, school organization, school laws of Massachusetts; (2) methods of teaching reading, language, rhetoric, composition, literature, history, arithmetic, bookkeeping, elementary algebra and geometry, elementary physics and chemistry, geography, physiology and hygiene, mineralogy, botany, natural history, drawing, vocal music, physical culture and manual training; (3) observation and practice in the training-school, and observation in other public schools.

One fact is evident from a glance at this course of study. The normal school does not offer any new material of knowledge except psychology, history of education, and methods of instruction. The second and third divisions of the work aim to teach the methods of teaching those common school branches with which the normal school pupils are supposed already to be familiar. A crucial problem, therefore, confronts the normal school at the very beginning of its work. In natural science, for example, we have a mountain of knowledge piled up by modern investigators; in history and the social sciences there is another mass of

facts, upon which modern civilization — its economics, its statecraft, its social life, and its forms of religion — is built; the common school is supposed to lay the foundation of a knowledge of these groups of facts, and the teachers of the common schools should know something about them. How then shall the normal schools, whose time is limited, fit their pupils for this important work? Two alternatives are offered: to grapple with this mass of knowledge; or, upon the other hand, to discover some substitute for it. As the course of study shows, the normal school has chosen the latter alternative, and has staked its fortune — perhaps perilously — upon the assumption that for the preparation of teachers a substitute for knowledge is possible and practicable. The substitute chosen is the selected facts required by the common school curricula, together with certain specific methods of teaching them according to the ordained principles which pupils are trained to believe are more or less fixed.

It is necessary to consider somewhat this principle of "substitution." Normal school training in the sciences offers a fair illustration; for in these branches, my observation assures me, the normal schools appear at their best. Their laboratories, museums, and general equipment for science work are, almost without exception, admirable. The Bridge-water laboratories, the fruit of years of patient attention by the principal to the needs of his pupils, are models of completeness and convenience. The common school curriculum draws from several sciences, — physics, chemistry, geology, botany, zoölogy, mineralogy, physiology, hygiene, and biology. The time given to any one of these sciences in the normal school varies with the subject and with different schools. I found in one school a course of twenty-four lessons sufficient for a study of plant life, and in another seventy-two lessons were allowed. Probably about fifty lessons, or a course of

twelve weeks, may be assumed as a liberal average time given to any of these sciences.

It must not be inferred that this average time of twelve weeks is wholly or even chiefly devoted to the acquirement of the knowledge of the science. On the contrary, substitution is pushed to its utmost limits, and the "knowledge portion" of the instruction is curtailed at every possible point, to give place and time to the drill upon the applications of the fixed principles of teaching. The requirements of the common school curriculum determine the range of facts that are taught, and just enough knowledge of science is instilled to furnish material for the elaboration of methods of teaching. The fact is plain that practically nothing of science, as science, can be taught in these brief courses, even were there a disposition to impart knowledge for its own sake. Substitution, therefore, ever tends necessarily to make the store of the teacher's knowledge the exact equivalent of what she teaches.

It is a fact that will excite some astonishment, perhaps, that the stock of science knowledge and of training with which pupils from the high schools enter the normal schools is such that no account is taken of it in the normal school courses. I was emphatically assured, at the six normal schools which I visited (with the partial exception of the Boston Normal School), that the normal work in science is necessarily arranged upon the assumption of no previous knowledge. The explanation of this state of affairs is said to be that the high schools, in the work of preparing for college, throw emphasis upon the classics to the neglect of the sciences. Some pupils come to the normal school with no previous training in science; with others — notably in those schools which draw from the rural high schools — the preparation has been mere brief "memory work" without laboratory experience. Some pupils have had training in but one science, and their

preparation, as a rule, is so uneven and unsatisfactory that, in the opinion of normal teachers, no use can be made of it.

There is nothing in the normal school curriculum that suggests even the existence of that immense body of culture material, the social sciences, upon which modern civilization is so largely built. The theory of the satisfactory equivalence of that which a teacher knows and that which she teaches allows no place for them. Even the term "history," as it is generally defined in normal school phraseology, is covered by a brief review of the bare bones of fact in American history. In one school, however, I found an enthusiastic teacher rapidly reviewing mediæval history, for the purpose of laying some slight foundation for an admirable plan of history stories in the practice and model school. But her normal pupils were not doing the work of selection; they had no mass knowledge of these stories; they had no time to investigate, to absorb, and to select. This plan of substitution raises the question here, as it ever must, whether the really essential training for teachers is not mass study, with its wide reading and its training, which investigation, absorption, and selection require. Perhaps the end would be better accomplished by emphasizing that which is omitted.

The second and third purposes of normal school work are to furnish pupils with the technique of teaching. This end is sought in general: (1) by giving precepts of technique and specific advice, and by describing, in advance of actual teaching by pupils, the applications of the fixed principles learned in the courses of psychology; (2) by allowing members of the class to practice teaching upon their fellow members, under criticism of the teacher and of the temporary pupils; (3) by observation in a model school or in the public schools; (4) and by teaching in the practice schools under critic teachers.

It is evident that we are again met by substitution in another form. Much advice and many precepts which are given to pupils in advance of actual experience are true, and a part, perhaps, is remembered. In that form of substitution for experience in which a member of the class conducts the recitation, the other members serving as pupils, the pupil teacher generally plans the recitation in detail, and submits the plan in advance to the regular teacher. If approved, the work is put into operation. This sort of exercise is very general, even in schools which have practice schools. The following exercise, which I witnessed, while probably an extreme example, presents the typical tendencies of this substitution method.

The pupil, a young man, began the recitation by stating his problem somewhat as follows. "I went to Mr. K.," he said, "to borrow one hundred dollars, promising to pay the debt in two years. I gave a paper stating this fact. This paper is called a promissory note." He then went to the blackboard, and, taking a piece of chalk, asked in tones of great politeness, "Where shall I write the date? Perhaps Miss M. would like to tell me."

"In the upper right-hand corner," replied Miss M.

"Correct!" said the young man approvingly. "Now, Miss R., perhaps you would kindly tell me where I must write the face."

"In the upper left-hand corner," replied Miss R.

"Correct! Now how shall I commence the body of the note? Perhaps, Miss J., you would tell me."

In this manner the recitation continued, with the use of practically the same formulæ, until the note was written. Then the young man took the pointer and said, "We have now finished writing the note. The class will read it with me."

He pointed out the words one by one,

and the class proceeded to read with him. But the class read faster than he pointed. In some distress, the class teacher sprang forward, took the pointer, and showed how to "phrase" while the class read, so that the stick should always fall upon the words as they were pronounced. The teacher also corrected the tone and form used in directing the pupils to read: he said it was too mandatory.

"Say it something like this!" he exclaimed: "'Now that we have the note written, perhaps the class might like to read it before we rub it out.'"

The pupil again took the pointer, and obediently repeated, "Now that we have the note written, perhaps the class might like to read it before we rub it out." His pointing also showed some improvement.

The second stage of the proceedings was to write a similar note, using colored chalks.

"Miss F., would you not like to write the date for us in red chalk?" asked the young man, encouragingly holding out a piece of tempting red chalk.

Miss F. rose, walked across the room, and gravely wrote in flaming color the place and date; she then, as gravely, returned to her seat. On similar invitations, other young women wrote the face, the time, and the name, in chalk of different colors, until the note was written in the hues of Joseph's coat.

Both notes having been written and read aloud, the young man politely asked, "Who will now kindly point out for us the date in the second note?"

A volunteer took the pointer, and with utmost gravity pointed out the date-line.

"Correct!" said the young man. "Now perhaps some one would like to point out the date in the first note."

The process was repeated, and with such accuracy that the young man was moved again to exclaim approvingly, "Correct!"

"What is the face of the note?"

The definition being given, the face in each note was pointed out by separate pupils. In a similar manner, under this polite and encouraging direction, the play gravely continued.

This exercise was witnessed in a school whose pupils have opportunities for practice-teaching. Why it is allowed to occupy the time of such a school, and of young men and women who are not feeble-minded, is a mystery to which no intelligent answer can be given. Do these substitutes for experience fill the place of actual teaching so perfectly that the normal schools are justified in giving time to them, to the limitation of actual practice with real children and real problems?

Last year, of the seven schools in operation in Massachusetts, exclusive of the North Adams school, one had no practice or model school, one provided a practice course of five to eight weeks, three gave about twelve weeks, and the Worcester school required, in addition to the two years' course, six months' apprenticeship¹ under regular teachers in the public schools and a special critic teacher. It is clearly manifest that if the normal school proposes to supply teachers fully equipped to take up the work of the public schools, the usual time given to practice and observation is insufficient. The model and practice schools ought to supply a class of work which, by reason of the criticism of experienced teachers, shall be the equivalent of actual experience. But there is good experience, and there is bad experience. If the model and critic teachers are themselves the products of training upon the principle of substitution of something else for knowledge and experience, and are merely handing down what was similarly handed down to them, then the value of such training is doubtful. This form of training directly suppresses essential elements of experience, — independent

decision, and training in personal judgment. Without these essentials, model and practice school training can in no sense be considered equivalent substitutes for experience.

It is evident that the elaborate system of methods derived from mediæval times, based upon the assumption that substitutes for knowledge and experience are possible, has absorbed too much of the energy, the interest, and the time of the normal schools, and they have already ceased to train and to supply teachers in the proportion in which it was meant that they should train and supply them. The demand for teachers has not decreased, but has rapidly increased; yet the state normal schools have been supplanted by colleges, especially by colleges for women, and by training-schools, which together now have in Massachusetts alone considerably over one thousand pupils in training for the work of teaching.

Behind the fact that a large proportion of the class of pupils who formerly went to the normal schools is now diverted is a matter of the gravest significance to educational interests. "The normal school pupil of the present, in point of native endowment and that personal culture dependent upon home influences, is distinctly the inferior of the normal school pupil of twenty or twenty-five years ago," said a gentleman whose position qualified him to make this statement. I have been assured of the truth of this assertion by so many different persons that there is no reason to doubt it. The time once was, before the high school had been brought to the door of every hamlet, offering a paved pathway to the college, when the ambitious youth of the land went to normal schools. The normal school was to them a sort of convenient compromise for the college. At that period, also, there were no colleges for women, and the normal school was woman's one educational opportunity. But within a few years these conditions have all been changed. Men no longer

¹ The term of apprenticeship in this school has recently been extended to a year.

go to normal schools, and in Massachusetts alone the doors to Radcliffe, Smith, Wellesley, and Mount Holyoke — all exclusively for women — stand open, offering collegiate advantages. Their combined accommodations are now providing college education for more than two thousand women. A normal school principal with whom I was discussing the situation said frankly: "The better class of minds, those from the homes of culture, are going to the colleges. We normal school people are taking second pickings." Another normal school teacher ruefully admitted the situation somewhat as follows: "Education is too easy in these modern days. When I was a boy, it required some exceptional effort to go beyond the district school. Only those of exceptional purpose and ambition went beyond. The others dropped off into domestic service, into shops, or into other places where they would be directed what to do and how to do it. But now children go to school as the easiest thing to do. The better class, when they complete the high school course, as a rule go to college; of the others, some find work as clerks, as shop-girls, and the like. But these positions are already overcrowded. Two years more in a normal school make a teacher and the assurance of a livelihood. Some come to us, — teaching does not soil the hands, and is more ladylike."

We touch here a condition of the most dangerous significance. The ideal function of the normal school must be to attract to the field of education the better class of minds; for the problems of education, in importance and difficulty, are among the most subtle of all problems. When the normal school fails in this service, and sinks to the level of putting young women of the lower mental capacity into places where they can easily earn a living at the public expense, and thereby burdening the cause of education with an inert mass of dependents, then the institution becomes a positive evil. The sole purpose of the public

schools is to educate. To confuse the educational functions of the normal school with those of eleemosynary institutions marks a point where a friend steps out, and an enemy steps in.

Facts in the history, environment, and internal structure of the normal schools explain their weakness. Fifty years ago Horace Mann was leading the campaign against the narrow theory of education then in practice, — the theory that a collection of school facts was the teacher's essential stock in trade, the textbook the authority *ex cathedra*, the memory the only means of learning, and the rod the only motive for it. The campaign he waged was for professional training as a means of modifying the existing crudities of practice. The campaign was won, and normal schools were established. Yet, while education has gone forward upon new waters in these fifty years, the normal school, strangely enough, is still upon the same old raft, paddled by substitutes for knowledge and experience, "contentedly round and round, still fancying it is forward and forward." Fifty years ago normal school graduates were competing with untrained teachers. The competition still goes on, and untrained teachers are still able to hold their own in the contest. Why?

Flaws in the internal structure of normal schools make this condition possible. There has been a breeding-in process in Massachusetts, and nowhere are the results more manifest than in the normal schools. During the year 1896 there were, approximately, one hundred and twenty-four teachers and principals in the state normal schools. Of these, fifteen, or twelve per cent, were college graduates; of the seven principals, four were college men, and one other held an honorary degree. From the records of the academic training and experience of one hundred and three of these one hundred and twenty-four teachers, on file in the office of the State Board of Education, it appears that ten others attended

some college for periods ranging from a few months to two years; sixty were graduates of normal schools, almost exclusively of this state; fifty-four, or more than fifty per cent, had had no training higher than that offered by the normal school; eleven had had less than normal school preparation, and eleven had received their training in special schools of gymnastics, music, and the like. In the case of twenty-four of these teachers there is no record of high school graduation prior to their entrance to the normal schools. In the matter of experience, eleven had had no experience in teaching prior to their normal school appointment; thirty-nine had taught in ungraded or graded schools only; eighteen had taught in high schools, eleven in other normal schools, seven in training-schools, one in college, a few in various private or special schools; and four had been school superintendents. The striking fact that, of the eighty-five teachers in the five older schools, forty-three were graduates of the same schools in which they taught bears its significant import and suggestion. In one school, eleven teachers out of eighteen were graduates of this school, and the seven others included the four special teachers of music, gymnastics, sloyd, and drawing. In another school, nine out of fifteen were graduates of the school, with little or no evidence of any training outside its walls. These are unpleasant facts to refer to, but they are essential to a frank statement of the conditions upon which the normal school idea depends for sustenance, and are necessary for the comprehension of the problem.

With the pursuit of knowledge, with the broader view of education which the knowledge of modern social and natural sciences gives, with the scope of education, its broader purposes and ideals, the mass of these teachers have had no personal contact other than that which the normal school has provided them. They are good people, earnest people, and many

are enthusiastic teachers, eager for progress and for opportunities to broaden themselves. But we must consider principles, and not individuals. The water of a brook, as a rule, is of the same character as the water of the spring from which it flows. This breeding-in insures in education what it insures in stock-raising, — perpetuation of original peculiarities, good and bad alike, — and hinders the infusion of other qualities. The temporary expedients, representing the conditions of the times of Horace Mann, naturally tend, by this process, to be perpetuated. In the report of the board of visitors of one of the normal schools, a few years ago, the statement is made with pride that there had not been a single change in the staff of teachers for ten years! In the six older normal schools in the state up to 1896, one of the principals had served more than thirty-five years, one more than thirty, and three had been at their posts between twenty and twenty-five years. Two were graduates of the schools over which they presided, and were teachers in these schools many years before they became principals. Taken separately, many of these facts are matters for congratulation; but in the mass they offer one significant explanation for the vigorous survival in modern times of the temporary expedients, purposes, and methods of early pioneer work.

The normal schools of Massachusetts are under the immediate management of the State Board of Education, and the system of supervision is to-day practically what it has always been since the schools were established. Theoretically the Board acts as a whole, but in reality each school is directed by two or three members of the Board, called "visitors," and it is not considered good form for the visitors of one school to interfere with the affairs of another. The recommendations of the visitors for the respective schools in the appointment of principals and teachers are followed practically

without exception. But the old district system, now driven from nearly all the towns in the state, seems nevertheless to have settled in the State Board. Once a year the visitors of each school report to the Board. These reports, which are printed, demonstrate *prima facie* the puerility of such a system of supervision in the present age. They show some ingenuity in paying graceful and meaningless compliments and in writing obituary notices, but outside this literary function it is difficult to imagine their utility. Secretary Hill, in his last report, suggests, with due modesty, the employment of an expert board of supervisors.

I met at one of the normal schools one of these visitors paying an official visit. He was a kind old gentleman, whose vocation, while not that of teaching, was one of eminent respectability. I asked him how he, not being a school man, was able to select competent teachers. His reply was charming in its naïveté. He said that when he was a student at college he had taught school during some of his vacations. He had, therefore, personal experience. "And besides," he added, with a gentle touch of conceit, "I know pretty well a good teacher as soon as I set my eyes upon one." While there are elements of strength in the State Board, nevertheless the finger-marks of patronage methods show on the wall. It has been demonstrated to the satisfaction of every one concerned in education, time and time again, that educational interests cannot live in an atmosphere tainted by the patronage system of professional politicians. The internal conditions of the normal schools which have been described find abundant explanation in this outworn, diseased, and hopelessly inadequate system of management.

But the trouble is not wholly internal. I was the third party in a conversation between a normal school principal and a visiting school executive from another state. The latter was giving the princi-

pal some unsolicited advice upon how to conduct his normal school. When the adviser had finished, the principal replied in substance:—

"I agree to a great deal of what you say, but if I should follow your advice this normal school would soon be without pupils. If I should carry out your views, a particular superintendent, who usually takes eight or ten of our graduates, would look through our school and tell me that he was obliged to do his shopping at another store. He wants a teacher who can do things just so-and-so. It would be the same with other superintendents, and pupils would soon find out that this was a poor place from which to seek positions."

I sat one afternoon in a normal school listening to a lesson in devices. Each pupil in the class had a little box, and whenever, in the course of visiting schools, she saw a pretty method, or her own inventive genius suggested one, she made a note of it and dropped it into her box. Once a week these boxes were opened in the presence of the critic teacher, and the contents displayed. I was present on one of these occasions. One of the pupils drew out of her box some cardboard elephants, horses, bears, and the like. She explained that the child would draw around these, and make a much more accurate drawing than he could by free-hand. Another drew a circle with several diagonals on the blackboard; at the centre she wrote "at," and at the extremities of the diagonals she wrote the letters m, c, r, s. By the use of one of the consonants and the "at" in the centre, words could be constructed by the pupil, thus: m-at, c-at, r-at, s-at. It would help to teach spelling, she said. Another had a device for teaching addition of numbers. She drew two small oblongs on the blackboard, wrote "and" between them, and after the second oblong she made the sign of equality and another oblong. In the first oblong she put "3," in the second "7," and ex-

plained that the pupil could be required to put the sum in the last oblong. In this manner the class proceeded; and when the recitation was done I inquired of the teacher her views as to the utility of the work. She gave me a patient look, and wearily replied:—

“Do you suppose that I approve of this class of work? I do not. I thought I had done with all such work when I came to this school; for the principal, you know, does not believe in the extremity to which the study of methods goes. But now it seems that we are drilling more than ever upon devices, — so many of our pupils go into schools where devices are required more than anything else.”

At the meeting of the New England school superintendents held in Boston last May, the following topics were discussed: what constitutes a visit, inspecting, teaching, criticism of teachers, and supervision through teachers. One superintendent said that visiting included inspection not only of the instruction, but of everything pertaining to the school work, — even the janitors. Another ventured the trite declaration that at the first glance into a teacher's room she could discover the general character of instruction given. This assertion was disputed, and the disputant declared it to be the superintendent's duty to go into the room and sit awhile. A discussion arose here as to where the visitor should sit, — whether in front of the class, or off in a corner where the teacher could be watched at a distance. The problem of how to correct a teacher caught in the act of using an incorrect method consumed a good deal of time. One speaker insisted that the correction and criticism should take place on the spot, while the iron was hot, or the offense might be forgotten. An opponent favored postponing the correction until after school, and another thought it better to direct the teacher to come to the office. A good old gentleman explained at considerable length that

when he wanted to see how pupils were getting on he sent for the class to come to his office without their teacher. Other details of superintendent's duties upon a similar level of importance were broached, and aroused active discussion. As the clock was striking twelve, Superintendent Dutton, of Brookline, arose, and turning upon his brother superintendents said: “Gentlemen, really, what have we been talking about this entire session? Have we not simply been threshing out the old straw of twenty-five years ago? Do let us try to get out of this fearful rut. Many schools to-day are where our fathers left them. Our practice is too far behind our theory. We know that hundreds of children in every city have physical defects and need special treatment. We have plenty of data at hand to prove this, and yet not a word has been spoken this morning to indicate that we are conscious of the trouble. Why should we spend an entire morning discussing matters which our fathers settled long ago, while so many vital questions, yet untouched, are pressing for solution? We have had our annual, warmed-over discussions on inspecting and testing. Inspecting and testing what? The intellectual, of course, for no word has been uttered touching the importance of the physical.”

When Superintendent Dutton sat down there was no applause, and an adjournment was taken in silence.

The effect of the normal school doctrine of substitution has been to disseminate the fallacy, as repugnant to common sense as to the scientific view of pedagogy, that the normal school is necessarily a blind alley among educational institutions, and that the student of the rearing of children cuts himself loose from all the common concerns of men. Yet some one has asked the question, as pertinent as it is unkind, why it is that the “trained” kindergartner and the “trained” normal graduate never

use their acquired methods in the rearing of their own children. The doctrine that special tricks or devices can take the place of the parental instinct and a liberal education is not a doctrine of pedagogy: it is a disease of the normal school, a green scum which gathers upon the surface of an educational pool which has become stagnant. Many of the universities and colleges are finding a place in their regular curricula for the material of pedagogy, as valuable for those who teach as for those who do not. But when I asked the presidents of two New England colleges, exclusively for women, from twenty-five to fifty per cent of whose students intended to teach, why no pedagogical courses were offered, each replied, with just a touch of loftiness, that it is not the function of the college to prepare for the special vocations! When and by what act has it been established that the rearing of children is a special vocation? What duty is further from specialization, if the tenet of biological philosophy be true, that the chief end of man is to conserve the interests of posterity? But this incident indicates how widespread and deep has grown the confusion of pedagogy with mere device and parasitic method. However, the New England colleges are private institutions, and when they declare that it is not their wish to give courses in pedagogy the subject is closed in this quarter. It becomes the duty of the state to take charge of the matter.

What is needed, then, at the present juncture, is the appointment of a state commission, with legislative power to inquire into this problem, and to establish the normal schools and the machin-

ery for the preparation of teachers upon some plan fitted to present conditions and to the educational conceptions of the time. The codes of present procedure, purpose, method, and scope of normal school work were established by Horace Mann to meet temporary conditions fifty or sixty years ago, and they have never been changed.

Massachusetts, of all the states, is at present in the best position to seize upon a grand educational opportunity and set an example in the field of preparing teachers. From the educators of Massachusetts there could be chosen a commission that would be worthy of the task. The commonwealth already has a magnificent "plant" that has cost nearly \$2,000,000, and it spends between \$150,000 and \$200,000 annually in its support. Massachusetts has never shirked its educational duties. The liberality of the state, the intelligence of the people, their ever ready and prompt recognition of educational progress, the demand for professional teachers, the supply of students from high school levels, — all these are factors which could not be so happily combined in any other community. The time is ripe for taking a definite step in lifting the normal school into its logical position of leadership in pedagogical affairs. The teachers of the normal schools must be of that timbre and scholarship which lead the teaching body, and the pedagogy which comes from these schools must be such as to lead educational thought. The problem of the preparation of teachers must be clearly recognized as pivotal, and the most important of the time. All other educational problems hinge upon it, and their solution waits upon its solution.

Frederic Burk.

HIGH SCHOOL EXTENSION.

If we may believe President Eliot, one of the five great contributions to civilization made by the United States is the diffusion of well-being among the people. Not the least important of many agencies working to this end is the public school system, and I wish to consider briefly the responsibility which rests upon the high school in this movement, and the methods whereby it may most effectually promote systematic self-culture among the masses, making it one of the enduring interests of life.

At a leading New England college, some years ago, when the Commencement exercises were over and the diplomas had been distributed, a member of the graduating class, who had been distinguished more by conviviality than by studiousness, and who had barely escaped losing his degree, appeared upon the campus, and, waving the much-prized parchment over his head, shouted gleefully, "Educated, by Jove! Educated!" The idea expressed by the rollicking student, more in jest than in earnest, illustrates a notion of education which dies hard. The popular prejudice that culture is something extracted from books, picked up in a lecture-hall or a laboratory, or seized during the fleeting years of one's school or college life, is so prevalent that it becomes the obvious duty of the school to press home to the consciousness of every person the conviction that an obligation rests upon him to undertake a course of education lasting throughout his life.

Secondary school teachers are not likely to forget the needs of popular education for the masses. Most of us have regretted to see our pupils, some from necessity, others from a lack of ambition, leave school before the completion of the course. Not infrequently, a few years of business life wholly change the

attitude of the indifferent boy; and even to those upon whom the burden of life falls early there come times when, with proper guidance, they would make substantial progress in self-culture. We have also been repeatedly humiliated to see how little the school has done to establish habits of systematic reading. To a great many the newspaper represents the only literary resource. Scrappy, desultory reading is the rule with all classes, not excepting those who have had good educational advantages.

There is abundant proof that in many high schools the extension movement has made considerable progress. Under ideal conditions, the high school numbers among its pupils representatives of every grade of society. Through these it has a more or less intimate connection with homes of every sort. Where this connection is a sympathetic one, there are not lacking opportunities for the teacher to impress himself upon others than those under his immediate instruction; and it would be easy to cite instances of the uplifting influence of the school upon the home. Through his pupils many an inspired teacher has imparted to the family group something of his own ideals and enthusiasm. In so far as the reading and thought of adults in these homes are influenced by the stimulating and suggestive work of such a teacher, to that extent is school extension an accomplished fact. We all know devoted teachers who are conducting, unobtrusively but perseveringly, extension movements of this character. By suggestion they determine very largely the class of books which are carried from the school or public library into the homes of their children.

The young of to-day are confronted and environed by a new set of interests. The social club, the Christian Endeavor Society, the athletic association, claim a

large measure of the pupil's attention. From the standpoint of the schoolmaster, these are at first sight costly ventures, interfering with the amount of history that can be absorbed and the amount of Cæsar and algebra that can be mastered in a given time. We sometimes fume at such distractions, and sigh, perchance, for the good old times when there was but one educational thoroughfare, albeit a narrow one, and the schoolmaster alone was the guide thereto.

It is a juster view which recognizes in the many collateral interests of the modern schoolboy rare opportunities for social and civic training. Surely, the courage, the sense of fair play, the team work or coöperative effort which results from a participation in these, and the executive ability which comes from directing them, are not lightly to be esteemed. "The regular course of studies, the years of academical and professional education," says Emerson, "have not yielded me better facts than some idle books under the bench of the Latin School. What we do not call education is more precious than that which we call so. We form no guess, at the time of receiving a thought, of its comparative value. And education often wastes its effort in attempts to thwart and balk this natural magnetism, which is sure to select what belongs to it."

A mediæval school in a world of libraries, museums, and art collections, in a world of books and periodicals, and, above all, in a world of independent thought and conscious efforts at social and political reforms, is an anachronism. It cannot enter into competition with other better educational forces. There must be a sympathetic connection between the school and the best life in the community around it. With enlarged conceptions of the province of education comes a host of auxiliaries never dreamed of when narrower views prevailed. When the strength of the schoolmaster was expended in attempting to

establish certain school arts, with little regard to the content of the subjects presented, his work was beneath the notice of all other intellectual toilers.

It should, therefore, be put to the credit of the new education — using the term somewhat loosely, it may be, to characterize that educational régime which is based upon sympathy with the educated, and which believes in a nutritious and vitalizing course of study — that by the very enrichment of its school courses it has touched adult life at so many more points. Education comes to be more generally recognized as a life-long process, in which all, old and young, are together participating. Who can doubt that the reconstructed curriculum of our public schools, placing so much emphasis upon literature, art, music, and cooking, will produce immediate results in many homes, — that there will be choicer books on the centre-table, less crowded, more simply furnished rooms, and better and more wholesome food?

In physics and natural history there are opportunities to direct and control the out-of-school activities of young people, of which the enthusiastic teacher of science is not slow to avail himself. One of the most astonishing facts of the time is the ingenuity of boys in constructing electrical apparatus, with but a few hints and out of the most meagre materials. I know boys who have belt-lines of electric tramways circulating in their garrets; and a boy who, last year, was the despair of his teachers won deserved recognition in the manual training exhibit as the clever inventor of a novel electrical boat. An invitation to boys to bring to school products of their own ingenuity, or the natural history specimens that they have collected, will result in an exhibition which in variety and quality will be a revelation to one who is not used to following them in these interests.

So general and so wholesome a tendency is too significant to be ignored, and yet one almost hesitates to meddle with it, lest

official recognition may rob it of its independence and spontaneity. With sympathy from the school, however, it may be directed and made more intelligent. The interest in nature, for instance, may help to fill profitably the long summer vacations. A pamphlet issued to the children in the Brookline (Massachusetts) schools at the close of the school year tells them what to observe and how to collect natural objects. It contains suggestions as to the study of trees, leaves, ferns, flowers, lichens and fungi, the dissemination of seeds, insects, birds, shells, rocks and minerals. In the fall there is an exhibition of the collections made by the pupils during the summer, and in all this out-of-door work, which promotes good-comradeship between old and young, the parents are asked to coöperate. If the schools of the country, instead of spending their force during the last of June in trying to discover how much their pupils have learned, were content, as a substitute for their examinations, to anticipate the summer's experiences and to prepare their pupils to profit by them, there would be far less physical and mental weariness, far more intellectual growth and vigor.

Wisely conceived courses in domestic science and home sanitation exert a powerful influence in a direction where there is the greatest need for reform. Municipal housekeeping is but one step removed from the care of the home. The public high school is the best of all places for training in citizenship. It is better than the home, the church, the special fitting-school, or the university, for it is a more perfect democracy than any of these. It shares with all public schools the advantage of being non-sectarian. It is in no sense a class school. There need be no arbitrary or artificial standards. For a boy to grow from youth to manhood in a school created and supported by the state, never breaking with the community life into which he was born, meeting representatives of every

social class, learning to know them, measuring himself by them, and coming to realize that merit alone will win recognition among them, is to get a training in manly self-reliance, in sympathy for others less fortunate, it may be, than himself, and in respect for the rights of all, that no private school can give.

The high school is frequently more thoroughly representative of all classes than the district grammar school. Under favorable conditions, it is a community school in very close touch with the homes of its pupils and with the social and political world about it. Its pupils are at an age when they are peculiarly susceptible to impressions from this political and social environment. The precocity of the American boy with reference to current politics is quite without a parallel.

Educational experts are telling us much nowadays about nascent periods, times of the birth of faculty, which must be taken advantage of if we are to teach with the greatest economy. Now, I am convinced that the nascent period for the acquisition of social and political knowledge for most of our boys and girls is during their secondary school life. It is then that their institutional and governmental instincts are in the bud. They are capable of a large measure of self-government. Many of the necessary restraints, instead of being arbitrarily imposed by one in authority, may be self-assumed. Most, if not all misdemeanors may be so corrected as to teach an important lesson, which will not be forgotten when the pupil becomes an active member in the larger society outside the school. The boy who thoughtlessly scatters papers about the school yard may be led to see that it is just such carelessness with reference to refuse which endangers the health of our crowded cities. In guarding against the abuse of school property something may be done, I am sure, to correct the pernicious notion, at the root of much extravagant

expenditure, that what everybody pays for nobody pays for.

The idea of stewardship, of holding property in trust, can be and must be established; and if the adornment of our modern school buildings counts for anything, we may expect standards of taste to be established which will save us from many of the atrocious examples of architecture and statuary which have been foisted upon an ignorant public. The most important lesson for some of us pedagogues to learn is that our chief function is, not to keep our boys from whispering, or even to teach them mathematics and Greek, but so to connect the school with the world that their school experiences may in very truth be a preparation for good citizenship after school.

But the subject of this paper suggests a specific and organized effort to extend the influence and advantages of the high school by enlisting, at certain seasons of the year, adults — parents, relatives, and friends of the pupils — in common courses of study. High school extension is the child of university extension. It has inherited the same spirit, the same aims, and much the same methods. Like the university, the high school has been for the few, and, like the university, it now aims to reach the many.

Any extension movement should be the outgrowth of the actual needs of a community. This is a lesson which the promoters of university extension have learned from experience, and from the first they have aimed to work through local organizations. No other local organization in America is so well suited to this purpose as the high school. Many of its teachers are college-bred men and women; they are in touch with the community; they understand its needs as no stranger can. The high school has resources which the traveling lecturer cannot well supply. A well-equipped high school building, with laboratories, art and natural history collections, reference library, and lecture-hall, is the natural

centre for such educational work; and the community has a right to expect the largest possible return from the expensive educational outlay when it rears a modern high school building.

There is reason to suppose that a number of instances of high school extension could be brought to light, if data were collected.

Many high schools have long had post-graduate students, and the growth of the elective system in secondary schools will undoubtedly increase this class of pupils.

At Newton, Massachusetts, the English teacher has for years had large private classes of adults in the homes of his pupils.

At Danielsonville, Connecticut, the principal of the high school has given an evening course in geology to the teachers and some others for several consecutive winters.

At Stamford, Connecticut, a few years ago, the high school principal delivered a short course of Saturday morning lectures to a general audience of adults, upon political economy.

At Westfield, Massachusetts, "an attempt to utilize the potential usefulness of high school teachers," by offering courses to the public in literature, history, German, Greek, economics, and art, was begun with the present school year.

At Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, organ recitals for the students and the public have long been considered a valuable means of culture.

At Brookline, Massachusetts, we have had what have been called high school extension courses for the past five winters. Six years ago, we were prompted to project a three months' course in literature for the seniors, and to invite to the class the parents of the pupils and other persons who might be interested; and at its close to procure a university professor to give a course of lectures upon the period studied by the class. It was thought that these lectures could be made self-supporting. The plan was explained to

certain members of the school committee. They were sympathetic, but not enthusiastic, although they were willing to coöperate. The development of other lines of school work interfered, however, so that nothing was done. I still believe that such a plan could be made a success. Late in the fall of 1892, one of the English teachers outlined a five years' extension course in literature. Division I., to be devoted to poetry, was subdivided into the Epic, the Lyric, and the Drama; Division II., devoted to prose, into the Essay and the Novel.

A syllabus covering the first year's work upon the Epic in English Literature was printed and sent to every recent graduate of the school. Bi-weekly evening meetings were arranged. The course was advertised in the local paper, and all except pupils in the schools were invited. Fifty persons presented themselves the first night, and the class soon numbered nearly one hundred; the average attendance was considerably less than this. Between the meetings, the class was supposed to read forty minutes a day, — eight hours in all, — and the class exercise consisted mainly of a "quiz," running comments upon the works read, and the presentation for illustrative purposes of numerous selections from the leading epics. The class was enthusiastic. Not a few did all the required reading, and more besides.

The second year's course, on the lyric, did not call out as large a number, only fifty names being registered. Such of the school textbooks as pertained to the subject under consideration were freely lent. Some new books, a few in duplicate, were added to the school's reference library. The public library placed all its resources at the disposal of the class, bringing the desired volumes together in an alcove by themselves. It was something of a disappointment to the teacher that she did not reach more of the poorer homes, though representatives of these were not lacking. Many

of the members were public school teachers, and middle-aged women whose children were or had been in the school. In some instances children and parents undertook the work together. Boys and men were in the minority.

Encouraged by the first year's experiment, we announced three extension courses for the second season: in electricity, in French literature, and in art. These also were given by teachers in the school.

The first course, which was illustrated by experiments and stereopticon views, proved very popular, one hundred being the average attendance. Men and boys were far more numerous than in the course on the lyric. It was to one of these lectures that an English laboring man walked over from Faneuil with his three boys; explaining to me, after the lecture, that he wanted them to learn something about a subject which he, "as a young man at 'ome," had heard Michael Faraday lecture upon.

The other two courses, Romanticism in French Literature and The Barbizon Group of French Painters, which were closely related, were thoroughly appreciated, although the audiences were not so large (not exceeding thirty or forty). The art lectures were illustrated by numerous photographs and reproductions of paintings by Rousseau, Gérôme, Millet, and others, loaned for the occasion by a Boston firm. These were examined and discussed by the class after the lecture.

It has been found pleasant and profitable to have, at stated intervals, public Shakespearean readings, at which plays studied in the literature classes are presented in their entirety. This has been done by a local clergyman, a man of dramatic power and a student of Shakespeare, who has been willing to meet in this way a more representative audience than would perhaps gather to hear such readings in his own church parlors.

The school debating club has given annually, after careful preparation, mock

sessions of the town meeting, of the state Senate, or of other deliberative assemblies. Modest attempts have been made, too, at dramatic representation of picturesque episodes of literature and history. Such appeals to the dramatic instincts of the school children might well be made with much more frequency.

Courses of lectures have also been given in astronomy, local history, Spanish literature, and X-ray photography. A morning course, for which a charge was made, and which proved very popular with women of leisure, was devoted to the history of Greek and Roman art. The lecturer met her class in the school art room, used freely the casts and photographs of the school collection, and occasionally conducted her class to the art museums in Boston and Cambridge. Two series of lectures have been given to the seniors, the first of which dealt with *The Place of the Family in Society, The Relation of its Members, and The Care and Administration of the Home*; the second, with such topics as *Choice of Vocation, The First Year of College Life, Systematic Self-Culture after School*.

Up to this point the instruction was given without extra expense, except the cost of printing syllabi and bibliographies. The lecturers, who were teachers of the school, citizens, or college professors, had received no compensation for their services. A new phase of the experiment was reached when private individuals furnished money for this supplementary teaching. The music committee of the Education Society has provided two series of young people's concerts, which have been highly appreciated by the parents as well as the children. And finally, a public-spirited citizen, seeing the possibilities in this extension movement, has given the school, for the past two winters, courses of uni-

versity lectures: one by Professor Davis R. Dewey, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, on *Political Economy*; the other on the *Relation of Man to the Earth*, by Professor William M. Davis, of Harvard University. In both instances the subjects have been chosen with reference to existing courses in the school, and the lectures have been accompanied by syllabus and bibliography.

The results in Brookline have fully equaled our expectations. The sustained interest justifies this effort to extend the influence of the high school. Still further justification is found in the community of interest it promotes in the home. Not infrequently, several members of the same family, parents as well as children, are reading the same books and pursuing the same course of study. This is one of the best things that can be said of it. Again, it is to be commended for its excellent reflex action upon the school itself. A teacher cannot meet the wants of an adult class by preparing lessons or lectures for an extension course without gaining greatly in the grasp and comprehension of his subject. It gives him a new point of view, as well as a new incentive to master, in some of its larger aspects, a subject which for him is in danger of being dwarfed by the limitations of the schoolroom. Incidentally, such work enlarges the constituency of the school, and, best of all, gives opportunity for the better acquaintance of teachers and parents.

In a community within thirty minutes of the Lowell Institute and all in the way of lectures and music that Boston has to offer, these extension courses have proved their usefulness. In a country village, where there were not too many distractions, and where there were fewer intellectual resources, much more might be expected of high school extension.

D. S. Sanford.

THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG.

XVIII.

AT precisely the same moment, the next morning, two boats set sail from the south coast of Jersey, — one from Grouville Bay, one from the harbor of St. Helier's, — and both bound for the same point; but the first was to sail round the east coast of the island, and the second round the west coast. As to distance, little advantage was with either, the course of sailing practically making two sides of an acute-angled triangle. Once the boat leaving St. Helier's had rounded the Corbière, the farther the two went, the nearer they should come to each other. The boat from Grouville Bay would have on her right the Ecréhos and the coast of France from Granville to Cap de la Hague, and the Dirouilles in her course; the other would have the wide Atlantic on her left, and the Paternosters in her course. The two converging lines should meet at the island of Sark.

The boat leaving Grouville Bay was a yacht carrying twelve swivel-guns, bearing Admiralty dispatches to the Channel Islands. The boat from St. Helier's harbor was a new yawl-rigged craft belonging to Jean Touzel. She was the fruit of ten years' labor, and he called her the *Hardi Biaou*, which, in plain English, means "very beautiful." This was the third time she had sailed under Jean's hand. She carried two carronades, for war with France was in the air, and it was Jean's whim to make a show of preparation. "If the war-dogs come," he said, "my pups can bark too. If they don't, why, glad and good; the *Hardi Biaou* is big enough to hold the cough-drops."

But Jean was quite sure that there would be war, for Easter had fallen in March this year; and when that happened there must be pestilence, war, and

famine. In any case, Jean was the true sailor; he was always ready for the chances of life. It was his custom to say that it was easy enough to find a good road when the cart was overturned. So he had his carronades on the *Hardi Biaou*.

The business of the yacht *Dorset* was important: that was why so small a boat was sent on the Admiralty's affairs. Had she been a sloop, she might have attracted the attention of a French frigate or privateer wandering the seas in the interests of *Vive la Nation!* The business of the yawl was quite unimportant: Jean Touzel was going to Sark with kegs of wine and tobacco for the seigneur, and to bring back whatever small cargo might be waiting for Jersey. The yacht *Dorset* had aboard her the Reverend Lorenzo Dow, an old friend of her commander. He was to be dropped at Sark, and was to come back with Jean Touzel in the *Hardi Biaou*, the matter having been arranged the evening before in the *Vier Marchi*. The *Hardi Biaou* had aboard her *Maitresse Aimable*, Guida, and a lad to assist Jean in working the yawl. Guida counted as one of the crew, for there was little in the sailing of a boat she did not know.

As the *Hardi Biaou* was leaving the harbor of St. Helier's, Jean told Guida that Lorenzo Dow was to join them in the journey back. She had a thrill of excitement: this man was privy to her secret; he was connected with her life history, — to how great purpose she was yet to know. Before the *Hardi Biaou* passed St. Brelade's Bay she was lost in her thoughts: in picturing Philip on the *Narcissus*, in inwardly commenting upon the ambitious designs of his life. What he might yet be who could tell! She had read more than a little of the doings of great naval commanders, both French and British. She knew how simple mid-

shipmen had sometimes become admirals, and afterward peers of the realm.

Suddenly a new thought came to her. Suppose that Philip should rise to a very high place, should she be able to follow? What had she seen? What did she know? What social opportunities had been hers? How would she fit into an exalted station?

Yet Philip had said that she could take her place anywhere with grace and dignity, and surely Philip knew. If she were gauche or crude in manners, he would not have cared for her; if she were not intelligent, he would scarcely have loved her. Of course she had read French and English to some purpose; she could speak Spanish, — her grandfather had taught her that; she could read Italian fairly, — she had read it aloud on Sunday evenings with the Chevalier du Champsavoys. Then there were Corneille, Shakespeare, Petrarch, Cervantes, — she had read them, and even Wace, the old Norman Jersey troubadour, whose *Roman de Rou* she knew almost by heart. Was she so very ignorant?

Though, to be sure, what was a little knowledge like that to all Philip knew! Philip had seen nearly every country; he had spoken nearly every language; he knew astronomy, mathematics, history, all sorts of sciences; and he knew the arts, too, for could he not draw delightfully? Had he not shown her the model for a new kind of battleship that he was to bring to the notice of the Admiralty? Had not the Admiralty commended some wonderful observations he had taken in the arctic seas, and had not the Royal Society in London made him a member because of these same observations? Then as to ships and naval warfare, one day, as they were sitting in the garden, he had drawn for her in the sand a series of plans — one after the other — of naval engagements and that sort of thing. He had made a diagram of how a line of battle must be

disposed, when the centre, or the van, or the middle of the wing is attacked; of how to lay an enemy thwart the hawse; of how to set up a boom in a tideway; of how to fortify upon a point; of how to dispose of fireships within booms; of how to make gabions before cannon, — and so on. It was surely wonderful, she thought. Then, too, how gentle and good-natured he always was in showing her everything and in explaining naval terms; for her little knowledge of sea and ships went no farther than this coast of Jersey, and at the most the sailing of a small schooner. Indeed, but it was worth while doing something well, knowing one thing perfectly. It seemed to her that she knew nothing worth knowing.

There was only one thing to do: she must interest herself in what interested Philip; she must read what he read; she must study naval history; she must learn every little thing about a ship of war. Philip would be glad of that, for then he could talk with her of all he did at sea, and she would understand it.

And still, when, a few days ago, she had said to him that she did not know how she was going to be all that his wife ought to be, he had answered her, "All I ask is that you be your own sweet self; for it is just *you* that I want, you with your own thoughts and opinions and imaginings, and not a Guida who has dropped her own way of looking at things to take on some one else's, — even mine. It's the people who try to be who never are clever; the people who are clever never really try to be."

Was Philip right? Was she really, in some way, a little bit clever? She would like to believe so, for then she would be a better companion for him. How little she knew of Philip! Now, why did that thought always come up? It made her shudder. They two would really have to begin with the A B C of understanding. To understand was breathing and life to her; it was a pas-

sion. She would never, could never, be satisfied with skimming the surface of life, as the gulls out there skimmed the water. Ah, how beautiful the morning was, and how the bracing air soothed her feverishness! All this sky and air and uplifting sea were hers; they fed her with their strength, — they were so companionable.

Since Philip had gone she had sat down a dozen times to write to him, but each time found she could not. She drew back from it because she wanted to empty out her heart, and yet somehow she dared not. She wanted to tell Philip all the feelings that possessed her, but how dared she write just what she felt, — love and bitterness, joy and indignation, exaltation and disappointment, all in one? How was it these could all exist in a woman's heart at once? Was it because Love was greater than all, deeper than all, overpowered all, forgave all? Was that what women felt and did always? Was that their lot, their destiny? Must they begin in blind faith, be plunged into the darkness of disillusion, be shaken by the storm of emotion, and taste the sting in the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and then go on again the same, yet not the same?

More or less indefinitely and vaguely these thoughts flitted through Guida's mind. As yet her experiences were too new for her to fasten securely upon the meaning of them. In a day or two she would write to Philip freely and warmly of her love and of her hopes; for maybe by that time nothing but joy and pleasure would be left in the caldron of feeling. There was a packet going to England in three days, — yes, she would wait for that. And Philip — alas! a letter from him could not reach her for at least a fortnight; and then in another month after that he would be with her, and she would be able to tell the whole world that she was the wife of Commander Philip d'Avranche, of the good ship *Araminta*, — for that he was

to be when he came again. Once commissioned, he could whistle at Admiralty prejudices and official whims concerning marriage and what not.

What would she not give just to see him, to hear him speak! What did other wives do when they were separated from their husbands? But then, was there ever another wife wed as she had been, to part from her husband on the wedding-day? She had no custom to guide her, no knowledge save her own meagre experience of life to serve her, no counsel from any one to direct her; nothing except her own instinct and the feelings of her simple heart to prompt her.

She was not sad; indeed, she was almost happy, for her thoughts had brought her so close to Philip that she could feel his blue eyes looking at her, the strong clasp of his hand; she could almost touch the brown hair waving back carelessly from the forehead, untouched by powder, in the fashion of the time; and she could hear his cheery laugh quite plainly. How foolish had been her dream the night before! What mad, dreary fancies she had had!

St. Ouen's Bay, L'Etacq, Plemont, dropped behind them as they sailed. They drew on to where the rocks of the Paternosters foamed to the unquiet sea. Far over between the Nez du Guet and the sprawling granite pack of the *Dironilles* was the Admiralty yacht winging to the northwest. Far beyond it, again, lay the coast of France, the tall white cliffs, the dark blue smoky curve ending in Cap de la Hague.

To-day there was something new in the picture of this coast of France. Against the far-off sands were some little black spots, seemingly no bigger than a man's hand. Again and again Jean Touzel eyed these moving specks with serious interest; and Maitresse Aimable eyed Jean, for Jean never looked so often at anything without good reason. If, perchance, he looked three times at her consecutively, she gaped with expect-

tation, and hoped that he would tell her that her face was not so red to-day as usual, — a mark of rare affection.

Guida noticed Jean's watchfulness, also. "What is it that you see, Maitre Jean?" she said.

"Little black wasps, I think, ma'm'selle, — little black wasps that sting."

Guida did not understand.

Jean gave a curious cackle, and continued: "Ah, those wasps, — they have a sting so nasty." He paused an instant; then he added in a lower voice, and not quite so gayly, "That is the way that war begins."

Guida's fingers suddenly clenched the tiller rigidly. "War? Do — do you think that's a French fleet, Maitre Jean?"

"Steedee — steedee — keep her head up, ma'm'selle," he answered, for Guida had neglected her steering for the instant. "Steedee — ah bah! that's right. I remember twenty years ago the black wasps they fly on the coast of France like that. Who can tell now?" He shrugged his shoulders. "P'rhaps they have come out to play; but see you, when there is trouble in the nest, it is my notion that wasps come out to sting. Look at France, now: they all fight each other there, ma finfre! When folks begin to slap faces at home, look out when they get into the street. That is when the devil he have a grand fête."

Guida's face grew paler as he spoke. The eyes of Maitresse Aimable were fixed on her now, and unconsciously the ponderous goodwife felt in that warehouse she called her pocket for her rosary. An extra bead was there for Guida, and one for another than Guida. But Maitresse Aimable did more: she not only fumbled through the warehouse for her rosary, she dived into the well of silence for her voice, and for the first time in her life she showed impatience with Jean. As her voice came forth she colored and her cheeks expanded, and the words sallied out in puffs: —

"Nannin, Jean, you smell shark when it is but herring! And you cry wasp when the critchett sing! I will believe war when I see the splinters fly — me!"

Jean looked at his wife in astonishment. That was the longest speech he had ever heard her make. It was the first time, also, that her rasp of criticism had ever been applied to him, and with such asperity, too. He could not make it out. He looked from his wife to Guida; then, suddenly arrested by the look in Guida's face, he scratched his tousled head in despair and moved about in his seat.

"Sit you still, Jean," said his wife sharply; "you're like a pea on a hot griddle."

This confused Jean beyond recovery, for never in his life had Aimable spoken to him like that. He saw there was something wrong, and he did not know whether to speak or to hold his tongue; or, as he afterward said to himself, he "did n't know which eye to wink." He adjusted his spectacles, and pulling himself together — for to a man nothing is more trying than a delicate situation — muttered, "Sacré fumée, what's all this?"

He knew Guida to have unusual nerve and courage. She was not a wisp of quality to shiver with terror at the first breath of danger; but, *bà sù*, there was now in her face a sharp, fixed look of pain, in her eyes a bewildered anxiety.

Jean scratched his head still more. Nothing particular came of that. There was no good in trying to work the thing out suddenly; he was not clever enough. His mention of the French fleet and possible war had roused his wife out of the still waters of twenty years' good nature to shake a shower of irritability upon his foolish head, and had turned Guida from a cheerful aspect to a disconcerting seriousness. He resorted to man's final proof to himself of his own intelligence, and said that it was the way of woman. Then out of an habitual good

nature he tried to bring better weather fore and aft.

"Et ben," said he, "in the dark you can't tell a wasp from a honey-bee till he lights on you; and that's too far off, there," — he jerked a finger toward the French shore, — "to be certain sure. But if the wasp nip, you make him pay for it, the head and the tail — yes, I think — me. . . . There's the Eperqu rie," he added quickly, nodding in front of him toward the island of Sark, which lifted a green bosom above its perpendicular cliffs, with the pride of an affluent mother among her brood. Dowered by sun and softened by a delicate haze, like an exquisite veil of modesty, this youngest daughter of the isles lay among her kinsfolk in the emerald archipelago between the great seas.

The outlines of the coast grew plainer as the *Hardi Biaou* drew nearer and nearer. From end to end there was no harbor upon this southern side. There was no roadway, as it appeared, no pathway at all, up the overhanging cliffs. To Guida's face, as she looked, the old charm of openness and pleasure and blitheness came back. Jean Touzel had startled her with his suggestions of war between England and France; for though she longed to have Philip win some great naval battle, yet the first natural thought was the peril of war, the personal danger to the man she loved. When Jean spoke of war, her heart seemed to shrink within her as shrinks the red anemone to the rock when touched by churlish finger. But the tides of her temperament were fast to flow as quick to ebb. The reaction from pain was in proportion to her splendid natural health. She had never seen Sark nearer than from Ple-mont, on the northwest shore of Jersey, and her eyes dwelt upon it now with the loving excitement of a spirit keenly sensitive to beauty.

There it was, — ridges of granite and fringes of tall gray and green cliff, belted with mist, crowned by sun, and fret-

ted by the milky, upcasting surf, with little islands like outworks before it, some lying low and slumberously to the sea, as a dog lays its head in its paws and hugs the ground close, with vague, soft-blinking eyes. By the shore the air was white with gulls, flying and circling, rising and descending, shooting up straight into the air, their bodies smooth and long like the body of a babe in white samite, their feathering tails spread like fans, their wings expanding on the ambient air. In the tall cliffs were the sea-gulls' nests of dried seaweed, fastened to the edges of rocky brackets on lofty ledges, the little ones within piping at the little ones without. Every point of rock had its sentinel gull, looking, looking out to sea, like some watchful defender of a mystic city. Piercing might be the cries of pain or of joy from the earth, more piercing were their cries; dark and dreadful might be the woe of those who went down to the sea in ships, but they shrilled on, their yellow beaks still yellowing in the sun, keeping their everlasting watch and ward.

Now and again, other birds, dark, quick-winged, low-flying, shot in among the white companies of sea-gulls, and stretched their long necks, and turned their whirling, swift, cowardly eyes here and there, the cruel beak extended, the black body gorged with carrion. Black marauders among blithe birds of peace and joy, they watched like sable spirits near the nests, or on some near sea rocks, sombre and alone, blinked evilly at the tall bright cliffs and the lightsome legions which nested there.

To Guida these gloomy loiterers on the verge of happiness, these swart watchers among the nests of the young, were spirits of fate who might not destroy, who had no power to harm the living, yet who could not be driven forth: the ever present death's-heads at the feast, the impassive acolytes serving at the altars of destiny.

As the *Hardi Biaou* drew nearer the

lofty, inviolate cliffs, there opened up plainly sombre clefts and caverns which honeycombed the island at all points of the compass. Now slipped past rugged pinnacles, like buttresses to the island, here trailed with vines and ferns and shrubs of inexpressible beauty, and yonder shriveled and bare like the skin of an elephant.

Some rocks, indeed, were like vast animals round which molten granite had been poured, preserving them eternally. The heads of great dogs, like the dogs of Ossian, sprang out in profile from the repulsing mainland; stupendous gargoyles laughed hideously at them from dark clefts in excoriated cliffs. Farther off, the face of a battered sphinx stared with unheeding look into the vast sea and sky beyond. Eyes flamed suddenly from the dark depths of mystic crypts, and hollow groanings, like the roaring of lions penned beside the caves of martyrs, broke out upon the sea, followed by plaintive crying as of sleepless children.

Guida, entranced, seemed to lose the sense of concrete things about her. As one is caught up on a wave of exquisite music, and the material is mastered by the intangibly sensuous and beautiful, so she was lost, absorbed, in the poetry of the scene before her.

As she gazed, a strange little feeling stole into her mind, and grew and grew, and presently trembled into a sensitive shiver of discovery and surprise. She had never seen Sark closely in her life, yet it pierced her consciousness that she had looked upon this scene before. Where? Where? What was this painful delight and recognition and this familiar sensation that possessed her? When had she felt just such a scene, had just such an impression? What acute reminiscence was this?

All at once she gave an exclamation of amazement. Why, this — this was the island of last night's dream! Yes, yes, there it was just as she had dreamed!

What strange second-sight was this?

In the morning when she woke she could have drawn the outlines of this island; to-day there was the island in very truth, living and tangible, — there it was before her!

As a discoverer stands on the tall prow of his ship, looking out upon the new continent to which he has sailed with divers perils and losses, so, for one moment, Guida looked into this picture before her, exalted by the joy of discovery, bewildered by the realization of a dream.

It touched the deepest chord in her nature, — the fulfillment of imagination. Unconsciously she enjoyed the greatest delight that may be given to the human mind, — not merely the contemplation of the thing done, but the remembrance of the moment when the thing was dreamed; unto which is added in due time the glory of a worthy realization.

She had that moment, and it passed. Then came the misery of significance, for now she remembered what had been the end of her dream. She remembered that in a dark cavern Philip had dropped down into darkness from her sight, and only his mocking laughter had come up to her, and he returned no more.

Her thoughts flew to Philip now. Philip would come back, — she was as sure of that as that there was sun in the sky, and that morning and evening duly came. He would come back within the two months, — nothing would prevent his doing that. He loved her. True, he had not kept a promise solemnly made to her, but — but even that was because he loved her!

So the heart of the trusting pleads in its council-chambers for the guilty and the beloved. Somehow — and strange as it may seem — the smile came back again to her lips; for what can long depress the young and the loving when they dream that they are entirely beloved? Lands and thrones may perish, plague and devastation walk abroad with death, misery and beggary crawl naked

to the doorway, and crime cower in the hedges; but to the egregious egotism of young love there are only two identities bulking in the crowded universe. To these immensities all other beings are audacious who dream of gaining even comfort and obscurity, — happiness would be a presumption, — as though it were intended that each living human being should at some moment in his life have the whole world to himself. Who shall cry out against that egotism with which all are diseased!

So busy was Guida with her own thoughts that she scarcely noticed that their course was changed, and they were skirting the coast westerly, whereby to reach Havre Gosselin, on the other side of the island. On the shore above Havre Gosselin lay the Seigneurie, the destination of the *Hardi Biau*ou.

As they rounded the western point of the island, and made their course easterly by a channel between rocky bulwarks opening Havre Gosselin and the Gouliot Rocks and Ile Brechou, they suddenly saw a large brig rounding the *Eperqu rie*. She was making to the southeast under full sail. Her main and mizzen masts were not visible and her colors could not be seen, but Jean's quick eye had lighted on something which made him cast an apprehensive glance at his wife and Guida. What he saw was a gun in the stern port-hole of the vanishing brig; and he also noted that it was run out for action. His swift glance at his wife and Guida and the lad who sat by the main-sheet assured him that they had not noticed the gun.

Jean's brain began to work with unusual celerity; he was certain that the brig which had just rounded the *Eperqu rie* was a French sloop or a privateer. In other circumstances, that in itself might not have given him much trouble of mind, for more than once French frigates had sailed round the Channel Isles in insulting strength and mockery; but every man knew that

France and England at this moment were only waiting to see who should throw the ball first and set the red game going. Twenty French frigates could do little harm to the island of Sark, — there a hundred men could keep off an army and a navy; but Jean knew that the Admiralty yacht *Dorset* was sailing within half a league of the *Eperqu rie*. He would stake his life that the brig was French and hostile, and he instantly made up his mind as to his course. At all costs he must watch the designs of the brig and know the fate of the yacht.

If he landed at Havre Gosselin and crossed the island on foot, whatever was to happen would be over and done, and that did not suit the book of Jean Touzel. More than once he had seen a little fighting, and more than once he had shared in it. He would not willfully precipitate a combat, but if there was to be a fight, — he looked affectionately at his carronades, — then he wanted to be within seeing or striking distance.

So, instead of running into Havre Gosselin, he made the course between Brechou and the *Moi de Mouton*, then the Gouliot Rocks and the Autelets. Running inshore as near as he dared, he set for the *Bec du Nez*, the eastern point of the island. His object was to land upon the rocks of the *Eperqu rie*, where the women would be safe, whatever befell. The tide was strong round the point and the surf was heavy, so that once or twice the boat was almost overturned vertically, but Jean had measured well the currents and the wind.

He experienced now one of the most exciting moments in his life; for as they rounded the *Bec du Nez* there was the *Dorset* suddenly going about to make for Guernsey, and the brig, under full sail, bearing down upon her. Even as they rounded the point, up ran the tricolor to the brig's mizzenmast, and the militant shouts of the French sailors came over the water to them.

Too late had the little yacht with her

handful of guns seen the danger and gone about. The wind was fair for her; but it was as fair for the brig, able to outsail her twice over. As the *Hardi Biaou* neared the landing-place of the *Eperqu rie* a gun was fired from the privateer across the bows of the *Dorset*, and Guida realized what was happening there before her eyes. She realized that this was war, — at first no more, — that it was war. She trembled with excitement; she had not now that unconsciousness of peril which, when a little child, had sent her into the *Vier Marchi* after *Ranulph Delagarde*, among the slaughtering battalions. Years and wisdom bring also the fears of life.

As they landed from the *Hardi Biaou* another shot was fired. Guida put her hands before her eyes, and when she looked again the mainmast of the yacht was gone. And now from the heights of *Sark* above there rang out a cry from the lips of the affrighted islanders: "*War! war! war! war!*"

Guida sank down upon the rock, and her face dropped into her hands. She trembled violently. Somehow, all at once and for the first time in her life, there was borne in upon her a feeling of awful desolation and loneliness. She was alone — she was alone — she was alone: that was the refrain of her thoughts.

"*War! war! war! war!*" The cry rang along the cliff tops; and war would take Philip from her. Perhaps she should never see him again. The horror of it, the pity of it, the peril of it!

Shot after shot the 12-pounders of the privateer drove like dun hail at the white timbers of the yacht, and her masts and spars were flying. The privateer was drawing down to where she lay lurching.

A hand touched Guida upon the shoulder. "Cheer thee, my de-are," a voice said. It was *Ma tre sse Aimable*. Below, *Jean Touzel* had eyes only for this sea-fight before him; for, despite the enormous difference of numbers, the Englishmen were now fighting their lit-

tle craft for all that she was capable. But the odds were terribly against her, though she had the windward side and the firing of the privateer was bad. The carronades on her flush decks were replying valiantly and gallantly to the 12-pounders of the brig. At last a chance shot carried away her mizzenmast, and another dismounted her single great gun, killing a number of men. Carronades being good for only a few discharges, presently the yacht was no better than a battered raisin-box. Her commander had destroyed his dispatches, and nothing remained now but to be sunk or to surrender. In not more than five minutes from the time the first shot was fired, the commander and his brave crew yielded to the foe, and the *Dorset's* flag was hauled down.

When her officers and crew were transferred to the brig, her one passenger and guest, the Reverend *Lorenzo Dow*, passed quietly from the gallant little wreck to the deck of the privateer with a finger between the leaves of his book of meditations. As a prisoner of war, with as much equanimity as he would have breakfasted with his bishop, made breaches of the rubric, or drunk from a sailor's black-jack, he went calmly into captivity in France, giving no thought to what he left behind, and quite forgetful that his going would affect for good or ill the destiny of the young wife of *Philip d'Avranche*, of the frigate *Narcissus*.

Guida watched the yacht go down and the brig bear away toward France, where those black wasps of war were as moths against the white sands. Then she remembered that there had gone with it one of the three persons who knew her secret, — the man who had married her to Philip. She shivered a little, she scarcely knew why, for it did not seem of consequence to her whether Mr. Dow went or stayed. Indeed, was it not better he should go? Then one less would know her secret. But still an undefined fear possessed her.

"Cheer thee, cheer thee, my de-are, my sweet dormitte!" said Maitresse Aimable, patting her shoulder. "It cannot harm thee, *bà sù!* 'T is but a flash in the pan."

Guida's first impulse was to throw herself into the arms of the slow-tongued, great-hearted woman who hung above her like a cloud of mercy, and tell her whole story. But no, the one necessity of her forlorn condition was secrecy. Placed in a false position, she was compelled to do the thing she loathed; for to her secrecy was deception. Whatever Maitresse Aimable suspected, she should not surmise the truth. Guida would keep her word to Philip till Philip came again. Her love — the love of the young, lonely wife — should be buried deep in her own heart until he appeared and gave her the right to speak.

Jean was calling to them. They rose to go. Guida looked about her. Was it all a dream, — all that had happened to her and around her? How sweet the world was to look upon, and yet was it true that here before her eyes there had been war, and that out of war peril might come to her?

How strange it was! A week ago she was as free as air, as happy as healthy body, truthful mind, simple nature, and tender love can make a human being. She was then only a young, young girl. To-day? She sighed. A pathetic smile passed over the beautiful face, now growing wiser and wiser every hour. Long after they put out to sea again she could still hear the affrighted cry of the peasants from the cliff, — or was it only the plaintive echo of her own thoughts? — "*War! war! war! war!*"

XIX.

"A moment, Monsieur le Duc."

The duke turned at the door, and looked with listless inquiry into the face of the minister of marine, who, picking

up an official paper from his table, ran an eye down it, marked a point with the sharp corner of his snuff-box, and handed the document to his visitor, saying, "Our roster of English prisoners taken in the action off Brest."

The duke, puzzled, lifted his glass and scanned the roster mechanically.

"No, no; just where I have marked," interposed the minister.

"My dear Monsieur Dalbarade," remarked the other a little querulously, "I do not see what interest" —

He stopped short, however, looked closer at the document, and then lowering it in a sort of amazement seemed about to speak; but instead he raised the paper again and fixed his eyes intently on the spot indicated by the minister.

"Most curious," he said after a moment, making little nods of his head toward Dalbarade; "my own name — and an English prisoner, you say?"

"Exactly so; and he gave our fellows some hard knocks before his frigate went on the reefs."

"Strange that the name should be my own. I never heard of an English branch of our family."

A quizzical smile passed over the face of the minister, adding to his visitor's mystification. "But suppose he were English, yet French too?" he rejoined.

"I fail to understand the international entanglement," answered the duke stiffly.

"He is an Englishman whose name and native language are French; he speaks as good French as your own."

The duke peevishly tapped a chair with his stick. "I am no reader of riddles, monsieur," he said with acidity, although eager to know more concerning this Englishman of the same name as himself, the ruler of the sovereign duchy of Bercy.

"Shall I bid him enter?" asked the minister.

The duke's face relaxed a little, for the truth was, at this moment of his long

life he was deeply concerned with his own name and all who bore it.

"Is he here, then?" he asked, nodding assent.

"In the next room," answered the minister, turning to a bell and ringing. "I have him here for examination, and was but beginning when I was honored by your highness's presence." He bowed politely, yet there was, too, a little mockery in the bow, which did not escape his visitor.

A subaltern entered, received an order, and disappeared. The duke withdrew to the embrasure of a window, and immediately the prisoner was gruffly announced.

The young Englishman stood quietly waiting, his quick eyes going from Dalbarade to the wizened figure by the window and back again to the minister. His look carried both calmness and defiance, but the defiance came from a sense of injury and unmerited disgrace.

"Monsieur," said the minister with austerity, "in your further examination we shall need to repeat some questions."

The prisoner nodded indifferently, and for a brief space there was silence. The duke stood by the window, the minister by his table. Suddenly, the prisoner, with an abrupt motion of the hand toward two chairs, said, with an assumption of ordinary politeness, "Will you not be seated?"

The remark was so odd in its coolness and effrontery, it struck the duke as so whimsical, that he chuckled audibly. The minister was completely taken aback. He glanced stupidly at the two chairs — the only ones in the room — and at the prisoner. Then the insolence of the thing began to work upon him, and he was about to burst forth, when the duke came forward, and, politely moving a chair near to the young commander, said, "My profound compliments, Monsieur le Capitaine. I pray you accept this chair."

With quiet self-possession and a matter-of-course air the Englishman bowed

politely and seated himself; then, with a motion of the hand backward toward the door, he said, "I've been standing five hours with some of those moutons in the anteroom. My profound thanks to monseigneur!"

Touching the angry minister on the arm, the duke remarked quietly, "Dear monsieur, will you permit me a few questions to the young gentleman?"

At that moment there came a tap at the door, and an orderly entered with a letter to the minister, who glanced at it hurriedly, then turned to his companions, as though in doubt what to do.

"I will be responsible for the prisoner, if you must leave us," said the duke at once.

"For a little, for a little, — a matter of moment with the minister of war," answered Dalbarade, nodding; and with an air of abstraction he left the room.

The duke withdrew to the window again, and seated himself in the embrasure, at some little distance from the Englishman, who got up and brought his chair closer. The warm sunlight, streaming through the window, was now upon his face, which hitherto had been a little pale, and strengthened it, giving it fullness and fire, and making more vivid the eye.

"How long have you been a prisoner, monsieur?" inquired the duke, at the same time acknowledging the other's politeness with a bow.

"Since March, monseigneur."

"*Monseigneur* again, — a man of judgment," said the duke to himself, pleased to have his exalted station recognized. "H'm! and it is now June, — three months, monsieur! You have been well used, monsieur?"

"Vilely, monseigneur," answered the other. "A shipwrecked enemy should never be made a prisoner, or at least he should be enlarged on parole; but I have been confined like a pirate in a sink of a jail."

"Of what country are you?"

Raising his eyebrows in amazement, the young man answered, "I am an Englishman, monseigneur."

"Monsieur is of England, then?"

"Monseigneur, I am an English officer."

"You speak French well, monsieur."

"Which serves me well in France, as you see, monseigneur."

The duke was a trifle nettled. "Where were you born, monsieur?"

There was a short pause, and then the prisoner, who had enjoyed the other's mystification, said, "On the Isle of Jersey, monseigneur."

The perplexed and petulant look passed immediately from the face of the questioner; the horizon was clear at once.

"Ah, then you are French, monsieur!"

"My flag is the English flag; I was born a British subject, and I shall die one," replied the other steadily, and it might seem somewhat obstinately.

"The sentiment sounds estimable," returned the duke; "but as for life and death, and what we are or what we may be, we are the sport of Fate." His brow clouded. "I myself was born under a monarchy; I shall probably die under a republic. I was born a Frenchman; I may die"—His tone had become low and cynical, and he broke off suddenly, as though he had said more than he meant. "Then you are a Norman, monsieur," he added in a louder tone.

"Once all Jerseymen were Normans, and so were many Englishmen, monseigneur."

"I come of Norman stock, too, monsieur," remarked the duke graciously, yet eyeing the young man keenly.

"Monseigneur has not the kindred advantage of being English," said the prisoner dryly.

The Frenchman protested with a deprecatory wave of the fingers and a flash of the sharp eyes, and then, after a slight pause, asked, "What is your name, monsieur?"

"Philip d'Avranche," was the brief reply. Then he added, with a droll impudence, "And monseigneur's, by monseigneur's leave?"

The duke smiled, and that smile relieved the sourness, the fret, of a face which had care and discontent written upon every line of it. It was a face that had never known happiness. It had known diversion, however, and unusual diversion it knew at this moment.

"My name," he said, with curious deliberation and a penetrating, quizzical look, "my name is Philip d'Avranche."

The young man's quick, watchful eyes fixed themselves like needles on the duke's face. Through his brain there ran a succession of queries and speculations, and dominating them all was one clear question,—was he to gain anything by this strange conversation? Who was this great man with a name the same as his own, this crabbed nobleman with skin as yellow as an orange and a body like an orange squeezed dry? He could surely mean him no harm, however, for flashes of kindness had lighted the shriveled face as he talked. His look was bent in piercing comment and humor upon Philip, who, trying hard to solve the mystery, now made a tentative rejoinder to the duke's statement. Rising from his chair and bowing profoundly, he said, with a shrewd foreknowledge of the effect of his words, "I had not before thought my own name of such consequence."

The old man grunted amiably. "My faith, the very name begets a towering conceit wherever it goes," he answered, and he brought his stick down on the floor with such vehemence that the emerald and ruby rings rattled on his shrunken fingers. "Be seated—cousin," he said, with dry compliment, for Philip had remained standing, as if with the unfeigned respect of a cadet in the august presence of the head of his house. It was a sudden and bold suggestion, and it was not lost on the duke. The aged nobleman

was too keen an observer not to see the designed flattery; but he was in a mood when flattery was palatable, inasmuch as many of his own class were arrayed against him for not having joined the army of the Vendée, and the revolutionists, with whom he had compromised, for the safety of his lands of d'Avranche and his duchy of Bercy, regarded him with suspicion, — sometimes with a sinister suspicion. Between the two — for at heart he was most profoundly a royalist — he bided his time, in some peril, but with no fear. The spirit of this young Englishman of his own name pleased him; the flattery, patent as it was, gratified him, for in revolutionary France few treated him now with becoming respect; even the minister of marine, with whom he was on good terms, called him “citizen” at times.

All at once it flashed upon Philip that this old man must be the Prince d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy, of that family of d'Avranche from which his own came in long descent, — even from the days of Rollo, Duke of Normandy. He recalled on the instant the token of fealty of the ancient house of d'Avranche, — the offering of a sword.

“Your serene highness,” he said, with great deference and as great tact, “I must first offer my homage to the Prince d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy” — Then with a sudden pause, as though he had but now remembered, and a whimsical look, he added, “But indeed, I had forgotten; they have taken away my sword.”

“We shall see,” answered the prince, well pleased, “we shall see about that sword. Be seated,” he said once again. Then, “Tell me now, monsieur, of your family, of your ancestry.” His eyes were bent on Philip with great intentness, and his thin lips tightened in some unaccountable agitation.

Philip instantly responded. He explained how, in the early part of the thirteenth century, after the great crusade against the Albigenes, a cadet of the

house of d'Avranche had emigrated to England, and had come to place and honor under Henry III., who gave to the son of this d'Avranche certain tracts of land in Jersey, where he settled. Philip had descended in a direct line from this same receiver of king's favors, and was now the only representative of his family.

While Philip spoke, the duke never took eyes from his face, — that face so facile in the display of feeling or emotion. The voice, too, had a lilt of health and vitality which rang on the ears of age pleasantly. As he listened, he thought of his eldest son, partly imbecile, all but a *lusus naturæ*, separated from his wife immediately after marriage, and through whom there could never be succession, — he thought of him, and for the millionth time in his life he winced in impotent disdain. He thought, too, of his beloved second son, lying in a soldier's grave in Macedonia; of the buoyant resonance of that bygone voice; of the soldierly good spirits like to the good spirits of the prisoner before him; and “his heart yearned toward the young man exceedingly.” If — if that second son had lived, there would be now no compromising with this republican government of France; he would be fighting for the white flag with the golden lilies over in the Vendée.

“Your ancestors were mine, then,” remarked the duke gravely, after a pause, “though I had not heard of that emigration to England. However — however. Come, tell me of the engagement in which you lost your ship,” he added hurriedly, in a low tone. He was now so intent that he did not stir in his seat, but sat rigidly still, regarding Philip kindly. Something in the last few moments' experience had loosened the puckered skin, had softened the crabbed look in the face, and Philip had no longer doubt of the duke's friendly intentions.

“I had the frigate *Araminta*, twenty-four guns, a fortnight out from Portsmouth,” responded Philip at once. “We

fell in with a French frigate, thirty guns. She was well to leeward of us, and the *Araminta* bore up under all sail, keen for action. The enemy was as ready as ourselves for a brush, and tried to get the weather of us; but, failing, she shortened sail and gallantly waited for us. The *Araminta* overhauled her on the weather quarter, and hailed. She responded with cheers and defiance, — as sturdy a foe as man could wish. We lost no time in getting to work, and, both running before the wind, we fired broadsides as we cracked on. It was tit for tat for a while, with splinters flying and neither of us in the eye of advantage; but at last the *Araminta* shot away the mainmast and wheel of the *Niobe*, and she wallowed like a tub in the trough of the sea. We bore down on her, and our carronades raked her like a comb. Then we fell thwart her hawse, and a couple of 32-pounders through her stern-ports made wild havoc. But before we could board her she veered, and, lurching, fell upon us, carrying away our foremast. We had scarce cut clear of the tangle, and were making once more to board her, when I saw to windward two French frigates bearing down on us under full sail. And then —

The prince exclaimed in surprise, “I had not heard of *that*! They did not tell the world of those odds against you.”

“Odds and to spare, Monsieur le Duc! We had had all we could manage in the *Niobe*, though she was now disabled, and we could hurt her no more. If the others came up on our weather, we should be chewed like a bone in a mastiff’s jaws. If she must fight again, the *Araminta* would be little fit for action till we cleared away the wreckage of masts and rigging; so I sheered off to make all sail. We ran under courses with what canvas we had, and got away with a fair breeze and a good squall whitening to windward, while our decks were being cleared for action again. The

guns on the main deck had done good service and kept their places; we were all right there. On the quarter-deck and fo’castle there was more amiss; but as I watched the frigates overhauling us I took heart of grace still, for I could hear the creaking and screaming of the carronade-slides, the rattling of the carriages of the long 12-pounders amidships as they were shotted and run out again, the thud of the carpenters’ hammers as the shot-holes were plugged, — good sounds in the ears of a fighter” —

“Of a d’Avranche, of a d’Avranche!” interposed the prince softly.

“We were in no bad way, and my men were ready for another brush with our enemies, everything being done that could be done, everything in its place,” continued Philip. “When the frigates were a fair gunshot off, I saw that the squall was overhauling us faster than they. This meant good fortune if we wished escape, bad luck if we would rather fight. But I had no time to think of that, for up comes Shoreham, my lieutenant, with a face all white. ‘For God’s sake, d’Avranche,’ says he, ‘shoal water, — shoal water! We’re ashore!’ So much, Monsieur le Prince, for Admiralty charts and soundings! It’s a hateful thing to see, — the light green water, the deadly *sissing* of the straight narrow ripples like the grooves of a wash-board; a ship’s length ahead the water breaking over the reefs, two frigates behind ready to eat us.

“Up we came to the wind; the sheets were let run, and away flew the hal-yards. All to no purpose, for a minute later we came broadside on the reef, and were impaled on a pinnacle of rock. The end was n’t long in coming. The *Araminta* lurched off the reef on the swell. We watched our chance as she rolled, and hove overboard our broadside of long 12-pounders. But it was no use. The swishing of the water as it spouted from the scuppers was a deal louder than the clang of the chain-pumps.

It did not last long. The gale spilled itself upon us, and the Araminta, sick and spent, slowly settled down. The last I saw of her" — Philip raised his voice as though he would hide what he felt behind an unsentimental loudness — "was the white pennant at the maintopgallant masthead. A little while, and then I did not see it, and — and so good-by to my first command! . . . Then," — he smiled ironically, — "then I was made prisoner by the two French frigates, and have been held in confinement ever since, contrary to every decent principle of warfare; and now here I am, Monsieur le Duc!"

The duke had listened with an immovable attention, his gray eyebrows twitching now and then, his eyes looking out beneath them like sentinels, his arid face betraying a grim enjoyment. When Philip had finished, he still sat looking at him with steady, slow-blinking eyes, as though unwilling to break the spell which the tale had thrown round him. But a semi-abstraction, an inquisition of the eye, a slight cocking of the head as though weighing important things, the ringed fingers softly drumming on the stick before him, — all these told Philip that something was at stake concerning himself.

The old man was just about to speak, when the door of the room opened, and the minister of marine entered. The minister looked at the two inquiringly, and the duke, rising and courteously laying a hand on Dalbarade's arm, drew him aside, and engaged him in whispered conversation, of which the subject seemed unwelcome to the minister, for now and then he interrupted sharply.

As the two stood fretfully debating, the door of the room again opened, and there appeared an athletic, adventurous-looking officer in brilliant uniform, who was smiling at something called after him from the antechamber. His blue coat was spick and span, and very gay with double embroidery at the collar,

coat-tails, and pockets. His white waistcoat and trousers were spotless. His netted sash of blue with its stars on the silver tassels had a look of studied elegance. His black three-cornered hat, brodered with gold and adorned with three ostrich tips of red and a white and blue aigrette, was, however, the glory of his bravery. Philip thought him young to be a general of division, for such his double embroideries and aigrette proclaimed him.

He had a face of considerable force, and as much humor, with also a touch of unscrupulousness, and more than a touch of egotism. He glanced at Philip, and with a half-quizzical but good-natured smile replied to his salute.

"Dalbarade, Dalbarade," said he to the minister, "I have but an hour — Ah, Monsieur le Prince!" he added suddenly, as the latter came hurriedly toward him, and, grasping his hand warmly, drew him over where Dalbarade was standing. Philip now knew beyond doubt that he was the subject of debate, for all the time that the duke, in a low tone, half cordial, half querulous, spoke to the newcomer, the latter let his eyes wander curiously toward Philip. That he was an officer of unusual importance was to be seen from the deference paid him by Dalbarade.

All at once he made a polite gesture toward the duke, and, turning to the minister, said in a cavalier-like tone and with a touch of patronage, "Yes, yes, Dalbarade; it is of no consequence, and I myself will be surety for both." Then turning to the nobleman, he added, "We are beginning to square accounts, duke. Last time we met I had a large favor of you, and to-day you have a small favor of me. Pray present me to your kinsman here before you take him with you," and he turned squarely toward Philip.

Philip could scarcely believe his ears. The duke's kinsman! Had the duke then asked for and obtained his release on the ground that they were of kin, —

a kinship which, even if authentic, must go back six centuries for proof?

Yet here he was being introduced to the revolutionary general as "my kinsman of the isles of Normandy." Here, too, was the same General Grandjon-Larisse applauding him on his rare fortune to be thus released on parole through the Duc de Bercy, and quoting with a laugh, half sneer and half raillery, the old Norman proverb, "A Norman dead a thousand years will still cry, 'Haro! Haro!' if you tread on his grave." So saying, he saluted the duke with a liberal flourish of the hand and a friendly bow, and turned away to Dalbarade.

A half-hour later Philip was outside with the duke, walking slowly through the courtyard to an open gateway, where waited a carriage with unliveried coachman and outriders. No word was spoken till they entered the carriage and were driven swiftly away.

"Whither now, your serene highness?" asked Philip.

"To the duchy," answered the other shortly, and relapsed into sombre meditation.

XX.

The castle of the Prince d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy, was set upon a vast rock, and the town of Bercy huddled round the foot of it and on great granite ledges some distance up. With two hundred defenders, the castle, on its lofty pedestal, might have resisted ten times two thousand assailants; and indeed, it had done so more times than there were pearls in the rings of the present duke who had rescued Commander Philip d'Avranche from the clutches of the red government.

Upon the castle waved the republican tricolor, where for a thousand years had floated a royal banner. When France's great trouble came to her, and the nobles fled or went to fight for the King in the Vendée, the old duke, with a dreamy indifference to the opinion of

Europe, had proclaimed alliance with the new government. He had felt, rightly or wrongly, that he was privileged in being thus selfish, and he had made the alliance that he might pursue unchecked the one remaining object of his existence.

This object had now grown from a habit into a passion. He let nothing stand in the way of it; he hoisted the tricolor because of it, and he compromised his principles for peace in which to pursue it. It was now his life, his goal, to arrange a new succession which should exclude the Vaufontaines, a detested branch of the Bercy family. There had been an ancient feud between his family and this house of Vaufontaine, whose rights to the succession, following his eldest son, were thus far paramount. For three years past he had had a monastery of Benedictine monks at work to find some collateral branch from which he might take a representative to make successor to Leopold John, his imbecile heir, but to no purpose.

In more than a little the duke was superstitious, and on the day when he met Philip d'Avranche in the chamber of M. Dalbarade he had twice turned back toward his hotel in Paris after starting, so extreme was his dislike to pay the visit to the revolutionary minister. He had nerved himself to the distasteful duty, however, and had gone. When he saw the name of the young English prisoner — his own name — staring him in the face, he had had such a thrill as a miracle might have sent through the veins of a doubting Christian.

Since that minute, he, like Philip, had been in a kind of dream, pleasing, but anxious: on his part, to find in the young man, if possible, an heir and successor; on Philip's, to make real great possibilities. There had slipped past two months, wherein Philip had seen a new avenue of life opening before him. He had been shut out from the world, cut off from all connection with England and his past; for M. Dalbarade

had made it a condition of release that he should hold no communication with any one whatever while at Château Bercy. He was as completely in a new world as though he had been transplanted; he was as entirely in the atmosphere of fresh ambitions as though he were beginning the world again. For almost from the first the old nobleman treated him like a son. He spoke freely to him of the most private family matters; he consulted with him; he seemed to lean upon him. He alluded often, in oblique phrase, to adoption and succession. To imagine that Philip was idly watching the miraculous possibility without furthering its certainty would argue an arch-unconsciousness not his own. From the first moment of their meeting he had seen the bent of the old nobleman's mind, and had fostered and fed it. Ambition was the deepest passion in him, even as defeating the hopes of the Vaufontaines was a religion with the duke. Philip's habit of life was to encourage all favors that came his way, upon the ground that even every gift or advantage declined only makes a man more secure in the good will of the world he courts. By no trickery, but by a persistent good nature, alertness of speech, avoidance of dangerous topics, and aptness in anecdote or information, he had hourly made his position stronger in the castle of Bercy. He had also tactfully declined an offer of money from the prince, — none the less decidedly because he was nearly penniless. The duke's hospitality he was ready to accept, but not his purse.

Yet he was not in all acting a part. He was sincere in his liking for the soured, bereaved sovereign, with an heir who was at once an offense and a reproach, and forced to endure alliance with a government he loathed. He even admired the duke for his vexing idiosyncrasies, for they came of a strong individuality which, in happier case, should have made him a contented and beloved

monarch. As it was, the people of his duchy were loyal to him beyond telling, doing his bidding without cavil, standing for the King of France at his will, declaring for the republic at his command; for, whatever the duke was to the world outside, within his duchy he was just and benevolent, if imperious. The people endured his furies uncomplainingly, for they knew that it was for the sake of the duchy as much as for his own house that he mourned the imbecile son; and they, like himself, had no wish to see the house of Bercy ingrafted with the house of Vaufontaine.

All these things Philip had come to know in his short sojourn. He had, with the duke, mingled freely among the people of the duchy, and had been introduced everywhere and at all times as the duke's kinsman, — "in a direct line from an ancient branch," as his highness declared. He had been received gladly, and he knew well a rumor had gone abroad that the old nobleman had chosen him for heir. A wild rumor, maybe, yet who could tell? He had made himself an agreeable figure in the duchy, to the delight of his patron, who watched his every motion, every word, and their effect.

One day the duke arranged a conference of the civil and military officers of his duchy. He chuckled to see how reluctant they all were at first to concede their homage to his favorite, and how soon they fell under that favorite's influence, — all save one man, the intendant of the duchy, charged with the trusteeship of the eldest son, Leopold John. Philip himself was quick to see that this man, Comte Carignan Damour, was bitterly opposed to him, apprehensive for his own selfish ends. But Damour was one among many, and the duke was entirely satisfied.

On this very day, too, was laid before him the result of the long researches of the monks into the genealogy of the d'Avanches; and there, clearly enough,

was confirmation of all Philip had said about his ancestors and their relation to the ancient house of d'Avranche. The duke was overjoyed, and thereupon quietly made ready for the formal adoption and establishment in succession. It never occurred to him that Philip might refuse.

One afternoon he sent for Philip to come to him in the highest room of the tower. It was in this room that, many years before, his young and noble wife, from the province of Aquitaine, had given birth to the second son of the house of Bercy, and had died a year later, happy that she should at last leave behind a healthy, beautiful child to do her honor in her lord's eyes.

In this same room the duke and the brave second son had spent unnumbered hours; and here it had come home to him that the young wife was faultless as to the elder, else she had not borne him this perfect younger son. Thus her memory came to be adored; and thus, when the noble second son, the glory of his house and of his heart, was slain, the duke still went to the little upper room for his communion of remembrance. Hour after hour he would sit looking from the great window out over the wide green valley, mourning bitterly, and feeling his heart shrivel up within him, his body grow crabbed and cold, and his face sour and scornful.

When Philip now entered this sanctuary, the duke nodded and motioned him to a chair. In silence he accepted, and in silence they sat for a long time. Philip knew the history of this little room; he had learned it first from Frange Pergot, the porter at the castle gates. The silence gave him opportunity to recall the whole story.

At last the motionless brown figure huddled in the great chair, not looking at Philip, but out over the wide green valley, began to speak in a low, measured tone, as a dreamer might recite his dream or a priest proclaim his vision:—

"A breath of life has come again to me through you. Centuries ago our ancestors were brothers,—far back in the direct line, brothers,—the monks have proved it. Now I shall have my spite of the Vaufontaines, and now shall I have another son, strong, and with good blood to beget good blood."

A strange, lean sort of smile passed over his lips, his eyebrows twitched, his hands clenched the arm of the chair wherein he sat, and he made a motion of his jaws as though he were enjoying some toothsome morsel.

"H'm! Henri Vaufontaine shall see,—and all his tribe shall see! They shall not feed upon these lands of the d'Avranches, they shall not carouse at my table, when I am gone and the fool I begot has returned to his Maker. The fault of him was never mine, but God's,—does the Almighty think we can forget that? I was ever sound and strong. When I was twenty I killed two men with my own sword at a blow; when I was thirty, to serve the King, I rode a hundred and twenty miles in one day,—from Paris to Dracourt it was. We d'Avranches have been men of power always. We fought for Christ's sepulchre in the Holy Land, and three bishops and two archbishops have gone from us to speak God's cause to the world. And my wife,—she came of the purest stock of Aquitaine, and she was constant in her prayers. What distemper and discourtesy was it, then, for God, who hath been served well by us, to serve me in return so churlishly, with such mockery,—to send me a bloodless zany, whom his wife left ere the wedding-meats were cold!"

His foot tapped the floor in anger, his eyes wandered restlessly out over the green expanse. Suddenly a dove perched upon the window-sill before him. His quick, shifting gaze settled upon it and stayed, softening and quieting. Presently he said in a low voice:—

"It was just such a dove came on the

very day that my second son was born, and my princess said to me: 'Behold the good omen! Now shall my agony be as nothing, for this is my assurance of a good gift from God.' So it was, for back and forward the dove came while her pangs and sufferings were on her, and she smiled in hope, till that a brave strong man child was born into the world. She lived a little longer by reason of her pride and joy, and then she died. Yet it was but the mockery of God, for the lad was swept down in his youth like a wisp of corn in the wind!"

After a slight pause he turned to Philip and spoke in a still lower tone: "Last night in the chapel I spake to God, and I said: 'Lord God, let there be fair speech between us. Wherefore hast thou nailed me like a malefactor to the tree? Why didst thou send me a fool to lead our house, and afterward a lad as fine and strong as Absalom, and again snatch him from me, and leave me wifeless, with a prince to follow me who is the byword of men, the scorn of women — and of the Vaufontaines?'"

He paused again, and his eyes seemed to pierce Philip's, as though he would read if each word was burning its way into his brain.

"As I stood there alone, a voice spoke to me as plainly as now I speak to you, and said: 'Have done with railing. It is written, the first shall be last, and the last first. That which was the elder's shall be given to the younger. The tree hath grown crabbed and old; it beareth no longer. Behold the young sapling by thy door; I have planted it there. The seed is the seed of the old tree. Cherish it, lest it have no nourishment and die, and a grafted tree mock thee.'"

His voice rose triumphantly. "Yes, yes, I heard it with my own ears, the voice. The crabbed tree, that is the main line, dying in me; the grafted tree is the Vaufontaine, the interloper and the mongrel; and the sapling from the same seed as the crabbed old tree," — he reached out

as though to clutch Philip's arm, but drew back, sat erect in his chair, and said in a voice of decision, — "the sapling is Philip d'Avranche, of the Isle of Jersey."

For a moment there was silence between the two. A strong wind came rushing up the valley in the clear sunlight, the great trees beneath the castle swayed, and the flapping of the tricolor could be heard within. The dove, caught up on the wave of wind, sailed away down the widening glade.

Philip's first motion was to stand up and say, "I dare not think your highness intends in very truth to accept me as your kinsman."

"And why not, why not?" testily answered the duke. Then he added more kindly, "Why not? Come, tell me that, cousin. Is it then distasteful?"

Philip's heart gave a leap and his face flushed. "I have no other kinsman," he replied, in a low tone of feeling. "I knew I had your friendship, — else all the evidences of your goodness to me were mockery; but I had scarce let myself count on the higher, more intimate honor, — I, a poor commander in the English navy."

He said the last words slowly, for, whatever else he was, he was a loyal English sailor, and he wished the Duc de Bercy to know it, — the more convincingly, the better for the part he was going to play in this duchy, if all things favored.

"Tut, tut! what has that to do with it?" returned the duke. "What has poverty to do with blood? Younger sons are always poor, younger cousins poorer. As for the captaincy of an English warship, that's of no consequence where greater games are playing, eh?"

He eyed Philip keenly, yet rather quizzically too, and there was an unasked question in his look. He was a critic of human nature; he understood the code of honor, — none better; his was a mind that might be willfully but never crassly blind. He was selfish where this young

gentleman was concerned, yet he knew well how the same gentleman ought to think, speak, and act.

The moment of the great test was come.

Philip could not read behind the strange, shriveled face. Instinct could help him much, but it could not interpret that parchment. He did not know whether his intended reply would alienate the duke or not; but if it did, then he must bear it. He had come, as he thought, to the crux of this adventure. Whatever he was, he was an officer of the English navy, and he was not the man to break the code of professional honor lightly. If favor and adoption must depend upon his answer, well, let it be; his last state could not be worse than his first.

So, still standing, he gave his answer boldly, yet quietly, his new kinsman watching him with a grim curiosity. "Monsieur le Prince," said Philip, "I am used to poverty, — that matters little; but whatever you intend toward me, — and I am persuaded it is to my great honor and happiness, — I am, and must still remain, an officer of the English navy."

The old man's brow contracted, and his reply came cold and incisive: "The navy, — that is a bagatelle; I had hoped to offer you kinship and heritage. Pooh, pooh! commanding a frigate is a trade, a mere trade!"

Philip's face did not stir a muscle. He was in spirit the born adventurer, the gamester who could play for life's largest stakes, lose all, draw a long breath — and begin all over again.

"It's a busy time in my trade now, as Monsieur Dalbarade would tell you."

The duke's lips compressed as though in anger. "You mean to say, monsieur, that you would let this wretched war between France and England stand before our personal kinship and alliance! What are you and I in this great shuffle of events? Have less egotism, less van-

ity, monsieur. You are no more than a million others; and I — I am nothing. Come, come, there is more than one duty in the life of every man, and he must choose some time between one and the other. England does not need you," — his voice and manner softened, he leaned toward Philip, the eyes almost closing as he peered into his face, — "but you are necessary to — to the house of Bercy."

"I was commissioned to a man-of-war in time of war," answered Philip quietly, "and I lost that man-of-war. When I can, it is my duty to go back to the powers that sent me forth. I am still an officer in full commission. Your highness knows well what honor demands of me."

"There are hundreds of officers to take your place; in the duchy of Bercy there is none to stand for you. You must choose between your trade and the claims of name and blood, — older than the English navy, older than Norman England."

Philip's color was as good, his manner as easy, as if nothing were at stake, but in his heart he felt that the game was lost; he saw a storm gathering in the duke's eyes, — the disappointment which would break out into wrath, the injured vanity which would presently speak in snarling disdain. But he replied boldly, nevertheless, for he was resolved that even if he had to return from this duchy to prison, he would go with colors flying.

"The proudest moment of my life was when the Duc de Bercy called me kinsman," he responded; "the best" (had he then so utterly forgotten?) "was when he showed me friendship. Yet if my trade may not be reconciled with what he may intend for me, I must ask to be sent back to Monsieur Dalbarade." He smiled rather hopelessly, yet with a stoical disregard of consequences, and continued: "For my trade is in full swing these days, and I stand my chance

of being exchanged and earning my daily bread again. At the Admiralty I am a master workman on full pay, but I'm not earning my salt here. With Monsieur Dalbarade my conscience would be easier."

He had played his last card, and he waited for the storm to break. Now he was prepared for the fury of a jaundiced, peevish, self-willed old man, who could not brook to be thwarted. He had quickly imagined it all, and not without reason; for surely a furious disdain was at the gray lips, lines of anger were corrugating the forehead, the rugose parchment face was fiery with distemper.

But what Philip expected did not come to pass, for, rising quickly to his feet, the duke took him by the shoulders, kissed him on both cheeks, and said, "My mind is made up, — my mind is made up. Nothing can change it. You have no father, cousin, — well, I will be your father. You shall retain your post in the English navy. Officer and patriot

you shall be, if you choose. A brave man makes a better ruler. But now there is much to do. There is the concurrence of the English King to secure: that shall be — has already been — my business. There is the assent of Leopold John, the fool, to achieve: that I shall command. There are the grave formalities of adoption to arrange: these I shall expedite. You shall see, Master Insolence, you who'd throw me and my duchy over for your trade, you shall see how we'll make the Vaufontaine gnash their teeth!"

In his heart Philip was exultant, though outwardly he was calm. He was, however, unprepared for what followed. Suddenly the duke said, "One thing, cousin, one thing. You must marry in our order, and at once. There shall be no delay. Succession must be secured. I know the very woman, — the Comtesse Chantavoine, — young, rich, amiable. You shall meet her to-morrow, — to-morrow."

Gilbert Parker.

(To be continued.)

A SUCCESSFUL BACHELOR.

I.

Few books are quite as amusing as the volumes which profess to give advice on how to live peacefully with one's wife or one's husband. Marriage is accounted a serious matter, but advice about marriage is sure to be humorous. Swift, Fielding, and Sterne are good to read, but one cannot read them always; their humor is too robust and virile, they are at times almost painfully intellectual. It is a relief to turn from Tom Jones and Tristram Shandy to those masterpieces of unconscious humor which set forth with the exactness of a newly paint-

ed guide-post the order of his going who wishes to achieve happiness in the married state. The contented man laughs as he reads such books, because he knows how independent is his own marital felicity of small rules and infinitesimal plottings. The man who is unhappily married laughs, too; in a way, however, which may mean that he wishes the author of the book had *his* wife to contend with.

For these Guides to a Prosperous Domestic Career are written by men, — a fact which needs interpretation. Men have always shown a pathetic courage in grappling with such high themes. From John Lyly who maintained that wives

should be subdued with kindness, and Jeremy Taylor who took the advanced and perilous position that a husband ought not to beat his wife, down to the latest theorizer who imagines that his placid domestic state is of his own shaping, and who does not perceive how adroitly he is managed by the feminine element of his household, men, and only men, have had the desperate courage to explain to the married world what it must do to be content. And these bold spirits have had their financial reward. There are many roads to fame, but this way fortune lies. If you would be noted, — or quite as likely, notorious, — write a novel. If you would have your human document in the magazines, and your opinions on subjects about which you know nothing set forth in the Sunday newspapers, write a novel. But if you would be *rich*, write a book which shall instruct married people how to make the best of their uncomfortable situation.

On the whole, it may be conceded that this department of literature is overdone. We want books of quite another description. More interest should be taken in bachelors. Their need is greater, and their condition really deplorable. It is a misfortune to be unhappily married, but it comes near to being a disgrace not to be married at all. Marriage is a perilous undertaking, but what shall be thought of him who hesitates because it is perilous? We may not care to go to the length of affirming that bachelors are cowardly, but we must grant that they are socially nondescript. It is possible to respect a bachelor, but it is impossible to be at ease with him. Not without reason does the world speak of a married man as "settled." There is something final in the condition of a Benedict. You know where to find him, or at least you know where he should be found. But of a bachelor you know nothing. Bachelorhood is a normal condition up to a certain period in a man's life, and after that it is abnormal. He

who elects to remain unmarried elects to become queer. It is wonderful how readily most men adapt themselves to the conditions of matrimonial existence. Almost any man can become a fairly respectable husband; but to be a successful bachelor implies unusual gifts. I once met in the Northwest a middle-aged writer of verse who gave me four volumes of his works, "composed, printed, and bound" by himself. He said, "This country is crying for a national poet, and I want the job." But he was mistaken. This country is crying for help in taking care of its timid bachelors, help in marrying them off; and if they will not marry, help in getting them well housed and neatly mended. And the greatest need is the book which shall instruct the bachelor how to make glad the desert regions of his solitary existence, how to fill the vacuities with which his life is perforated.

There have been successful bachelors, and among them none more successful than Henry Crabb Robinson. He died in February, 1867, at the age of ninety-two. The inscription on his tomb records the names of eight men of renown to whom he had sustained the relation of "friend and associate." The eight names are Goethe, Wordsworth, Wieland, Coleridge, Flaxman, Blake, Clarkson, and Charles Lamb. The list is striking, and clearly indicates the wide range of Crabb Robinson's sympathies. To each of these men he rendered the tribute of a hearty and discriminating admiration. His place in the world of literature and art was peculiar. He had a strong masculine regard for men of genius because they were men of genius, but no measure of self-interest mixed with this regard. He had not the creative power himself, but he understood that power in others. He was not a mere satellite, for he held distinctly a critical attitude at times; and no commonplace moon ever thinks of passing strictures upon the central sun. We need a word to express the

relation. To men of genius he gave the encouragement and stimulus of a dignified admiration based on solid reasons. To the general reading public he was a sort of mentor; his good sense in other matters awakened confidence in the soundness of his judgment; his catholicity of taste operated to allay that prejudice which the mob always conceives against a poet who is both new and queer.

One of Crabb Robinson's qualifications for successful bachelorhood lay in the fact that he was not good-looking. I have heard men who were handsome complain about it as a positive disadvantage. Tawno Chikno did not find beauty embarrassing; he only regretted that he was not a writer, so that he might tell the world how beautiful he was. Conventional persons would hardly dare to express themselves with the naïveté which characterized the speech of this gypsy gentleman.

Robinson early learned to make the best of his physical disadvantages, and to view himself objectively with an amused interest. When he was in Weimar, in 1829, he spent five evenings with Goethe. Goethe was fond of "portrait memorials," and had several hundred of them. Robinson thought it an "extreme instance" of this taste that the poet should have insisted upon having *his* portrait. It was done in crayons by "one Schmeller," and must have been a success, for Crabb says, "It was frightfully ugly, and very like." And when he was once complimented on the success of his portrait by Masquerier, and told that it was just the picture one would wish to have of a friend, his "very best expression," Robinson dryly observed, "It need be the best to be endurable."

Walter Bagehot, who used to figure at Crabb Robinson's famous breakfasts, expatiates on Robinson's chin, — "a chin of excessive length and portentous power of extension." The old gentleman

"made very able use of the chin at a conversational crisis." "Just at the point of the story he pushed it out and then very slowly drew it in again, so that you always knew when to laugh."

Miss Fenwick (Wordsworth's Miss Fenwick) pronounced Mr. Robinson downright *ugly*, and underscored the word. It seems that there was a great variety in his ugliness, — "a series of ugliness in quick succession, one look more ugly than the one which preceded it, particularly when he is asleep. He is always asleep when he is not talking." "On which occasions little Willy contemplates him with great interest, and often inquires, 'What kind of face has Mr. Robinson?' 'A very nice face,' is the constant answer; then a different look comes, and another inquiry of 'What kind of face was that?' 'A *nice* face too.' What an odd idea he must have of nice faces!"¹

Miss Fenwick was of the opinion that a man could not preserve kindness and courtesy in the bachelor state unless he had something the matter with him; that is, unless he was the victim of some misfortune which kept him "humble, grateful, and loving." "I remember," she says in the letter just quoted, "making out to my own satisfaction that old Wishaw preserved his benevolence through the want of his leg, a want that made him feel his dependence on his fellow creatures." And she concludes that "Robinson's ugliness had done for him what the want of a leg had done for old Wishaw."

II.

If one were to take out the important episodes of Crabb Robinson's life, pack them together, suppress the dull passages and the monotonous incidents, it would seem that this man had had a brilliant career. He lived long, which gave him time to see many things; he had good health, which enabled him to

¹ Letter from Miss Fenwick to Henry Taylor, January 26, 1839.

enjoy what he saw. Life tasted sweet to him up to the last day, and almost to the last hour. His wholesome curiosity about good books and good people never failed. The effect of reading his Diary is to make one ambitious to live long; and if the book were more generally read, I am sure that longevity would be greatly on the increase among us.

Let us note a few facts which bring out the stretch of time through which his experiences lay. Many men have lived more years than he, but they have not had Robinson's gift for friendship nor Robinson's opportunities. He was born in 1775. In 1790 he heard John Wesley preach "in the great round meeting-house at Colchester." "On each side of him stood a minister, and the two held him up, having their hands under his armpits. His feeble voice was barely audible. But his reverend countenance, especially his long white locks, formed a picture never to be forgotten." Sixty-two years after this date Crabb Robinson was attending church at Brighton, listening to that gifted man the Reverend Frederick W. Robertson; and when he was told that Robertson unsettled people's minds, he replied that nobody could be awakened out of a deep sleep without being unsettled.

He was able, as a matter of course, distinctly to remember the breaking out of the French Revolution, and the universal rejoicing in it as an "event of great promise." Though he was brought up an orthodox Dissenter, he, like many other orthodox Dissenters, sympathized with Dr. Priestley during the Birmingham riots. At a banquet he defended Priestley. A toast was given "in honor of Dr. Priestley and other Christian sufferers." Some bigot present objected that he did not know the doctor to be a Christian. Young Robinson answered that if this gentleman had read Priestley's Letter to the Swedenborgians he would have "learned more of real Christianity than he seemed to know."

From the French Revolution and the sufferings of English sympathizers therewith down to our American civil war is a long stretch, not by years alone, but by the multitude of changes which have on the whole bettered the conditions of human life. Crabb Robinson appears to have followed the events of the American struggle with keen interest, and on March 19, 1865, he writes to a friend: "Nothing has brought me so near to being a partisan of President Lincoln as his inaugural speech. How short and how wise! How true and how unaffected! It must make many converts. At least I should despair of any man who needs to be converted."

Crabb Robinson was past his majority when *Lyrical Ballads* was published. He outlived Wordsworth by twenty-seven years, and Coleridge by thirty-three years. He had seen Matthew Arnold as a boy in his father's house. In 1866, meeting Arnold at the Athenæum, he asked him for the name of his most remarkable book. The author of *Essays in Criticism* denied having written anything remarkable. "Then," said Robinson, "it must be some other Matthew Arnold whom they are talking about." Subsequently Arnold sent the old gentleman the volume of his essays, and the last note in the Diary records the interest he took in reading the essay on the Function of Criticism at the Present Time.

These facts bring out the limits of Robinson's experiences. He was eleven years old when Burns printed his poems at Kilmarnock, sixteen years old when Boswell's *Life of Johnson* was published, twenty-three when the *Lyrical Ballads* appeared, and he lived into the very year which saw the publication of William Morris's *Jason and Swinburne's Song of Italy*. Between these extremes lay his intellectual life; and there were few things worth knowing of which he did not know something, and few people worth cultivating whom he had not

cultivated. It is a temptation to roll the great names of great people as sweet morsels under the tongue.

In early life Robinson studied in Germany. He met Goethe and Schiller. He saw a performance of Wallenstein's Tod at the court theatre of Weimar, both the great poets being present; Schiller in his seat near the ducal box, and Goethe in his armchair in the centre aisle. Robinson declared that Goethe was the most oppressively handsome man he had ever seen. He met Wieland, who told him that Pilgrim's Progress was the book in which he had learned to read English. He heard Gall lecture on craniology, "attended by Spurzheim as his famulus." He met Wolf and Griesbach, and also Herder, to whom he loaned the Lyrical Ballads. He saw Kotzebue, the dramatist, who was a star of considerable magnitude in those days. Robinson describes him as "a lively little man with black eyes." Another star rose above the Weimar horizon in the year 1803, and it was Madame de Staël. Robinson helped her in getting materials for her book on Germany, notably for the portions which related to German philosophy. Some years later, he was able to render her a considerable service in coming to terms with her English publisher.

When he returned to England to live he lost in no degree his "facility in forming acquaintance." He knew everybody outside of the circles which were purely fashionable. Being born a Dissenter, his "Dissenting connection" (I believe that is the phrase) would be very large. His attitude in this matter of the Church and Dissent was unusual, but easy to comprehend. He said he liked Dissent better than the Church, but he liked Churchmen better than Dissenters.

To mention but a few of the interesting people with whom he had personal relations. He knew Wakefield and Thelwall. He had an early passion for the

writings of Godwin, used to see him occasionally, and once met Shelley at Godwin's house. He was interested in some plan to relieve Godwin from his financial difficulties, being one of many friends who were imposed upon by Godwin's incapability for doing anything financially productive.

He had been a Times correspondent in 1807, and his friendship for Walter was an undying one. In Walter's parlor he used to meet Peter Fraser, who in those days wrote the great leaders, the "flash articles which made the sensation." There it was that he saw old Combe, whose Dr. Syntax rich book-collectors still buy under the impression that it has something to do with literature. He used to play chess and drink tea with Mrs. Barbauld, and drink tea and play whist with Charles and Mary Lamb. One of his early loves was William Hazlitt, whom he pronounced clever before other people had learned to say it. He knew Coleridge, Southey, Flaxman, and Blake. His accounts of Coleridge give us some of the best side-lights that have been thrown upon that brilliant genius. He once heard Coleridge talk from three o'clock in the afternoon until twelve at night.

He knew Walter Savage Landor in Florence. Landor told him that he could not bear contradiction. "Certainly I frequently did contradict him," says Robinson. "Yet his attentions to me were unwearied." Landor gave Robinson a good word in a letter to a friend. It runs thus: "I wish some accident may have brought you acquainted with Mr. Robinson, a friend of Wordsworth. He was a barrister, and notwithstanding, both honest and modest, — a character I never heard of before." One of the prettiest incidents in the Diary is of Landor's sending his mastiff dog to take care of Crabb Robinson when he returned from Fiesole to Florence after midnight. "I could never make him leave me until I was at the city gate; and then on my

patting him on the head, as if he were conscious his protection was no longer needed, he would run off rapidly."

III.

Crabb Robinson justified his existence if only by the services he rendered Wordsworth. He was an early and discriminating admirer. He championed Wordsworth's poetry at a time when champions were few and not influential. It must have been with special reference to the needs of poets like the author of *Lyrical Ballads* that the saying "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you" was uttered. Yet I am not sure but there is a measure of woe in the condition of him of whom all men speak ill. At a time when critical disapprobation was pretty nearly unanimous Crabb Robinson's was one of the few voices in commendation. It was not a loud voice, but it was clear and impressive.

Friends of Wordsworth's art sometimes express surprise, and even anger, that the public should have been so slow in awaking to the merits of that art. There is at least no occasion for surprise. When one considers the length of time it takes to interest the public mind in the high qualities of a new brand of soap, he may reasonably conclude that it will take even longer to arouse interest in the transcendental qualities of a new brand of poetry. Some of Wordsworth's verse was not encouraging. One of the volumes of 1807 contains a poem beginning, "I met Louisa in the shade." This possibly struck readers as grotesque. Such a line provokes to irreverence. It is human nature to laugh and throw the volumes aside. But exactly at this point admirers like Henry Crabb Robinson began to exert their beneficent influence and to pay their unselfish homage.

Two sorts of homage are paid by lesser men to greater. The first sort consists in following one's idol about, noting the externals of his life, his diet,

his dress, his gait; being solicitous as to the color of his necktie rather than the measure of his intellect. Homage of this kind seems to proceed on the theory that if you only stare long enough at a man's head, you will presently be rewarded by a sight of his mind. It invokes the aid of photography. The author is exhibited in his study, his pen in hand. An admiring world beholds him in literary surroundings with a flash-light expression of countenance. Perhaps we have him in six different positions, with a quoted remark supposed to be in keeping with each position. He is in the act of telling how his mind rose to the great thought which has made him famous and worthy to be illustrated. He is photographed saying to the camera, "This idea came to me as I was on the way from my front porch to my front gate."

Homage like this, so careful about externals, is not very good for the author, and is apt to be wholly bad in its effect upon the worshiper. Everybody has read Henry James's book entitled *Terminations*. It contains a story of a young American girl who waited upon a famous English novelist with a very large autograph album, in which she wished him to write a sentiment. I believe it is a quite general practice of young American girls abroad to travel with large autograph albums under their arms. It will be remembered, too, that the novelist's friend gently explained to the fair visitor that true worship of genius does not consist in collecting autographs, but in reading an author's works, in seeking their deeper meaning, and in making those works known in places where they will be understood. And the young lady was persuaded to depart, with tears in her eyes, and without the great novelist's autograph.

Crabb Robinson's way of paying homage was very delicate. I think that it would have met with the hearty approval of even the author of *Terminations*.

He liked Wordsworth's poetry, and he did his unostentatious best to make others like it. He did not cry aloud from the housetop that the messiah of English verse had at last arrived, neither did he found a society. He spoke to people of Wordsworth's verse, got them to read it, occasionally read poems himself to receptive listeners. If people balked at Louisa in the Shade, or were unsympathetic in attitude toward the Spade, with which Wilkinson hath till'd his Lands, he urged upon them the necessity and the wisdom of judging a man by the noble parts of his work, and not by the less fortunate parts. If they had read Wordsworth only to laugh at him, he insisted upon reading to them those poems which compelled their admiration; for there are poems with respect to which the public cannot hold a non-committal attitude. The public must either admire, or else consent to stultify itself by not admiring.

By this method he did more to advance Wordsworth's reputation than if he had written a dozen eulogistic articles in the great reviews. And we cannot overpraise the single-heartedness of his aim. There was positively no thought of self in it. With many men that which begins as pure admiration of genius ends as a form of self-love. They worship the great man two thirds for his own sake, and one third for the sake of themselves. There is pleasure in being known as the friend of him about whom everybody is talking. But we shall look in vain for any evidence that Crabb Robinson was impelled by motives of this lower sort.

He may, therefore, be imagined as reading Wordsworth's poetry to more or less willing listeners all his life. He had too much tact to overdo it, and he was too catholic in his poetic tastes ever to grow an intolerant Wordsworthian. He was content to sow the seed, and let come of it what would. In his German tour of 1829 he spent a considerable portion of his time in reading poetry with

his friend Knebel, "and after all I did not fully impress him with Wordsworth's power." He may even be suspected of having read Wordsworth to Goethe, for in his correspondence with Zelter Goethe speaks of Robinson as "a kind of missionary of English literature." "He read to me and my daughter, together and apart, single poems." In short, the Diary is studded with such entries as: "Took tea with the Flaxmans, and read to them extracts from Wordsworth's new poems." "My visit to Witham was made partly that I might have the pleasure of reading *The Excursion* to Mrs. W. Pattison." "A call on Blake, — my third interview. I read to him Wordsworth's incomparable ode, which he heartily enjoyed."

Crabb Robinson sacrificed in no degree his independence because of his personal relation to the poet. He regretted that Wordsworth should have reproached the bad taste of the times in his published notes and prefaces; and in a talk over the alterations which had been made in the poems Robinson frankly told Wordsworth that he did not dare to read aloud in company the lines "Three feet long and two feet wide." Wordsworth's reply was, "They ought to be liked."

It is rather a comfort to find from one or two of Wordsworth's letters how thoroughly human he was, even to the extent of getting out of conceit of his own trade, and wishing that petty practitioners in the same trade were out of conceit of it, too. He disliked minor poets. "I am sick of poetry," he says; "it overruns the country in all the shapes of the plagues of Egypt." Wordsworth grew less intolerant, and was more willing to acknowledge the merits of other poets, as he grew older. No one welcomed this change more than Crabb Robinson. It is assuming too much to assume that he was influential in bringing about such modification in the poet's attitude toward men or things, but his

influence would be in that direction rather than in any other. In later years Crabb Robinson used regularly to spend his Christmas holidays at Rydal Mount. His presence was regarded as essential to the sober merrymaking of the household there. They had a family saying, "No Crabb, no Christmas."

IV.

The Diary is filled with suggestive points. To mention but one out of many. Without intending it Robinson makes clear the almost total extinction of Southey's life in mere books. He was a slave to the printed page. Wordsworth said, "It is painful to see how completely dead Southey is become to all but books." Robinson had himself noticed it. Rogers had noticed it. The talk of it in Dr. Arnold's presence frightened him for his own safety, and he wondered whether he too was in danger of losing his interest in things, and retaining "an interest in books only." Southey made a visit to Paris, but all the time he was there he did not go once to the Louvre; "he cared for nothing but the old book-shops." But he must have gathered a few impressions of the French capital, for he wrote to his daughter, "I would rather live in Paris than be hanged."

I believe that the evidence of the Diary goes to show that Crabb Robinson was able to pronounce upon new poetry. This is one of the most difficult and delicate of undertakings. People with that gift are few. With respect to poetry, most of us follow the hue and cry raised in the newspapers and literary journals. We are able to admire what we are told is admirable. When the road is pointed out for us we can travel it, but we are not able to find the road ourselves. Crabb Robinson placed himself upon record more than once. The most notable entry concerns Keats. In December, 1820, he wrote, "I am greatly mistaken if Keats do not very soon take a high place among our poets."

Of many good books which a man may read, if he will, this Diary of Henry Crabb Robinson is one of the "sweetest and most fortifying." It is a fine illustration of literary sanity. Literary sanity is not entirely fashionable just now, and a perusal of these thirty-years-old volumes may be good for us. Certainly, it is well for us to know about the Diarist himself. A life like his is among the most potent influences for culture. He was modest, unassuming, gentle, and strong. He was a successful bachelor and a good man.

Leon H. Vincent.

NED STIRLING HIS STORY.

WHEN I was a boy, my head was no good to me, and I never used it. I had no wit, except such as pertains to the legs and the stomach, and to the girth of the chest under the arms; though I should not make too light of that, for those are very good places to have wit, when a boy is pitching hay or digging potatoes. I was like a clod in a ploughed furrow, taking the wind and the rain as they came down from heaven upon

me. I was proud of my healthy strength, and all day long, while I did a man's work on the farm, I thanked God for the yellow uncurtained sunlight, and for the honesty of the sweat which wet my laboring body. When the day was done, and the sky cherished only a soft memory of it, I would thank God again for the cool air to which I bared my head, and for the bigness of my appetite. And after feeding until feeding was no longer

a delight, I would go to bed and sleep, with mouth agape and arms and legs widespread, until the new day stood under my window and laughed at me for a laggard.

Time went all alike with me, — the spring with its planting, the summer and fall (or autumn, as I maybe ought to call it in writing) with cultivating and hatching, and winter with eating up the result; so that there seemed no good of the year, when it was done, except the pure joy of it. In winter-time, too, when there was not so much work to do, I went somewhat to school, and lost no little weight and color by the studying of books, though they could scarce soften the hard shell of my understanding, so that what I read in them did not much soak inward.

As I have writ down before (and I do not relish saying the same thing twice over, for the fear of wearying you and myself with much writing), the years were all alike, except the one when my father died.

I did not know him much, though he worked beside me in the fields and barns; for he talked rarely (I mean, not often), and one could only get at what he was by seeing the kindness in his eyes, and the slow way he had of getting angry when things went wrong. Since I have had sons I have often wondered if my father loved me, though I thought little of it when he was alive and might have told me if I had asked him. He died when I was at the elbow, as we say, of my nineteenth year, which is that I was eighteen and a half years old, or thereabout; and then my mother managed the farm, doing the head-work, but using my muscle and wind.

I remember, as an old man will remember such things when he begins to grow forgetful of the things that happened yesterday or last week, that my mother said to me on the day my father was buried, stroking my hair back from my forehead (though she had to stretch

up on her toes to do it, even when I bent down a little), "You are a man now, Ned." And I remember how the words sounded to me, through that being the first time I had thought of being a man. I was so vain of them that I carried them in my ears all day, and they kept time to the sound of the frozen clods shoveled down into the grave where my father was.

But in spite of what my mother said, and what I thought about it, I was not yet a man. My becoming a man happened afterward.

I went about my work soberer for a few days than before, by the outward sign of laughing, but not losing my relish for fried bacon and roasted potatoes for dinner. It was only a little while until I knew that I was still a boy. It is hard to break the habit of being a boy.

It may be you think we were poor, as most book folk are in tales like this; but we were not. My father left more than a hundred and fifty acres of good land, all under plough except the apple orchard, and all without any debts, so that we had plenty. I tell you this, not to boast of our possessions, but for the fear that you might be sorrowing for my mother and thinking her ill provided for.

It went on so, with much hard work, and much affection between my mother and me, until I was turned twenty-two, when I had my full breadth of shoulder, with my cheeks bearing their first crop of yellow beard, very thin, like new ground when first sown to tame grass for meadow. I was of great size, and not to brag, but only to tell what might have a bearing on the matter, when I had on my best coat, with breeches and waistcoat to match, and boots too, the maids were wont to look twice at me, turning their heads around for the second glance, as the habit of women folk is, when they had passed by me. And I, as was the custom (which God forbid that any honest man should fail to keep),

would kiss one now and then, when she pleased me, but meaning nothing by it, and not against her will.

Then one day it happened, about midsummer, that I had to walk to town, going in the cool of the morning, and going on foot, because our horses were all at work with the harvesting (so firmly do I remember all about the day). I meant to come back after sunset, when the air was cooler, but in the late afternoon the great heat hatched a brood of fluffy cloudlings, like young chicks, white at first, but growing big and dark; and the wind began to handle them roughly, turning their feathers the wrong way, and tearing off from them ragged plumes of vapor. Then their storm-mother clucked to them hoarsely from behind the low hills to the west, and they ran to her; so I, from much living out of doors and watching the signs of such things, knew that we should have a grievous time of it with the elements, and, mindful of my good clothes, started home before the time set.

Though it was two hours before the time for sunset, the darkness had grown heavy, and the swallows were troubled, tumbling about in the high air at first, and then skimming close to the ground, and chattering. The wind had left the earth and gone to where the strife was, as though eager to have a part in it, so that the trees stood straight and moveless, and the heat rested on me like a heavy weight, making my body wet and panting, and the motion of my legs, when I hurried on by the road, came hard and unwilling.

I never feared a storm, but take joy in all fierce conflict, whether it be of the elements or of strong men struggling; but there was that awfulness in the high-banked blackness, growing momentarily, which did away with lightness of heart, and made my eyes to shrink deeper under their brows.

The sun was not to be seen, but only guessed at, because of here and there a

flush on the bulk of the cloud-masses, like the flush of fever on a sick man's face, unhealthy and not good to look at. Then the lightning began to show, dimly at first, as forebodings of trouble come athwart the mind, but growing keener, until the jagged streaks flashed out each for itself, and made the cloud-bank seem a place of drunken riot, without fear of the law.

So closely was I watching all this, and thinking of my coat, that my eyes had no inclination earthward until I was near to home and knew that I should not get wet. Then all at once my legs stopped work, and my heart with them, and I knew that I was a man, and thanked God that I had my good clothes on, for my love was before me.

In the book called Revelation a man tells of what he saw in heaven. I know he must have left out much, although he was inspired in the writing. How then can I, who am not inspired, nor anything like it, but only a common fellow, hope to tell of what I saw, though the picture is strongly before me?

The wind, which had risen, had loosed her hair, and it fell about her, all a dark glory, hiding half her face, so that only her frightened eyes and her pale cheek peeped outward. She held her hat by its strings in one hand, and her petticoat's hem in the other, to free her little feet for running, and she was trying to beat against the harsh wind, while cowering before the terrible wild flashes of the lightning, as I have seen wild animals do, and pitied them.

When she saw me, she ran to me as a child might, from deep fear, and laid her hands on my arm, and her beautiful head down upon them, and I felt her all a-tremble. I stooped to speak to her, to encourage her, if such might be; but the storm was already breaking over us, a great black terror, spitting purple and red, and roaring like a mad thing, so that no other voice could have been heard though an archangel had spoken.

I lifted her in my arms and ran, so light she was, and I was reconciled more than ever to be broad across the shoulders. She laid her head down on me, hiding her face, and the wind lifted the silken strands of her loosened hair and blew them on my lips and cheek, and my heart was brave to face anything it might please God to send upon us.

So it was that I came home, and laid my burden (though far too slight to be called so) down upon the settle in our best room, while I went to call my mother.

As long as old men could remember there was never such a storm before in our county, though its fury lasted but half an hour. All outdoors reeled and tottered, and the crash of it in our ears was terrible. I doubt if words have been made to tell of such things; at least, I cannot find them in my head, nor have I seen them in the writings of scholars, which I have read in my later years, since I cannot do a man's work any more on the farm. But the storm outdoors was not to be compared for the smallest time with what was going on inside me, about the poor girl who lay with her face hid on the cushions of the settle, though my mother tried to comfort her. I saw with my eyes, but not with my understanding, what was happening outside, with rugged old trees coming down groaning, and with cattle standing helpless, their heads lowered away from the fierceness of the storm, while the sky writhed in mighty convulsions. My heart knocked strongly against my ribs, though not from any fear of harm to myself, and my feet took me restlessly here and there over the house, until the rage of the hurricane was gone, and its breath too, and it slunk away, growling, leaving only the rain coming down in broad sheets, as if to cover up the ruin which had been wrought, and to lay it all down out of sight. When that time came, my little love lifted her dear face from the cushions and told us her name, and that

she had come to a neighbor's house to get color in her cheeks; though the color they bore, when she looked up at me from under her shy lids, with her dark hair in deep disorder, was the beautifullest ever seen, and she had no need of mending it. Her name was Ruth; and since that day, when it has befallen that I put my eyes upon a lovely woman, combining purity and all sweetness, I have wondered if her name might be Ruth, too.

Now, though I have written over and spoiled many sheets of my paper (at a cost of three shillings to the bundle), and have laid my head back on the pillow of my chair in between the times of trying, I cannot think how to tell what came afterward, except to say that thus love laid hold of me, and I took to acting as a man will. And now I know that whatever may be the outcome of it, love is good for a man, because of the fermentation which is bred in him thereby. When love has mingled with his essence, he is never again the same (though I suppose a man is never twice the same in any case). I know not any fit expression for it, except a poor and mean one, which is that love is like the yeast which the housewife adds to dough, leavening a man, no matter how mere a lump he be, and making him fit for the baking he must needs get in life, if he live his allotted years. And it encourages him to look at himself, to see what there may be in him; thereby showing him most strange things which before he did not even guess at. Not wanting to be tedious in the saying of it, I have come in my life to times when I have stood in familiar places and longed for change and greater mystery; yet when I would but look at the things covered by the span of my legs (growing things, with life in them, living according to God), I would find greater mystery than a man may solve in all his life long. So it seemed to me after that I had begun loving. My own nature, which every man

thinks he knows somewhat of, showed fresh tokens, when I looked closer, and left me never tired of turning it over and wondering at it. I do not say that I thought of all these things then, or even had the wit to think of them, being slow, but that some of them (or at least the ways of saying them) have come to me since. Then I only knew that I loved, and that love was a new and strange delight.

I went about my work, not thinking what I did, but because working had become a habit with me. I would not see the things to which my hand was turned, but saw instead, floating in mist, like the little heads of cherubs painted upon the roof of our church, a saucy small head, the lips mocking at me and the cheeks mantling over with the fairness of youth, until a warm chilliness would sweep over me, and my legs, which were wont to be as sturdy as oak-trunks, would grow limp and uncertain. The fields of wheat grew ripe for cutting, and all day long we swung our reaping-hooks under the summer sun. Though I did my part, according to custom, yet I saw little of the beautiful golden grain, but saw instead a waving mass of black soft hair, and took to thinking black the fairest color of all, unless it might be pink or white such as touched her cheeks, or red such as lay upon her lips. I grew a very zany, as I know now, but had no time or inclination to think then.

But at night, when darkness put a stop to all work, the worst of it was upon me. Then would I walk out, when folk with pulses unstirred were honestly a-snore, and wander about, smelling the sweet night-smells and looking at the stars, though only thinking of these things dully, but thinking of my little love's face, until it grew most strange how all fair things bore semblance to it, whether at morning when life awoke, or at noon-tide when life sought ease of the effort of living, or at night when life lay slumbering and whispering in its dreams.

Then by and by, from knowing not what else to do, I would go to bed, to lie long awake (after a way new born in me), with my eyeballs staring up into the blackness. And my thoughts were so ill trained that I did but half know what ailed me. Yet would I live all the eighty years of my life over again, not thinking it hard or unwelcome, for the sake of one day of that joy.

Sometimes I saw her, for she got a marvelous fondness for my mother, and would come often to sit with her under the trees. But when I sat near her I was not happier than when I walked alone, thinking of her; for to be near her made of me such a mere lump of clay that it seemed the Almighty had only fashioned my body, and forgot to breathe life into it. She would talk to me sometimes, but I could not say anything back to her, only hard yes and no. Then would she laugh at me, with shining eyes; and I could not laugh too, but could only get red in the face and pull at the hair on my chin and cheeks. I felt that I was a fool, and feeling it only made me a bigger one. I was a very oaf, and manhood seemed but a small part of me.

All this went on so, without my taking thought of time going by, or without my taking thought of anything at all except naked loving, until one day, in the evening, I came back from seeing how the fields of Indian corn were making silken promises of a plenteous harvest of golden ears. I remember how that content hovered lightly in the air above me, and how it alighted upon me, as if to rest there, when I came in sight of my little love in her accustomed place by my mother's side, and how it took sudden startled flight when I saw a horse tied at our gate, and a gay gentleman walking up the path to the place where the two women sat together, — so jealous is a man's love. I can see now, between me and my sheet of paper, how graceful his step was, how thin and fine his face, and

how his clothes looked, with his long boots, his pot-hat, and his silken waistcoat spotted over with scarlet. He lifted his hat to the women with a very fine manner, and I saw his head covered with close knots of shining yellow hair, soft and fine as the silk on my corn; then my heart seemed to die down altogether within me.

"I crave your pardon, madam," I heard him say in a voice so soft it seemed hardly a man's voice at all, "and I also crave a draught of water at your hand; for I have come a long way, and a hot and dusty one."

My mother had risen to greet him, and she bade him welcome as though she meant it, and gave him her own chair to sit on, while she went about offering him hospitality.

He sat down with a fine air, for which I hated him, and spoke some soft words of commonplace to Ruth, who bent her head above her handiwork in her lap, so that there was no getting at her eyes, only the line of her little chin showing under her hair's shelter; a thing I liked not, though knowing the ways of women so ill, for she would always look straightforwardly at me, and I burned at seeing her head droop before him.

My mother brought a pitcher of home-brewed ale, cool, brown, and foaming above the pitcher's brim, and some of her sweet cake dotted over the top with spice seeds, which made the gentleman's eyes to glisten.

"I thank you, madam, with all my heart," I heard him say; "and if such is your treatment of strangers, I must give thanks that my lot is to be cast among you for a time." Whereat I could but set my lips between my teeth, and wish that it might be the will of Providence that his stay be much shortened; though I knew it was a feeling which did me no credit, for we have always been famed, in our part of the county, for our goodness to strangers.

He filled his glass with the ale and

held it before him, standing up. "I pledge your good health through a long and peaceful life, madam," he said, "and the little damsel's." He tipped back his head in the drinking, in the doing of which his eyes fell upon me, where I hung back from them.

"My soul!" he cried aloud, when he could take his glass from his lips, the last drop being gone, "what a great fine lad it is!" and his eyes ran over my bulk in so easy and familiar a way that I began to swell even bigger in my resentment of his assurance. "Come closer, lad," he called to me; "it were a pity to let your bashfulness spoil a friendship." Which speech, so well timed to my knowledge of myself, would have brought me to him though he had been the Evil One himself.

"My name is Arthur Dunwoody," he said, and held out a small hand of fine softness (a thing I cannot bear in a man).

"My name is Ned Stirling," I told him in my biggest and coarsest voice, for the sake of contrast, and to make it as strong as I could, and I gave his hand such a grasp as I warrant it had never had, which made the small bones to wrinkle up, though his face bore naught but his easy smile.

"A fine lad, truly," he said again; "and if this be a product of your county's air and feeding, I must take fresh joy, for I am come among you to get back a little lost health."

He sat so with us for a time, talking in light fashion of many things, but for the most part in praise of what he saw around him, and of us, and listening sometimes, with much show of respect, to what my mother said (as became her as a good countrywoman) of our county's richness and abundance in all good things, for which men are wont to pray as blessings, and of the good hearts and neighborliness of all the people of our countryside. In all this converse I took no part, except with my eyes, to watch,

and with my ears, to listen ; neither did little Ruth take part, only lifting a shy glance to mother's face now and again. When he was gone, with invitation to come again, my mother said how fine a gentleman he was ; but Ruth said naught, nor did I, for listening for what Ruth might say.

And thereafter he did come again, and yet again ; so that often, when coming hot and smoking from my labor in the fields, I would find him sitting, as though he had the right, with the two women, who made him welcome, and listened in wonderment to his talk. Marvelous tales he told, as I know from listening somewhat, though much against my will (only that I was jealous of his being there), of travelings in other lands, and of adventure with wild things and with men. At this I felt as a man must feel when the chirurgeon says to him that there is not much hope ; for I was at the disadvantage of a man who has been trained to plain straightforwardness, without the power to ornament my speech with prettinesses. I hate a lie, but not so much as I hate a liar ; and his tales sounded like lies, from their semblance to some that I had heard and read, made to amuse children.

Sometimes I thought, for my love's sake, to learn of him his ways, and sat by, looking on and listening, until often, from very dizziness of the head, I would fall asleep in my chair, to the forgetting of even the little good manners I knew. But as well might I have tried to learn the wind's ways, or the lightning's, or the ways of death ; so far was he from me in manners and breeding, as I only needed to look inward to prove. Out of doors, when I was in my fields, following after my plough, bedding my horses or feeding my pigs, where fine manners and graces fretted me none, I could have made him envy me my healthy cheeks, and the strong muscles in my back, and the bulk of my legs, and maybe my outdoor way of honesty. But

when I dropped my plough-handles and my bran-bucket, and was by him, with whom manners and graces seemed to make the bigness of life, I was only a lout and a bumpkin, and no help for it. My sunburned skin was but a poor match for fine clothes ; my legs were too tight for my town-made breeches, when every sitting down and getting up was like to crack the stitches ; my thick hands and broad feet, though it pleased God to have them so, made but a poor showing in company, where hands and feet are to look at ; and through the smell of the fashionable scents which I took to putting on my hair and handkerchief, sometimes, there would come up the honester smells of the barnyard and the sty, which are very good smells outdoors, where God kindly changes the air right often, but unwelcome to nostrils not bred to them.

Another gift he had, and used to his advantage. He could take a pen of goose-quill and a drop of ink and make a wondrous fine picture, — heads and faces, horses, birds, and all animals ; whereat the women stared with eyes wide open, and even I, in spite of my dislike of him for love's sake, could do naught but gape at him. But once, when he had gone, I found a bit of paper lying on the grass, whereon was drawn a great pudding, round and fat, with dried currants for the eyes, a plum for the nose, and little wreaths of steam for the beard, the whole made to look so like my own face in its heavy roundness that I could only stare stupidly, no doubt to the increasing of the likeness ; and then my face, to carry out the whole semblance, flashed burning hot, until it seemed that steam must issue from it in very truth ; and I swore firmly under my breath, as I crumpled the bit of paper in my hands, that I would have my spite of him, and prayed for wit for the working of it.

I made out to ask sly questions about him in town, at the inn where he lived ; and some sorry tales I heard of him,

though glad am I to own that mayhap his sins were multiplied in the telling, as is the manner of those who gossip. I heard how that he could drink through a whole night, of good stout liquor, until all who tried to sit with him were turned to mere nerveless heaps under the table, though he kept his cool smile, and was ready for breakfast in the morning; also how that he loved all women, the good and the bad, and made no question as to what one he should kiss or pat upon the chin, when the chance ripened: and this I liked least of all I heard of him, through my having been trained to look upon all women, no matter what, as exempt from all evil, even of thought. After this I was minded to forbid him our house, but knew not how to go about it, from never having known the need of such in our county, our men being of a different quality, though maybe coarser bred.

But by and by I saw a change grow in him, — a way of talking less buoyantly, and of sitting with his chin in his fingers, looking downward; and by the means of what had been going on in me I knew that love was working its way in him, too; and indeed, I saw not how it could be avoided, with him so much in Ruth's company. And being honest with myself sometimes, when I thought about it alone, I tried to think that maybe it was better for her sake to let God shape it than to try the shaping myself. I thought (as maybe all men have thought who have loved sweet women) that I was not fit for her; for I doubted much if the soft cheek of a girl, bred to gentle ways, could take kindly to the caressing of a coarse rough hand, or if her soul could long enjoy contact with a rude nature like mine. And yet, as a strong man, used to meeting strife halfway and having the matter out, I hated to yield myself up; but day after day, as I went about my work, I laid my bare soul open to God, making no bones of it, and prayed about it in

Christ's name, who had lost love himself, and must know how I felt. But while I talked of it so intimately with God, and even sometimes with my horses and cattle, being lonesome, I said nothing to Ruth. For God takes much for granted out of the heart of a man which would have to be explained to a woman, with maybe no words for the explaining. So I only asked of God, who had made us what we were and had shaped things thus far, to make the best end of it he might.

One time they two went away together (as they had got the way of doing), upon a great, slow, and lazy day in September, and were gone until evening began to darken. When they came back, walking by the way of a lane which went by the side of our pasture lot, I too was in the lane, and (not to justify, but only to tell what happened) I kept very still where I stood and heard what they said; and so much of it as struck into me I here put down.

"Only I feel that I have lived most unworthily," he said, "and in a way to unfit a man to ask for a pure woman's love."

Thereat she bent her head, with her eyes thoughtfully cast downward. "Do you think yourself past the power of God to purify?" she asked him.

Then I saw his eyes turned toward her sweet face, and his lips took to trembling; but by and by he said, "Dear girl, all my life has only been the means of proving to me how weak I am in all goodness. I thank God you may not understand that."

"There is no one of God's creatures but is weak in goodness, when he goes his own way," she said; "but I think (and I think myself right) that when a man walks in God's ways and asks for a share of God's strength, he may be what he will, and reach what heights of goodness he will."

She looked fairly into his face while she said this, slowly, until his whole

body went away under her pure glance, and the tears ran down his face, he making no trial to check them. Then all at once a fierce change came on him, and he raised his closed hand high over his head as though to strike, and he cried out in a voice with the sound of clashing swords in it, and his face flashing scarlet, "By the living God, I will try!" Then, though in so short a time, all fierceness died out of him, as the fire died out of his cheeks, and he laid his hands upon her shoulders, bending down. "Little sweetheart," he said, so softly and gently that it seemed not the same voice any more, "pure little soul, will you not kiss me, to give me strength for the trying?"

And straightway, without delay, she held up her face to him, and he kissed her upon the mouth.

Then (and I tell this gladly, because of the quality of resolution which I love to find in a man) when they sat in the evening before our house, and my mother brought for his refreshment a tiny glass of her peach brandy, rich and sweet-scented, he took it in his hand and stood for a time looking into its shadowy clearness, and then raised it over his head and tipped the glass so that the brandy fell down drop by drop upon the grass at his feet; he keeping his eyes upon little Ruth's face. Then when he had put the glass down he went away without any more ado.

That night, while I could not sleep for thinking of what had passed, both in point of fact and in my imagining, I set about plucking hope out of me, as something which did not belong to me any more, and which I therefore had no right to keep. But the giving up of it was a sad thing, as I found it.

I much doubt if all men will understand this as I have told it, forasmuch as with some men love seems but a lightly fashioned toy for life's playtime; but with me life and love have been part each of the other.

And on this happening, though I could not forego eating, after the fashion of lovers in books, yet I had but a bad enjoyment of it, and without longing for the time for it (or at least not much). I worked, trying to forget about it, only failing to do it, any more than I could have lost my great right hand and forgotten it, or any more than the sun might die out of the sky, and the moon, and let us forget them.

Thereafter I heard no evil of him at the town, but only that he drank no more, and that he gave up his companions, as though he had done with them, and passed his days and nights in quietness, for the most part away with his horse in the woodlands or on the hills: all of which I know ought to have pleased me, and I think it did, for Ruth's sake, but not much for his own. This I say with shame, after all these years; but then I was as God made me, young, and with love dying hard in me.

But my understanding was at fault when I found that he came less often to our house, and then only to sit for the most part silent, as I had of late observed in him, with his face bent in thought, maybe worrying the heads of clover with his riding-whip, or maybe telling tales, not of adventure any more, but of wars and of love and death, so that even I was moved sometimes to pity of all poor humankind. His was a most strange face when he sat so, sheltering his eyes under their brows, and letting all his old gay life lie dead upon his features, as brown leaves lie after frost upon the yet green grass.

One day, but a little time after his walk with Ruth, as I have told about, I took my gun and went out upon the hills; and knowing the ways of things in our outdoor neighborhood, I hid myself far up beside a pathway, but little used, where sometimes a red deer would pass. Here, having set me down, with my back against a tree and my gun across my knees, I took to thinking, not of red

deer, as might be expected, but of Ruth, and of Arthur Dunwoody, and of myself, and of what death might be like, and of how soon I should be finding out (being in good health and of a long-lived race); and so I fell asleep sitting there (a thing not very seemly in a man waiting for red deer to pass, but I had lost much sleep of late time).

By and by I awoke again, hearing a light step and the leaves rustling in the pathway. Quickly I raised the flint of my gun and leaned over, peering out, without making any noise, and without thinking of anything, not even of Ruth, but of the red deer. So my senses were all much surprised when I saw there a woman, young and very comely, who stepped slowly back and forth, as though that were her fit place.

She was of a different mould and make from little Ruth, and therefore not so beautiful as Ruth. She was tall and straight and dark, like the trees around her, but gracefuler than they, even when the wind moved them, and her face was full of softness and kindness, with little places for smiles to lie upon, or tears, if such might be.

So I sat quite still, not to startle her, for the fear that she might go away before I had my fill of looking, and trying to think what her name might be, through thinking that I knew all the women of our part of the county (at least, all the comely ones). By and by, while I looked, I knew that she was Alice Mooreland, the daughter of Judge Jeffrey Mooreland, a stern old man, who spent his later years in cherishing the things he had got possession of. I had missed knowing her at first because she went but little abroad from home, and because I had not seen her since she was three years younger, or maybe four (so does time go), when her petticoats came only down to the upper lacings of her shoes.

So I sat and gazed, and seemed not to get enough of gazing at her, until

I saw her start on a sudden, and stand listening, and then I heard the sound of horse's hoofs at far away down the hillside. And not to be too long in the telling of it, in a little time Arthur Dunwoody rode up the pathway, making all speed, so that his horse was in a foam, though the day was but a mild one. He gave no thought to the beast, but when he had come up to Alice, where she stood waiting, he threw himself down from his saddle and ran to her, taking her in his arms and holding her close, while she lifted her face to be kissed.

And here, as maybe can be guessed, I was filled with many thoughts in strong conflict, but none of them very clear, so as to be set down here in order; only I wondered, and thought dimly of Ruth, and then flashed hot with anger and resentment of his deceit of her sweet trust and love. For I hate a liar more than any other of the devil's imps. I can forgive to a man some evil intentions; but for a lie, planned with care and carried out with fortitude, I have no love. For the heart that bears one lie is like to bear others, and do it better for the skill of practice, and you have to watch for it, which is not good for confidence. I did not think of all these things then, but have set them down as they come to me now: then I could only bend over and look, wondering so much at seeing them thus that I heard nothing of what they said (at least not to remember it) for a long time. I had only wit enough to sit quietly, through having been caught so, against my will, and thinking to keep quiet as the best way out of it.

Soon I heard Alice say, "It must be good-by, now, with longing for the sweet time when there need be no more of good-by said between us."

Yet he held her close. "Sweetheart, tell me that you love me," he said.

Light and life and all love's brightness shone in her face, as she lay there in his arms and looking up at him.

"Why must you always be told so?"

she said, smiling at him in a woman's way, feigning unwillingness.

"Because," he said, and he would not let her look away from him, "because of the wonder that you should love me, which goes beyond my power of believing unless you tell me."

So she stood away from him a small arm's length, looking into his eyes and putting away all shyness.

"I love you," she said, "for all that you have been, and for all that you are and yet shall be to me in my life, more than life itself; therefore have I given my life to you, and love along with it. Now let me go."

But he drew her close to him again for a brief time, saying no words, but using love's expression, until I was near to forgetting all my other feelings in love of looking on. Then he loosed her from his arms, and stood with a still and firm countenance while she went away, turning once or twice to hold out her hand to him before she went beyond reach of sight. When she was gone he yet stood, forgetting his horse, which pushed its nose among the stones of the pathway, sniffing, until it came up and laid its head against his arm; then he roused himself, like a man half slumbering, and got into his saddle, and went away.

Now, for the most part, I have found it to be so that slow and unwilling wits do contribute to peace more than do active ones, being not so like to be stirred or troubled with every light circumstance; wherefore slow-witted men, having more time and inclination for it, are mostly fatter. Yet in spite of the peace of it, I have sometimes longed for more vigilant understanding (though finding no fault with God over the lack of it), and never did I long for it more than then. What should I do about it? So I questioned myself, sitting there, while all the deer of the county might have passed by without my knowing it. But though I persisted in the asking, not any answer could I make myself, except that

maybe God might find a way out of it, as simple folk get a way of believing. And there I had to let it rest, though thinking mightily (for me), and not desiring anything but Ruth's perfect happiness, as I do verily believe. So I kept silence, and right glad I was afterward to have done so wisely (though taking no credit for the wisdom).

Again one day, not long after that of which I have last told, being restless in spirit, and my legs following the bent of my head, I went abroad upon the hills; but where there were no trees, only low shrubs and such like, and where the quail were whistling (for quail was something to which my appetite did cling through all, when toasted). Toward midday, when I had climbed far up to the hills' greatest height, and stepped along with much caution for fear of noise to alarm the quail, I came to where I saw Arthur Dunwoody sitting at the edge of a steep place, with a broad black rock before him, at which he worked busily with his hands; and so firm a hold had curiosity and spying got upon me (though I hate it) that I went forward with much circumspection of step, and concealed as much as might be, with my bigness, behind sheltering points of rock and bush, until I could see closely what he did. He had taken a bit of white chalk from the hillside, and with it, upon the surface of the stone before him, he had drawn, with wondrous exactness of line and shadow, the faces of Ruth and of Alice Mooreland, side by side; and as I regarded him, he regarded his work intently, with many smiles and softenings of expression, looking first at one and then at the other. Then did I see him lean forward of a sudden, and fondly and gently kiss the pictured face of little Ruth. And when I saw this, then were all my doubts and troubled fears aroused again within me, and I longed to get away.

While I was thinking of it so closely, and of how to set my feet in going that

he might not hear me, at a moment he rose, with his eyes lingering upon his portraiture, so that he stepped, without heeding it, upon the very edge of the steepness, and the shelving rock betrayed a weakness, and he went down out of my sight ere he or I could cry out.

Now, forasmuch as this tale partakes very much (in some places) of confession, I would confess it all, to give it due and just proportion; and the very saddest of all is here to be confessed, as being the hardest and meanest of the hard and mean things of my nature, namely, that when I saw him go down, with a face of agony and arms uplifted, there came into my soul a sense of gladness; not for very long (maybe the half part of a lightning's flash), yet did it print itself upon me, so that I shall always carry the shame of it. So little a time it endured that before he was well down out of sight of my eyes, my feet were moving to aid him, and I swung myself down from point to point, clinging to every jutting place and scraping myself grievously, so that the places were many days in healing over. He had fallen for six yards' length, and lay quite still, with white face, and his yellow hair spread over with blood, one arm being crushed beside him on the rocks.

I took him up in my arms very gently (or as gently as I might, with my clumsy greatness) and carried him home, three English miles, over the rough hills; and each stumbling step of the hard way jarred loose within me a little thankfulness to God that he had made me strong. When I got my burden home I laid it down on my bed, with all the household in commotion, while I went for a surgeon. On the way I stopped to tell Ruth of what had befallen, and for the rest of the way I saw alternately (as a scholar would no doubt say it) his white face and hers, not less white, when I told her.

Not to dwell too long upon it, because I do not remember all the total of the

circumstances (being dazed nearly as senseless as he was), he lay so without any sign of living, only that he breathed brokenly, and that his heart went on somewhat with beating, for the rest of the day and through the night until morning; the surgeon not leaving him, though not hoping much for any good outcome, and Ruth and my mother and I doing what was needful.

When he had been so for four-and-twenty hours, Ruth came out to me, where I walked about without the house, a new showing of trouble in her dear eyes.

"He knows us," she told me softly, with her hand upon my arm, "but the surgeon fears it is not for long." Then she stood for a moment regarding me clearly. "Will you go and fetch Parson Arrowsmith?" she asked, with much of my own directness of speech.

And I went away to fetch him, eight miles or more, sorrowing meanwhile that belike the end was near, and not glad, as I can say in very truth, though wondering what might happen when he was gone.

When I was come again with the parson (a little fat man, and short of breathing, who traveled hard, though he rode my best horse), Ruth met me.

"He wants you to come, too," she said: and I followed to where Arthur Dunwoody lay, his eyes open, though they were shadowed over with the pain of dying, and with the fear of how to go about it. What little of wit I had left in me went speedily out when I saw standing by the bedside, tall and stately and beautiful, Alice Mooreland, with her two hands locked in Arthur Dunwoody's whole one. And there they remained while Parson Arrowsmith, being made acquainted with the matter, wedded them together solemnly.

When this was done, Arthur looked from one to another until his eyes lit upon Ruth's face, and he said in a weak voice and far away, "Dear little coun-

selor and sweetest of friends, kiss me." And she stooped down and kissed his lips. Then we went away, leaving Alice his wife with him, that he might be about the business of dying. Only (to hasten on with matters, for I am getting impatient of the long delaying of the end) it took him two-and-twenty years thereafter to die; and they were two-and-twenty years of gentle goodness and peace, though old Judge Mooreland made a great to-do and strife about it at first, but to no purpose, Parson Arrowsmith having done his work orderly and well.

And now, for one time in my life, resolution and firmness got hold of me and I of them, and together we set about mending matters. And I would give it as the sum of my experience thus, to wit: when there is anything to be said to a woman, say it, and have done with it with all speed.

This happened in a sweet, dusky evening, with the new moon and the biggest and boldest of the stars looking on, and a soft breath of air stirring in the trees, flushing with the first touch of frost, though there was no other sign of it. I met Ruth in our pasture lane, a sweet place, and fit for love's avowal, and where I have been wont to walk all my life long for the strengthening of my heart. Here I made her stop by me, while the night grew momentarily more fair and beautiful.

"I had thought, Ruth," I said, call-

ing her so for the first time before her face, "that you were to be wife to him."

Her glance went away to the distance, but soon came back to rest upon my face, though very briefly, and then to fall away to the ground, while I saw her soft breast stirred with deeper breathing and stronger beating of her gentle heart.

"Look at me, Ruth," I said. But she would not until I had laid my hands upon her head and with my gentlest strength made her to do it. Then in her eyes, though the darkness gathered thickly beneath the trees, I saw that which a man may look at once in a long life, the sweetest and fairest sight of earth, — the light of pure love and the promise of love's fruition.

We know why God loves us, and no puzzle about it, as I have read in the sayings of wise men, to whom God was no mystery, but the ways of a woman's love be past discovering, as this proved to me.

"Ruth, sweetheart, do you love me?" I asked of her, hardly daring, yet with a great courage after all.

And all things stopped and waited while she answered me, her soft voice sifting upward through the dark meshes of her hair, "Yes, I do love you, dear."

God made that night for us two, and then left us alone in the hollow of it, and our love filled the whole of its great depth and vastness.

William R. Lighton.

THE TEACHER AND THE LABORATORY: A REPLY.

IN the April number of *The Forum* there appeared an interesting article, by Professor Bliss, of the School of Pedagogy at New York University, entitled *Professor Münsterberg's Attack on Experimental Psychology*. It was a reply to a paper which I had published in the

February number of *The Atlantic Monthly*, about the value of experimental psychology to methods of teaching.

On the question itself there is no reason for me to say an additional word. I have said what I had to say, and I have not changed my views. I believe

still in every word of my original essay, and I have no desire to repeat it. But I find in it some little misunderstandings, and some little confusions, and some little misstatements, and some little absurdities, all of which suggest my attempting a slight readjustment for the sake of a clear understanding.

My personal interests also urge me to reply, for I tremble to think what psychologists may finally do with me, if this kind of metamorphosis of my views is allowed to continue. Professor Bliss calls my words against the psychologists so "direful" that they "remind us of those which years ago thundered forth from these same New England hills, portraying the terrors of future punishment." After this, surely I may be allowed a few words to clear up my real intentions.

Professor Bliss, in his title, calls my paper an "attack on experimental psychology," and condenses its content into the significant phrases that I "attempt to crush the rising spirit of the American teachers;" that I tell them, "in tones of authority, that if they value their pedagogical lives they will never again set foot within a psychological laboratory;" and that the psychology courses in the universities, "so far as teachers are concerned, are all nonsense." Professor Bliss ought to have concealed from his readers the fact that experimental psychology is my own field of work, and that I have devoted to it the greater part of my researches; but since he says all these things himself, his readers will hardly believe that I suddenly "attack" my own line of work, and that I choose for such a suicidal onslaught the publicity of a popular magazine. They will perhaps themselves come to the suspicion that I did not "attack" experimental psychology itself, but only its frivolous misuse. There remains, of course, the other possibility, that I have suddenly changed my views; that I believed in experimental psychology till 1897, and that I attack it in 1898. But there are some

witnesses who know better. I have given my lecture course on empirical psychology in Harvard University, this year, before three hundred and sixty-five students, perhaps the largest psychology course ever given anywhere, and I think even Professor Bliss could not introduce into these lectures more demonstrations and discussions of experiments than I do. A very large proportion of these students will become teachers. Is it probable that before so many witnesses I would do three times every week what I publicly call "nonsense"? Is it probable that I intentionally force so many men to do just what I publicly pray them not to do "if they value their pedagogical lives"?

It may be that the readers of Professor Bliss are prepared to expect from me even such improbable tricks; for the greater part of his eloquent essay has no other purpose than to show that inner contradiction is my specialty. My words are "inconsistent both among themselves and with their author's own position in educational matters." Let us consider first the latter case. The contradiction between my paper and my practical position in educational matters is indeed shocking. I have said that experimental psychology cannot give to teachers to-day any pedagogical prescriptions, and now Professor Bliss unmasks and discloses the fact that "the writer of this article is the sole deviser of a set of psychological apparatus, designed by him especially because of their pedagogical value in furthering psychological experiments in the schools." I must confess that I am guilty: I designed a set of apparatus for the school teaching of psychology. I had at that time no presentiment that any one would ever fail to see the difference between the teaching of psychology and psychological teaching. If I say that school children ought to be taught about electricity, I do not mean that the teaching itself ought to go on by electricity; and if I instruct my stu-

dents about insanity, I do not think that my instruction itself needs the methods of madness. Why is the willingness to teach psychology, then, an acknowledgment that all teaching must apply psychological schemes?

Professor Bliss and many other friends do not see that the relation between experimental psychology and the teacher can have a threefold character. First, the teacher may become prepared to teach elementary experimental psychology in the schoolroom, just as he would become prepared to teach physics or zoology. Second, the teacher may use his school children as material to study experimentally the mind of the child in the interest of theoretical scientific psychology, and thus to supply the psychologist with new facts about mental life. Third, the teacher may try to apply his knowledge of experimental psychology in his methods of teaching. These three possibilities have almost nothing at all to do with one another. Any one of the three propositions can be accepted while the two others are declined. My own opinion is that the first is sound, the second doubtful, the third decidedly bad; and only with the third did my paper deal.

The teaching of elementary psychology in the school seems to me, indeed, possible and desirable, and I have always done my best to help it, not only by that suspicious set of apparatus, but by other means as well. I have taught some bits of psychology even to my two little children, who are less than ten years old, but I have never made a psychological experiment on them; and above all, I have never misused my little theoretical psychology by mixing it with my practical educational work. I call the second proposition doubtful, the proposition that the teacher makes psychological experiments on the children in the interest, not of pedagogics, but of psychology. Theoretically there is no objection to it, but practically there is a grave objection. It

seems to me harmful for the child, misleading to the teacher, and dangerous for psychology, because the teacher cannot do experimental work in a schoolroom in a way which will satisfy the demands of real science. Almost everything of that kind that has yet been done shows the most uncritical diletanteism. But even if all this were not so, — if psychological experiments were the most healthful recreations for children, and the most inspiring sources of ethical feeling for teachers, and the most precious treasures of information for psychologists, — what has all this to do with our question whether the individual teacher can make use of our laboratory psychology for the improvement of his general teaching? It is only this pretension that I have emphatically denied. Psychology, I have tried to show, will give later to scientific pedagogy the material from which prescriptions for the art of teaching may be formed; but if the individual teacher should try to transform the facts we know to-day into educational schemes, nothing can result but confusion and disturbance. I showed that this is the more certain as the idea that experimental psychology measures mental facts is perfectly illusory; there is no quantitative mathematical psychology, and the hope of exact determination in the service of education is vain.

In every one of these points Professor Bliss discovers contradictions between my words and my actions, between my article in *The Atlantic Monthly* and my scientific publications. Especially in two points every denial seems hopeless. I say that mental facts cannot be measured, and nevertheless I have published experimental psychological papers with "long columns of figures." He exclaims dramatically: "If mental measurements are not being made in the Harvard laboratory, pray, forsooth, what is being done? What means that vast assemblage of delicate apparatus?"

I think that this question can be an-

swered in a few words. We cannot measure mental facts, because they have no constant units which can be added, but we can analyze mental facts in our self-observation. If the self-observation goes on under the natural conditions of daily life, we have the ordinary psychology; but if we introduce for our self-observation artificial outer conditions which are planned for the special purpose of the observation, then we have experimental psychology. These artificial outer conditions are represented in that delicate apparatus, and the exact description of their physical work often, indeed, requires columns of figures. We can never measure a feeling, but we can measure the physical stimulus which produces a feeling; and if we ascertain exactly the quantitative variations of the stimulus, and analyze in the self-observation the corresponding qualitative variations of the feeling, we may get a scholarly paper about the feeling, in which many figures leap before the eyes, but in which the feeling itself has not been measured. Even if my publications looked like logarithm tables, I should stick to my conviction.

But I must defend myself against still stronger suspicions. I said that the results of experimental psychology are today useless bits for the teacher who is looking for practical help in his teaching methods, and that we have nothing to give him. And now it is found that I myself have given to teachers by my actions all that help which I cruelly denied them by my words: the opposite would have been worse, but this seems bad enough. Professor Bliss writes: "Among all this work, none is more suggestive than that of the laboratory whence come these notes of warning. In the first volumes of the *Psychological Review* we notice among the *Harvard Studies* the following titles: *Memory*; *The Intensifying Effect of Attention*; *The Motor Power of Ideas*; *Æsthetics of Simple Forms*; *Fluctuations of Attention*, etc.

All these investigations were reported by our critic himself."

I do not deny it, and I regret only one thing, — that my critic, instead of devoting his attention only to the titles of these papers, did not take the trouble to consider also their content. Certainly memory and attention and ideas are of great importance for the educator, and I should at once conclude that papers about such subjects are highly important for him if I found that the papers deal with those subjects from a point of view related to that of the teacher. I am sorry to say, the papers which I have published, in spite of their seductive names, do just the contrary. They work toward a most subtle theoretical analysis of the elements of objects that must interest the educator only as wholes. Every teacher makes use of the chalk a hundred times in the classroom. Will you tell him that he needs chemistry because in the magazines of that science there are papers in the titles of which the word "chalk" appears?

I take a simple illustration. "Attention" is certainly the great thing in the classroom; every teacher suffers from the fluctuations of attention, and tries to intensify attention, and these things are the subjects of my papers. One of them studies how in fractions of seconds different just perceivable optical stimuli vary for our apperception if the eye remains absolutely unmoved; the other seeks to determine whether the sensations of acoustical and tactual stimuli lose by distraction not only vividness, but also intensity, — a change in any case so small that statistical methods become necessary to find it. These researches were the starting-points for important theoretical discussions about the most subtle processes going on in attention; but if a teacher, in an unfortunate hour, should begin to catch the attention of his pupils on the basis of these papers, it would be advisable to send a warning notice about him to the teachers' agencies of the whole

country. And if my own papers are of no use to the teacher, how must it be with the other literature of this kind, if even my critic says that "among all this work none is more suggestive than that of the Harvard laboratory"? He is quite right in that: all the publications of the other laboratories are just as unsuggestive for the immediate practical use of teachers as my own.

But why should there be such an unjust preference for the teachers? If the community of headings and titles forms the fraternity between psychologists and teachers, why not give the bliss of psychology also to other good fellows in the cities and towns who have the same right to demand that those walls about our work at last fall? I think, for instance, of the artists. It would be unjust to conceal the fact that we now make in the psychological laboratory studies on the fusion of tone sensations; of what use is it to the virtuoso to practice piano-playing instead of investigating with us first the whole psychology of tones? and what a perspective for the piano-tuners! In our dark room we work on colors, — the relation of blue to the rods of the retina is under discussion; how can a painter dare to use ultramarine in his brush before he has labored through these experimental studies? One thing lies especially near my heart. We have in our laboratory a complicated apparatus with which we experiment on the psychology of poetical rhythm. I do not see how a poetical soul can hope in future to write a poem in good rhythm before he has seen at least a photograph of that apparatus.

However, I do not wish to exaggerate Professor Bliss's forgetfulness. It is true he forgets the artists, but that does not mean that he favors the teachers only; no, we are told that "experimental psychology with this spirit contains the promise and potency of great assistance for law, medicine, and theology." Especially does his suggestion about the-

ology seem to me excellent; after the kymograph education, certainly the kymograph religion with a chronoscope theology must be the next step of civilization. The best thing would be that our laboratories should arrange a kind of college settlement in every group of the population; they all need us, — the ministers, and the physicians, and the lawyers, and the teachers, and the children.

Finally, a word about the attitude of the schoolmen themselves. Professor Bliss has here, it seems, his strongest foothold, — at least his words swell up to an unusual energy: "Professor Münsterberg has not realized the inspiration of the hour. He misses the whole spirit of modern science and American science teaching. He betrays a low ideal of what teaching should be, and an almost intentional ignorance of schoolroom work." "The idea of the American teacher abandoning psychology at this late day is humorous," he says, and so on in a score of variations. There seemed little hope for me, but I began to inquire what the official educators had said about the matter. I looked into the different educational magazines and school journals. Almost all discussed my paper, and I could not find one that was not in sympathy with my endeavor.

Professor Bliss emphasized the contrast between "the fair New England hills" from which I see the world and the rest of the universe. But I find that even in his Greater New York the best educators and schoolmen are on my side. The Educational Review is regarded as our best pedagogical magazine, and its well-known editor, Professor Butler, of New York, as one of the best champions of the teachers. He began his editorial for March with the following words, in which I drop only the too friendly epithets: "Sober students of education have been pointing out for some time past the illusory character of the belief that somehow these laboratory movements could be applied in the technique of school-

room work, and we have been waiting to see some one step out from the ranks of the psychologists and call attention to the utterly unphilosophical and unscientific character of this assumption. Professor Münsterberg has performed this service; and while the representatives of the other view may wriggle a little in his grasp, they will find that their occupation and influence are gone." Does the Educational Review also "betray a low ideal of what teaching should be"? Does Professor Butler, too, the head of the pedagogical department in Columbia University, suffer from "an almost intentional ignorance of schoolroom work"?

Not only the papers, but hundreds of letters from schoolmen have brought me the same approval. If the newspapers report him correctly, one educational orator from Chicago said, the other day, amid the cheers of his audience, that I will do a vast amount of damage, but only in the East. I am obliged to confess that two thirds of the approving let-

ters to me have come from the West. Indeed, as I consider all the literature which has found its way to my desk, it reminds me more and more of an experience which I had some time ago. There came to me here in Cambridge the president of a teachers' club in another town, asking me to give a talk before his club on the importance of physiological psychology for the methods of teaching. He made a long speech about the brain, and the ganglion cells, and the gyri, and the nerve fibres, and Harvard, and pedagogics, and how it was absolutely necessary that I should accept his invitation to talk on these favorite subjects. I listened patiently, and when he had finished I told him that I could not go, as I should not satisfy the members of the club, because I did not believe in the connection of brain physiology and pedagogics. But the effect I produced on him was quite unexpected: he clapped me jovially on the knee and cried, "Then you must come the more, as we none of us believe in it!"

Hugo Münsterberg.

THE END OF ALL LIVING.

THE First Church of Tiverton stands on a hill, whence it overlooks the little village, with one or two pine-shaded neighborhoods beyond, and, when the air is clear, a thin blue line of upland delusively like the sea. Set thus austere aloft, it seems now a survival of the day when men used to go to meeting gun in hand, and when one stayed, a lookout by the door, to watch and listen. But this the present dwellers do not remember. Conceding not a sigh to the holy and strenuous past, they lament — and the more as they grow older — the stiff climb up the hill, albeit to rest in so sweet a sanctuary at the top. For it is sweet indeed. A soft little wind seems always to be stirring there, on summer

Sundays a messenger of good. It runs whispering about, and wafts in all sorts of odors: honey of the milkweed and wild rose, and a Christmas tang of the evergreens just below. It carries away something, too, — scents calculated to bewilder the thrift-hunting bee: sometimes a whiff of peppermint from an old lady's pew, but oftener the breath of musk and southernwood, gathered in ancient gardens, and borne up here to embroider the preacher's drowsy homilies, and remind us, when we faint, of the keen savor of righteousness.

Here in the church do we congregate from week to week; but behind it, on a sloping hillside, is the last home of us all, the old burying-ground, overrun with

a briery tangle, and relieved by Nature's sweet and cunning hand from the severe decorum set ordinarily about the dead. Our very faithlessness has made it fair. There was a time when we were a little ashamed of it. We regarded it with affection, indeed, but affection of the sort accorded some rusty relative who has lain too supine in the rut of years. Thus, with growing ambition came, in due course, the project of a new burying-ground. This we dignified, even in common speech; it was always grandly "the Cemetery." While it lay unrealized in the distance, the home of our forbears fell into neglect, and Nature marched in, according to her lavishness, and adorned what we ignored. The white alder crept farther and farther from its bounds; tansy and wild rose rioted in profusion, and soft patches of violets smiled to meet the spring. Here were, indeed, great riches, "a little of everything" that pasture life affords: a hardy bed of checkerberry, crimson strawberries nodding on long stalks, and in one sequestered corner the beloved Linnæa. It seemed a consecrated pasture shut off from daily use, and so given up to pleasantness that you could scarcely walk there without setting foot on some precious outgrowth of the spring, or pushing aside a summer loveliness better made for wear.

Ambition had its fulfillment. We bought our Cemetery, a large, green tract, quite square, and lying open to the sun. But our pendulum had swung too wide. Like many folk who suffer from one discomfort, we had gone to the utmost extreme and courted another. We were tired of climbing hills, and so we pressed too far into the lowland; and the first grave dug in our Cemetery showed three inches of water at the bottom. It was in "Prince's new lot," and there his young daughter was to lie. But her lover had stood by while the men were making the grave; and, looking into the ooze below, he woke to the thought of her fair young body there.

"God!" they heard him say, "she shan't lay so. Leave it as it is, and come up into the old buryin'-ground. There's room enough by me."

The men, all mates of his, stopped work without a glance and followed him; and up there in the dearer shrine her place was made. The father said but a word at her changed estate. Neighbors had hurried in to bring him the news; he went first to the unfinished grave in the Cemetery, and then strode up the hill, where the men had not yet done. After watching them for a while in silence, he turned aside; but he came back to drop a trembling hand upon the lover's arm.

"I guess," he said miserably, "she'd full as lieves lay here by you."

And she will be quite beside him, though, in the beaten ways of earth, others have come between. For years he lived silently and apart; but when his mother died, and he and his father were left staring at the dulled embers of life, he married a good woman, who perhaps does not deify early dreams; yet she is tender of them, and at the death of her own child it was she who went toiling up to the graveyard to see that its little place did not encroach too far. She gave no reason, but we all knew it was because she meant to let her husband lie there by the long-loved guest.

Naturally enough, after this incident of the forsaken grave, we conceived a strange horror of the new Cemetery, and it has remained deserted to this day. It is nothing but a meadow now, with that one little grassy hollow in it to tell a piteous tale. It is mown by any farmer who chooses to take it for a price; but we regard it differently from any other plot of ground. It is "the Cemetery," and always will be. We wonder who has bought the grass. "Eli's got the Cemetery this year," we say. And sometimes awestricken little squads of school children lead one another there, hand in hand, to look at the grave where Annie Prince

was going to be buried when her beau took her away. They never seem to connect that heart-broken wraith of a lover with the bent farmer who goes to and fro driving the cows. He wears patched overalls, and has sciatica in winter; but I have seen the gleam of youth awakened, though remotely, in his eyes. I do not believe he ever quite forgets; there are moments, now and then, at dusk or midnight, all his for poring over those dulled pages of the past.

After we had elected to abide by our old home we voted an enlargement of its bounds; and thereby hangs a tale of outlawed revenge. Long years ago "old Abe Eaton" quarreled with his twin brother, and vowed, as the last fiat of an eternal divorce, "I won't be buried in the same yard with ye!"

The brother died first; and because he lay within a little knoll beside the fence, Abe willfully set a public seal on that iron oath by purchasing a strip of land outside, wherein he should himself be buried. Thus they would rest in a hollow correspondence, the fence between. It all fell out as he ordained, for we in Tiverton are cheerfully willing to give the dead their way. Lax enough is the helpless hand in the fictitious stiffness of its grasp; and we are not the people to deny it holding, by courtesy at least. Soon enough does the sceptre of mortality crumble and fall. So Abe was buried according to his wish. But when necessity commanded us to add unto ourselves another acre, we took in his grave with it, and the fence, falling into decay, was never renewed. There he lies, in affectionate decorum, beside the brother he hated; and thus does the greater good wipe out the individual wrong.

So now, as in ancient times, we toil steeply up here, with the dead upon his bier; for not often in Tiverton do we depend on that uncouth monstrosity, the hearse. It is not that we do not own one, — a rigid box of that name has belonged to us now for many a year; and

when Sudleigh came out with a new one, plumes, trappings, and all, we broached the idea of emulating her. But the project fell through after Brad Freeman's contented remark that he guessed the old one would last us out. He "never heard no complaint from anybody 't ever rode in it." That placed our last journey on a homely, humorous basis, and we smiled, and reflected that we preferred going up the hill borne by friendly hands, with the light of heaven falling on our coffin-lids.

The antiquary would set much store by our headstones, did he ever find them out. Certain of them are very ancient, according to our ideas; for they came over from England, and are now fallen into the grayness of age. They are woven all over with lichens, and the blackberry binds them fast. Well, too, for them! They need the grace of some such veiling; for most of them are alive, even to this day, with warning skulls, and awful cherubs compounded of bleak bald faces and sparsely feathered wings. One discovery, made there on a summer day, has not, I fancy, been duplicated in another New England town. On six of the larger tombstones are carved, below the grass level, a row of tiny imps, grinning faces and humanized animals. Whose was the hand that wrought? The Tivertonians know nothing about it. They say there was a certain old Veasey who, some eighty odd years ago, used to steal into the graveyard with his tools, and there, for love, scrape the mosses from the stones and chip the letters clear. He liked to draw "creatur's" especially, and would trace them for children on their slates. He lived alone in a little house long since fallen, and he would eat no meat. That is all they know of him. I can guess but one thing more: that when no looker-on was by, he pushed away the grass, and wrote his little jokes, safe in the kindly tolerance of the dead. This was the identical soul who should, in good old days, have been carving gar-

goyles and misereres; here his only field was the obscurity of Tiverton churchyard, his only monument these grotesqueries so cunningly concealed.

We have epitaphs, too, — all our own as yet, for the world has not discovered them. One couple lies in well-to-do respectability under a tiny monument not much taller than the conventional gravestone, but shaped on a pretentious model.

"We'd ruther have it nice," said the builders, "even if there ain't much of it."

These were Eliza Marden and Peleg her husband, who worked from sun to sun, with scant reward save that of pride in their own forehandedness. I can imagine them as they drove to church in the open wagon, a couple portentously large and prosperous; their one child, Hannah, sitting between them, and glancing about her, in a flickering, intermittent way, at the pleasant holiday world. Hannah was no worker; she liked a long afternoon in the sun, her thin little hands busied about nothing weightier than crochet; and her mother regarded her with a horrified patience, as one who might some time be trusted to sow all her wild oats of idleness. The well-mated pair died within the same year, and it was Hannah who composed their epitaph, with an artistic accuracy, but a defective sense of rhyme: —

"Here lies Eliza
She was a striver
Here lies Peleg
He was a select
Man"

We townsfolk found something haunting and bewildering in the lines; they drew and yet they baffled us, with their suggested echoes luring only to betray. Hannah never wrote anything else, but we always cherished the belief that she could do "'most anything" with words and their possibilities. Still, we accepted her one crowning achievement, and never urged her to further proof. In Tiverton we never look genius in the

mouth. Nor did Hannah herself propose developing her gift. Relieved from the spur of those two unquiet spirits who had begotten her, she settled down to sit all day in the sun, learning new patterns of crochet; and having cheerfully let her farm run down, she died at last in a placid poverty.

Then there was Desire Baker, who belonged to the era of colonial hardship, and who, through a redundant punctuation, is relegated to a day still more remote. For some stone-cutter, scornful of working by the card, or born with an inordinate taste for periods, set forth, below her *obit*, the astounding statement: —

"The first woman. She made the journey to Boston. By Stage."

Here, too, are the ironies whereof departed life is prodigal. This is the tidy lot of Peter Merrick, who had a desire to stand well with the world in leaving it, and whose purple and fine linen were embodied in the pomp of death. He was a cobbler, and he put his small savings together to erect a modest monument to his own memory. Every Sunday he visited it, "after meetin'," and perhaps his day-dreams, as he sat leather-aproned on his bench, were still of that white marble idealism. The inscription upon it was full of significant blanks; they seemed an interrogation of the destiny which governs man.

"Here lies Peter Merrick ——" ran the unfinished scroll, "and his wife who died —"

But ambitious Peter never lay there at all; for in his later prime, with one flash of sharp desire to see the world, he went on a voyage to the Banks, and was drowned. And his wife? The story grows somewhat threadbare. She summoned his step-brother to settle the estate, and he, a marble-cutter by trade, filled in the date of Peter's death with letters English and illegible. In the process of the carving, the widow stood by, hands folded under her apron from the midsum-

mer sun. They got excellent well acquainted, and the stone-cutter prolonged his stay. He came again in a little over a year, at Thanksgiving time, and the two were married. Which shows that nothing is certain in life, — no, not the proprieties of our leaving it, — and that even there we must walk softly, writing no boastful legend for time to annul.

At one period, a certain quatrain had a great run in Tiverton; it was the epitaph of the day. Noting how it overspread that stony soil, you picture to yourself the modest pride of its composer; unless, indeed, it had been copied from an older inscription in an English yard, and transplanted through the heart and brain of some settler whose thoughts were ever flitting back. Thus it runs in decorous metre: —

“Dear husband, now my life is passed,
You have dearly loved me to the last.
Grieve not for me, but pity take
On my dear children for my sake.”

But one sorrowing widower amended it, according to his wife’s direction, so that it bore a new and significant meaning. He was charged to

“pity take
On my dear parent for my sake.”

The lesson was patent. His mother-in-law had always lived with him, and she was “difficult.” Who knows how keenly the sick woman’s mind ran on the possibilities of reef and quicksand for the alien two left alone without her guiding hand? So she set the warning of her love and fear to be no more forgotten while she herself should be remembered.

The husband was a silent man. He said very little about his intentions; performance was enough for him. Therefore it happened that his “parent,” adopted perforce, knew nothing about this public charge until she came upon it, on her first Sunday visit, surveying the new glory of the stone. The story goes that she stood before it, a square, portentous figure in black alpaca and warlike mitts,

and that she uttered these irrevocable words: —

“Pity on *me*! Well, I guess he won’t! I’ll go to the poor-farm fust!”

And Monday morning, spite of his loyal dissuasions, she packed her “blue chist” and drove off to a far-away cousin, who got her “nussin’” to do. Another lesson from the warning finger of Death: let what was life not dream that it can sway the life that is, after the two part company.

Not always were mothers-in-law such breakers of the peace. There is a story in Tiverton of one man who went remorsefully mad after his wife’s death, and whose mind dwelt unceasingly on the things he had denied her. These were not many, yet the sum seemed to him colossal. It piled the Ossa of his grief. Especially did he writhe under the remembrance of certain blue dishes she had desired the week before her sudden death; and one night, driven by an insane impulse to expiate his blindness, he walked to town, bought them, and placed them in a foolish order about her grave. It was a puerile, crazy deed, but no one smiled, not even the little children who heard of it next day, on the way home from school, and went trudging up there to see. To their stirring minds it seemed a strange departure from the comfortable order of things, chiefly because their elders stood about with furtive glances at one another and murmurs of “Poor creatur’!” But one man, wiser than the rest, “harnessed up,” and went to tell the dead woman’s mother, a mile away. Jonas was “shackled;” he might “do himself a mischief.” In the late afternoon the guest so summoned walked quietly into the silent house, where Jonas sat by the window, beating one hand incessantly upon the sill and staring at the air. His sister, also, had come; she was frightened, however, and had betaken herself to the bedroom, to sob. But in walked this little plump, soft-footed woman, with her banded hair,

her benevolent spectacles, and her atmosphere of calm.

"I guess I'll blaze a fire, Jonas," said she. "You step out an' git me a mite o' kindlin'."

The air of homely living enwrapped him once again, and mechanically, with the inertia of old habit, he obeyed. They had a "cup o' tea" together; and then, when the dishes were washed, and the peaceful twilight began to settle down upon them like a sifting mist, she drew a little rocking-chair to the window where he sat opposite, and spoke.

"Jonas," said she, in that still voice which had been harmonized by the experiences of life, "arter dark, you jest go up an' bring home them blue dishes. Mary's got an awful lot o' fun in her, an' if she ain't laughin' over that, I'm beat. Now, Jonas, you do it! Do you s'pose she wants them nice blue pieces out there through wind an' weather? She'd ruther by half see 'em on the parlor cluzzet shelves; an' if you'll fetch 'em home, I'll scallop some white paper, jest as she liked, an' we'll set 'em up there."

Jonas wakened a little from his mental swoon. Life seemed warmer, more tangible, again.

"Law, do go," said the mother soothingly. "She don't want the whole town-ship trampin' up there to eye over her chiny. Make her as nervous as a witch. Here's the ha'-bushel basket, an' some paper to put between 'em. You go, Jonas, an' I'll clear off the shelves."

So Jonas, whether he was tired of guiding the impulses of his own unquiet mind, or whether he had become a child again, glad to yield to the maternal, as we all do in our grief, took the basket and went. He stood by, still like a child, while this comfortable woman put the china on the shelves, speaking warmly, as she worked, of the pretty curving of the cups, and her belief that the pitcher was "one you could pour out of." She stayed on at the house, and Jonas, through

his sickness of the mind, lay back upon her soothing will as a baby lies in its mother's arms. But the china was never used, even when he had come to his normal estate, and bought and sold as before. The mother's prescience was too keen for that.

Here in this ground are the ambiguities of life carried over into that other state, its pathos and its small misunderstandings. This was a much-married man whose last spouse had been a triple widow. Even to him the situation proved mathematically complex, and the sumptuous stone to her memory bears the dizzying legend that "Enoch Nudd who erects this stone is her fourth husband and his fifth wife." Perhaps it was the exigencies of space which brought about this amazing elision; but surely, in its very apparent intention, there is only a modest pride. For indubitably the much-married may plume themselves upon being also the widely-sought. If it is the crown of sex to be desired, here you have it, under seal of the civil bond. No baseless, windy boasting that "I might an if I would!" Nay, here be the marriage ties to testify.

In this pleasant, weedy corner is a little white stone, not so long erected. "I shall arise in thine image," runs the inscription; and reading it, you shall remember that the dust within belonged to a little hunchback, who played the fiddle divinely and had beseeching eyes. With that cry he escaped from the marred conditions of the clay. Here, too (for this is a sort of bachelor nook), is the grave of a man whom we unconsciously thrust into a permanent masquerade. Years and years ago he broke into a house, — an unknown felony in our quiet limits, — and was incontinently shot. The burglar lost his arm, and went about at first under a cloud of disgrace and horror, which became, with healing of the public conscience, a veil of sympathy. After his brief imprisonment indoors during the healing of the mutilated stump,

he came forth among us again, a man sadder and wiser in that he had learned how slow and sure may be the road to wealth. He had sown his wild oats in one night's foolish work, and now he settled down to doing such odd jobs as he might with one hand. We got accustomed to his loss. Those of us who were children when it happened never really discovered that it was disgrace at all; we thought it misfortune, and no one said us nay. Then one day it occurred to us that he must have been shot "in the war," and so, all unwittingly to himself, the silent man became a hero. We accepted him. He was part of our poetic time, and when he died we held him still in the memory among those who fell worthily. When Decoration Day was first observed in Tiverton, one of us remembered him and dropped some apple blossoms on his grave; and so it had its posy like the rest, although it bore no flag. It was the doctor who set us right there. "I would n't do that," he said, withholding the hand of one unthinking child; and she took back her flag. But she left the blossoms, and, being fond of precedent, we still do the same; unless we stop to think, we know not why. You may say there is here some perfidy to the republic and the honored dead, or at least some laxity of morals. We are lax, indeed, but possibly that is why we are so kind. We are not willing to "hurt folks' feelings" even when they have migrated to another star; and a flower more or less from the overplus given to men who made the greater choice will do no harm, tossed to one whose soul may be sitting, like Lazarus, at their riches' gate.

But of all these fleeting legends made to hold the soul a moment on its way, and keep it here in fickle permanence, one is more dramatic than all, more charged with power and pathos. Years ago there came into Tiverton an unknown man, very handsome, showing the marks of high breeding, and yet in his bearing strangely solitary and remote. He wore

a cloak, and had a foreign look. He came walking into the town one night, with dust upon his shoes, and we judged that he had been traveling a long time. He had the appearance of one who was not nearly at his journey's end, and would pass through the village, continuing on a longer way. He glanced at no one, but we all stared at him. He seemed, though we had not the words to put it so, an exiled prince. He went straight through Tiverton Street until he came to the parsonage; and something about it (perhaps its garden, hot with flowers, larkspur, coreopsis, and the rest) detained his eye, and he walked in. Next day the old doctor was there, also, with his little black case; but we were none the wiser for that. For the old doctor was of the sort who intrench themselves in a professional reserve. You might draw up beside the road to question him, but you could as well deter the course of nature. He would give the roan a flick, and his sulky would flash by.

"What's the matter with so-and-so?" would ask a mousing neighbor.

"He's sick," ran the laconic reply.

"Goin' to die?" one daring querist ventured further.

"Some time," said the doctor.

But though he assumed a right to combat thus the outer world, no one was gentler with a sick man or with those about him in their grief. To the latter he would speak; but he used to say he drew his line at second cousins.

Into his hands and the true old parson's fell the stranger's confidence, if confidence it were. He may have died solitary and unexplained; but no matter what he said, his story was safe. In a week he was carried out for burial; and so solemn was the parson's manner as he spoke a brief service over him, so thrilling his enunciation of the words "our brother," that we dared not even ask what else he should be called. And we never knew. The headstone, set up by the parson, bore the words "Peccator

Maximus." For a long time we thought they made the stranger's name, and judged that he must have been a foreigner; but a new schoolmistress taught us otherwise. It was Latin, she said, and it meant "the chiefest among sinners." When that report flew round the parson got wind of it, and then, in the pulpit one morning, he announced that he felt it necessary to say that the words had been used "at our brother's request," and that it was his own decision to write below them, "For this cause came I into the world."

We have accepted the stranger as we accept many things in Tiverton. Parson and doctor kept his secret well. He is quite safe from our questioning; but for years I expected a lady, always young and full of grief, to seek out his grave and shrive him with her tears. She will not appear now, unless she come as an old, old woman, to lie beside him. It is too late.

One more record of our vanished time, — this full of poesy only, and the pathos of farewell. It was not the aged and heartsick alone who lay down here to rest. We have been no more fortunate than others. Youth and beauty came also, and returned no more. This, where the white rose-bush grows untended, was the young daughter of a squire in far-off days: too young to have known the pangs of love or the sweet desire of Death, save that, in primrose time, he always paints himself so fair. I have thought the inscription must have been borrowed from another grave, in some yard shaded by yews and silent

under the cawing of the rooks; perhaps, from its stiffness, translated from a state-ly Latin verse. This it is, snatched not too soon from oblivion; for a few more years will wear it quite away: —

"Here lies the purple flower of a maid
Having to envious Death due tribute paid.
Her sudden Loss her Parents did lament,
And all her Friends with grief their hearts
did Rent.
Life's short. Your wicked Lives amend
with care,
For Mortals know we Dust and Shadows
are."

"The purple flower of a maid"! All the blossomy sweetness, the fragrant lamenting of Lycidas, lies in that one line. Alas, poor love - lies - bleeding! And yet not poor according to the barren pity we accord the dead, but dowered with another youth set like a crown upon the unstained front of this. Not going with sparse blossoms ripened or decayed, but heaped with buds and dripping over in perfume. She seems so sweet in her still loveliness, the empty promise of her balmy spring, that, for a moment, fain are you to snatch her back into the pageant of your day. Reading that phrase, you feel the earth is poorer for her loss. And yet not so, since the world holds other greater worlds as well. Elsewhere she may have grown to age and stature; but here she lives yet in beauteous permanence, — as true a part of youth and joy and rapture as the immortal figures on the Grecian Urn. While she was but a flying phantom on the frieze of time, Death fixed her there forever, — a haunting spirit in perennial bliss.

Alice Brown.

THE CAPTIVE.

WHOSE will, or whether law transgressed or wrath
Incurred, hath bound me captive to this rock,
Poised in the windy hollow of the skies,
To fret for the blue empyrean where
My fancy sails, I know not. Were I free
To plunge and with the stars companion me,
Happy were I, at will returning here,
To make of this Tellurian orb a home.
To be a captive, this my spirit irks.
For not of choice, a willing immigrant,
I came, but by some mandate stern constrained
And unrelenting force; where all these years
Pent up I watch to snatch from the abyss
Some grain of truth, at random here and there
By unseen hands flung blazing down the night.
And now the world, like an oft-traveled road,
Shrinks, till it scarce exceeds the rocky isle
Ulysses found too small for his large wish.

But yonder fathomless profundity
Hath scope and freedom, — nothing lacking save
Courage and a contriving mind. There gleams
Expanse uncharted, where no admiral
E'er sailed, and undiscovered continents
And ports beyond the utmost Hyades.
Cut off from which — and God knows what of sweet
Companionship and fruit of wisest minds —
Must I crouch here, as little thought of as
A naked islander in the South Sea,
Who from some vantage of his shipless strand
Beholds the sails that bear the commerce of
The world?

Must I be dumb while great events
To mighty being heave in yonder space
Unrecked by me, or in some furthest star
A work begins — perhaps to-day — whose end
Shall shape all life anew? I cannot rest
To sleep and feed and nurse an ebbing night,
While hearing with Imagination's ear
The shining beaches of a million worlds
Thunder beneath the on-rush of the wave
That bathes yon peak with Neptune's light! This earth,
Upon the cold periphery of heaven
Heaved up, is not enough! One spot hath still
Its secret: where the north wind heaps the waste

With hoarded winter, filched from lands despoiled
 Of coolness, where the iceberg-builder toils
 To launch his miracles of frost. My fires
 Draw nearer; soon the Hyperborean
 Upon his door will hear my knock.

But yon

Abyss that sparkles down on this rude shore
 Its nightly blaze, like some rich ocean seen
 In dream of a poor diver, thwarts my will
 With tantalizing vision. Shall no stout
 Discoverer — beyond night's ebon cone
 Pushing far out his solitary prow —
 To that charmed deep e'er bear intelligence
 Of me? No cairn or sea-mark reared on crag
 Or precipice record where man hath been?

In dreams oft have I seen the earth recede
 And wane far down the vault, and the brave sun
 Plunge after her; and thus left lone have heard
 The creaking tackle, felt the canvas puff
 With the shrill wind that blows among the stars.
 And domes of airy capitals I saw,
 And ports and cities thronged; the carven beaks
 Of ships encrusted with salt spray and rich
 With spoil, from some adventure to the north
 Of Taurus, or from voyaging to some old,
 Most fabulous Orient of the universe.
 A dream! but in a dream all things begin.
 The reptile's dream of wings the alchemy
 Of some millennial spring hides in an egg.

Amid the austral solitudes of space
 It may be that I dwell, afar from thronged
 Highways and charted main. Yet if I read
 Aright the starry drift, this restless sphere,
 That steadfast wheels with its companion orbs,
 Like a migrating flock of birds, in flight
 Toward its far doomsday, bears me to a fate
 Nobler than poets sing. Who knows what warm
 Gulf Streams of heaven, what light of other stars,
 Await my coming, whose sweet influence may
 Uncoil the sinuous perplexities
 That vex me here, and wake a finer strength,
 Now slumbering unsuspected in my soul?

Spirits there are, no doubt, in yonder space,
 As keen as mine for new discovery,
 And eyes that burn to see strange coasts. Some swift
 Celestial bark erelong will heave in sight

With news of mighty import, or bright forms
Be visible descending from the stars.
Meanwhile, impatient, pondering all things, I
Peruse the blue depth of the upper sea,
Hungry to hear of other worlds than mine.

William Prescott Foster.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

O LOFTIEST peak of all the noble range
Towering majestic, massive height on height,
Far as the eye can reach, in endless change
Of line and tint and curve, and dark and light, —
Nearest the midnight stars, O proudest hill,
How quiet are thy paths! how still, how still!
In what unbroken silence dost thou lie,
Beneath a sunlit or a storm-filled sky,
Rain, wind, or trailing cloud, or whirling snow,
'Neath the first golden touch of rising day,
Or mellow evening's last empurpling ray,
Untouched, unmoved from granite top to base,
When fiercest thunderbolts about thee play,
As by the shadow of a bird below,
That drifts some summer morn across thy face!
Unshaken since that hour when long ago,
Eons on hoary eons far away,
When mayhap 'mid the fiery pangs and throes
Of earth and sea, fused in one molten glow
Of liquid flame, thy swelling grandeur rose!

This of thy garnered secrets didst thou yield,
As through slow ages our dim eyes, unsealed,
With halting wisdom learned to read at last
Thy own brief story from the lips locked fast
In stony silence. Yet we could not wrest
One hint, one whisper, from thy rock-ribbed breast,
Solving the primal, awful mystery
Of life and death, which has unceasingly,
Since earth and time and consciousness began,
Haunted and mocked the searching soul of man.

Man in his greatness yet how infinite small!
Thou shalt behold his empires rise and fall,
His marble cities crumble to decay,
And of himself, for all his boasting, see
Unnumbered generations pass away,
And leave no lasting sign beneath the sky

More than the chaff the chilly wind sweeps by,
 While thou endurest in changeless majesty.
 And still while furthest oceans ebb and flow,
 And day and night their light and shadow trace,
 And countless rolling seasons come and go,
 Through russet autumn or the summer's green,
 The winter's white or springtide's tender sheen, —
 On thee there dwells from granite top to base,
 Through all thy trackless wastes and paths untrod,
 The deathless, everlasting Peace of God!

Stuart Sterne.

THE VENETIAN IN BERGAMO, 1588.

HARK, the sea is calling, calling! Prithee, Surgeon, let me go!
 Venice calls me; would you keep me like a slave in Bergamo?
 Let me forth and haste to Venice, down the many-channeled Po.

Hear the little waves a-lapping on the cold gray Lido sand,
 Each a whisper, each a signal clearer than a beck'ning hand;
 Were you once a youth, a lover, yet you do not understand?

I or you, which best should know the dovelike language of my home?
 All the little waves they lisp it as they break in rainbow foam,
 And the sunbeams flash its greeting from the Redentore's dome.

Will you tell me 't is the May wind stirs the orchard-trees again,
 And that yonder Adriatic's but the vernal Lombard plain?
 Ah, you never were in Venice, and you plead to me in vain.

You convince me, you, a stranger? Nay, I marvel how you dare
 Talk of beauty, boast your mountains, call your crag-built cities fair,
 Spend your praise on glen and river: Beauty dwelleth only *there*!

Could you conjure up the colors of your most ethereal dream, —
 Roseleaf dawn and Tyrian sunset, turquoise noon and diamond beam,
 Tint of sea-shells, nameless jewels that in rippling waters gleam,

Liquid, lovely, evanescent, — still you could not quite retrieve
 Just the magic of the mantle sea and sky for Venice weave,
 From the earliest flush of morning to the last faint glow of eve.

That the mantle! She who wears it mocks the brush and ties the tongue
 Of all painters and all poets; only we from Venice sprung
 Feel the charm that passes painting, and the queenliness unsung.

Gondoliers, row not too swiftly through the opaline lagoon;
Venice dazzles, — let me slowly teach my eyes to bear her noon,
Drop by drop drink in her splendor, else the flooded senses swoon.

Ere we reach the Doge's Palace take me through the narrow ways
Where the quiet seldom ceases and the shadow longer stays,
Where we children swam together in the sultry summer days.

All unchanged, but fairer, dearer! At yon steps I'll disembark;
Well I know the winding passage that will bring me to St. Mark,
Whom I thank first, and Madonna; then to greet my kinsmen. — Hark!

As of old the south wind hoarsens, and the angry billows beat
On the Lido, sand and sea-wall, mighty wind that brings the fleet
Like a flock of homing pigeons, rushing to the Mother's feet.

In they sweep past Malamocco, up the channel serpentine:
Swift, majestic galleys driven by the long oars, line on line;
Many a battle prize in convoy, vessels of a strange design;

Merchantmen with swelling canvas, broad of beam and laden deep;
Saucy, gaudy-sailed feluccas; fisher-boats that lurch and leap:
Shuttles in the loom of Venice, tow'rd the Grand Canal they sweep.

They have come at last to haven, as their guns a welcome roar,
Furled their sails and dropt their anchors, and the skiffs are ferrying o'er
Admiral and crews and captains to the Piazzetta shore.

In august array to meet them Doge and Procurators fare,
Women watching from the windows, throngs huzzaing in the Square, —
Oh, the women's eyes in Venice, and the sunbeams in their hair!

Here are surly Turkish captives from Aleppo and beyond,
Bearers of the Cyprus tribute, hostages from Trebizond,
Slaves that roamed the hot equator, swarthy Moors, and Persians blond.

Some as spoils of Venice Victrix, some to barter, some to see;
By her strength or by her splendor, whatsoever men may be,
Eager friend or foe reluctant, Venice draws them to her quay.

God be thanked who brings me to thee, Mother of the twofold crown, —
Thine the Beauty more than mortal, Strength to beat thy foemen down, —
Humblest of thy sons, I beg thee use my life for thy renown!

What, again beside me, Surgeon? Still pent up in Bergamo?
But a wound-bred vision, quotha? Thick your mountain shadows grow.
Hark, the sea is calling, calling! Venice summons, and I go.

William Roscoe Thayer.

A NEW ESTIMATE OF CROMWELL.

THE most notable contributions to the historical literature of England during the year 1897 are two volumes by Samuel R. Gardiner: the Oxford lectures, *Cromwell's Place in History*, published in the spring; and the second volume of *History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate*, which appeared in the autumn. These present, probably, a new view of Cromwell.

If one love a country or an historic epoch, it is natural for the mind to seek a hero to represent it. We are fortunate in having Washington and Lincoln, whose characters and whose lives sum up well the periods in which they were our benefactors. But if we look upon our history as being the continuation of a branch of that of England, who is the political hero in the nation from which we sprang who represents a great principle or idea that we love to cherish? Hampden might answer if only we knew more about him. It occurs to me that Gray, in his poem which is read and conned from boyhood to age, has done more than any one else to spread abroad the fame of Hampden. Included in the same stanza with Milton and with Cromwell, he seems to the mere reader of the poem to occupy the same place in history. In truth, however, as Mr. Gardiner writes, "it is remarkable how little can be discovered about Hampden. All that is known is to his credit, but his greatness appears from the impression he created upon others more than from the circumstances of his own life as they have been handed down to us."

The minds of boys educated under Puritan influences before and during the war of secession accordingly turned to Cromwell. Had our Puritan ancestors remained at home till the civil war in England, they would have fought under Oliver, and it is natural that their

descendants should place a halo about the head of this great leader. All boys of the time I speak of, between seventeen and twenty-two, who were interested in history, read Macaulay, the first volume of whose history appeared in 1848, and they found a hero to their mind in Cromwell. Carlyle's *Cromwell* was published three years before, and those who could digest stronger food found the great man therein portrayed a chosen one of God to lead his people in the right path. Everybody echoed the thought of Carlyle when he averred that ten years more of Oliver Cromwell's life would have given another history to all the centuries of England.

In these two volumes Gardiner presents an entirely different conception of Cromwell from that of Carlyle and Macaulay, and in greater detail. We arrive at Gardiner's notion by degrees, being prepared by the reversal of some of our pretty well established opinions about the Puritans. Macaulay's epigrammatic sentence touching their attitude to amusements undoubtedly colored the opinions of men for at least a generation. "The Puritan hated bear-baiting," he says, "not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators." How coolly Gardiner disposes of this well-turned rhetorical phrase: "The order for the complete suppression of bear-baiting and bull-baiting at Southwark and elsewhere was grounded, not, as has been often repeated, on Puritan aversion to amusements giving 'pleasure to the spectators,' but upon Puritan disgust at the immorality which these exhibitions fostered." Again he writes: "Zealous as were the leaders of the Commonwealth in the suppression of vice, they displayed but little of that sour austerity with which they have frequently been credited. On his way to

Dunbar, Cromwell laughed heartily at the sight of one soldier overturning a full cream tub and slamming it down on the head of another, whilst on his return from Worcester he spent a day hawking in the fields near Aylesbury. 'Oliver,' we hear, 'loved an innocent jest.' Music and song were cultivated in his family. If the graver Puritans did not admit what has been called 'promiscuous dancing' into their households, they made no attempt to prohibit it elsewhere. In the spring of 1651 appeared the English Dancing Master, containing rules for country dances, and the tunes by which they were to be accompanied."

Macaulay's description of Cromwell's army has so pervaded our literature as to be accepted as historic truth; and despite the acumen of Green, he seems, consciously or unconsciously, to have been affected by it, which is not a matter of wonderment, indeed, for such is its rhetorical force that it leaves an impression hard to be obliterated. Macaulay writes: "That which chiefly distinguished the army of Cromwell from other armies was the austere morality and the fear of God which pervaded all ranks. It is acknowledged by the most zealous Royalists that in that singular camp no oath was heard, no drunkenness or gambling was seen, and that during the long dominion of the soldiery the property of the peaceable citizen and the honor of woman were held sacred. If outrages were committed, they were outrages of a very different kind from those of which a victorious army is generally guilty. No servant girl complained of the rough gallantry of the redcoats; not an ounce of plate was taken from the shops of the goldsmiths; but a Pelagian sermon, or a window on which the Virgin and Child were painted, produced in the Puritan ranks an excitement which it required the utmost exertions of the officers to quell. One of Cromwell's chief difficulties was to restrain his musketeers and dragoons from invading by main force

the pulpits of ministers whose discourses, to use the language of that time, were not savory."

What a different impression we get from Gardiner! "Much that has been said of Cromwell's army has no evidence behind it," he declares. "The majority of the soldiers were pressed men, selected because they had strong bodies, and not because of their religion. The remainder were taken out of the armies already in existence. . . . The distinctive feature of the army was its officers. All existing commands having been vacated, men of a distinctly Puritan and for the most part of an Independent type were appointed to their places. . . . The strictest discipline was enforced, and the soldiers, whether Puritan or not, were thus brought firmly under the control of officers bent upon the one object of defeating the King."

To those who have regarded the men who governed England, from the time the Long Parliament became supreme to the death of Cromwell, as saints in conduct as well as in name, Mr. Gardiner's facts about the members of the rump of the Long Parliament will be an awakening. "It was notorious," he records, "that many members who entered the House poor were now rolling in wealth." From Gardiner's references and quotations, it is not a strained inference that in subjection to lobbying, in log-rolling and corruption, this Parliament would hardly be surpassed by a Pennsylvania legislature. As to personal morality, he by implication confirms the truth of Cromwell's bitter speech on the memorable day when he forced the dissolution of the Long Parliament. "Some of you," he said, "are whoremasters. Others," he continued, pointing to one and another with his hands, "are drunkards, and some corrupt and unjust men, and scandalous to the profession of the gospel. It is not fit that you should sit as a Parliament any longer."

While I am well aware that to him

who makes but a casual study of any historic period matters will appear fresh that to the master of it are well-worn inferences and generalizations, and while therefore I can pretend to offer only a shallow experience, I confess that on the points to which I have referred I received new light, and it prepared me for the overturning of the view of Cromwell which I had derived from the Puritanical instruction of my early days and from Macaulay.

In his foreign policy Cromwell was irresolute, vacillating, and tricky. "A study of the foreign policy of the Protectorate," writes Mr. Gardiner, "reveals a distracting maze of fluctuations. Oliver is seen alternately courting France and Spain, constant only in inconstancy."

Cromwell lacked constructive statesmanship. "The tragedy of his career lies in the inevitable result that his efforts to establish religion and morality melted away as the morning mist, whilst his abiding influence was built upon the vigor with which he promoted the material aims of his countrymen." In another place Mr. Gardiner says: "Cromwell's negative work lasted; his positive work vanished away. His constitutions perished with him, his Protectorate descended from the proud position to which he had raised it, his peace with the Dutch Republic was followed by two wars with the United Provinces, his alliance with the French monarchy only led to a succession of wars with France lasting into the nineteenth century. All that lasted was the support given by him to maritime enterprise, and in that he followed the tradition of the governments preceding him."

What is Cromwell's place in history? Thus Mr. Gardiner answers the question: "He stands forth as the typical Englishman of the modern world. . . . It is in England that his fame has grown up since the publication of Carlyle's monumental work, and it is as an Englishman that he must be judged. . . .

With Cromwell's memory it has fared as with ourselves. Royalists painted him as a devil. Carlyle painted him as the masterful saint who suited his peculiar Valhalla. It is time for us to regard him as he really was, with all his physical and moral audacity, with all his tenderness and spiritual yearnings, in the world of action what Shakespeare was in the world of thought, the greatest because the most typical Englishman of all time. This, in the most enduring sense, is Cromwell's place in history."

The most difficult thing for me to give up is that Cromwell was not one link in the historic chain that brought about the Revolution of 1688, with its blessed combination of liberty and order. I have loved to think, as Carlyle expressed it: "'Their works follow them,' as I think this Oliver Cromwell's works have done and are still doing! We have had our 'Revolution of '88' officially called 'glorious,' and other Revolutions not yet called glorious; and somewhat has been gained for poor mankind. Men's ears are not now slit off by rash Officiality. Officiality will for long henceforth be more cautious about men's ears. The tyrannous star chambers, branding irons, chimerical kings and surplises at All-hallowtide, they are gone or with immense velocity going. Oliver's works do follow him!"

In these two volumes of Gardiner it is not from what is said, but from what is omitted, that one may deduce the author's opinion that Cromwell's career as Protector contributed in no wise to the Revolution of 1688. But touching this matter he has thus written me: "I am inclined to question your view that Cromwell paved the way for the Revolution of 1688, except so far as his victories and the King's execution frightened off James II. Pym and Hampden did pave the way, but Cromwell's work took other lines. The Instrument of Government was framed on quite different principles, and the extension of the suffrage and re-

formed franchise found no place in England until 1832. It was not Cromwell's fault that it was so."

If I relinquish this one of my old historic notions, I feel that I must do it for the reason that Lord Auckland agreed with Macaulay after reading the first volume of his history. "I had also hated Cromwell more than I now do," he said; "for I always agree with Tom Macaulay; and it saves trouble to agree with him at once, because he is sure to make you do so at last."

I asked Professor Edward Channing, of Harvard College, who teaches English history of the Tudor and Stuart pe-

riods, his opinion of Gardiner. "I firmly believe," he told me, "that Mr. Gardiner is the greatest English historical writer who has appeared since Gibbon. He has the instinct of the truth-seeker as no other English student I know of has shown it since the end of the last century."

General J. D. Cox, a statesman and a lawyer, a student of history and of law, writes me: "In reading Gardiner, I feel that I am sitting at the feet of an historical chief justice, a sort of John Marshall in his genius for putting the final results of learning in the garb of simple common sense."

James Ford Rhodes.

A STUDY OF THE FRENCH.

MR. J. E. C. BODLEY has written a book¹ which challenges comparison with the works of Mr. Bryce on the American Commonwealth, Sir Donald Wallace on Russia, and de Tocqueville on Democracy in America. The possibility of a book which should combine the philosophic insight and treatment of de Tocqueville with the precise, multifarious personal observations of Arthur Young's Travels in pre-Revolutionary France appears to have suggested itself to Mr. Bodley; and although he expressly disclaims the imitation of either, both these writers were evidently before his mind, for he begins by saying that it behooves any one who has undertaken such a labor as his to consider the methods of their two masterpieces. Whatever his ideal may have been, Mr. Bodley has at all events written a notable book. He has devoted seven years' residence in France to his task; he has enjoyed very wide and unusual opportunities for seeing

French places and French people of every sort and rank; and while his volumes do not contain much that we should have expected to find under the title he has chosen, they are graced with a wealth of allusion, anecdote, and incident which illuminate subjects he does not formally treat, and it is not too much to say that Bodley's France will hereafter be essential, as well to students as to every English-speaking person who cares to know the state of government and society in contemporary France.

In the preface to a portion of his history of Cardinal de Richelieu which has lately been published as a separate volume, M. Hanotaux says of France that it is "one of the most perfect social organisms which the history of humanity has ever known. . . . The more we learn of the history of a great people, the more we perceive that the substance changes little; that even across the ages the great lines remain the same; and that the mere thumb-touch which at a given moment determines the characteristic features of a nation moulds them

¹ *France*. By JOHN EDWARD COURTENAY BODLEY. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1898.

for all time. The French people has now existed for more than one thousand years. It is ever the same, gentle, light, mobile in its temper, easily given to enthusiasm, easily discouraged, easy to govern, easy to mislead, capable of generous enthusiasms and of the wildest violence, agile of wit, warm of heart. It is still the people which Cæsar saw, and which throughout the ages all who have approached it and known it have found the same. It becomes animated, inflamed, and excited, and then of a sudden unbends and laughs. It often earns the hatred and always wins the pardon of other nations. A foundation of seriousness, courage, and good sense saves and sustains it in the most critical circumstances. When Paris warms up and boils, the provinces calm down. Even when revolution rumbles, people amuse themselves. Even when all seems lost, hope remains deep-seated in French hearts. This people is, in spite of all, incurably optimistic, and the fogs and gloom emanating from without have hardly affected its good demeanor or caused the smile on its lips to hesitate."

Mr. Bodley's opinion is that, after Greater Britain, France is the most interesting member of the human family. Those who have seen the new birth and studied the consolidation of the mighty German fatherland, and who have witnessed the accomplishment of the more difficult and almost equally important work of Cavour in Italy, cannot quite agree in this respect with Mr. Bodley, who appears to regard Germany mainly as a breeder of princesses for the rest of Christendom. Still less can they wholly agree with M. Hanotaux. The Gauls are, indeed, to-day as Cæsar found them, but Tacitus' description of the German tribes can be still fitted to the German people; and where in the history of humanity is there a more pregnant and thrilling episode than the proclamation of the Kaiser by the German princes, in the great hall of Versailles?

Where is there a sterner lesson of the necessity for a national righteousness than Bismarck's and Moltke's splendid fulfillment of a long revenge for le Grand Monarque's appropriation of Elsass and Lorraine, his thirty or more unprovoked raids across the Rhine, and the insults of Napoleon's soldiers, of which every German family has its traditions? The French are a great and interesting people, but their place is not what they themselves and their panegyrists assume it to be. M. Hanotaux's sentences are, however, quoted at length, because they give even better than Mr. Bodley himself the reason for his opinion about France, and also because they illustrate the difficulty of studying, still more of judging, the institutions of a people so described.

For all practical purposes, the Revolution was, as Mr. Bodley has put it, the beginning of modern France. Yet for an American there remain many astonishing relics of the ancient régime which survived what we are apt to regard as a social and political deluge. Aigues-Mortes stands to-day — except that the Mediterranean has receded from its walls — exactly as it was when Louis IX. embarked from it on his two crusades; the miracles, and the sublime or infantile faith, as one chooses to regard it, shown at Lourdes belong rather to the age of St. Louis than to the age of steam and electricity; one could see, a few years ago, and perhaps to-day can still see, in the vaults of the abbey of Fontevrault, the original effigies of Henry II. and his son, Richard Cœur de Lion, in their royal robes; and even in practical business the land is full of evidences of a society we supposed was effaced. In a certain country place known to the writer there is, for instance, a mill which has been held for three hundred years at the same nominal rent, on condition that the tenant should deliver at the château every spring a salmon of a certain weight; and having delivered his fish,

the tenant was thereupon entitled to dine with the landlord and to wear his hat at dinner. Salmon have ceased to ascend the river which turns the mill, and the miller must procure his fish at great expense from Paris, but he does it, and gets his dinner.

If the Revolution was not, therefore, so complete a deluge as we have imagined, it was nevertheless a tremendous event, and has controlled the minds of Frenchmen for nearly a century. The July monarchy, the revolution of 1848, the second empire, and the third republic were all proclaimed as asserting the principles of the Revolution. Jules Simon said it came "like the law from Sinai;" and in March, 1898, the Comte de Mun, in his address on his reception into the Academy, said, "The French Revolution is in this century the dividing line between men, the touchstone of their ideas." Only of late has the exact criticism and vast knowledge of M. Taine, in his *Origines de la France Contemporaine*, begun to undermine the influence of the Revolution, until now it is beginning to be regarded as a mere historical phenomenon, "like the wars of religion under the last of the Valois."

However it be now regarded, it is clear, at least, that the Revolution reorganized France, and Mr. Bodley well describes its apotheosis as the scene in Notre Dame when the Vicar of Christ, surrounded by the Revolutionary generals in unwonted trappings, crowned Bonaparte as Emperor, and then the latter, unheeding the gesture of the Pontiff, himself crowned the ex-mistress of Barras as Empress of the French.

The newly made Emperor finished as well as glorified the work of the Revolution; and after he had been succeeded by Louis XVIII., and the Bourbons and the allies had put back the hands of the clock, as they thought, what was left of the Revolution was the work of Napoleon; "that is, the whole framework of modern France." Napoleon's, more than

Richelieu's, was the thumb-touch which "determines the characteristic features of the nation." He created the whole centralized administrative system of France; he organized the departments and the work of their officials. It is a pity that Mr. Bodley does not give us an account of this system and of the manner of its working, for it is the chief tangible result of the Revolution. No other one institution has so deeply affected French character by teaching men to look for what they want, not within and to themselves, but outside to the authorities; or has so widely influenced French politics by giving to the central government an influence over elections unknown in English-speaking communities. Besides this administrative system, the relations of church and state are still regulated by Napoleon's concordat. The university, which is the basis of public education, the codes, the Conseil d'Etat, the judicial and fiscal systems, and in fine "every institution which a law-abiding Frenchman respects, from the Legion of Honor to the Bank of France and the Comédie Française, was either formed or reorganized by Napoleon." He left France exhausted after the twenty years of intoxication with destruction and victory, so that the restoration and the white flag were welcome; but presently the growth of the Napoleonic legend began. Las Casas' Memorial of St. Helena and Thiers' History of the Consulate and the Empire nourished it; and after Louis Philippe had brought home the Emperor's ashes, and interred them with great pomp at the Invalides, the sentiment was so strong that the mere name of Louis Napoleon, who was then an unknown personality, swept him through the presidency of the third republic and a dictatorship into the imperial chair. Within the past five years, after Sedan and the *débâcle*, we have again seen, in plays and numerous biographies, a visible recrudescence of the legend which, as Mr. Bodley points out, may one day place at the disposal

of a leader with only the genius of one of Napoleon's marshals, but who happens to touch the popular fancy, the disciplined legions which the democracy now maintains on a war footing, compared with which the conquering armies of Bonaparte were but ill-equipped levies.

Besides the work of Napoleon, the French Revolution bequeathed to posterity three principles which are still written all over France, and as to the fate of which Mr. Bodley inquires at some length. "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," what has become of them? There is a saying, attributed to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, that the French know nothing at all about liberty, have an offensive passion for equality, and like to talk about fraternity; that the English never fraternize with anybody, know nothing of equality and care nothing for it except before the law, but insist always and everywhere on liberty, and will sacrifice anything they possess to get it; that the American has loose notions about liberty, assumes the fact of equality with everybody, and is ready to fraternize with anybody.

So far as France is concerned, there is a good deal of wisdom in the saying. Liberty to a Frenchman, as Mr. Bodley truly says, is "a dogma to define or to expound rather than a factor in the every-day life of a community;" and certainly, from the standpoint of English law, the fundamental safeguards of personal liberty do not exist in France. Domiciliary visits of the police, undertaken on purely *ex parte* denunciations, are lawful, and the procedure in the case of persons accused of a breach of the criminal law seems incredible to men of the Anglo-Saxon race. The French theory is that an accused person is presumed to be guilty until his innocence is proved. He may be kept in solitary confinement, interrogated day by day in private audiences by a magistrate who seeks to extort an avowal of guilt, and all the time the police are at work to

get up evidence against the untried prisoner, who may even be in ignorance of the charge against him; and only in 1897 was a law passed which permitted the accused to have counsel in preparing his defense. The accounts of the Zola trial which have recently been published show the sort of performances which are possible when the defendant is finally brought into court. This procedure is merely indicative of the indifference of Frenchmen to what we consider the essentials of personal liberty. The same indifference is manifest in many other directions. A Frenchman, as he looks backward, is apt to think of himself at the Lycées, for instance, as having been in a prison where he was subjected to perpetual espionage and servitude. From every sort of subordinate officials, private as well as public, the individual suffers infractions of his personal liberty; and often these infractions seem to be inspired, as is frequently the case on an American railroad or in a city hall, by the mere desire to convince the traveler or the citizen that he is one of the mass, and no better than his neighbors. In matters of opinion, too, the objection to letting people think what they like is apparently insuperable. The virulence of the *odium theologicum* in France can hardly be imagined in this country by any one who does not know the traditions of the Unitarian movement, or has not had the opportunity to observe the temper — and absence of humor — of the members of a Presbyterian general convention engaged at the same moment in revising their creed and prosecuting some of their members for heresy. In France there is no personal toleration for agnostics, and Mr. Bodley says that Voltaire occupies there the place which "Jews and Turks" hold in the English liturgy. On the other hand, he quotes with approval from the *Journal des Débats* a statement that "no one has any idea of what a noxious and insupportable creature is the anti-clerical of the

provinces." He gives an instance where a postmaster in the Vendée was warned by the sous-préfet that he had been observed to be a constant attendant at church, and that one of his daughters sang in a chapel choir, and he was therefore in danger of being considered a "clerical." The warning was intended to be a friendly one, and the postmaster thereupon ceased going to church.

As to equality, Mr. Bodley is of the opinion that it is neither found nor cultivated among Frenchmen, except in the sense mentioned by de Töcqueville, who said that equality on the lips of a French politician signified, "No one shall be in a better position than mine;" but this, Mr. Bodley thinks, is no reproach to them, for if it were otherwise Frenchmen would have "ceased to belong to the human family." Absolute equality, we should all agree, is a mere philosophic abstraction. It was possible for a comparatively primitive community, in which there were no great dissimilarities of fortune, taste, or education, to adopt Jefferson's declaration that "all men are created free and equal." But that declaration was promptly interpreted to mean political equality for white men. Taking equality in that sense, Mr. Bodley has hardly done the French justice. He notices that civilization has sunk down among the people, so that it is more difficult in France than elsewhere to judge from the conversation or address of the man in the railway carriage or in the street what his position really is. That is true, and it indicates a considerable advance toward equality. The recognition by the republic of titles to which no privileges are attached is of no significance, because apparently most of the titles are self-conferred, and the passion for the Legion of Honor, like the desire for knighthoods and baronetcies in England, usually to please the applicant's wife, is no more important than the passion of numerous otherwise decent people in the United States to travel

on a free pass. Mr. Labouchere upholds the English titles and even the peerage as a most valuable party asset, and most of our great railroad managers like to have passes to distribute in moderation. They certainly like to ride on them; and though the use of passes may show an absence of self-respect, and may be a pitiful and comic evidence of an apostate democracy, neither passes, nor titles, nor the Legion of Honor show the absence of equality before the law.

In regard to fraternity, there is not much to be said, and there never has been, since the fever of the Revolution spent itself. The intimacy of strangers in times of great public excitement is a well-known phenomenon, and there were public dinner-tables spread through the Rue de Rivoli before the days of the Terror; but otherwise the doctrine of fraternity existed, and exists, for purposes of declamation only. Mr. Bodley notes the cruelty which has often been shown to Frenchmen by Frenchmen, the attachment of the French to the soil, their consequent inaptitude for colonization, the absence of race patriotism, and the separation of aristocratic and plutocratic society — which are rapidly becoming identical — from the intellectual and political side of the nation. The isolation of society from affairs, and its surrender to mere amusement, is greatly regretted by Frenchmen, who think its tendency is to make Paris, the centre of society, not the intellectual, still less the political capital of Europe, — which is what they like to think it used to be, — but a great cosmopolitan casino, given over to the idle, frivolous, and rich of all nations. That isolation is not, however, peculiar to France; we hear a good deal about it in America, and it is beginning to be said of "smart" society in England, where a good conservative will tell you it is a necessary consequence of giving a vote to everybody and of paying salaries to your legislators. Perhaps those causes are efficient in producing the result; per-

haps also in America it is largely imaginary. It may be that such separation of rich and educated people from affairs is a necessary consequence of democracy; but certainly no state is any worse off because of it than it was, or would be again, under the pre-revolutionary régimes of exclusive privilege to those who now hold aloof.

When Mr. Bodley comes to consider the actual constitution and form of government in France, he is not compact, and a better and more orderly view than he gives can be obtained elsewhere, — in Burgess's *Political Science and Constitutional Law*, for example. In considering, however, how the constitution and the machinery of government have actually worked during the past twenty-five years, Mr. Bodley's book is vivid and admirable. It might almost be called a history of the third republic, and nowhere else can the English reader get such a complete and accurate view of what has been happening in France during the past generation, or of the people through whom it has come about.

The French President is "the head of the state." Mr. Bodley gives us a brief history of the term of each President; then goes on to treat, in the longest division of his book, the parliamentary system; and finally gives a sketch of the various political parties. The constitution of the Senate; the method of legislation through the bureaux, which suggests our committee system; the method of registering votes, of elections; the corruption of politicians, the restriction of corrupt practices; the ministers, their functions and positions; the origin and purposes of the parliamentary groups, are all treated, but the general impression left by the parliamentary history of the last republic is of disorderly fractions of parties headed by innumerable ministries, composed almost wholly of unknown men, hardly one of whom has held office for a year, marching across the scene like the battalions of a stage army. The

keynote of Mr. Bodley's treatment of this part of his subject is contained in a quotation from a romance of Disraeli's; though found in the introduction, it might have been placed at the end of the book as the author's conclusion: "'I go to a land,' said Tancred, 'that has never been blessed by that fatal drollery called a representative government.'" This, comments Mr. Bodley, it is useful to recall at a time "when France, having made unexampled trial of parliamentary government, has found it to be, in the words of its consummate master, a 'fatal drollery.'"

One thing of which we can learn much from the French is in reference to elections and the selection of candidates. Their system is far simpler, more democratic, and cheaper than ours. "No nomination or similar formality is needed as preliminary to a parliamentary candidature." All that is necessary is for a candidate to make a declaration, witnessed by a mayor, that he intends to run in a certain constituency, which declaration must be lodged five days before the election in the prefecture of the department in which the constituency is situated. Another thing that we ought to learn from the French is the disgrace of a shameless, venal, and pornographic press. It is quite possible, if M. Pressensé, the accomplished editor of *Le Temps*, or any other Frenchman of similar position, had ever read the pounds of trivial stuff furnished by our Sunday journals, or had studied during the last six months what it is possible for our newspapers to accomplish, by sheer ignorant or sinful misrepresentation, that he might say the Americans could learn nothing bad from France. But our newspapers can hardly be bought with money alone, and it is well known to be an incident of every important financial transaction in Paris that a large payment must be made to the press; partly for this reason a good deal of French business is now transacted in the city of London.

This system¹ was well enough shown during the Panama scandals; and on one memorable occasion when it was proposed to investigate such payments, a minister went into the tribune and advocated the quashing of the inquiry, on the ground that such payments, however regrettable they might be, were customary in France.

One final observation made by Mr. Bodley it is good for us to mention, and our countrymen may just now well take it to heart. He comments on the growth of pessimism and the joylessness of the French people. The old blitheness and courtesy of the people have gone. This change, he says, dates from the Franco-Prussian war. The observation is just. The French have waged war for the sake of humanity and to liberate the oppressed of adjacent lands; they have satisfied the lust for fighting, which we are told in these days strong men should feel; they have sacked the capitals of Europe, and they have quaffed the cup of glory to the full. But they have transgressed the law.

Therefore they are changed, and are silent, stern, weighted with taxes, compelled to a frugality we cannot conceive, wasting themselves from time to time in wild colonial ventures for which they are unfit, sickened with the mediocrity and corruption of their rulers and governors, and with the red spectre always before them.

Retribution, human or divine, has never been a popular doctrine among transgressors, but let those who disbelieve in it for nations study the history of France. The writer recalls a scene which enforced the lesson, and of which the impression is indelible. He happened, on a lovely winter's day, to be

in the market-place at Fréjus, the town to which Bonaparte returned from the expedition to Egypt as the saviour of France, and where he later landed from Elba. It was the day on which the young men who had attained the requisite age to render military service drew for the numbers which decided in what branch they were to serve. There were perhaps a hundred of them, somewhat undersized, looking less rather than more than eighteen years of age. They were dressed in their best, and were doing their best to make a holiday of it. Most of them were evidently poor, some of them delicate looking, and many were accompanied by their mothers or sisters. Drawn from their vocations or from school, they were about to become for three years part of that vast military machine which a century of liberty has made necessary in France. A few of those who were well-to-do had apparently been indulging in stimulants, and were going through the forms of a mechanical good time. On the cheeks of a few the tears were running down, but most of them were standing about looking as silent and vacant as their friends looked depressed. A sadder sight one never saw, and of elation or gayety there was no more suggestion than there would have been among the youths of Athens about to embark for the Minotaur. No American could see the sight without thanking Heaven that his country was free from the necessity, or, as he might then have supposed, the desire to make such sacrifices as the scene revealed; and no American would then have believed that within three years he would hear the President of the United States reproached with having tried to avert a war.

There are honorable exceptions, but apparently they are only exceptions.

¹ We do not at all mean that financial corruption is universal among French newspapers.

HENRY GEORGE'S POLITICAL ECONOMY.

To be a teacher is one thing; to be a reformer is to be more and less. To possess but a single idea is often intolerable weakness; to be possessed of but a single idea is often intolerant strength. To propound an economic theory is an affair of intellect; to propagate an economic gospel is a matter of heart and soul and strength and mind. To those who are at all familiar with the writings of Henry George, the key to his influence is not far to seek. He was a reformer; heart and soul and mind and strength, he was possessed of one idea; he was the eloquent apostle of an economic gospel, — the “new philosophy of the natural order, best known as the Single Tax.” Here are his weakness and strength, his narrowness and breadth, his power for good and power for harm. In earlier and later writings, controversial or explanatory, the same merits and the same defects appear.

Obviously, a single set of criteria may not be applied to gospel and to science. For while the scientist is everlastingly seeking the truth, the apostle is proclaiming the everlasting truth. The one is calm, cool, and dispassionate; the other, enthusiastic, ardent, and intolerant.

Henry George's apostolic fervor, no less than the supplementary relation of this posthumous volume¹ to his earlier work, is sufficiently indicated by an extract from the preface, supposed to have been written in 1894, fifteen years after the first appearance of *Progress and Poverty*: “On the night on which I finished the first chapter of *Progress and Poverty* I felt that the talent entrusted to me had been accounted for, — felt more fully satisfied, more deeply grateful, than if all the kingdoms of the earth

had been laid at my feet; and though the years have justified, not diminished, my faith, there is still left for me something to do.” This “something” was no less than the attempted reconstruction of political economy, — begun in 1891, and presented to the public in its incomplete condition, “exactly as it was left by the author” at his sudden death in October, 1897.

Like all his later writings, this book is primarily a restatement of “the new philosophy of the natural order, best known as the Single Tax.” Incidentally, however, it gives a cosmic introduction to this philosophy; demonstrates the eminently respectable ancestry of the single-tax doctrines; insists that they embody all that is good in the economic thought of the past; and asserts vehemently that in departing from these principles as imperfectly enunciated by the physiocrats and Adam Smith, the science of political economy during the present century has first been betrayed into a mass of hopeless confusions, and then been entirely abandoned by its professed teachers in favor of an incoherent pseudo-science called “economics,” — the subservient tool of tremendous pecuniary, special, anti-social, class interests which have everywhere captured the educational machinery of thinking and teaching in higher institutions of learning. More in contempt than in sorrow, he admits that he once hoped for better things, and thought the constructive work to which he now addresses himself would be undertaken by at least some of the professed teachers of political economy. “Had these teachers frankly admitted the changes called for by *Progress and Poverty*,” he condescendingly suggests that “some of the structure on which they built might have been retained.” But that was not in human nature.

¹ *The Science of Political Economy.* By HENRY GEORGE. New York: Doubleday & McClure Co. 1898.

"What," he childishly exclaims, "were their training and laborious study worth if it could thus be ignored, and if one who had never seen the inside of a college except when he had attempted to teach professors the fundamentals of their science, whose education was of the mere common school branches, whose *alma mater* had been the forecastle and the printing-office, should be admitted to prove the inconsistency of what they had been teaching as science? It was not to be thought of. And so while a few of these professional economists, driven to say something about Progress and Poverty, resorted to misrepresentation, the majority preferred to rely upon their official positions, in which they were secure by the interests of the dominant class, and to treat as beneath contempt a book circulating by thousands in the three great English-speaking countries, and translated into all the important modern languages."

The temper revealed by such passages is obviously a painful contrast to the devout magnanimity to which attention has already been called, and seems at first sight inconsistent with it. To the unsympathetic reader there would seem to be something almost pathological in the persistent recurrence of such naïve autobiographic self-appreciation, on the one hand, and such constant imputation of stultification, subserviency, and unworthy motives to the learned, rich, and dominant classes who have failed to receive Mr. George's gospel. In a smaller personality than his, such self-complacent vehemence and vilification would be construed as evidence of personal pique, chagrin, and conceit. In the main, however, the apostolic fervor, the self-appreciation, and the unsparing denunciation may all be traced to essentially the same source. He is proclaiming a gospel. His personality is sunk in his cause. He is filled with what he himself compares to an "ecstatic vision" of the only true social and economic order. He believes

that his lips have been touched by a live coal from off the altar of eternal justice. He sees one thing, sees it intensely, — has it so impressed upon his mind that he sees it everywhere and always, to the exclusion of everything else; and he cannot understand how any but the perversely blind can fail to see as he does.

It is characteristic of his religious fervor that all this weight of disagreement and of "contemptuous silence" never for a moment shakes his faith in himself or his mission. The common people have heard him gladly; and the opposition of the scribes, pharisees, and dominant classes is no new experience in the propagation of truth. Christ, he explains to us, also "always expressed sympathy with the poor and repugnance of the rich" and mighty, because poverty then, like poverty to-day, was caused by unjust wealth and power. "And so it is utterly impossible, in this or in any conceivable world, to abolish unjust poverty without at the same time abolishing unjust possessions." Unhappily, this type of teaching increases social distrust, and raises between social classes barriers of suspicion that are not easily removed.

It is needless to say that the historical and critical aspects of this latest work are least valuable and least accurate. Mr. George often exercises the propagandist privilege of refuting the alleged teachings of a group of economists in the lump, sometimes simply demolishing his own misapprehensions, or setting up a man of straw, and securing a triumph which may win the applause of the groundlings, but cannot fail to make the judicious grieve.

The constructive exposition has much of the customary charm of the author's genial, vigorous, imaginative style. The chapters are very short, definite, and correspondingly numerous. Endless assistance is furnished the reader in the form of preliminary tables of contents; the style is pitched at the level of the average man, and enlivened with scraps

of history, biography, reminiscence, and humor.

There is little in terminology and arrangement to suggest any radical departure. It is in the new definition of accepted and fundamental terms that the changes are wrought which lead the reader by way of the new and restricted meanings assigned to political economy,

wealth, and value to the inevitable conclusion of the single tax and its corollaries.

It is to be regretted that the exigencies of active propaganda and economic controversy have so embittered the legacy which a powerful and dramatic personality has left to the thought of his time.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

"THERE is a thin coating of ice over the bricks this morning," said The Club of Old Stories. old Charles Harcourt, walking into the hall, where his man servant stood waiting to engulf him in a sable-lined coat. "I shall need overshoes, Dinan."

Dinan laid the coat on the oaken settle, and hurried away to find the overshoes. The moment his back was turned, Mr. Harcourt lifted the heavy coat, with much exertion, and struggled into it. Then he seized his hat, gloves, and stick, and, opening the door noiselessly, passed out of the house as stealthily as a burglar.

In his effort to hasten down Beacon Hill, his feet slid along the icy sidewalk several inches in front of his pivot-acting stick, upon which he leaned heavily. As he drew near the house of Judge Langhorne, he saw his elderly friend standing at the library window, nodding his head and waving a newspaper at him.

Forgetful of the ice, Harcourt raised his stick and waved it merrily in reply. Down dropped the sable coat in a heap on the sidewalk, while the venerable silk hat rolled into a pool of sawdust water.

"By George, sir!" he cried to his friend, as, a moment later, assisted by the judge's butler, he mounted the steps leading to the house, "I was fresh when

I started, but my antediluvian legs gave way at last."

"Never mind, Charles," laughed the judge, putting his hand upon the other man's shoulder and drawing him into the library. "We all know who 'stand in slippery places,' eh? But how does it happen you are walking without Dinan's arm to lean on? I have n't seen you on the street alone for six months!"

"George," answered Harcourt solemnly, "I have run away, and without my overshoes! What will my daughter Anna say to me when I am once again in my nursery on Beacon Hill? I am trying my legs, sir, and I find that I can stand alone."

As he spoke, he rose with an effort from the great leather chair into which he had feebly sunk a moment before, walked to the hearth, and stood with his back to the fire in a boyish attitude, feet wide apart and hands clasped behind him; but his ancient knees trembled, and his shoulders had a weary stoop.

"George," he continued plaintively, "life has not been a comedy with me these last few years. How is it with you, old fellow?"

The judge peered through his spectacles quizzically at his friend.

"Are you suffering from an overdose of nurturing, too?" he asked, with a half-sad laugh.

"Decidedly so," replied the other, straightening his bent figure, which immediately relaxed into its customary stooping pose. "I am treated like a modern baby. I am not allowed to walk alone. I can't eat anything I wish, nor at the time I choose; late dinner is forbidden. I take a nap in the morning, and one again in the afternoon. All my business is transacted by my son. Why, it is monstrous, sir, and it is unfair that I should obey *all* my life. When I was a child, you see, it was the fashion for children to obey their parents; and when I became a man, it was then the fashion for parents to obey their children. Why should it be so?" he asked, half seriously, half jestingly.

The judge gave a dry laugh. "My grandson accounted for it one day. I was trying to make him understand the advantages of a protective tariff, and he contested every point. Finally I asked him how it happened that he, who had lived so short a time, should know so much more than I about national affairs. And what do you think the young dog replied? '*Oh, I began where you left off!*'"

"Confound his impertinence!" said Harcourt, but nevertheless he joined his friend in his delighted laugh at the "impertinence" of the "young dog."

As their laughter died away, a little echo of it came from the hall, followed by a clear young voice.

"Oh, mamma," it said, "just hear grandpa and that dear Mr. Harcourt laugh! I suppose they are telling each other their century-old stories. I know them by heart myself. I can say, '*Really?*'" now in just the right places without listening. Poor old dears! They forget how often they have told them before."

The front door closed on the reply, if one were made, and the carriage door banged. The judge listened to the click of the horses' feet on the pavements till the sound became inaudible. Then he

turned his eyes from their deep scrutiny of the fire, and again peered warily through his spectacles at Harcourt.

"Charles," he said suspiciously, "*have* I ever told you that remark of Richard's before?"

"Not a bit of it," replied his friend stoutly. "Or if you have, I have forgotten it. That's the benefit of mingling with your contemporaries, George, and not with two generations later. Our memories keep pace with each other. If you forget that you have told the stories, I forget that I have heard them."

"And that puts in my mind again an idea I had some months ago," said the judge thoughtfully. "What do you say to forming a club of our classmates, to meet fortnightly, and dine and wine together? There are enough of us 183—men left. Eight would do for a beginning. Hire a sunny little house, put into it as much old college furniture as we can find, and make a bold strike for independence. What is the Somerset Club now? Composed of striplings who ought to be at school. Not half a dozen men over seventy. We will have no nurses or attendants allowed in the house, and we will dine together there every Friday fortnight, and tell all our pet anecdotes."

"And laugh over them, by George, as we used to do!" put in Harcourt enthusiastically. "That is a capital idea. We will anticipate criticism by calling it the Club of Old Stories. Now whom shall we have? Dalton for one?"

"Dalton, of course. It would be like dinner without wine to have the club without Jack Dalton."

"Do you remember the night in Holworthy," said Harcourt, with a sudden laugh, "when we were making that racket with Browne's drum? The proctor hammered at the door, and we all hid except Jack. He was left to open it; and how neatly he stepped behind it when he did so, and slid into the hall without being seen, and heaved a pillow

at the candles, so that every one but the proctor got away!"

"Do I!" chuckled the judge. "And how he made the freshmen hold up the Waverly coach, thinking it was part of the initiation."

"And how he smashed the chapel window!" added Harcourt. "But gad, sir," he broke off, interrupting himself, "if we continue our reminiscences of Jack Dalton, we shall never get any further with the club. What do you say to Langdon and Richardson?"

"That makes five," was the response. "And then there's Jim Green, poor old boy! Ever since Andersonville he has had his ups and downs, but on his well days he will come, I know, and — What do you think of Bennet?"

"Oh," groaned Harcourt, "he is *so* deaf, so unnecessarily deaf! I know he must put it on."

"Yes," assented the judge, "Jack Dalton said of him the other day, 'There's none so deaf as those who *can't* hear.' But think, Charles, what Bennet did for us at college. We should never have won our sheepskins if he had n't drummed mathematics into our heads and labored with us over our Greek and Latin."

Harcourt relented. "Well, we will have him, then. Now we need only one more. Who shall it be?"

There was a long silence. "Charles," said the judge at last in an awed voice, "is it possible there are only seven of us who have not — gone?"

"Never mind," said his friend hastily. "Seven is a good number. It's an odd number. There is luck in it. — We don't want but seven. Now, George, I will make you secretary of the club. You write to the boys. I would do it myself, but I have to buy some new glasses; mine don't fit my eyes. Miserable opticians they have in these days. I will constitute myself president, and will look up a house for us. We will arrange the first meeting for Friday fortnight. Open it with a dinner. Now I

must be off. I have that long hill to climb, and I must take it slowly."

"Wait a moment and have a glass of sherry," responded the judge, touching a bell. "It will halve the distance and double the view, Charles," he added, laughing.

The president of the newly formed club — or rather, the president's daughter — had no difficulty in finding the sunny little house which was desired. In its rooms each delighted old fellow deposited the relics of his college days, — books, tables, chairs, desks, and pictures which had been buried in attics and cellars for over half a century, — and they thanked Heaven for the sentiment which had saved these antiquated pieces from auctions for this happier fate.

Old Charles Harcourt and the judge walked arm in arm through the rooms, the night of the opening of the clubhouse, and surveyed its fittings with great satisfaction.

In the reading-room they paused before a bookcase, through whose newly polished surface faintly appeared countless carved "J. D.'s," and Harcourt drew from a shelf a musty volume of Tom Jones, and squinted over its yellow pages to find dimly remembered witticisms of Fielding.

They passed from the library into the dining-room. A servant was lighting the seven candles which stood in old-fashioned silver sticks in a circle about the table.

"It must be nearly time the boys were here," observed Harcourt cheerfully, as he watched the man. "What do you say, George, to betting on the first arrival? Do you recollect how we always bet on every imaginable incident, and what a zest it gave to life?"

"Beg pardon, sir, here are some letters I found on the desk in the library," said the servant, who had left the dining-room a moment before, and now re-

appeared for an instant to deliver the notes.

There were four letters in all, and they were addressed to the secretary of the club. The judge tore open the first one and scanned it with troubled eyes. "Well, well," he remarked, laying it on the table with a sigh, and tearing open the next. "This is melancholy. Here is Langdon ill with the gout. No dining and wining for him to-night. And Bill Richardson is in bed with rheumatism. Deuce take the man! Serves him right for being so imprudent. Actually went sleighriding yesterday, Charles. And this one — let me see. It's from Bennet, I should say. Yes, Bennet has pleurisy, poor old boy! And here Letitia Green tells us in this note that her grandfather is in the clutches of the grippe. Dear me! I call this 'hospital'-ity." He gave a forced laugh at his feeble joke. "But we have n't heard a word from Jack Dalton," he continued more cheerfully. "He never failed us yet, thank Heaven! We shall have a lively evening with him, at any rate, Charles."

"He ought to be here any moment," said Harcourt listlessly. "He had a bad cold a week ago, and so I sent Dinan out in my carriage for him. It is too long a drive from Chestnut Hill in a drafty hired cab. He should be here by this time," he said again, looking anxiously at his watch.

A carriage drove hastily down the street, and stopped at the club-house door.

"This must be he," said the judge, brightening visibly. "There will be three of us here to-night, and there is luck in odd numbers, as you said, — eh, Charles?"

At the sound of heavy footsteps in the hall, both men started eagerly forward from their chairs; but when a rap came at the door, and Dinan entered the room *alone*, they sank back tremblingly and looked at him with anxious eyes.

"Ave a bit of sherry, sir," said the old

man servant, taking a decanter from the table and pouring wine into two glasses. "It's cold in this room. Better 'ave it. It'll warm you up, sir."

"Yes, yes, so it will," quavered Harcourt. He lifted the tiny glass unsteadily and put it to his trembling lips. When he set it down, empty, he looked inquiringly up at Dinan, but the servant's face remained stolid until the judge's wineglass was emptied, also, and placed beside the other. Then he said quietly, "I found Mr. Dalton ill, sir."

"Very ill?" faltered Mr. Harcourt.

"*Very* ill, sir."

"*Dead?*" breathed his master almost inaudibly.

"Yes, sir," answered Dinan. "And 'ere's a letter from 'is wife, sir." He handed it to him, and then left the room.

Harcourt slowly drew the note from the envelope. The sheet fluttered in his fingers, and his voice failed him when he tried to read aloud the sad words it held. So the two men, with silent accord, drew their chairs to the gayly decorated table, spread the letter out before their dim eyes, and together read the widow's piteous words.

They finished it. Still neither spoke nor changed his position. Their eyes wandered about the table till they rested on the chair designed for Dalton, on the dinner-card which bore his name and a merry old college squib. Then Charles Harcourt rose weakly from his chair, leaned over the table, and took from the centre vase a great bunch of Maréchal Niel roses.

"Shall we take them to her?" he said simply.

The judge bowed his head reverently in assent.

When they opened the door to leave the room, a blast of wintry air rushed by them and blew fiercely about the table. The light from the candles in the seven massive silver sticks flickered, and finally yielded to the lusty breath, and died out.

IN all the expressions of appreciation that Mr. Kipling's *Jungle Books* still arouse, I wonder if any one has yet pointed out the change these works have quietly wrought in our attitude toward the rest of the animal world? Before these books, and since Darwin, we have believed, or have known vaguely that we ought to believe, that our "in'ards," both of body and of brain, are very much the same kind of "in'ards" as those of a cat or a monkey; and we have perhaps prided ourselves on our openness of mind in being ready to accept such lowly relatives without repugnance. What Mr. Kipling has done for us is to make us really know and feel that the larger part of our mental composition is of the same substance as that of our cousins the animals, with a certain superstructure of reasoning faculty which has enabled us to become their masters. Mr. Kipling, indeed, has expounded relationships in the psychology of the animal world as far-reaching as those which Darwin discovered in its morphology.

Mr. Kipling's animals, in the first place, are real; not men in the skins of animals, hunting a moral or a fancy. No matter how much the Bandar-log in the Cold Lairs may remind us of the chronic turmoils of Paris, we never think of Mr. Kipling as a satirist: the monkeys are like the Frenchmen because so much of what we call human nature was, as a matter of fact, brought to its full growth before the fortunate variation which split off the branch of the monkeys who were to be monkeys no more. Or again, if on some warm, sweet afternoon in May, recalling the inimitable diagnosis of spring fever in the Spring Running, we are tempted to let work slide, with the comfortable confession that after all, since we are animals, it is vain to think that long days of furnace and roll-top desk can or ought to smother out the animal spirit in us, there will come to mind that other scene of

the great black panther going wild with the smells of the night, until Mowgli's single human word brought him to a full stop and held him quivering while the human eye stared him into subjection. Indeed, Mowgli is always thrusting in his difference, and showing his unaffected consciousness that he is master of the jungle, just because the animals are animals and he is man.

In spite, however, of this distinction that Mr. Kipling keeps so clear; in spite of the fact that Mowgli, living with the animals, can hear what they hear, can smell what they smell, can talk their talk, though they cannot think what he thinks, — in spite of all this, it is true that, except for such artificialities of life as civil engineering or municipal government or the higher education, the differences are skin-deep. You do not choose a wife because your immortal reason tells you that she is a superior woman, but because her eyes please your eye, or because she has an exquisite manner of making you feel that you are after all stronger or wiser or handsomer than most men have the sense to see. On the other hand, your hate or your fear is not to be traced to any gifts of mind which you do not share with the animals: the silly panics which overcome crowds are in no way different from those so wisely illuminated in Her Majesty's Servants. More certainly still does the spring fever I have spoken of — that which stirs in us at the call of the moist, earthy April wind — go back beyond the cave-dweller and the maker of flint spear-heads to the ancestor of whom Stevenson speaks, who was "probably arboreal." Passing by the sensations and intuitions which M. Pierre Loti and other Frenchmen have exploited so effectively, farthest of all, perhaps, go those vague curiosities of mental life which the Society for Psychological Research has preempted for its own field. Professor Wendell, in an essay on the Salem Witches, lays down

the hypothesis that all the phenomena of suggestion and hypnotism, of clairvoyance and mediumship, which science uses now to explain what was miraculous to our ancestors, may very plausibly be considered rudimentary vestiges of powers of perception and communication which belonged to what was man before he stood upright on his hind legs and knew how to use his tongue for speech. Such a doctrine finds much illumination in the *Jungle Books*. In short, in whatever direction we turn we find ourselves filled with instincts and prejudices, with sensations or intuitions, that beyond doubt make up the whole mental life of the other animals.

Man, as we usually think of him, is a being of pure reason, the product and the aim of countless ages of slow and halting development. But underneath all this brilliant flower of the intellect there still lies, for all time and of necessity, the mass of sensations, the network of likes and dislikes, of repulsions, of desires, of instinctive activities and judgments, which, taken together, form most of his active existence. And these are much more real to some of us since we have read all that Mr. Kipling has had to tell us of Akela, of the Bandar-log, of Baloo, and of the great Kaa, who was older than many trees, and who had seen all that the jungle has done.

My friend the musician dropped into

A Story on
the Color-
Line.

my den, the other afternoon,
for our annual talk.

"I read that last book of yours," said he. "It's the best thing you've done. How's it going?"

I suppose my gesture must have been expressive of small financial success.

"Ah!" he exclaimed commiseratingly. "I don't understand that."

"I do," said I. "I killed the book by making the hero a colored man."

"But he was n't!" cried Storson.

"I let people think so for a dozen chapters. It's the same thing."

"But, hang it, that was just where the

art came in! That uncertainty was precisely the point of the story."

"Thank you. Would you have had me say that in the preface?"

"Say it in the preface to the next one. Take the very same theme, old fellow, — the color-line in the North, — and hammer away. There's an Uncle Tom's Cabin in it for somebody."

I shook my head. "Not for me. I'm no crusader. And besides, a year's work is all I can afford to lose. I'm going back to the old thing: that sells very decently."

"Yes, I know," he flung in impatiently; "genial banter, a knack for description, and a romanticism that you don't quite dare own. It's delicate, and it's well done. But in that book you spoke out, — you cut to the bone, man. And I want to see you do it again."

I smoked in silence.

"If you will," he went on, "I'll give you a plot, here and now."

"That does n't tempt me," I said. "There are plots enough, Heaven knows. But go ahead. Do you begin with a sort of overture, lights turned down, pianissimo?"

"I'm quite serious," replied Storson. "It's about a fellow I know very well; white as the man in your story, and the grandson of a United States Senator to boot. He was a pupil of Reif, in Berlin. I met him there, and afterward at the Conservatory at Leipsic. He had studied music for two years at Oberlin before he went abroad, and he thinks now that that was his ruin."

"Why?"

"They treated him as they treated any other student, and it fooled him. It gave him the feeling that there was a professional future for him. He went to Europe on that idea."

"But the color-line could n't have troubled him over there?"

"No. He might have stayed there and been happy. But the foreign market is terribly overcrowded, and when

his money gave out he had to come home."

"Well?"

"I want you to understand," said Storson deliberately, "that this fellow was, and is, a genius, in the full sense of that spoiled word; and that he has a sound musical education, and a physique that permits him to practice eight hours a day. I've seen darkies enough with a marvelous knack at picking out a tune. Generally they never get any farther. This man is different. I've known pretty nearly a thousand pianists — fellow students and pupils — since I began myself, and not more than two are in that fellow's class."

"Now for the plot," said I. "Your gifted 'might have been' is a rather conventional character."

"Very well. Where do you suppose he is to-day?"

I waited, watching the musician's leonine face darken.

"I see him whenever I play in Chicago," he went on. "Four years ago he had just come back from Leipsic. He made an engagement as church organist in a little town out on the Burlington road, and had a dozen pupils on the piano. He was radiant; but the game lasted just six weeks. Then it got abroad that the organist at the Methodist Church was a colored man, and the music committee forced him to resign. His pupils stopped taking lessons, and he had to leave town. Then he tried giving concerts in colored churches, at ten cents admission; two years ago he was starving at that. A year ago I gave a concert in a college town in Michigan, and who do you think waited on me at the hotel table? My fellow student at Reif's! He came up to my room, after the hotel was quiet, and we had a talk. He was absolutely discouraged. He had no money. It had been a choice between waiting on the table and the Potter's Field. Well, I gave him letters to some musical people in Chicago, and lent him

fifty dollars to try his luck once more. He had not touched a piano for months."

"And you have n't heard from him?" I asked.

"He called on me last week at the Auditorium," said Storson, tossing away his cigar nervously. "For a long time I could n't get out of him what he was doing. Then he told me that he was playing the piano at a dance-house. He was well paid, well dressed, and he gave me my fifty dollars. He plays Bach there, do you know, Bach and Beethoven, transposed and the time changed into the devil's own gallop, and nobody knows the difference. They don't draw the color-line on him. It's a very democratic place. He has found out at last, he says, what an American colored man with a gift for music is expected to do with it. He'll shoot himself some day, but he is n't going to starve any more."

I stared out of the window into the twilight. For a whole year, once, I had brooded over such tragedies as this, fancying that one of them might be turned into art.

"There's your story," Storson said.

"And after all," I replied, "what's the use? If you announced that your musician was colored, nobody would read the story. If you made him of doubtful blood, they would like it less still: I've tried that, you see. In fact, the whole thing is too unpleasant to the contemporary American public. If it were far enough away, — in Mashona Land, for instance, — or a couple of hundred years ago" —

"Uncle Tom's Cabin?" argued Storson.

"Or if I were Mrs. Stowe," I admitted. "But suppose I wrote it out just as you have told it, without changing anything, — a story based on the color-line, — do you know what it would be worth, as copy? It would n't be worth the stamps for returning the manuscript. Editors know the public taste too well."

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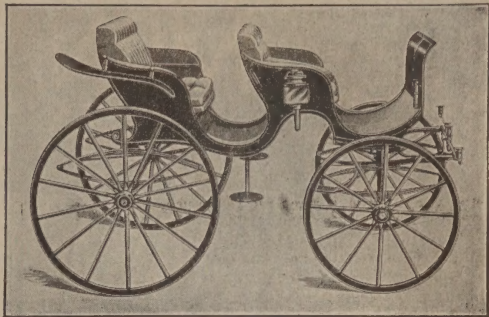
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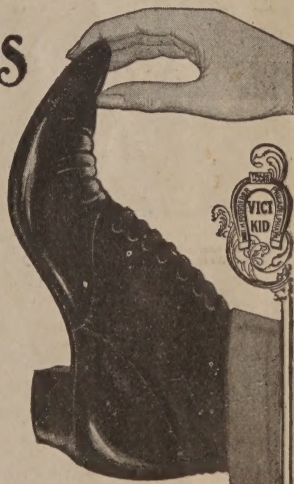
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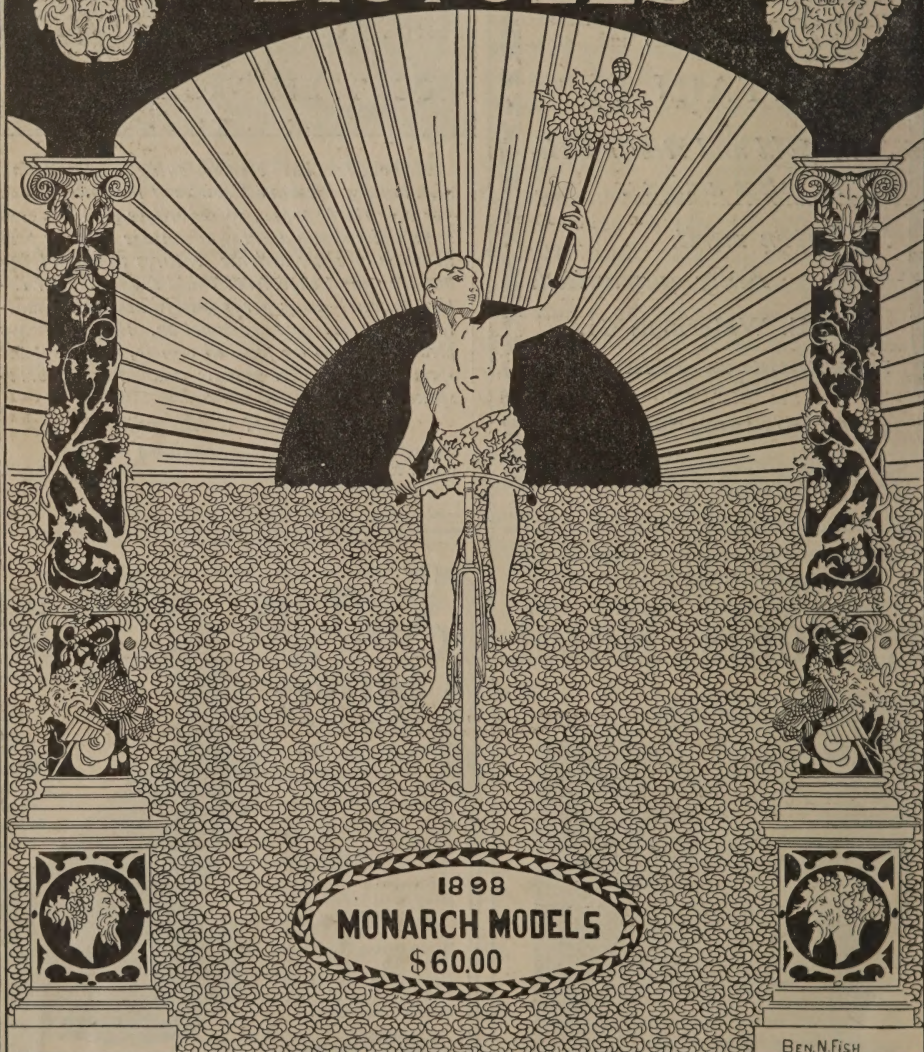
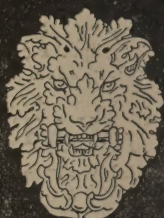


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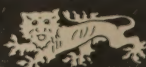


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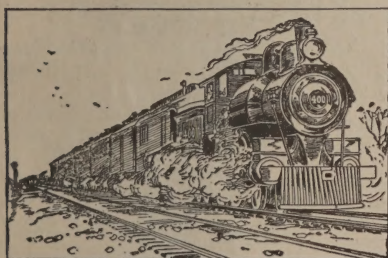
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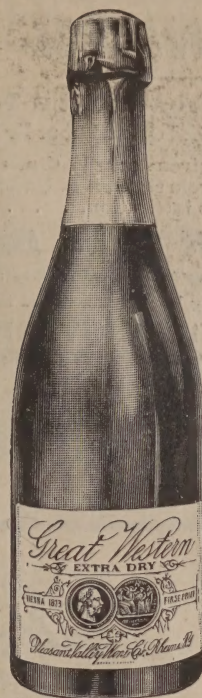
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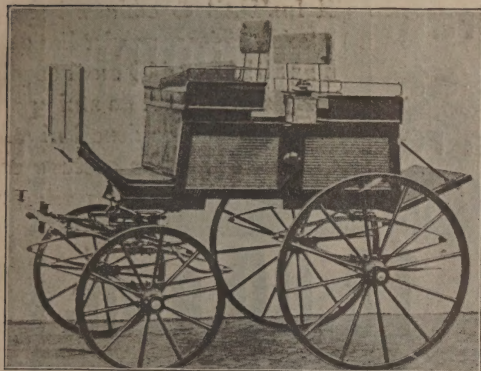
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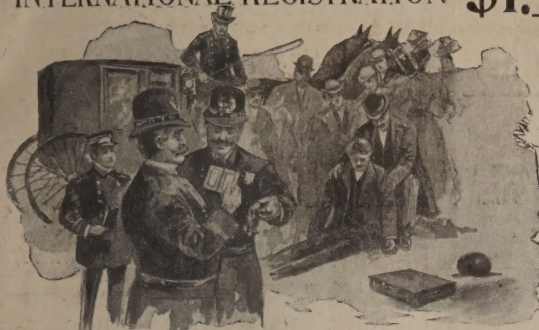
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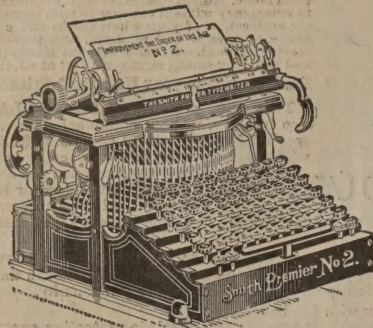
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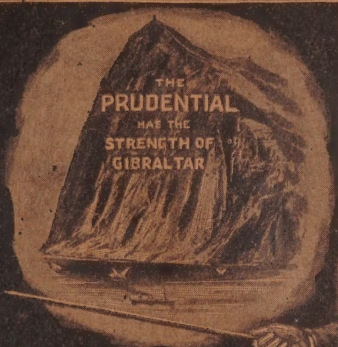
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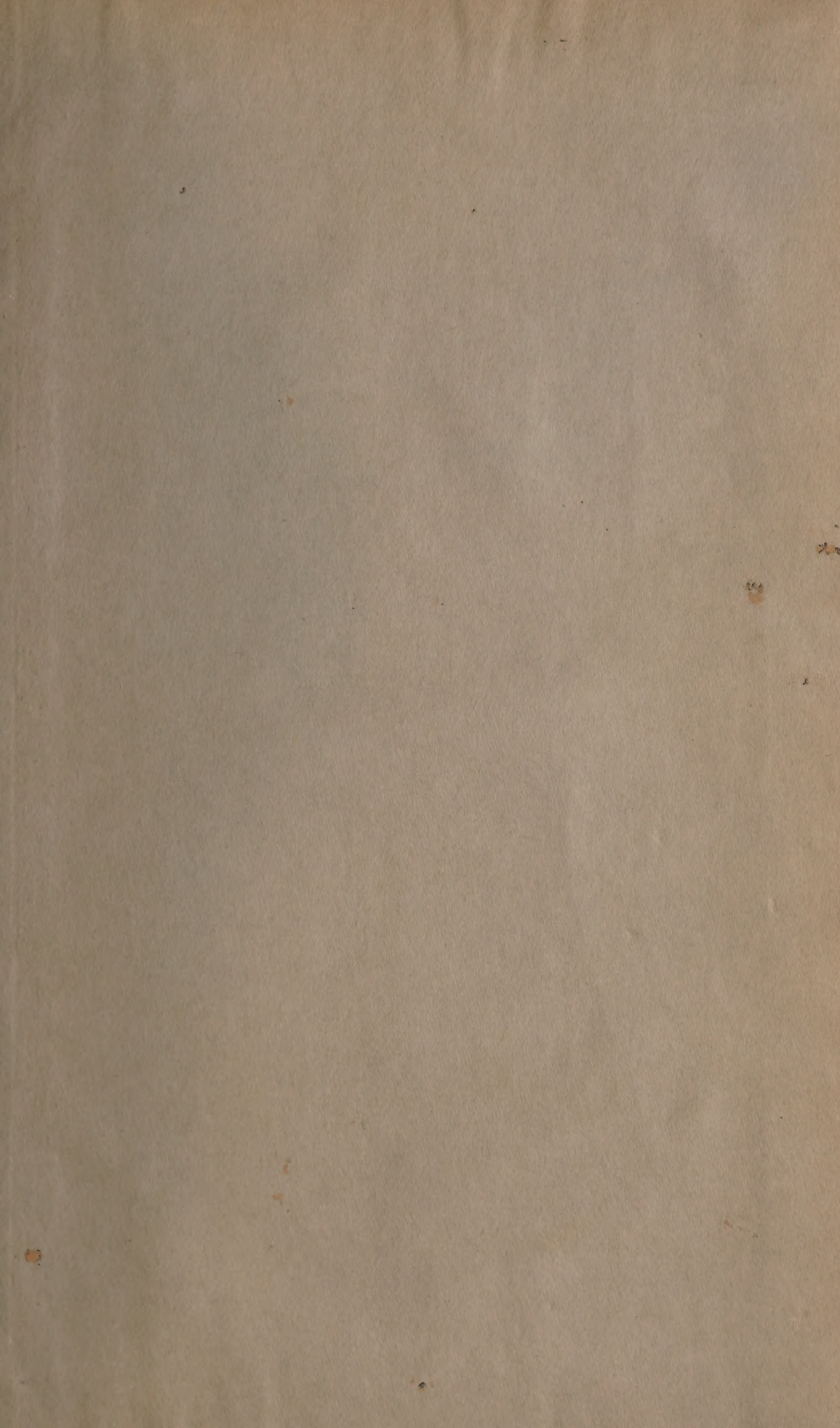
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